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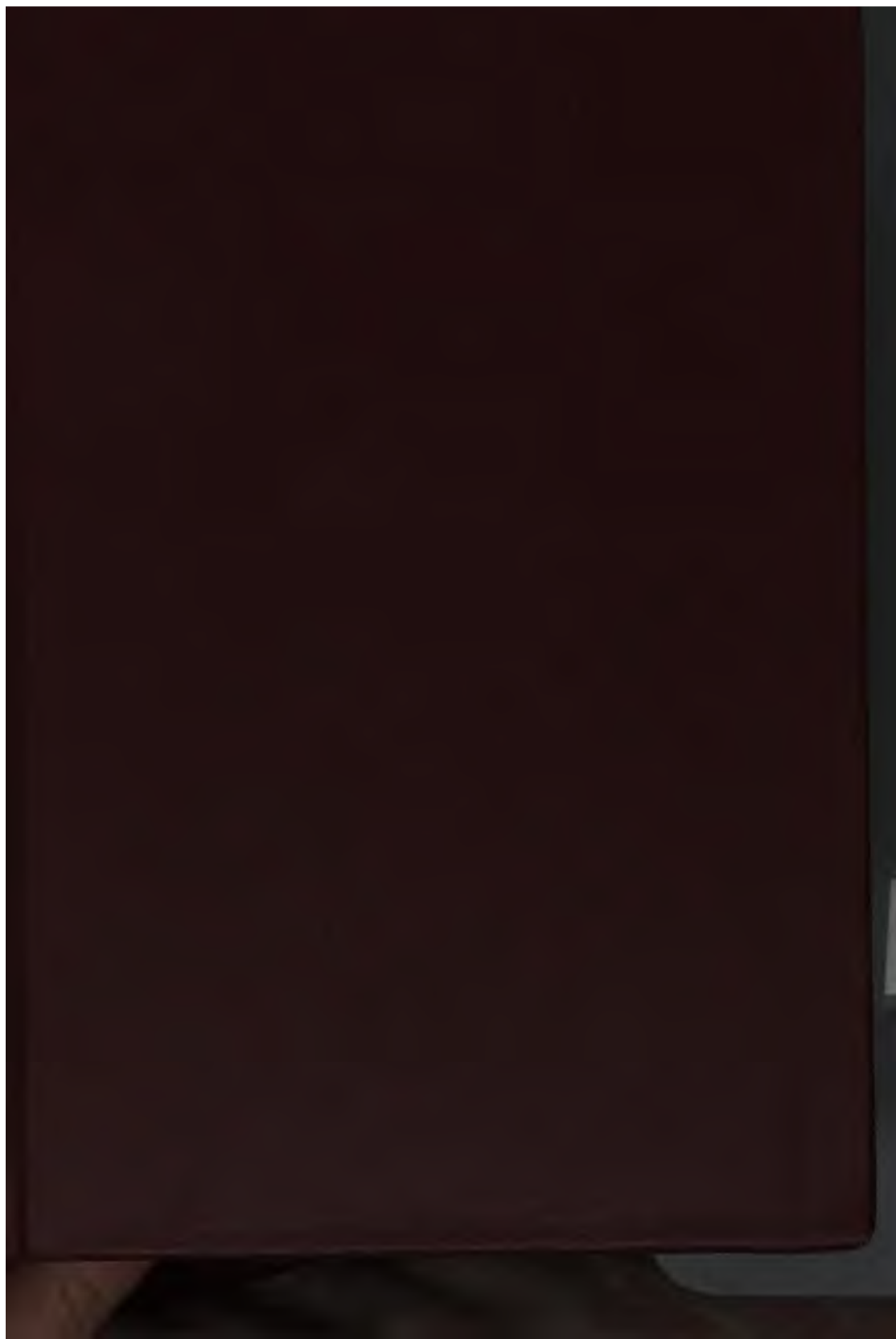
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"She looks like Corinne."

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MODERATE & DELECTARE



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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1877.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. ST. PAUL'S MYSTERY.

TWO events occurring almost together affected a good deal some of the people of this story. The first was the death of Mrs. Saulsbury.

Miss Grey was at once invited by the lawyers who had the charge of her father's affairs to visit Keeton, in order to become fully acquainted with the new disposition of things in which she had so much interest. Thereupon Mr. Money announced that, as Miss Grey had no very close friend to look after her interests, he was resolved to put himself in the place of a parent or some near relation, and go with her and see that all her interests were properly cared for. Minola was unwilling to put him to so much trouble and loss of time, well knowing how absorbed in business he was ; but he set all her remonstrances aside with blunt, good-humoured kindness.

"Lucy is coming with us," he said, "if you don't think her in the way; it might be pleasant for you to have a companion."

"I should so much like to go with Nola," pleaded Lucy.

"Oh, I shall be delighted if Lucy will go," Minola said, not well knowing how to put into words her sense of all their kindness. It was really a great relief to her to have Lucy's companionship in such a visit. Mary Blanchet did not like to go back even for a few days to Keeton. The poetess objected to seeing ever again the place where she considered that art and she had been degraded by her servitude in the Court-house. So the conditions of the visit were all settled.

But there arose suddenly some new conditions which Minola had never expected. The long-looked-for vacancy at length occurred in the representation of Keeton. The sitting member announced his determination to resign his seat as soon as the necessary arrangements for such a step could be put into effect. It was imperative that Victor Heron should lose no time in throwing himself upon the vacant borough. Mr. Money and Lucy rattled up to Minola's door one morning breathless with the news. Lucy's eyes were positively dancing with excitement and delight.

"It seems to me that there's going to be a regular invasion of your borough, Miss Grey," Mr. Money said. "We're all going to be there. You see that you are under no manner of obligation to me. I must have gone down to Keeton in any case; it's one of the lucky things that don't often befall a busy man like me to be able to kill the two birds with the one stone. I must take care of our friend Heron as well as of you. He would be doing some ridiculous thing if there were no elder to look after him. He is as innocent of the dodges of an English election as you are of the ways of English lawyers. So we'll be all together; that will be very pleasant. Of course we'll not interfere with you—you shall be just as quiet as you like while we are doing our electioneering."

What could Minola say against all this arrangement, which seemed so satisfactory and so delightful to her friends? It was not pleasant for her to be brought thus into a sort of companionship with Victor Heron. But it would be far less pleasant, it would indeed be intolerable and not to be thought of, that she should in any way raise an objection or make a difficulty which might hint of the feelings that possessed her.

"After all, what does it matter?" she asked herself as Mr. Money was speaking. "I shall have to suffer this kind of thing in some way for half my life, I suppose. It is no one's fault but my own. Why should I disturb the arrangements of these kind people because of any weaknesses of mine? If women will be fools, at least they ought to try to hide their folly. This is as good practice for me as I could have."

So she told Mr. Money and Lucy that any arrangement that suited them would suit her, and that she would be ready to go the moment he gave the word. Then Mr. Money hastened away to look after other things, and Lucy remained behind "to help Nola with her preparations," as she insisted on putting it, but partly, as Minola felt only too sure, to talk with her about Victor Heron.

Since Heron had offered her his advice in the Park, and she had put

it aside, Minola and he had only met once or twice. Then he had attempted, the first time of their meeting, to renew his apologies, and she had put them lightly away, as she already had done the advice, and had given him to understand that she wished to hear no more of the matter. She had hoped that by assuming a manner of indifference she might lead him to forget the whole affair. But he did not understand her, and really believed that he had lost her friendship for ever by the manner in which he had spoken against Herbert Blanchet. He was troubled for her much more than for himself, believing, or at least fearing, that she had set her heart on a man unworthy of her. He kept away from her therefore, assuming that his society was no longer welcome, and resolute not to intrude on her.

Minola had hoped that the worst was over, and that he and she were likely to settle gradually and unnoticed by others into a condition of ordinary acquaintanceship. This melancholy hope, to her a cruel necessity in itself, but yet the best hope she could see now left for her, was likely to be disturbed for a while by this ill-omened visit to Keeton.

Minola was busy making her preparations for going to Keeton, and with a very heavy heart. Everything about the visit was now distressing to her. The occasion was mournful; she dreaded long talks and discussions with Mr. Saulsbury; she dreaded meeting old acquaintances in Keeton; she shrank from the responsibilities of various kinds that seemed to be thrust upon her. When she left Keeton she thought she had done with it for ever. Where was the free life she had arranged for herself? Nothing seemed to turn out as she had expected.

Meanwhile Mary Blanchet and Lucy Money were both delighted, and in their different ways, at the prospect of Minola's visit to Keeton. Mary saw her leader and patroness come back rich, and ready to be distinguished and to confer distinction. Lucy Money had the prospect of variety, of a holiday with Minola whom she loved, and of being very often in the society of Victor Heron. Minola was, if anything, made additionally sad by the thought that it was not in her power to share their feelings, and the fear that she might seem a wet blanket sometimes on their happiness.

Lucy had been with her all the morning, helping her with Mary to make preparations for the journey. Minola was glad when it was found that some things were wanting, and Lucy and Mary offered to go out and buy them in Oxford Street.

Minola was enjoying the sense of being alone, and was, at the

same time, secretly accusing herself of want of friendship because she enjoyed it, when a card was brought to her, and she was told that the gentleman said he wanted to speak to her, if she pleased, "rather particular." The card was that of Mr. St. Paul. He had never visited Minola before, nor was she even aware that he knew where she lived. She was surprised, but she did not know of any reason why she might not see him. She hastened down to her sitting-room, and there she found Mr. St. Paul, as she had found Mr. Blanchet once before. Mr. St. Paul looked even a stranger figure in her room than Mr. Blanchet had done, she thought. He seemed far too tall for the place, and had a heedless, lounging, half-swaggering way, which appeared as if it were compounded of the old manner of the cavalry man and the newer habits of the Western hunter. Nothing, however, could have been more easy, confident, and self-possessed than the way in which he came forward to greet Minola. If he had been visiting her every day for a month before, he could not have been more friendly and at his ease.

"How d'ye do, Miss Grey? Just in time to see you, I suppose, before you go? I've been down to Keeton already. I'm going down again—I mean to make my mark there somehow."

Minola thought, with a certain half-amused, half-abashed feeling, of the remarks she had heard concerning herself and Mr. St. Paul, but she did not show any embarrassment in her manner. Indeed, Mr. St. Paul was not a person to allow any one to feel much embarrassment in his presence. He was entirely easy, self-satisfied, and unaffected, and he had a way of pouring out his confidences as though he had known Minola from her birth upwards.

"I hope you found a pleasant reception there."

"Yes, well enough for that matter. I find my brother and his wife are not anything like so popular as I was given to understand that they were. I saw my brother in London—didn't I tell you?—before I went down to Keeton, you know."

"No, I did not know that you had seen him; I hope he was glad to see you, Mr. St. Paul?"

"Not he; I dare say he was very sorry I hadn't been wiped out by the Indians. Do you know what being wiped out means?"

"Yes, I think I could guess that much. I suppose it means being killed?"

"Of course. I mean to teach you all the slang of the West; I think a nice girl never looks so nice as when she is talking good expressive slang. Our British slang is all unmeaning stuff, you know; only consists in calling a thing by some short vulgar word—or some

long and pompous word, the fun being in the pompousness ; but the Western slang is a sort of picture-writing, don't you know?—a kind of compressed metaphor, answering the purposes of an intellectual pem-mican or charqui. Do you know what these things are, Miss Grey?"

"Oh, yes ; compressed meats of some kind, I suppose. But I don't think I care about slang very much."

"You may be sure you will when you get over the defects of your Keeton bringing-up. But what was I going to tell you? Let me see. Oh, yes, about my brother and his wife. The honest Keeton folks seem to have forgotten them. But I was speaking, too, about my going to see my brother in town. Oh, yes, I went to see him ; he didn't want me, and he made no bones about letting me know it. He thinks I have disgraced the family ; it was quite like the scene in the play—whose play is it?—I am sure I don't remember—where Lord Foppington's brother goes to see him, and is taken so coolly. I haven't read the play for more years than you have lived in the world, I dare say, but it all came back upon me in a moment. I felt like saying 'Good-bye, Foppington,' only that he would never have understood the allusion, and would think I meant to say he was a 'fop,' which he is not, bless him."

"Then your visit did not bring you any nearer to a reconciliation with your brother?"

"Not a bit of it—pushed us farther asunder, I think. The odd thing was that I told him I wanted nothing from him, and that I had made money enough for myself in the West. You would have thought that would have fetched him, wouldn't you? Not the least in life, I give you my word." And Mr. St. Paul laughed good-humouredly at the idea.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Minola. "I think there are quarrels and spites enough in the world, without brothers joining in with all the rest."

"Bad forin, isn't it—don't you think? But I don't suppose in real life brothers and sisters ever do care much for each other—do you think they do? I haven't known any such cases ; have you?"

Minola could not contribute much from her own family history to demonstrate the affection and devotion of brothers ; but she had no idea of agreeing in the truth of Mr. St. Paul's philosophic reflections, for all that.

"I believe what you say is true enough as regards the brothers, but I can't admit it of the sisters."

"Come, now, you don't really believe that nonsense, I know."

"Believe what nonsense? That sisters may be fond of their brothers sometimes?"

"No, I don't mean that; but that there is any real difference between men and women in these ways—that men are all bad and women all good, and that sort of thing. One's as bad as the other, Miss Grey. When you have lived as long in the world as I have, you'll find it, I tell you. But I don't find much fault with either lot. I think they are both right enough all things considered, don't you know."

"I am sure Mary Blanchet is devoted to her brother," Miss Grey said warmly.

"That little old maid? Well, now, do you know, I shouldn't wonder. That's just the sort of woman to be devoted to a brother, and, of course, he doesn't care twopence about her."

"Oh, for shame!" said Minola, not, however, feeling quite satisfied about the strength of Herbert Blanchet's affection for his sister, even while she felt bound, for Mary's sake, to utter her protest against his being set down as wholly undeserving.

"But, I say," Mr. St. Paul observed, "what a fool he is! I don't think I ever saw a more conceited cad and idiot."

"He is a very particular friend of mine, Mr. St. Paul," Miss Grey began. "At least, his sister is one of my oldest friends."

"Yes, yes; just so. The good old spinster is a friend of yours, and you try to like the cad-brother on her account. All quite right, of course. I should say he was just the sort of fellow to borrow the poor old girl's money, if she had any."

"Oh, Mary has no money, and I am sure, if she had, she would be only too glad to give it to him."

"Very likely; anyhow, he would be only too glad to take it, you may be sure. But I don't want to say anything against your friends, Miss Grey, if you don't like it. Only women generally do like it, you know—and then, you may say anything you please, in your turn, against any of my friends or relatives. I shan't be offended one bit, I can assure you."

Minola had nothing to say, and therefore said nothing. Her new acquaintance did not allow any silence to spring up.

"Talking of friends," he said, "there is one of your friends who politely declines any helping hand of mine in the election business at Keeton, although I think I could do him a good turn with some of the fellows who are out of humour with my brother. Our quixotic young friend will have none of the help of brothers who quarrel with brothers, it seems. Easy to see that he never had a brother."

"Mr. Heron is a man of very sensitive nature, I believe," Minola said; "he will not do anything that he does not think exactly right, Mr. Money says."

"Yes, so I hear. Odd, is it not? Heron always was a confounded young fool, you know. He got into all his difficulties by bothering about things that oughtn't to have concerned him one red cent. Well, he won't have my disinterested assistance. There again he is a fool, for I could have done something for him, and Money knows it—it was partly on Money's account that I thought of taking up Heron's side of the affair, because, so far as I am concerned, anybody else would do me just as well so long as he opposed my brother's man."

"I can quite understand that Mr. Heron would not allow himself to be made a mere instrument to work out your quarrel with your brother. I think he was quite right."

The good-humoured St. Paul laughed.

"All very fine, Miss Grey, and it does for a lady uncommonly well, no doubt; but if you want to get into Parliament, it won't do to be quite so squeamish. I am sure I should be only too happy to get the help of Cain against Abel or Abel against Cain, if I could, in such a case."

"Most men would, I dare say," Minola answered, with as much severity as she could assume under the possible penalty of Mr. St. Paul's laughter. "But I am glad that there are some men, or that there is one man, at least, who thinks there is some object in life higher than that of getting into Parliament."

"Oh, as far as that goes, I quite agree with you, Miss Grey; I shouldn't care twopence myself about a seat in Parliament—a confounded bore, I think. But if you go in for playing a game, why, you ought to play it, you know."

"But are there not rules in every game? Are there not such things as fair and unfair?"

"Of course, yes; but I fancy the strong players generally make the rules to suit their own ideas in the end. Anyhow, I never heard of anyone playing at electioneering who would have hesitated for a moment about accepting the hand I offered to our quixotic young friend."

"I am glad he is quixotic," Minola said eagerly. "I like to think of a man who ventures to be a Quixote."

"Very sorry to hear it, Miss Grey, for I am afraid you won't like much to think about me. Yet, do you know, I came here to make a sort of quixotic offer about this very election."

"I am glad to hear it; the more quixotic it is, the more I shall like it. To whom is the offer to be made?—to Mr. Heron?"

"Oh, no, by Jove!—excuse me, Miss Grey—nothing of the sort. The offer is to be made to you."

"To me?" Minola was a little surprised, but she did not colour or show any surprise. She knew very well that it was not an offer of himself Mr. St. Paul was about to make, but it amused her to think of the interpretation Mary Blanchet, if she could have been present, would at once have put on his words.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Grey, to you. I have it in my power to make you returning-officer for Keeton. Do you understand what that means?"

"I know in a sort of way what a returning-officer is; but I don't at all understand how I can do his office."

"I'll show you. You shall have the fate of Keeton as much in your hands as if you owned the whole concern—a deuced deal more, in fact, than if you owned the whole concern in days of ballot like these. I believe you do own a good many of the houses there now, don't you?"

"I hardly know; but I know that, if I do, I wish I didn't."

"Very well; just you try what you can get out of your influence over your tenants—that's all."

"Then how am I to become returning-officer for Keeton?"

"That's quite another thing. That depends on me."

"On you, Mr. St. Paul?"

"On me. Just listen." St. Paul had been seated in his favourite attitude of careless indolence in a very low chair, so low that his long legs seemed as if they stretched half-way across the room. His position, joined with an expression of self-satisfied lawlessness in his face, might have whimsically suggested a sort of resemblance to Milton's arch-fiend "stretched out huge at length," in one of his less malign humours. He now jumped up and stood on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fireplace, his slightly stooping shoulders only seeming to make him look taller than otherwise, because they might set people wondering as to the height he would have reached if he had only stood erect and made the most of his inches. His blue eyes had quite a sparkle of excited interest in them, and his prematurely bald forehead looked oddly infantine over these eyes and that keen, fearless mouth.

"Look here, Miss Grey, it's all in your hands. You know both these fellows, don't you?"

"Both what fellows?"

"These fellows who want to get in for Keeton. You know them both. Now, which of them do you want to win?"

"What can it matter which way my wishes go—if they went any way?"

"How like a woman! how very like a woman!" and he laughed.

"What is like a woman? I know when a man says anything is like a woman he means to say that it is ridiculous."

"Well, that's true enough; that is about what we do mean in most cases. What I meant in this case was only that you would not answer my question. I put a plain direct question, to which you must have some answer to give, and you only asked me a question in return which had nothing to do with mine."

"Perhaps I have no answer to give. I may have the answer in my own mind, and yet not have it to give to anyone else."

"Oh, but you may really give it to me!—in strictest confidence, I assure you; no living soul shall ever know from me. Come, Miss Grey, let me know the truth. It can't possibly do you any harm—or anybody harm, for that matter, except the wrong man—for I take it for granted that the man you don't favour must be the wrong man."

"But I don't know that I ought to have anything to do with such a matter——"

"Never mind these scruples; it's nothing; there's to be no treason in the business, nor any unfair play. It's only this: I couldn't get in for the borough myself, even if I tried my best, but I can send in the one of the two whom I prefer—or, in this case, whom you prefer. I can do this as certainly as anything in this uncertain world can be certain."

"But how could that be?"

"*That* it would not suit me to tell you just at present. I know a safe way, that's all. In the teeth of the ballot I can promise you that. Now, Miss Grey, who is to have the seat?"

"Are you really serious in all this, Mr. St. Paul?"

"As serious as I ever was in my life about anything—a good deal more serious, I dare say, than I often was about graver things and more important men. Now then, Miss Grey, which of these two fellows is to sit for Keeton?"

"But why do you make this offer to me?" she asked, with some hesitation. "What have I to do with it?" There was something alarming to her in his odd proposition, about which he was evidently quite serious now.

"Why do I make the offer to you? Well, because I should like to please you, because you are a sort of woman I like—a regular

good girl, I think, without any nonsense or affectation about you. Now, that's the whole reason why I offer this to you. I don't care much myself either way, except to annoy my brother, and that can be done in fifty other ways without half the trouble to me. I was inclined to draw out of the whole affair until I remembered that you knew both the fellows, and I thought you might have a wish for one of them to go in in preference to the other—they can't both go in, you see—and so I made up my mind to give you the chance of saying which it should be. Now then, Miss Grey, name your man."

He put his hands into his pockets and coolly waited for an answer. He had not the appearance of being in the least amused at her perplexity. He took the whole affair in a calm matter-of-fact way, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Minola was perplexed. She did not see what right he could have to control the coming contest in any way, and still less what right she could have to influence him in doing so. The dilemma was one in which no previous experience could well guide her. She much wished she had Mr. Money at hand to give her a word of counsel.

"Come, Miss Grey, make up your mind—or rather, tell me what you have already made up your mind to, for I am sure you have not been waiting until now to form an opinion. Which of these two men do you want to see in Parliament?"

There did not seem any particular reason why Minola or any girl might not say in plain words which of two candidates she would rather see successful.

Mr. St. Paul appeared to understand her difficulty, for he said in an encouraging way—

"After all, you know, if you had women's rights and all that sort of thing you would have to give your vote for one or other of these fellows, and I dare say you would be expected to take the stump for your favourite candidate. So there really can't be any very serious objection to your telling me in confidence which of the two you want to win."

Minola could not see how there could be any objection on any moral principle she could think of just then—being in truth a little confused and puzzled—to her giving a voice to the wish she had formed about the election.

"It's not the speaking out of my wish that gives me any doubt," she said; "it is the condition under which you want me to speak. I seem to be doing something that I have no right to do; that is, Mr. St. Paul, if you are serious."

"I remember reading, long ago," he said, "some Arabian Nights'

story, or something of the kind, about a king, I think it was, who was brought at night to some mysterious place and told to cut a rope there, and that something or other would happen, he did not know what or when. The thing seemed very simple, and yet he didn't quite like to do it without knowing why and how and all about it. It strikes me that you seem to be in the same sort of fix."

"So I am ; just the same. Why can't you tell me what you are going to do?"

"I like that ! That is my secret for the present."

"And your king—the king in your story—did he cut the rope at last?"

"I am afraid I have forgotten that ; but I have no doubt he did, for he was a reasonable sort of creature, being a man, and I know that everything came right with him in the end."

"Very well ; I accept the omen of your king, and I too will cut the rope without asking why. Of course I wish that Mr. Heron should be elected. He is a Liberal in politics. Why do you laugh when I say that, Mr. St. Paul?"

"Well, I didn't know that you cared much for that sort of thing ; and women are generally supposed to be reactionaries all the world over, are they not? Well, anyhow, that's one reason, his being a Liberal. What next?"

"I don't know that any next is wanting. But of course I think Mr. Heron is a much cleverer man, and is likely to be much better able to get on in the House of Commons ; and then he has his complaint to make against the Government——"

"Yes ; and then?"

"Then, he is very much liked by people whom I like—and I like him very much myself." Minola spoke out with perfect frankness, believing that that was the best thing she could do, and not showing the least sign of embarrassment.

Mr. St. Paul laughed.

"You don't like the other fellow so well?" he said.

"I am sure he is a very good man——"

"That's enough ; you need not say another word. We all can tell what a critic means when he speaks of some actor as a careful and painstaking performer. It's just the same when a woman says a man is very good. Then you pronounce for Heron?"

"I pronounce for Mr. Heron decidedly, if you call saying what I should like to happen pronouncing for anyone."

"In this case it is of more effect than many other pronunciamientos. You have elected Heron, Miss Grey, if I am not much more out in

my calculations than I have been this some time. All right, I am satisfied. If you have money to throw away, just back what's-his-name?—Sheppard—heavily, and you are sure to get rid of it.”

“And you won't tell me what all this means?”

“Not I, indeed; not likely. Good-day, Miss Grey; you have elected your friend Heron, I can tell you. Odd, isn't it, that he should come to be elected after all by me?”

He bade her good-day again, and strode and shambled out of the room and downstairs, leaving Minola much perplexed and not quite pleased, and yet full of a secret wonder and pride at the possibility of her having helped to do Mr. Heron a service.

“I wonder what he would say if he knew of it?” she asked herself, and she could hardly think that he would be greatly delighted with the promise of such influence.

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE AND ELECTIONEERING.

THE soul of Keeton, as a local orator expressed it, was stirred to its depths by the events which succeeded. The three estates of the town, whereof we have already spoken, were alike concerned in the election. Had it never occurred, there would have been enough in the death of Mrs. Saulsbury and the rearrangement of Mr. Grey's property to keep conversation up among the middle grade of Keeton folks. But business like that would not interest the park, and of course it had no interest for the working class of the town. The election, on the contrary, was of equal concern to park, semi-detached villa, and cottage, or even garret. A contest in Keeton was an absolute novelty so far as the memory of living man could go back.

It may perhaps be said that the opinion of the class who alone concerned themselves about her affairs had been on the whole decidedly unfavourable to Minola. She had gone as a sort of rebel against legitimate authority out of Keeton, and had flung herself into the giddy vortex of London life. No one well knew what had become of her; and that with Keeton folks was another way of saying that she must have rushed upon destruction. Some persons held that she must have gone upon the stage. This idea became almost a certainty when a Keeton man, being in London on business, brought back with him from town a play-bill announcing a new *opera bouffe*

in which one of the minor performers was named "Miss Mattie Grey." If the good Keeton man had only looked in a few other play-bills he would have no doubt found Greys in abundance—Matties, Minnies, Nellies, and such-like; Grey being rather a favourite name with young ladies in the profession. But he made no such investigation, and it was at once assumed that Mattie Grey was Minola Grey in disguise—a disguise as subtle as that of the famous knight, Sir Tristram, who, when he wanted to conceal his identity from all observers and place himself beyond all possibility of detection, called himself Sir Tramtrist.

When, however, it was found that Minola was to have her father's property after all, a certain change took place in the opinion of most persons who concerned themselves about the matter. It was assumed generally that Mr. Grey was far too good and Christian a man to have left his property to a girl who could be capable of acting in an *opera bouffe*. Then, when Miss Grey in person came to the town in the company of so distinguished a man as Mr. Money, even gossip started repentant at the sound itself had made, and began to deny that it had ever made any sound at all. Mr. Money was a sort of hero among the middle class everywhere. He was known to have fought his way up in life, and to be now very rich; and when Miss Grey came into the town in the company of Mr. Money and his daughter, the report went about forthwith that Minola Grey had got into the very best society in London, and that she was going to marry the eldest son of Mr. Money, and to be presented at Court.

Mr. Money had taken a couple of floors of the best hotel to begin with. He had brought his carriage with him—a carriage in which he was hardly ever known to take a seat when in town. He had brought a sort of retinue of servants. He went deliberately about making what Mr. St. Paul would have called "a splurge." Mr. Money knew his Pappenheimers. He knew that he was well known to have sprung from nothing, but he also knew that the middle and lower classes of Keeton would have given him little thanks if he had tried to please them by exhibiting there a modesty becoming his modest origin. He knew well enough that the more he put on display, the more they would think of him and of his clients. Therefore he put on display like a garment—a garment to which he was little used, and in which he took no manner of delight. There was generally a little group of persons round the hotel doors at all hours of the day waiting to see Mr. Money and his friends go out or come in. At first Minola positively declined to go out at all, except at night; and the recent death of her father's widow gave her a fair excuse for remaining

quietly indoors. Lucy delighted in the whole affair, and often declared that she felt as if she had been turned into a princess. When Mr. Heron came down, he too seemed rather to enjoy it. At least, he took it all as a matter of course. The experiences of colonial days, when the ruler of a colony, however small it may be, is a person of majestic proportions in his own sphere, enabled him to take Mr. Money's pomp quite seriously.

Meanwhile Mr. Augustus Sheppard had got his committee-rooms and his displays of various kinds, and was understood to be working hard. The election contest, so long looked for, had taken everyone a little by surprise when it showed itself so near. It was natural that Mr. Sheppard and his friends should feel confident of the result. The retiring representative was now an old man. He had faithfully served out his time ; he had always voted as his patrons wished him to do he had never made a speech in the House of Commons ; he had never indeed risen to his feet there at all, except once or twice to present a petition. The delights of a parliamentary career were, therefore, this long time beginning to pall upon him. He had been notoriously anxious to get out of Parliament. He had been sent into the House of Commons by the late duke to keep the seat warm until the present duke should come of age. But the present duke succeeded to the peerage before he came of age, and therefore never had a chance of sitting in the House of Commons. The man in possession was allowed to remain there through years and years until the present duke could be induced to return from abroad and take some interest in the political and other affairs of Keeton. His own son was yet too young for Parliament, and as the sitting member found himself getting too old, and begged for release, there was nothing better to do than to get some safe and docile person to take on him the representation of the borough for some time to come. Those who knew Keeton could recommend no one more fitting in every desirable way than Mr. Augustus Sheppard.

The time was when Mr. Sheppard would only have had to present the orders of the reigning duke to the constituency of Keeton and to take his seat in the House of Commons accordingly as if by virtue of a sovereign patent in ancient days. But times had changed even in sleepy Keeton. The younger generation had almost forgotten their dukes, it was so long since a chief of the house had been among them. Even the women had grown comparatively indifferent to the influence of the name, seeing that it had so long been only a name for them. There had been for many years no duchesses and their lady daughters to meet at flower-shows and charitable bazaars,

by the delight of whose face, and the sound of whose feet, and the wind of whose tresses, as the poet has it, they could be made to feel happy and exalted. There once were brighter days, when the coming and going of the ladies at the Castle gave the women of Keeton a perpetual subject of talk, of thought, of hope, and of quarrel. Some of the readers of this story may perhaps have spent a little time in small towns on the banks of foreign—say of American—rivers which have a habit of freezing up as winter comes, and becoming useless for navigation—in fact, being converted from rivers into great frozen roads, until spring unlocks the flowers and the streams again. Such travellers must have noticed what an unfailing topic of conversation such a river supplies to those who dwell on its banks. How soon will it freeze this season? On what precise day was it closed to navigation last year—the year before—the year before that? In what year did it freeze soonest? Do you remember that particular year when it froze so very soon, or did not freeze for such an unprecedented length of time? That was the same year that—no, not that year; it was that other year, don't you remember? Then follow contradictions and disputes, and the elders always remember the river having been regularly in the habit of performing some feat which now it never cares to repeat. The time of the frost melting and the river becoming really a river again is a matter just as fruitful of discussion. The stranger is often tempted to wonder what the people of that place would have to talk about at all if suddenly the river were to give up its trick of freezing, and were to remain always as fluent as our own monotonous Thames. There seems to him some reason to fear that the tongues of the people would become frozen as the river ceased to freeze.

Like the freezing and the melting of their river to those who lived on its banks, was the annual visit of the ladies of the ducal family to the womankind of Keeton in Keeton's brighter days. Girls were growing up there now who had never seen a duchess. The arrival, the length of stay, the probable time of departure, the appearances in public, whether more or less frequent than this time last year, the dresses worn by the gracious ladies, the persons spoken to by them, the persons only bowed to, the unhappy creatures who got neither speech nor salutation—it is a fact that there was a generation of women growing up in Keeton with whom these and such questions had never formed any part of the interest of their lives. They could not be expected to take much interest all at once and as it were by instinct in the political cause of the ducal family.

There was therefore a good deal of uncertainty about the conditions

of the problem. The followers of the ducal family were some of them full of hope. The reappearance of a duke and duchess, and their train, might do wonders in restoring the old order of things. In Keeton petticoat influence counted for a great deal, and in other days those who had the promises of the wives hardly thought it worth while to go through the form of asking the husbands. But now there was a new condition of the political problem even in that respect. The ballot, which had made the voter independent of the influence of his landlord or his wealthy customer, had converted the power of the petticoat into a sort of unknown quantity. There could be little doubt that the moral influence and the traditional control would still prevail with some ; but he must be a rash electioneering agent who would venture to say how many votes could thus be counted on. It is a remarkable tribute to the moral greatness of an aristocracy, that the influence thus obtained in old days over the wives and daughters of Keeton was absolutely unearned by any overt acts of favour or conciliation. The later dukes and their families had always been remarkable for never making any advances towards the townspeople. None of the traders of the town, however wealthy and respectable, found themselves or their wives invited to any manner of festivity up at the ducal hall. All that the noble family ever did for the townspeople was to come at certain seasons to Keeton and allow themselves to be looked at. This was enough for the time. The illustrious ladies could be seen, and, as has been said, they did sometimes speak a word to favoured and envied persons. They were loved for being great personages, not for anything they did to win such devotion. "Love is enough," says the poet.

All these considerations, however, rendered it hard to calculate the exact chances of opposition in the borough of Keeton. Of course revolutionary opinions were growing up, old people found, there as well as elsewhere. There was a new class of Conservatives springing up whom steady, old-fashioned politicians found it not easy to distinguish from the Radicals of their younger days. On the other hand, keen-sighted persons could not fail to perceive that, whereas in their youth almost all young men had a tendency to be or to fancy themselves Radicals, it was now growing rather the fashion for immature politicians to boast themselves Tories, and to talk of a spirited foreign policy and the dangers of Cosmopolitanism. It would be hard to say how things might turn out, knowing people thought, as they shook their heads, and hoped the expected contest might not come on for some time.

Now the contest was at hand. At least, the sitting member had

rather telling thing here, too, if it got about that we had brought a real poet specially down from London. I'll write at once."

This seemed rather alarming to Minola.

"I doubt whether Mr. Heron would much like it," she pleaded. "I don't know whether they are such very good friends just now—I am rather afraid."

"Oh, yes; of course they must be good friends! Heron is not to have it all his own way in everything, anyhow. He must like the idea; he shall. I'll write without telling him anything about it, and Heron couldn't help being friendly to any fellow who came under his roof, as one might say."

No one made any further objection.

"I wish Heron had not been so confoundedly particular about St. Paul," Mr. Money went on to say in a discontented tone. "That was absurd. St. Paul's no worse than lots of other fellows, and in such a thing as this we can't afford to throw away any offer of support. We have to fight against the duke and his lot anyhow, and the help of St. Paul couldn't have done us any harm in that quarter, and it might have done us some good in others. I shouldn't wonder if St. Paul had some friends and admirers here still; and it is as likely as not that his being with us might conciliate a few of the mad Radicals. They might like him just because he is against his brother, the duke."

"But Mr. Heron would not have such help as that," Lucy said, in tones of pride.

"Oh, by Jove! if you want to carry an election—and now, I suppose, if St. Paul has any influence at all it will be given against us."

Minola thought of her unholy compact, and did not venture to say a word on the subject.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EPISODE.

THAT was an odd and, on the whole, a wondrous pleasant time. In all her mental trouble and perplexity Minola could not help enjoying it. It was like a great holiday—like some extravagant kind of masquerading or private theatricals. It was impossible that one's spirits could go down, or at least that they could remain long down, under such circumstances. Life was a perpetual rattle and

"Well, Lucelet, I don't like to say ; I am not quite charmed with the look of things. I find there are a good many very strong Radicals grown up in this place since there was a contest here before ; and Heron's not wild enough for them by half. They are a little of the red-hot-social-revolution sort of thing—the *proletaire* business, with a dash of the brabbling atheist—the fellows who think one is not fit to live if he even admits the possibility of another world. I am afraid these fellows will hold aloof from us altogether, or even take some whim of voting against us, and they may be strong enough to turn the scale."

Minola hoped that if her friend Mr. St. Paul had really any charm by which to extort victory for Heron as he had promised he would not forget to use it in good time. But she began to have less faith, and less, in the possibility of any such feat. She was a little in the perplexed condition of some one of mediæval times, who has entered into a bargain for supernatural interference, and is not quite certain whether to wish that the compact may be really carried out or that it may prove to have been only the figment of a dream.

"I'm told we ought to have some poems done," Money went on to say. "Not merely squibs, you know, but appeals about right and justice, and the cause of oppressed humanity, and all that."

"I'm sure Minola could do some beautifully!" Lucy exclaimed, looking beseechingly towards her friend.

"Oh, no ; I couldn't indeed ! My appeals would be dreadfully weak ; they could not rouse the spirits of any mortal creature. Now, if we only had Mary Blanchet !"

This, it must be owned, was Minola's fun, but it gave an idea to Mr. Money.

"Tell you what," he said, "we ought to have her brother—the bard, you used to call him, Lucelet."

"Oh, no, papa ; indeed I never called him anything of the kind. I never did, indeed, Nola."

"Well, whatever you called him, Lucelet, we can't do better than to have him. We'll put Pegasus into harness, by Jove—a capital good use to make of him too ! I'll write to what's-his-name?—Blanchet—at once."

"But I don't think he would like it, papa ; I think he would take offence at the idea of your asking him to do poems for an election. I don't think he would come."

"Oh, yes, he would come ! we would make it worth his while. These young fellows give themselves airs, to make you girls admire them, that they never think of trying on with men. It would be a

rather telling thing here, too, if it got about that we had brought a real poet specially down from London. I'll write at once."

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excitement ; and the company was full of mirth. Even Victor Heron himself, for all his earnestness, went on as if the whole affair were some enormous joke. Electioneering appeared to be the best sort of pastime devisable. They all sat up until the morning concocting appeals to the electors, addresses to this or that interest supposed to be affected, attacks on the opposite party—not however on Mr. Sheppard personally—squibs about the Tories, denunciations of the Ministry, exhortations to the women of Keeton, the mothers of Keeton, the daughters of Keeton, and every class in and about Keeton who could be regarded as in the least degree open to the impulses of national or patriotic feeling. Some of these appeals had to be prepared in the absence and without the knowledge of the candidate whom they were intended to serve. Heron was so sensitive about what he considered fair play, that he was inclined as far as he could to restrain rather unduly even the good spirits of his chief supporters, and not to allow them to deal half as freely as they could have wished in the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule. Minola was developing quite a remarkable capacity for political satire, and Lucy Money was indefatigable at copying documents. There were meetings held day and night, and Victor sometimes made a dozen speeches in the course of a single afternoon.

Scarcely less eloquent did Mr. Money prove himself to be. He never failed when called upon to stand up anywhere and recount the misdeeds of the Ministry, and the crimes generally of the aristocracy of Britain, in language which went to the very hearts of his hearers ; and he had a rough telling humour which kept his audience amused in the midst of all the horrors that his description of the country's possible ruin might have brought up before their minds. Mr. Money took the middle-aged electors immensely ; but there could be little doubt that the suffrages of the women, if they had had any, would have been given freely in favour of the eloquence and the candidature of Victor Heron.

Sometimes it was delightful when a night came, after all the meetings and speech-makings were over—and it happened by strange chance that there was nothing more to do in the way of electioneering just then ; for then the little party of friends would shut themselves up in their drawing-room, and chat and laugh, and sing and play on the piano, and make jokes, and discuss all manner of odd and fantastic questions, until long after prudence ought to have commended sleep. Minola sang whenever anybody asked her, although she never sang for listeners in London ; and she sang, if she could, whatever her audience wished to hear. Lucy played and sang very

prettily too. Victor Heron had picked up in his colonial experiences and his wanderings about the world many sweet, wild, untutored songs of savage and semi-savage races and tribes, and he sang them with a dramatic skill and force for which none of his hearers had ever before given him credit. The little company seemed in fact to be entering into a condition of something like wild simplicity and frankness, when all the affectations of civilisation were let fall, and each did everything he could to the best effect, unconcerned by forms or by critics.

To Lucy in especial all this was delightful. It was not an effort to her to throw herself into the spirit of the enjoyment as it was to Minola. To her the happiness of the present had no alloy. Over the passing hours there were no present clouds. In the whole world the two persons she most admired were Victor Heron and her father; and these two were the heroes of the occasion, seeming to have the eyes of the world on them, and to be the admired of all as orators and statesmen. To hear them address cheering crowds brought tears of pride and delight into the eyes of the kind little maid. She was glorious in their glory; their successes were hers. Then she had Minola too always with her, and they were all together, and walled off from the world into a little commonwealth of their own, and had nothing to do but to be great politicians all day, and listen to splendid speeches, and at night retire as it were into their tent, and be musical and joyous, and full of glorious hope. It was all a dream of love and pride to the gentle little Lucelet.

More than once—ah! more than twenty times—did Lucy tell Minola that her father had taken her to the House of Commons, and that she had often heard all the good speakers, and that she had never heard one who could in her estimation compare with Mr. Heron. She had heard Gladstone; “and, of course, he was very good—oh, yes, very good indeed!—but if you had heard him, Nola dear, you would say with me that he is not to be compared to Mr. Heron.” She had heard Mr. Disraeli too—“oh, yes, many times, and he was very clever!” she quite admitted that, “and he made people laugh a great deal;” and she had heard Mr. Bright, whom her papa always considered the best speaker of all—“but wait until you hear them, Nola—and you shall hear them all, darling—and you will say yourself that none of them is like Mr. Heron. I don’t know what it is, but there is something about Mr. Heron that none of them seems to have—at least, to my mind, Nola dear.”

Indeed, Nola knew well enough that there was for Lucy a charm in the eloquence of Mr. Heron which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright

would have vainly tried to rival. For herself, although she may be supposed to have been under the same influence as Lucy, she did not rate the eloquence of Mr. Heron quite so highly. The charm in her case did not work in just the same way. She listened with a certain admiration and surprise to the vivacious, earnest, and often highly impassioned speeches that Victor Heron threw off daily by the dozen, and she recognised with sincere delight the genuine freshness and force that were in them, and thought them a great deal better than she had expected to hear ; but she would not have had the least difficulty in admitting that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright were probably much finer speakers than Mr. Heron ; and, without having heard either of these orators, she was already quite prepared to consider their eloquence as higher in order than his. What concerned her far more was that she saw nothing in Victor Heron that did not compel her to hold to or to increase the opinion she had already formed of his manly and unselfish character. She had hoped in a strange, reluctant way that, while seeing so much of him as she must needs do during their stay in Keeton, she might see in him, not indeed anything to lower her opinion of his courage, and truthfulness, and manhood, but some little weaknesses or affectations which, harmless in themselves, might lower him in her mind from his place, and give her relief and rest. Yes, she had in her secret heart sometimes longed passionately and despairingly to be able thus to dethrone him from her heart, and to see him as a young man like another. She was suffering so much from the part which she had imposed on herself and was determined to play, that she would have welcomed relief even at the cost of the overturning of her idol. There were times when she almost wished she were able to hate him or to despise him, but she could do neither. The more she saw of him, the more she was compelled to see that, under that exterior of almost boyish impulsiveness and restless energy, there were only too many of the qualities which she held to be especially heroic. He was so frank and simple, and yet so clever ; so full of courage, and yet so modest ; so strong, and so sweet and gentle. He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, she thought, nor Jove for his power to thunder. But there is many a man as good as Coriolanus in that, who, like Coriolanus, would brag, and bully, and be coarsely haughty ; and Mr. Heron could do nothing like that. To her he seemed all kindness and frank, simple sweetness, and she could not dethrone him from his place in her heart.

Perhaps we may well ask ourselves whether the clever and sarcastic Minola was not, after all, as extravagant a hero-worshipper as little Lucelet ? Is it, to say the least, not quite possible that when Lucy

believed Victor Heron to be as fine a speaker as Demosthenes, she was only exaggerating his merits in one way as much as Minola was exaggerating them in another? Is it likely that he was by any means that pure and perfect hero, all strength, and truth, and nobleness, that Minola was resolved to believe him? To many of us, perhaps, if we had known him, he might have seemed a clever, agreeable, honest, but rather simple and impracticable young man, and nothing more. We might have probed his character with the most impartial and even benevolent purpose, hoping to find there our ideal type of manhood, and honestly found ourselves unable to see anything of the kind in him. But it may be, too, that Minola really did see what we failed to see, and that she had got with her love, not a dazzled sight, but *clairvoyance*. You cannot make a touchstone of every pebble. The other pebbles may do their honest best, and give their judgment, and be wrong.

This, however, we shall not be able to decide. It has already been said in favour of the impartiality of Minola's judgment that at least she had done her best to prove it a mistake, and had to ratify it against her will. But, right or wrong, it affected her all the same. Every day that she passed in Keeton under these peculiar circumstances only added to the strength of the feelings which oppressed her, and against which she fought her fight in vain.

"I do wish this election would last for ever, Nola dear," Lucy said, with a sigh of mingled pleasure and fear. "I never liked any part of my life half so well."

There was, it must be owned, a great deal of pleasure in it for Minola as well. The pleasure was a fearful joy, and was mixed up with very acute pain; still, the exhilaration and the delight were there. All the time there was a feeling that she was not only working with Victor Heron, but for him. It is true that the time had many bitter moments; it is true also that not for years had her spirits risen so often to so high a point.

That was, for instance, a delightful night when they all went out to the park and rambled about there, and looked at the great mausoleum. It was near midnight when they set out, for it was well-nigh impossible for them to get any time to themselves at any earlier hour. The great gates of the park were closed long before that time; but Minola knew of a little stile at one of the boundaries of the park, through which they might easily enter, and this gave quite a romantic air of trespassing and law-breaking to the whole escapade, which much enhanced its charm. The duke and his family had not come to the place, but were expected every day, and there was something

rather piquant in the notion of thus trespassing on the lands of their political enemy. Mr. Money was much amused at the idea of their all being arrested as trespassers—perhaps even as robbers—and brought before some country justice, who might take it into his head to render a service to the duke and Mr. Sheppard by committing them to prison. They were all in the highest spirits.

The night was one to inspirit any heart. It was soft and warm, with a pale, poetic crescent moon just showing itself over the park trees, and a planet of shining silver just beneath the crescent of the moon, looking like the emblem of the Ottoman done in light upon the sky. There was something fantastic, poetic, and a little uncanny about this half-moon with the planet just within the enclosure of her bow.

"Can anything be more beautiful?" Minola asked aloud, and in her heart she thought, "I ought to be very happy and very thankful. When last I was here, how lonely I was!—I had hardly a friend: and now, what good, kind friends I have, whom I love, and who, I believe, are really fond of me. How ungrateful I should be if I were to repine because I have not everything that an idle fancy makes me ask for!" The whole influence of the place, the hour, the conditions entered into her soul, and made her think life very sweet and gracious then.

They were standing near the steps of the mausoleum.

"Now," said Lucy, "there is one thing I should so like just at this moment; it would be delightful."

"Well, Lucelet, what is it?" her father asked. "Is it to have several hairs of the duke's beard? Perhaps Mr. Heron will pledge himself to get them if you only ask him prettily."

"Papa, dear, what nonsense!" Lucy was not acquainted with the adventures of Sir Huon of Bordeaux. "No; I only want Nola to sing for us just here. It would be delightful in this air and at this spot."

"Don't know that it would do Miss Grey's voice much good to be exerted at midnight in the open air, Lucelet."

"It couldn't do it any particular harm," Minola said, only too happy in her present mood to have a chance of pleasing anybody. "My voice is not good enough to get any harm. I am only afraid that you may not be able to hear me."

"We'll come close around you and make a ring, so far as our numbers will allow us," Victor said.

Minola mounted the steps of the mausoleum to get some advantage over her audience, as her voice was not strong, and they stood below, not in a ring, but in a row.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

Of course she was only besought to sing any song she pleased; so, rather than keep them waiting and make herself appear as if she were attaching too much value to a trifle, she sang at once the first song that came into her mind. It was the story of the luckless lover of Barbara Allen.

Minola's voice was singularly fresh, pure, and sweet. It wanted strength, and would have sounded to little advantage in a concert room. It had some exquisite shades, if we may use such an expression, which would have been lost altogether in a great hall and on an ordinary audience. Minola, conscious of the lack of strength in her voice, and yet compelled by her dramatic instincts to seek for the fullest expression even when she only sang to please herself, had tried to make her singing obey her feelings and her perception of poetical meaning by giving its fullest value to every syllable and every tone. The songs she sang seemed to have much more in them than as they were sung by anyone else. New meanings and shades of meaning appeared to come out as the words came from her lips. But it required appreciative listeners to get at the genuine beauty of her singing; and the listeners must not be far away from the singer, or, no matter how appreciative, they must lose much of the effect. In the open air her voice would usually have failed to impress one; but this night the air was so pure and clear and soft, and the whole place was so silent, that the voice seemed made for the place, the hour, and the atmosphere; and the voice, indeed, became to the ears of some of the audience as if it were a part of the scene, an essential condition of its charm. As the song went on, the listeners found themselves drawn on to ascend the first step of the mausoleum, that they might not lose a syllable of the sweet, sad, old-fashioned story thus tenderly and sympathetically told.

The song was over. No one said a word directly in its praise. For a moment, indeed, there was silence.

"I wish she would not come down from the steps just yet," said Lucy. "Stay a moment, Nola dear; we shall ask you to sing something else if you will. I do like to see her standing there," she explained to her father and Heron; "she looks like Corinne."

They asked her to sing something else, and of course she was only too glad to please them. This time she chose a little ballad of Walter Scott's, to be found in "The Pirate," of which in her young days of romance Minola used to be fond. This song she had put of her own conceit to the music of a little-known folk-song of the border,

which seemed to her to suit its spirit and words. It is the ballad which gives the betrayed lover's farewell to the "wild ferry which Hacon could brave, when the peaks of the skerry were white with the wave," and to the maid who "may look over those wild waves in vain for the skiff of her lover, he comes not again." For the broken vows, the maiden may fling them on the wild current, and the mermaiden may sing them. "New sweetness they'll give her bewildering strain; there is one who will never believe them again." If Minola had really been a betrayed lover, she could not have expressed more simply and more movingly the proud passion of a broken heart. As Lucy's face was upturned in the moonlight, Victor saw that her eyes were swimming in tears. He was greatly charmed and touched by her sensitiveness, and felt drawn to her in an unusual way. He turned his eyes away, fearing she might know that he had seen her tears.

Minola came down from the steps silently. As yet, no one had thanked her or said her songs gave pleasure; but Minola felt that she had pleased them, and that they liked her to sing, and for the time she was happy. If she could have known that her song had brought Victor Heron nearer in feeling than ever he was before to her friend Lucy, she would perhaps have felt an added although a rather melancholy pleasure in the power of her song. Certainly the sensation that passed through Victor's breast as he heard the last lines of the song, and looked on Lucy's face, and saw the sparkling tears in her eyes, was something new to him, and in itself no poor tribute to the influence of the music.

Mr. Money was the first to speak.

"Your way of singing, Miss Grey, reminds me of what I once heard a very clever man say of the reading of Shakespeare's sonnets. He said he never heard them properly read except by a man who was dying, like your friend the lover of Barbara Allen, and who could hardly speak above his breath."

"My dear papa, what a compliment to Nola!" the astonished Lucy exclaimed.

"You don't understand it, Lucelet—Miss Grey does, I am sure, and I hope Heron does, although I am not so sure in his case. It means that this poor dying poet—he was a poet, didn't I say?"

"No, indeed you didn't," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes, he was a poet. Well, this poor dying poet had to make such use of his failing voice to express all the meaning of the poems he loved above all others, that he would not allow the most delicate touch of meaning or feeling to escape in his reading. Now you begin to understand, Lucelet? Miss Grey's singing is as fine as that."

"Oh, if Nola is compared to a poet I don't mind. But a dying poet is rather a melancholy idea, and not a bit like Nola. I always think of Nola as full of health and life, and everything bright and delightful."

"Still I quite understand what Mr. Money means, and it is a great compliment," Minola said. "There must have been something wonderful, supernatural, in hearing this dying poet recite such lines."

"People with great strong voices hardly ever think much of what can be done by mere expression," Money remarked.

"Then we ought to be glad if we have not good voices?" Minola asked.

"Well, yes; in many cases, at least. I think so. It makes you sing all the better."

"And perhaps they would sing best who had no voice at all."

"Perhaps so," said Money gravely; "I shouldn't wonder."

After this they all laughed, and the moment of sentiment was gone. But yet Victor Heron remained very silent and seemingly thoughtful. The new and strange sensation which had arisen in him from hearing Minola's voice and seeing Lucy's tear-sparkled eyes had not faded yet. It perplexed him, and yet had something delightful in it. The author of "*Caleb Williams*" declared that in it he would give to the world such a book that no man who had read it should ever be quite the same man again. Such a change it happens to more ordinary beings to work unconsciously in many men or women. A verse of a ballad, an air played on a harp, a chance word or two, the expression of a lip or an eye, an all unstudied attitude, shall change a whole life so that never again shall it be exactly what it was before.

"We must be getting home," said Money. "There are speeches to be made to-morrow, Heron, my good fellow—there are deputations to receive, and I own to being a man who likes to sleep."

"Just here and just now," said Victor, "the speech-making and the deputations seem rather vulgar business."

He thought so now very sincerely. A sense of the vulgarity and futility of commonplace ambitions and struggles is one of the immemorial effects of moonlight, and music, and midnight air, and soft skies. But in Heron's case there was something more than all this which he did not yet understand.

"The things have to be got through anyhow," Mr. Money insisted, "and these young ladies will be losing altogether their beauty-sleep."

"Oh, I think the idea of going to sleep on such a night is odious,

when we might be out under the stars in this delightful place!" Lucy exclaimed. "And besides, papa, the truth is that Nola and I always sit up together for ever so long after everybody else has gone, no matter what the hour may be—and so we might as well be here as anywhere else. If our beauty depends on early hours it is forfeited long since, and there's no use thinking about it now."

"I know Miss Grey is far too sensible a girl to share any such sentiments—so come with me, Miss Grey, and we shall at least set a good example."

He took Minola's arm and drew it within his own with good-humoured mastery, and led her away. Lucy and Victor had perforce to follow. They ran after Money and his companion. Minola could hear their laughter and the sound of their quick feet as they approached. Then when they came near they slackened their speed, and lagged a little behind. She could hear the sound of their voices as they talked. They spoke in low tones, but the sweet pure midnight air allowed at least the faint murmur of the tones to reach her ear as she walked quickly on, leaning on Mr. Money's arm, and trying to talk to him about the prospects of the coming election.

"If he loves her, he must tell her so now—here," Minola thought. "This surely is the place and the hour for a declaration of love, and he does love her—she is so very sweet and good."

She tried to make herself believe that she was very happy, and that she rejoiced to know that Lucy was loved—by him, and even that she was rather amused in a high, unconcerned way by their love-making. When they had crossed the stile of the park and passed into the streets, Victor and Lucy came up with them again, and walked by their side.

"It is done," Minola thought. "She has heard him now, and she has all her wish." Aloud she said, "I suppose you are right, Mr. Money, about the ballot—I had not thought much of that, but I am sure you must be right."

(To be continued.)

ON SOME MARVELS IN TELE- GRAPHY.

PART II.

THE next marvel of telegraphy to be described is the transmission of actual facsimiles of writings or drawings. So far as strict sequence of subject-matter is concerned, I ought, perhaps, at this point, to show how duplex telegraphy has been surpassed by a recent invention enabling three or four or more messages to be simultaneously transmitted telegraphically. But it will be more convenient to consider this wonderful advance after I have described the methods by which facsimiles of handwriting, &c., are transmitted.

Hitherto we have considered the action of the electric current in deflecting a magnetic needle to right or left, a method of communication leaving no trace of its transmission. We have now to consider a method at once simpler in principle and affording means whereby a permanent record can be left of each message transmitted.

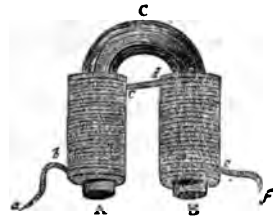


FIG. 6.

If the insulated wire is twisted in the form of a helix or coil round a bar of soft iron, the bar becomes magnetised while the current is passing. If the bar be bent into the horse-shoe form, as in fig. 6, where A C B represents the bar, *a b c d e f* the coil of insulated wire, the bar acts as a magnet while the current is passing along the coil, but ceases to do so as soon as the current is interrupted.¹

¹ I must caution the reader against fig. 348 in Guillemin's *Application of the Physical Forces*, in which the part *c d* of the wire is not shown. The two coils are in reality part of a single coil, divided into two to permit of the bar being bent; and to remove the part *c d* is to divide the wire, and, of course, break the current. It will be seen that *c d* passes from the remote side of coil *b c*, fig. 6, to the near side of coil *d e*. If it were taken round the remote side of the latter coil, the current along this would neutralise the effect of the current along the other.

If, then, we have a telegraphic wire from a distant station in electric connection with the wire *a b c*, the part *e f* descending to an earth-plate, then, according as the operator at that distant station transmits or stops the current, the iron *A C B* is magnetised or demagnetised. The part *c* is commonly replaced by a flat piece of iron, as is supposed to be the case with the temporary magnets shown in fig. 7, where this flat piece is below the coils.

So far back as 1838 this property was applied by Morse in America in the recording instrument which bears his name, and is now (with slight modifications) in general use not only in America but on the Continent. The principle of this instrument is exceedingly simple. Its essential parts are shown in fig. 7; *H* is the handle, *H b* the lever of the manipulator at the station *A*. The manipulator is shown in the position for receiving a message from the station *B* along the wire *w*. The handle *H'* of the manipulator at the station *B* is shown depressed, making connection at *a'* with the

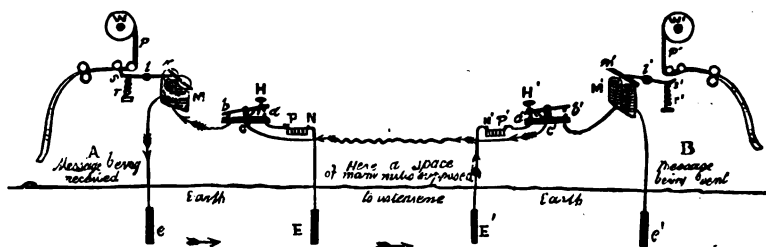


FIG. 7.

wire from the battery *N' P'*. Thus a current passes through the handle to *c'*, along the wire to *c* and through *b* to the coil of the temporary magnet *M*, after circling which it passes to the earth at *e* and so by *E'* to the negative pole *N'*. The passage of this current magnetises *M*, which draws down the armature *m*. Thus the lever *l*, pulled down on this side, presses upwards the pointed style *s* against a strip of paper *p* which is steadily rolled off from the wheel *w* so long as a message is being received. (The mechanism for this purpose is not indicated in fig. 7.) Thus, so long as the operator at *H'* holds down the handle *H'*, the style *s* marks the moving strip of paper, the spring *r* under the lever *s l*, drawing the style away so soon as the current ceases to flow and the magnet to act. If he simply depresses the handle for an instant, a dot is marked; if longer, a dash; and by various combinations of dots and dashes all

the letters, numerals, &c., are indicated. When the operator at B has completed his message, the handle H' being raised by the spring under it to the position in which H is shown, a message can be received at B.

I have in the figure and description assumed that the current from either station acts directly on the magnet which works the recording style. Usually, in long-distance telegraphy, the current is too weak for this, and the magnet on which it acts is used only to complete the circuit of a local battery, the current from which does the real work of magnetising M at A or M' at B, as the case may be. A local battery thus employed is called a *relay*.

The Morse instrument will serve to illustrate the *principle* of the methods by which facsimiles are obtained. The details of construction are altogether different from those of the Morse instrument; they also vary greatly in different instruments, and are too complex to be conveniently described here. But the principle, which is the essential point, can be readily understood.

In working the Morse instrument, the operator at B depresses the handle H'. Suppose that this handle is kept depressed by a spring, and that a long strip of paper passing uniformly between the two points at *a* prevents contact. Then no current can pass. But if there is a hole in this paper, then when the hole reaches *a* the two metal points at *a* meet and the current passes. We have here the principle of the Bain telegraph. A long strip of paper is punched with small and long holes, corresponding to the dots and marks of a message by the Morse alphabet. As it passes between a metal wheel and a spring, both forming part of the circuit, it breaks the circuit until a hole allows the spring to touch the wheel, either for a short or longer time-interval, during which the current passes to the other station, where it sets a relay at work. In Bain's system the message is received on a chemically-prepared strip of paper, moving uniformly at the receiving station, and connected with the negative pole of the relay battery. When contact is made, the face of the paper is touched by a steel pointer connected with the positive pole, and the current which passes from the end of the pointer through the paper to the negative pole produces a blue mark on the chemically-prepared paper.¹

We see that by Bain's arrangement a paper is marked with dots and lines, corresponding to round and elongated holes, in a ribbon of paper. It is only a step from this to the production of facsimiles of writings or drawings.

¹ The paper is soaked in dilute ferrocyanide of potassium, and the passage of the current forms a Prussian blue.

Suppose a sheet of paper so prepared as to be a conductor of electricity, and that a message is written on the paper with some non-conducting substance for ink. If that sheet were passed between the knobs at *a* (the handle *H* being pressed down by a spring), whilst simultaneously a sheet of Bain's chemically-prepared paper were passed athwart the steel pointer at the receiving station, there would be traced across the last-named paper a blue line, which would be broken at parts corresponding to those on the other paper where the non-conducting ink interrupted the current. Suppose the process repeated, each paper being slightly shifted so that the line traced across either would be parallel and very close to the former, but precisely corresponding as respects the position of its length. Then this line, also, on the recording paper will be broken at parts corresponding to those in which the line across the transmitting paper meets the writing. If line after line be drawn in this way till the entire breadth of the transmitting paper has been crossed by close parallel lines, the entire breadth of the receiving paper will be covered by closely-marked blue lines except where the writing has broken the contact. Thus a negative facsimile of the writing will be found in the manner indicated in figs. 8 and 9.¹ In reality, in processes of this kind, the papers (unlike the ribbons on Bain's telegraph) are not carried across in the way I have imagined, but are swept by successive strokes of a moveable pointer, along which the current flows ; but the principle is the same.

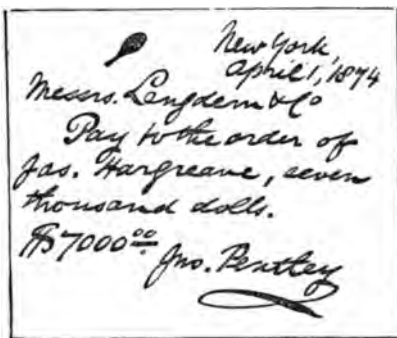


FIG. 8.

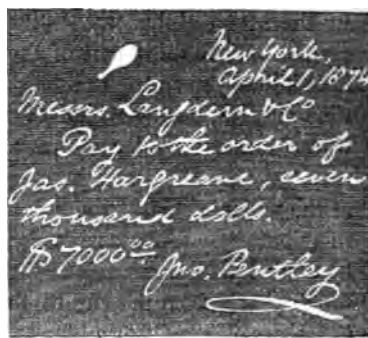


FIG. 9.

It is essential, in such a process as I have described, first, that the

¹ Sir W. Thomson states, in his altogether excellent article on the electric telegraph, in Nichol's *Cyclopadia*, that the invention of this process is due to Mr. Bakewell.

recording sheet should be carried athwart the pointer which conveys the marking current (or the pointer carried across the recording sheet) in precise accordance with the motion of the transmitting sheet athwart the wire or style which conveys the current to the long wire between the stations (or of this style across the transmitting sheet). The recording sheet and the transmitting sheet must also be shifted between each stroke by an equal amount. The latter point is easily secured; the former is secured by causing the mechanism which gives the transmitting style its successive strokes to make and break circuit, by which a temporary magnet at the receiving station is magnetised and demagnetised; by the action of this magnet the recording pointer is caused to start on its motion athwart the receiving sheet, and moving uniformly it completes its thwart stroke at the same instant as the transmitting style.

Caselli's pantelegraph admirably effects the transmission of facsimiles. The transmitting style is carried by the motion of a heavy pendulum in an arc of constant range over a cylindrical surface on which the paper containing the message, writing, or picture is spread. As the swing of the pendulum begins, a similar pendulum at the receiving station begins its swing; the same break of circuit which (by demagnetising a temporary magnet) releases one, releases the other also. The latter swings in an arc of precisely the same range, and carries a precisely similar style over a similar cylindrical surface on which is placed the prepared receiving paper. In fact, the same pendulum at either station is used for transmitting and for receiving facsimiles. Nay, not only so, but each pendulum, as it swings, serves in the work both of transmitting and recording facsimiles. As it swings one way, it travels along a line over each of two messages or drawings, while the other pendulum in its synchronous swing traces a corresponding line over each of two receiving sheets; and as it swings the other way, it traces a line on each of two receiving sheets, corresponding to the lines along which the transmitting style of the other is passing along two messages or drawings. Such, at least, is the way in which the instrument works in busy times. It can, of course, send a message, or two messages, without receiving any.¹

In Caselli's pantelegraph matters are so arranged that instead of a negative facsimile, like fig. 9, a true facsimile is obtained in all respects except that the letters and figures are made by closely-set

¹ It is to be noticed, however, that the recording pointer must always mark its lines in the same direction, so that, unless a message is being transmitted at the same time that one is being received (in which case the oscillations both ways are utilised), the instrument works only during one half of each complete double oscillation.

dark lines instead of being dark throughout as in the message. The transmitting paper is conducting and the ink non-conducting, as in Bakewell's original arrangement; but instead of the conducting paper completing the circuit for the distant station, it completes a short home circuit (so to speak) along which the current travels without entering on the distant circuit. When the non-conducting ink breaks the short circuit, the current travels in the long circuit through the recording pointer at the receiving station; and a mark is thus made corresponding to the inked part of the transmitting sheet instead of the blank part, as in the older plan.

The following passage from Guillemin's "Application of the Physical Forces" indicates the effectiveness of Caselli's pantelegraph not only as respects the character of the message it conveys, but as to rapidity of transmission. (I alter the measures from the metric to our usual system of notation.¹) "Nothing is simpler than the writing of the pantelegraph. The message when written is placed on the surface of the transmitting cylinder. The clerk makes the warning signals, and then sets the pendulum going. The transmission of the message is accomplished automatically, without the clerk having any work to do, and consequently without [his] being obliged to acquire any special knowledge. Since two despatches may be sent at the same time—and since shorthand may be used—the rapidity of transmission may be considerable." "The long pendulum of Caselli's telegraph," says M. Quet, "generally performs about forty oscillations a minute, and the styles trace forty broken lines, separated from each other by less than the hundredth part of an inch. In one minute the lines described by the style have ranged over a breadth of more than half an inch, and in twenty minutes of nearly $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. As we can give the lines a length of $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, it follows that in twenty minutes Caselli's apparatus furnishes the facsimile of the writing or drawing traced on a metallised plate $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches broad by $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. For clearness of reproduction the original writing must be very legible and in large characters." "Since 1865 the line from Paris to Lyons and Marseilles has been open to the public for the transmission of messages by this truly marvellous system."

It will easily be seen that Caselli's method is capable of many important uses besides the transmission of facsimiles of handwriting.

¹ It seems to me a pity that in the English edition of this work the usual measures have not been substituted throughout. The book is not intended or indeed suitable for scientific readers, who alone are accustomed to the metric system. Other readers do not care to have a little sum in reduction to go through at each numerical statement.

For instance, by means of it a portrait of some person who is to be identified—whether fraudulent absconder, or escaped prisoner, or lunatic, or wife who has eloped from her husband, or husband who has deserted his wife, or missing child, and so on—can be sent in a few minutes to a distant city where the missing person is likely to be. All that is necessary is that from a photograph or other portrait an artist employed for the purpose at the transmitting station should, in bold and heavy lines, sketch the lineaments of the missing person on one of the prepared sheets, as in fig. 10. The portrait at the receiving station will appear as in fig. 11, and if necessary an artist at this station can darken the lines or in other ways improve the picture without altering the likeness.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

But now we must turn to the greatest marvel of all—the transmission of tones, tunes, and words by the electric wire.

The transmission of the rhythm of an air is of course a very simple matter. I have seen the following passage from "*Lardner's Museum of Science and Art*," 1859, quoted as describing an anticipation of the telephone, though in reality it only shows what everyone who has heard a telegraphic indicator at work must have noticed, that the click of the instrument may be made to keep time with an air. "We were in the Hanover Street Office, when there was a

pause in the business operations. Mr. M. Porter, of the office at Boston—the writer being at New York—asked what tune we would have? We replied, ‘Yankee Doodle,’ and to our surprise he immediately complied with our request. The instrument, a Morse one, commenced drumming the notes of the tune as perfectly and distinctly as a skilful drummer could have made them at the head of a regiment, and many will be astonished to hear that ‘Yankee Doodle’ can travel by lightning. . . . So perfectly and distinctly were the sounds of the tunes transmitted, that good instrumental performers could have had no difficulty in keeping time with the instruments at this end of the wires. . . . That a pianist in London should execute a fantasia at Paris, Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna, at the same moment, and with the same spirit, expression, and precision as if the instruments at these distant places were under his fingers, is not only within the limits of practicability, but really presents no other difficulty than may arise from the expense of the performances. From what has just been stated, it is clear that the time of music has been already transmitted, and the production of the sounds does not offer any more difficulty than the printing of the letters of a despatch.” Unfortunately, Lardner omitted to describe how this easy task was to be achieved.

Reuss first in 1861 showed how a sound can be transmitted. At the sending station, according to his method, there is a box, into which, through a pipe in the side, the note to be transmitted is sounded. The box is open at the top, and across it, near the top, is stretched a membrane which vibrates synchronously with the aerial vibrations and responding to the note. At the middle of the membrane, on its upper surface, is a small disc of metal, connected by a thin strip of copper with the positive pole of the battery at the transmitting station. The disc also, when the machine is about to be put in use, lightly touches a point on a metallic arm, along which (while this contact continues) the electric current passes to the wire communicating with the distant station. At that station the wire is carried in a coil round a straight rod of soft iron suspended horizontally in such a way as to be free to vibrate between two sounding-boards. After forming this coil, the wire which conveys the current passes to the earth-plate and so home. As already explained, while the current passes the rod of iron is magnetised, but loses its magnetisation when the current ceases.

Now, when a note is sounded in the box at the transmitting station, the membrane vibrates, and at each vibration the metal disc is separated from [the point which it lightly touches when at rest.

Thus contact is broken at regular intervals, corresponding to the rate of vibration due to the note. Suppose, for instance, the note *C* is sounded; then there are 256 complete vibrations in a second, the electric current is therefore interrupted and renewed, and the bar of soft iron magnetised and demagnetised 256 times in a second. Now, it had been discovered by Page and Henry that when a bar of iron is rapidly magnetised and demagnetised, it is put into vibrations synchronising with the interruptions of the current, and therefore emits a note of the same tone as that which has been sounded into the transmitting box.



Professor Heisler, in his "*Lehrbuch der technischen Physik*," 1866, wrote of Reuss's telephone: "The instrument is still in its infancy; however, by the use of batteries of proper strength, it already transmits not only single musical tones, but even the most intricate melodies, sung at one end of the line, to the other, situated at a great distance, and makes them perceptible there with all desirable distinctness." Dr. Van der Weyde, of New York, states that, after reading an account of Reuss's telephone, he had two such instruments constructed, and exhibited them at the meeting of the Polytechnic Club of the American Institute. "The original sounds were produced at the farthest extremity of the large building (the Cooper Institute), totally out of hearing of the Association; and the receiving instrument, standing on the table in the lecture-room, produced, with a peculiar and rather nasal twang, the different tunes sung into the box at the other end of the line; not powerfully, it is true, but very distinctly and correctly. In the succeeding summer I improved the form of the box, so as to produce a more powerful vibration of the membrane. I also improved the receiving instrument by introducing several iron wires into the coil, so as to produce a stronger vibration. I submitted these, with some other improvements, to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and on that occasion (now seven years ago) expressed the opinion that the instrument contained the germ of a new method of working the electric telegraph, and would undoubtedly lead to further improvements in this branch of science."

The telephonic successes recently achieved by Mr. Gray were in part anticipated by La Cour of Copenhagen, whose method may be thus described: At the transmitting station a tuning-fork is set in vibration. At each vibration one of the prongs touches a fine strip of metal completing a circuit. At the receiving station the wire conveying the electric current is coiled round the prongs of another tuning-fork of the same tone, but without touching them. The intermittent cur-

rent, corresponding as it does with the rate of vibration proper to the receiving fork, sets this fork in vibration; and in La Cour's instrument the vibrations of the receiving fork were used to complete the circuit of a local battery. His object was not so much the production of tones as the use of the vibrations corresponding to different tones, to act on different receiving instruments. For only a fork corresponding to the sending fork could be set in vibration by the intermittent current resulting from the latter's vibrations. So that, if there were several transmitting forks, each could send its own message at the same time, each receiving fork responding only to the vibrations of the corresponding transmitting fork. La Cour proposed, in fact, that his instrument should be used in combination with other methods of telegraphic communication. Thus, since the transmitting fork, whenever put in vibration, sets the local battery of the receiving station at work, it can be used to work a Morse instrument, or it would work an ordinary Wheatstone and Cook instrument, or it could be used for a pantelegraph. The same wire, when different forks are used, could work simultaneously several instruments at the receiving station. One special use indicated by La Cour was the adaptation of his system to the Caselli pantelegraph, whereby, instead of one style, a comb of styles might be carried over the transmitting and recording plates. It would be necessary, in all such applications of his method (though, strangely enough, La Cour's description makes no mention of the point), that the vibrations of the transmitting fork should admit of being instantly stopped or "damped."

Mr. Gray's system is more directly telephonic, as aiming rather at the development of sound itself than at the transmission of messages by the vibrations corresponding to sound. A series of tuning-forks are used, which are set in separate vibration by fingering the notes of a key-board. The vibrations are transmitted to a receiving instrument consisting of a series of reeds, corresponding in note to the series of transmitting forks, each reed being enclosed in a sounding-box. These boxes vary in length from two feet to six inches, and are connected by two wooden bars, one of which carries an electro-magnet, round the coils of which pass the currents from the transmitting instrument. When a tuning-fork is set in vibration by the performer at the transmitting key-board, the electro-magnet is magnetised and demagnetised synchronously with the vibrations of the fork. Not only are vibrations thus imparted to the reed of corresponding note, but these are synchronously strengthened by thuds resulting from the lengthening of the iron when magnetised.

So far as its musical capabilities are concerned, Gray's telephone can hardly be regarded as fulfilling all the hopes that have been expressed concerning telephonic music. "Dreaming enthusiasts of a prophetic turn of mind foretold," we learn, "that a time would come when future Pattis would sing on a London stage to audiences in New York, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Shanghai, San Francisco, and Constantinople all at once." But the account of the first concert given at a distance scarcely realises these fond expectations. When "Home, Sweet Home," played at Philadelphia, came floating through the air at the Steinway Hall, New York, "the sound was like that of a distant organ, rather faint, for a hard storm was in progress, and there was consequently a great leakage of the electric current, but quite clear and musical. The lower notes were the best, the higher being sometimes almost inaudible. 'The Last Rose of Summer,' 'Com' è gentil,' and other melodies, followed, with more or less success. There was no attempt to play chords," though three or four notes can be sounded together. It must be confessed that the rosy predictions of M. Strakosch (the *impresario*) "as to the future of this instrument seem rather exalted, and we are not likely as yet to lay on our music from a central reservoir as we lay on gas and water, though the experiment was certainly a very curious one."

The importance of Mr. Gray's, as of La Cour's inventions, depends, however, far more on the way in which they increase the message-bearing capacity of telegraphy than on their power of conveying airs to a distance. At the Philadelphia Exhibition Sir W. Thomson heard four messages sounded simultaneously by the Gray telephone. The Morse alphabet was used. I have mentioned that in that alphabet various combinations of dots and dashes are used to represent different letters; it is only necessary to substitute the short and long duration of a note for dots and dashes to have a similar sound alphabet. Suppose, now, four tuning-forks at the transmitting station, whose notes are do , mi, sol, and do , or say C, E, G, and c¹, then by each of these forks a separate message may be transmitted, all the messages being carried simultaneously by the same line to separate sounding reeds (or forks, if preferred), and received by different clerks. With a suitable key-board, a single clerk could send the four messages simultaneously, striking chords instead of single notes, though considerable practice would be necessary to transform four verbal messages at once into the proper telephonic music, and some skill in fingering to give the proper duration to each note.

Lastly, we come to the greatest achievement of all, Prof. Graham Bell's vocal telephone. Some eighteen months since I had the pleasure of hearing from Prof. Bell in the course of a ride—all too short—from Boston to Salem, Mass., an account of his instrument as then devised, and of his hopes as to future developments. These hopes have since been in great part fulfilled, but I venture to predict that we do not yet know all, or nearly all, that the vocal telephone, in Bell's hands, is to achieve.

It ought to be mentioned at the outset that Bell claims to have demonstrated in 1873 (a year before La Cour) the possibility of transmitting several messages simultaneously by means of the Morse alphabet.

Bell's original arrangement for vocal telephony was as follows:—At one station a drumhead of goldbeaters' skin, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, was placed in front of an electro-magnet. To the middle of the drumhead, on the side towards the magnet, was glued a circular piece of clockspring. A similar electro-magnet, drumhead, &c., were placed at the other station. When notes were sung or words spoken before one drumhead, the vibrations of the goldbeaters' skin carried the small piece of clockspring vibrantly towards and from the electro-magnet without producing actual contact. Now, the current which was passing along the coil round the electro-magnet changed in strength with each change of position of this small piece of metal. The more rapid the vibrations, and the greater their amplitude, the more rapid and the more intense were the changes in the power of the electric current. Thus, the electro-magnet at the other station underwent changes of power which were synchronous with, and proportionate to, those changes of power in the current which were produced by the changes of position of the vibrating piece of clockspring. Accordingly, the piece of clockspring at the receiving station, and with it the drumhead there, was caused by the electro-magnet to vibrate with the same rapidity and energy as the piece at the transmitting station. Therefore, as the drumhead at one station varied its vibrations in response to the sounds uttered in its neighbourhood, so the drumhead at the other station, varying its vibrations, emitted similar sounds. Later, the receiving drumhead was made unlike the transmitting one. Instead of a membrane carrying a small piece of metal, a thin and very flexible disc of sheet-iron, held in position by a screw, was used. This disc, set in vibration by the varying action of an electro-magnet, as in the older arrangement, uttered articulate sounds corresponding to those which, setting in motion the membrane at the transmitting station, caused the changes in

the power of the electric current and in the action of the electro-magnet.

At the meeting of the British Association last autumn, Sir W. Thomson gave the following account of the performance of this instrument at the Philadelphia Exhibition :—" In the Canadian department " (for Prof. Bell was not at the time an American citizen) " I heard 'To be or not to be—there's the rub,' through the electric wire ; but, scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the New York newspapers :—' S. S. Cox has arrived ' (I failed to make out the ' S. S. Cox '), ' the City of New York,' ' Senator Morton,' ' the Senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies,' ' the Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming fourth of July.' All this my own ears heard spoken to me with unmistakeable distinctness by the thin circular disc armature of just such another little electro-magnet as this which I hold in my hand. The words were shouted with a clear and loud voice by my colleague judge, Prof. Watson, at the far end of the line, holding his mouth close to a stretched membrane, carrying a piece of soft iron, which was thus made to perform in the neighbourhood of an electro-magnet, in circuit with the line, motions proportional to the sonoric motions of the air. This, the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph, is due to a young countryman of our own, Mr. Graham Bell, of Edinburgh, and Montreal, and Boston, now about to become a naturalised citizen of the United States. Who can but admire the hardihood of invention which devised such very slight means to realise the mathematical conception that, if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of its current must vary continuously, and, as nearly as may be, in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sound."

Since these words were spoken by one of the highest authorities in matters telegraphic, Professor Bell has introduced some important modifications in his apparatus. He now employs, not an electro-magnet, but a permanent magnet. That is to say, instead of using at each station such a bar of soft iron as is shown in fig. 6, which becomes a magnet while the electric current is passing through the coil surrounding it, he uses at each station a bar of iron permanently magnetised (or preferably a powerful magnet made of several horse-shoe bars—that is, a compound magnet), surrounded similarly by coils of wire. No battery is needed. Instead of a current through the coils magnetising the iron, the iron already magnetised causes a current to traverse the coils whenever it acts, or rather whenever its

action changes. If an armature were placed across its ends or poles, at the moment when it drew that armature to the poles by virtue of its magnetic power, a current would traverse the coils ; but afterwards, so long as the armature remained there, there would be no current. If an armature placed near the poles were shifted rapidly in front of the poles, currents would traverse the coils, or be induced, their intensity depending on the strength of the magnet, the length of the coil, and the rapidity and range of the motions. In front of the poles of the magnet is a diaphragm of very flexible iron (or else some other flexible material bearing a small piece of iron on the surface nearest the poles). A mouthpiece to converge the sound upon this diaphragm substantially completes the apparatus at each station. Professor Bell thus describes the operation of the instrument :—"The motion of steel or iron in front of the poles of a magnet creates a current of electricity in coils surrounding the poles of the magnet, and the duration of this current of electricity coincides with the duration of the motion of the steel or iron moved or vibrated in the proximity of the magnet. When the human voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate, electrical undulations are induced in the coils around the magnets precisely similar to the undulations of the air produced by the voice. The coils are connected with the line wire, and the undulations induced in them travel through the wire, and, passing through the coils of another instrument of similar construction at the other end of the line, are again resolved into air undulations by the diaphragm of this (other) instrument."

So perfectly are the sound undulations repeated—though the instrument has not yet assumed its final form—that not only has the lightest whisper uttered at one end of a line of 140 miles been distinctly heard at the other, but the speaker can be distinguished by his voice when he is known to the listener. So far as can be seen, there is every room to believe that before long Professor Bell's grand invention will be perfected to such a degree that words uttered so low on the American side of the Atlantic that the nearest bystander cannot hear them will be heard distinctly after traversing 2,000 miles under the Atlantic, at the European end of the submarine cable—so that Sir W. Thomson at Valentia could tell by the voice whether Graham Bell, or Cyrus Field, or his late colleague Professor Watson, were speaking to him from Newfoundland. Yet a single wave of those which toss in millions on the Atlantic, rolling in on the Irish strand, would utterly drown the voices thus made audible after passing beneath two thousand miles of ocean.

Here surely is the greatest of telegraphic achievements. Of all the

marvels of telegraphy—and they are many—none are equal to, none seem even comparable with, this one. Strange truly is the history of the progress of research which has culminated in this noble triumph, wonderful the thought that from the study of the convulsive twitchings of a dead frog by Galvani, and of the quivering of delicately poised magnetic needles by Ampère, should gradually have arisen through successive developments a system of communication so perfect and so wonderful as telegraphy has already become, and promising yet greater marvels in the future.

The last paragraph had barely been written when news arrived of another form of telephone, surpassing Gray's and La Cour's in some respects as a conveyor of musical tones, but as yet unable to speak like Bell's. It is the invention of Mr. Edison, an American electrician. He calls it the motograph. He discovered about five years ago the curious property on which the construction of the instrument depends. If a piece of paper moistened with certain chemical solutions is laid upon a metallic plate connected with the positive pole of a galvanic battery, and a platinum wire connected with the negative pole is dragged over the moistened paper, the wire slides over the paper like smooth iron over ice—the usual friction disappearing so long as the current is passing from the wire to the plate through the paper. At the receiving station of Mr. Edison's motograph there is a resonating box from one face of which extends a spring bearing a platinum point, which is pressed by the spring upon a tape of chemically prepared paper. This tape is steadily unwound, drawing by its friction the platinum point, and with it the face of the resonator, outwards. This slight strain on the face of the resonator continues so long as no current passes from the platinum point to the metallic drum over which the moistened tape is rolling. But so soon as a current passes, the friction immediately ceases, and the face of the resonator resumes its normal position. If then at the transmitting station there is a membrane or a very fine diaphragm (as in Reuss's or Bell's arrangement) which is set vibrating by a note of any given tone, the current is as in those arrangements transmitted and stopped at intervals corresponding to the tone, and the face of the resonating box is freed and pulled at the same intervals. Hence, it speaks the corresponding tone. The instrument appears to have the advantage over Gray's in range. In telegraphic communication Gray's telephone is limited to about one octave. Edison's extends from the deepest bass notes to the highest notes of the human voice, which, when magnets are employed, are almost inaudible. But Edison's motograph has yet to learn to speak.

Other telegraphic marvels might well find a place here, if space were available. I might speak of the wonders of submarine telegraphy, and of the marvellous delicacy of the arrangements by which messages by the Atlantic Cable are read, and not only read but made to record themselves. I might dwell, again, on the ingenious printing telegraph of Mr. Hughes, which sets up its own types, inks them, and prints them, or on the still more elaborate plan of the Chevalier Bonelli "for converting the telegraph stations into so many typesetting workshops." But space would altogether fail me to deal properly with these and kindred marvels. There is, however, one application of telegraphy, especially interesting to the astronomer, to which I must devote the remaining space available to me: I mean, the employment of electricity as a regulator of time. Here again it is the principle of the system, rather than details of construction, which I propose to describe. Suppose we have a clock not only of excellent construction, but under astronomical surveillance, so that when it is a second or so in error it is set right again by the stars. Let the pendulum of this clock beat seconds; and at each beat let a galvanic current be made and broken. This may be done in many ways—thus the pendulum may at each swing tilt up a very light metallic hammer, which forms part of the circuit when down; or the end of the pendulum may be covered with some non-conducting substance which comes at each swing between two metallic springs in very light contact, separating them and so breaking circuit; or in many other ways the circuit may be broken. When the circuit is made, let the current travel along a wire which passes through a number of stations near or remote, traversing at each the coils of a temporary magnet. Then, at each swing of the pendulum of the regulating clock, each magnet is magnetised and demagnetised. Thus each, once in a second, draws to itself and then releases its armature, which is thereupon pulled back by a spring. Let the armature, when drawn to the magnet, move a lever by which one tooth of a wheel is carried forward. Then the wheel is turned at the rate of one tooth per second. This wheel communicates motion to others in the usual way. In fact, we have at each station a clock driven, *not* by a weight or spring and with a pendulum which allows one tooth of an escapement wheel to pass at each swing, but by the distant regulating clock which turns a driving wheel at the rate of one tooth per second, that is, one tooth for each swing of the regulating clock's pendulum. Each clock, then, keeps perfect time with the regulating clock. In astronomy, where it is often of the utmost importance to secure perfect synchronism of observation, or the power of noting the exact differ-

ence of time between observations made at distant stations, not only can the same clock thus keep time for two observers hundreds of miles apart, but each observer can record by the same arrangement the moment of the occurrence of some phenomenon. For if a tape be unwound automatically, as in the Morse instrument, it is easy so to arrange matters that every second's beat of the pendulum records itself by a dot or short line on the tape, and that the observer can with a touch make (or break) contact at the instant of observation, and so a mark be made properly placed between two seconds' marks—thus giving the precise time when the observation was made. Such applications, however, though exceedingly interesting to astronomers, are not among those in which the general public take chief interest. There was one occasion, however, when astronomical time-relations were connected in the most interesting manner with one of the greatest of all the marvels of telegraphy: I mean, when the "Great Eastern" in mid-ocean was supplied regularly with Greenwich time, and this so perfectly (and therefore with such perfect indication of her place in the Atlantic), that when it was calculated from the time-signals that the buoy left in open ocean to mark the place of the cut cable had been reached, and the captain was coming on deck with several officers to look for it, the buoy announced its presence by thumping the side of the great ship.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE STORY OF SIGURD AND ITS SOURCES.

THE most lasting monument of a nation's greatness is perhaps, after all, that airiest of castles in the air, its folk-lore. The palaces of Agamemnon and Menelaus are buried under the dust of centuries beyond rediscovery and identification, *pax* Schliemann ; but their glory and that of heroic Greece live in the page of Homer, indelible, *ære perennius*. And even without a poet of supreme genius the result is the same. Such is the vital force of popular fancy, that its creations survive all changes of time, and locality, and custom. Stories migrate from one quarter of the globe to another with accidentals varied in all possible ways ; but the essential features remain unchanged, and the hero of many a nursery story shows unmistakable attributes of a mythic hero, if not of the Sun himself. Grimm's fairy tales are full of such instances.

Next to the Fall of Troy and the Arthurian legends, perhaps no story or agglomeration of stories has left so many and so important traces in international fiction as the tale of Sigurd or Siegfried and his race, the god-born, heroic Volsungs. Considering, indeed, the political insignificance and the remoteness of the island in which this story took its earliest surviving form, this enormous success—if that modern term may be applied—seems at first singularly out of proportion. But it must be remembered that Iceland was little more than the storehouse of these old traditions, which were the common property of the Teuto-Scandinavian race long before the Norsemen set foot on the northern isle. This claim has been repeatedly vindicated by the poets of the various Teutonic tribes from the earliest middle ages down to our time. It is, indeed, not many months ago since the attention of the cultivated classes in this country and in Germany was directed towards the story of Sigurd by two important events—the performance of Wagner's tetralogy, “The Ring of the Niblung,” at Bayreuth last August, and the appearance of Mr. Morris's “The Story of Sigurd the Volsung.” With the latter work we are chiefly concerned here ; but before considering its most important incidents and the manner in which they

have been drawn from the original sources, it will be well to premise a few remarks as to the nature and genesis of these sources themselves.

The story of the godlike hero who slays the dragon and wins an enormous treasure of shining gold, and is in his turn slain by the treachery of his foes, is by most modern scholars identified, or at any rate connected, with the "solar myth," a convenient heading comprehending a vast deal of deep learning, together with an equal amount of wild conjecture. Fortunately there is no need for us to tread on this dangerous ground. When we first meet with Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, he is decidedly a man of tangible flesh and bone and a stout heart, whatever he may have been at a previous period. It is true that this *díðut* dates from a comparatively late epoch. The elder or poetic Edda is generally ascribed to an Icelandic priest called Saemund, whose birth took place about the middle of the eleventh century. He is described as a man of great learning, who spent part of his life in foreign travels, from which he brought back, amongst other accomplishments, a deep insight into magic mysteries. The suspicion of forbidden knowledge attaching to most learned men in the middle ages is, in his case, sufficiently accounted for by his evident predilection for the old religion of his country, superseded about fifty years before his birth by the new light of Christianity. The fidelity with which he has preserved the pagan traditions, unalloyed by any attempt, so common amongst Christian priests, at smuggling the new ideas into the old national myths, does all possible credit to the liberal-mindedness of Saemund.

An attempt of the kind described is observable in the so-called younger or prose Edda (the elder work is written in alliterative verse), generally ascribed to Snorri Sturluson. Especially in the "Foreword to the Edda," Christian and even Greek ideas and names appear in curious juxtaposition with Odin and the gods of Valhall. This "Foreword," however, is most probably of a later date than other parts of the collection, and many of the earlier chapters offer welcome additional details regarding northern mythology and legend.

The two Eddas are the most famed collections of ancient sagas. But besides the stories told in these, there were and are afloat in Iceland innumerable traditions more or less identified with certain periods and localities, but all pointing back to a great mythical centre. It is, indeed, not without pathetic significance to see the flower of song and story blossoming forth in the midst of storm and snow—to find, in this practical age of ours, the inhabitants of a remote island whiling away the terrible nights of a northern winter by remembrances of an age of national greatness no more real

perhaps, from the historian's point of view, than the glories of Valhall itself.

With some of these sagas, as for instance the story of Gretir the Bold, the friends of Mr. Morris's poetry are familiar through his excellent translations ; another, the Laxdaela Saga, is the source of the weird story of love and revenge, "The Lovers of Gudrun," in the "Earthly Paradise." But by far the most important one amongst the number is the so-called Volsunga Saga, also translated by Mr. Morris, with the assistance of his Icelandic friend, Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon. This is the most complete Icelandic treatment of Sigurd's life and death and the further tragic issues thereof, and may in some respects be compared with the greatest epic productions of other nations. Although written in prose, its language rises frequently to the simple grandeur of popular poetry, and, harring the Odyssey, there is perhaps no narrative poem in existence as fully imbued with and representative of the spirit of the country where it was fashioned. The Volsunga Saga belongs to the twelfth century, and is at any rate considerably later than the verse Edda, which is, indeed, one of its sources. But, being chiefly concerned with one hero and his surroundings, its design is naturally more precise, its colouring more vivid. From this saga the incidents of Mr. Morris's poem are mainly drawn.

But his attempt at bringing the grand old story home to the feelings of contemporaries was preceded by several others, one of which at least ought to receive passing mention here. It is the so-called "Nibelungenlied," or, more properly, "Der Nibelunge Noth," the Need of the Niblungs, a mediæval German poem, dating in its present form from about the beginning of the thirteenth century—that is, fifty years later than the Volsunga Saga. Considering this short interval, it is astonishing to note the difference of conception in the two treatments. In the Icelandic story, purely mythical traits incessantly commingle with the human events ; and the supreme god, slightly disguised as a wanderer, "one-eyed and seeming ancient," appears on the scene more than once. In the German poem this connection with another world is entirely severed. The ancient heroes are converted into mediæval knights, and on rare occasions only does the poet try to grapple with the supernatural features of the story transmitted to him, which, naturally enough, he finds it difficult to make agree with the realistic colouring of his picture. The reasons for such a divergence between the two tales are obvious. In Iceland the pagan traditions remained alive till a comparatively late period, and even after that the sagas were preserved by the

seclusion of the country and the zeal of patriotic collectors from the inroad of heterogeneous elements, which, on the contrary, were by the German priests purposely engrafted on the original myths. The modernising tendency resulting from the latter process could not but prove detrimental to the unity and continuity of the German epic. The omission, for instance, of the vows exchanged by Siegfried and Brynhild wipes the idea of tragic guilt from the fate of the hero, and lowers the motive of Brynhild's revenge to the ordinary spite and envy of a narrow-minded woman. But, on the other hand, the German treatment has done an enormous service to the old tradition by localising it in one of the most beautiful spots of the Fatherland. The "Rhine," vaguely used in the Edda as an equivalent for running water, has in the "Nibelungenlied" become the great German river, and especially Wagner's drama has gained immensely by this connection with a scene dear to all lovers of nature and poetry.

Mr. Morris owes little to the 'lied' as far as the incidents of his story are concerned. His mind, strange to say, is much more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old tradition than that of the German poet six hundred years ago. But with regard to another feature he is undoubtedly indebted to the treatment under discussion. I am speaking of his metre. This metre has been a sore puzzle to the critics of "Sigurd." It has been described as "anapæstic," "dactylic," "English ballad metre," and what not. Even the author of the masterly article on Mr. Morris's poem in the *Athenæum* of Dec. 9, 1876 seems undecided on this point. He speaks of English hexameters, which Mr. Morris's lines undoubtedly are in a certain sense—in so far, namely, as they contain six high-toned or accentuated syllables. But a couplet like this, chosen at random—

The shapen ancient token that hath no change nor end,
No change and no beginning, no flaw nor God to mend—

distinctly shows that the fundamental scheme of the metre in "Sigurd" is neither dactylic nor anapæstic, but iambic; and a comparison of the same couplet with the very first verse of the "Nibelungenlied"—

Uns ist in alten maeren—wunders vil geseit—

further proves that both metres are identical, or, in other words, that Mr. Morris has adopted the "Langzeile," the long-line of the old German poem, with such modifications as the genius of the language or his individual bias seemed to require. One of these modifications is the more frequent introduction of two instead of one short syllable

in the thesis, especially at the beginning of the line, which produces the appearance of anapæstic metre above alluded to. But this license is by no means uncommon in the "Nibelungenlied," and may indeed be derived from the indifference with which the number of low-toned syllables is treated in the old alliterative verse. The cæsure, lies in both poems after the third foot, and is of such force as to admit of the introduction of an additional short syllable, not otherwise to be accounted for by the metrical scheme—a phenomenon which, by the way, occurs also in the genuine heroic verse of mediæval French and Provençal.

After this short excursion on technical grounds, which seemed desirable in the interest both of Mr. Morris and of his readers, we return to the story as we found it in the Volsunga Saga.

The ordinary modern reader taking up the Saga or either of the Eddas without preparation would probably see in them little more than a confused accumulation of impossible adventures and deeds of prowess, with an admixture of incest, fratricide, and other horrors. But on looking closer one discovers a certain plan in this entanglement, a plan much obscured by the unbridled fancy of the old narrators and hardly realised by themselves, but which, if properly sifted, amounts to what, in modern parlance, we should call a moral or idea. To "point this moral," to consistently develop this idea, is the task of the modern poet courageous enough to grapple with such a subject. Two ways are open to him. Either he may wholly abandon the sequence of the old tale, and group its *disjecta membra* round a leading idea as a centre, or else he may adhere to the order and essence of the legend as originally told, only emphasising such points as are essential to the significance of the story, and omitting or throwing into comparative shade those incidents which by their nature betray themselves to be arbitrary additions of later date. Wagner has chosen the former way, Mr. Morris the latter. This fact, and the divergent requirements of the drama and the epic, sufficiently account for their difference of treatment. The leading idea in both cases remains the same; it is the fatal curse which attaches to the gold, or, which is the same in a moral sense, to the desire for gold—*auri sacra fames*.

At first sight the tale of Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, seems to have little connection with this idea. It is briefly this. Sigurd, the son of Sigmund the Volsung, is brought up at the court of King Elf, the second husband of his mother after Sigmund has been slain in battle. With a sword fashioned from the shards of his father's weapon he slays Fafnir, an enormous worm or dragon, and possesses

himself of the treasure watched by the monster, including a ring and the "helm of awing," the latter in the "Nibelungenlied" converted into the "tarnkappe," a magic cap or mantle which makes the bearer invisible and endows him with supernatural strength. Tasting of the blood of the dragon, he understands the language of birds, and an eagle tells him of a beautiful maiden lying asleep on a rock, called Hindfell, surrounded by a wall of wavering fire. Through it Sigurd rides, and awakes Brynhild the sword-maiden, or Valkyrie, from her magic slumber. Love naturally follows. The pair live together on Hindfell for a season, and Brynhild teaches the youth the runes of her wisdom, a conception of woman's refining and civilising mission frequently met with in old Germanic tales. When Sigurd leaves her to seek new adventures, they plight the troth of eternal love; and

Then he set the ring on her finger, and once, if ne'er again,
They kissed and clung together, and their hearts were full and fain.

From Brynhild's rock Sigurd journeys to a realm "south of the Rhine," where dwell the kingly brothers, Gunnar, Hogni, and Guttorm, the Niblungs, together with their sister Gudrun, "the fairest of maidens," and their mother Grimhild, "a wise wife" and a "fierce-hearted woman," as the Volsunga Saga alternately describes her. It is through a love-philter brewed by her that Sigurd forgets the vows exchanged with Brynhild, and becomes enamoured of Gudrun, whom he soon after weds. So powerful is the charm, that the very name of his former love has been wiped from Sigurd's memory, and he willingly undertakes the task to woo and win Brynhild for his brother Gunnar. For that purpose he, by means of his magic cap, assumes Gunnar's semblance, and, after having once more crossed the wall of wavering flame, compels Brynhild to become his bride. But, faithful to his promise, he places a drawn sword between himself and the maid "as they lie on one bed together." On parting from her he receives back from Brynhild his own ring, given to her at Hindfell in the days of their bliss. Sigurd then returns to Gunnar and resumes his own form, and all return home, the king leading his unwilling bride in triumph.

The following events are the outgrowth of the tragic guilt thus incurred. Sigurd reveals the secret of Brynhild's wooing to his wife, and allows her to take possession of the fatal ring, which she again, during a quarrel, shows to Gunnar's wife. Brynhild, thus informed of the fraud practised on her, thinks of vengeance, and incites her husband and his brothers to kill Sigurd. The deed is done while Sigurd lies asleep in his chamber with Gudrun, or, according to the more poetic version of the German epic, while he bends over a brook in the forest to quench his thirst after a day's hunting. But as soon as

her beloved foe is killed the old passion, never quenched, rises up again in Brynhild's heart. To be united with her lover in death, she pierces her breast with a sword, and one pyre consumes both.

With this climax Wagner very properly concludes his drama. But the epic poet loves to follow the course of events to their ultimate consequences, and Mr. Morris, in accordance with the Volsunga Saga, proceeds to relate how, after many years of mournful widowhood, Gudrun is married to Atli, a mighty king, the brother of Brynhild. Eager to become possessed of Sigurd's treasure, he invites the Niblungs, its actual owners, to his country, and here the kingly brothers and all their followers are killed by base treachery after the most heroic resistance. They refuse sternly to ransom their lives by a discovery of the hoard which, previous to their departure, they have hidden at the bottom of a lake, and which thus is irrecoverably lost to mankind. Gudrun has incited her husband to the deed, and has looked on calmly while her kinsmen were slain one after another. But when all are dead, and the murder of Sigurd has been revenged, the feeling of blood-relationship, so powerful amongst northern nations, is reawakened in her bosom. While Atli and his earls are asleep she sets fire to the kingly hall, and her wretched husband falls by her own hand. It is characteristic of the Icelandic epic that after all these fates and horrors Gudrun lives for a number of years, and is yet again married to a third husband. But to this length even Mr. Morris refuses to accompany the tale. In accordance with the Volsunga Saga, his Gudrun casts herself into the sea; but the waves do not carry her "to the burg of King Jonakr, a mighty king and lord of many folk." The magnificent lines in which we hear the last of the ill-fated queen may close this sketch of the story:—

Then Gudrun girded her raiment, on the edge of the deep she stood,
She looked o'er the shoreless water, and cried out o'er the measureless flood:
"Oh sea, I stand before thee; and I, who was Sigurd's wife,
By his brightness unforgotten I bid thee deliver my life
From the deeds and the longing of days, and the lack I have won of the earth,
And the wrong amended by wrong, and the bitter wrong of my birth!"
She hath spread out her arms as she spake it, and away from the earth she leapt,
And cut off the tide of returning, for the sea waves o'er her swept,
And their will is her will henceforward; and who knoweth the deeps of the sea,
And the wealth of the bed of Gudrun, and the days that yet shall be?"

All this is very grand and weird, the reader will say, but where is the moral, the ideal essence of which these events are but the earthly reflex? To this essence we gradually ascend by inquiring into the mythological sources of the tale, by asking who is Sigurd, whence does he come, on what mission is he sent, and by whom? also, what

is the significance of the treasure watched by a dragon and coveted by all mankind? This treasure, we then shall find, and the curse attaching to it ever since it was robbed from Andvari, the water-elf, is the keynote of the whole story. The curse proves fatal to all its successive owners, from Andvari himself and Fafnir, who, for its sake, kills his father, down to Sigurd and Brynhild and the Niblung brothers. Nay, Odin himself, the supreme god, becomes subject to the curse of the gold through having once coveted it, and we dimly discern that the ultimate doom of the Aesir, the Ragnarök, or Dusk of the Gods, of which the Voluspa speaks, is intimately connected with the same baneful influence. It further becomes evident that Sigurd the Volsung, the descendant of Odin, is destined to wrest the treasure and the power derived from it from the Niblungs, the dark or cloudy people who threaten the bright god-world of Valhall with destruction. And this leads us back to a still earlier stage of the myth, in which Sigurd himself becomes the symbol of the celestial luminary conquering night and misty darkness, an idea repeatedly hinted at by Mr. Morris, and splendidly illustrated by Wagner when Siegfried appears on the stage illumined by the first rays of the rising sun. In the work of the German poet all this is brought out with a distinctness of which only dramatic genius of the highest order is capable. With an astounding grasp of detail, and with a continuity of thought rarely equalled, Wagner has remoulded the confused and complex organism of the old tale, omitting what seemed unnecessary, and placing in juxtaposition incidents organically connected but separated by the obtuseness of later sagamen. Like Sigurd himself he has recovered the pure gold of poetry from the cavern of obscured tradition.

Mr. Morris, as has been said before, proceeds on a different principle. His first object is to tell a tale, and to tell it as nearly as possible in the spirit and according to the letter of the old sagas. In this he has succeeded in a manner at once indicative of his high poetic gifts and of a deep sympathy with the spirit of the northern myth, which breathes in every line and in every turn of his phraseology. To compare the peculiar tinge of his language with the ordinary archaisms and euphuisms of literary poets would be mistaking a field flower of sweetest fragrance for its counterpart in a milliner's shop-window. It is true that he also hints at the larger philosophic and moral issues of the tale alluded to in the above. But when he refers to the end of the gods brought about by their own guilt, or to the redeeming mission of Sigurd, it is done in the mysterious, not to say half-conscious, manner of the saga itself, and

the effect is such as, from his own point of view, he intended it and could not but intend it to be.

But there is another side to the question. The Eddas and the Tale of the Volsungs are, as we have seen, not the work of one master-hand, but the accumulation of successive ages loosely put together by an obscure collector. In such collections it is a common phenomenon to see original features of the story appear in various treatments, sometimes ill-treatments, according to the intelligence of the sagaman. These different versions of one and the same incident gradually develop into distinct stories, and are, as such, inserted in the collection by uncritical mediæval editors. Parallelisms of this kind abound in the Volsunga Saga. The visit to a distant land in spite of warnings and omens, and the betrayal by their respective hosts of the Volsungs in the first and of the Niblungs in the last book of Mr. Morris's poem, are not above the suspicion of being different versions of the same original idea. The prophetic knowledge, by dint of which various people foresee and foretell the ultimate fate of Sigurd, is another instance of the same kind. But this multiplying tendency of the saga reaches its climax when Sigmund the Volsung is credited with offspring by no fewer than three different unions, Sigurd being the son of Hiordis instead of Signy. The connection of the latter with Sigmund, her brother, is evidently introduced in the oldest version of the tale in order that Sigurd, the redeemer of the gods, may have the unmixed blood of the Volsungs, or, which is the same, of Odin the supreme god himself, in his veins; and the later sagaman, in ignoring this circumstance, has entirely destroyed the significance without by any means abating the repulsiveness of the incident. In adhering strictly to his source in this instance, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Morris has sacrificed the right and even the duty of the modern poet.

There is yet another such duty to which short reference must here be made; this is the artistic construction and delineation of character. The old tales furnish excellent materials for this purpose, touches sometimes of the utmost subtlety and truth of observation; but they never work up these detached features to a finished picture. As regards this point, a comparison of the different methods employed by Wagner and Mr. Morris respectively leads again to most interesting considerations. By the former his heroes and heroines are designed with a view to immediate dramatic action; their every nerve and fibre is instinct with spontaneous life and energy. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, loves epic breadth, and the development of his conceptions frequently and purposely is expanded over a number of

years. Some of his finest and most characteristic effects are achieved by this duration of motive not only in "Sigurd," but also in his previous tales, especially in those drawn from Icelandic sources. The possibility of people nursing their wrath for years and years, of their living together on terms of social intercourse, but never losing sight for a moment of the final goal of revenge, has never been more strikingly illustrated than in that weird tale of affection turned to deadly hatred, "The Lovers of Gudrun." The difference of conception above referred to becomes most apparent in the character of the hero as delineated by the two poets in their individual fashion. Wagner's Siegfried is essentially and intensely young. He passes through dangers and performs heroic deeds with all the unconcernedness of youth. His love for Brynhild is sincere; but when once his thoughts are averted from her by the magic draught, his heart turns with genuine fervour towards the blooming Niblung maiden, and only in the hour of death does he remember his first and deeper passion. Mr. Morris's Sigurd is a dreamer of dreams, more of an earnest thinking man than Siegfried, although less of a god-inspired hero. He also is overpowered by Grimhild's love-philter, but his infatuation is momentary. He marries Gudrun more from a feeling of pity than of love; and after he has recognised the fatal error, he languidly tries to avert the doom which, he knows, awaits all concerned in the deed. This touch of fatalism and resignation is, from a narrative point of view, more impressive than Siegfried's buoyant carelessness; the only difficulty being to conceive how such a character should have so easily swerved from its first affection. For of this awkward fact the love-philter is, after all, but an apologetic symbolisation.

After having tried to show as far as was possible within the given space how Mr. Morris has succeeded in assimilating to his individual purpose the matter of his original, it now remains for me to add a few words as to the manner, the literary style, in which this difficult task has been accomplished. This cannot be done better than by placing face to face a passage from the Volsunga Saga and the treatment of the same situation in "The Story of Sigurd." The scene chosen occurs at the wedding of Signy, Sigmund's sister, to King Siggeir, the treacherous host and ultimate murderer of her kinsfolk. The stranger, it need hardly be added, is Odin the god, and the sword he smites into the trunk of the tree the same with which Sigurd kills the dragon.

"The tale tells that great fires were made endlong the hall, and the great tree aforesaid stood midmost thereof. Withal folk saw that whenas men sat by the fires in the evening, a certain man came

into the hall, unknown of aspect to all men ; and suchlike array he had that over him was a spotted cloak, and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches knit tight even unto the bone, and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head. Huge he was, and seeming ancient, and one-eyed. So he drew his sword and smote it into the tree-trunk, so that it sank in up to the hilt ; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he took up the sword and said—' Whoso draweth this sword from this stock shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than is this.' There-with out went the old man from the hall ; and none knew who he was, or whither he went." (Volsunga Saga, Englished by Morris and Magnússon.) Of this simple germ the following is the modern growth and development :

Then into the Volsung dwelling a mighty man there strode,
 One-eyed and seeming ancient, yet bright his visage glowed :
 Cloud-blue was the hood upon him, and his kirtle gleaming-grey
 As the latter morning sundog when the storm is on the way:
 A bill he bore on his shoulder, whose mighty ashen beam
 Burnt bright with the flame of the sea and the blended silver's gleam.
 And such was the guise of his raiment as the Volsung elders had told
 Was borne by their fathers' fathers, and the first that warred in the wold.
 So strode he to the Branstock, nor greeted any lord,
 But forth from his cloudy raiment he drew a gleaming sword,
 And smote it deep in the tree bole, and the wild hawks overhead
 Laughed 'neath the naked heaven as at last he spake and said:
 " Earls of the Goths and Volsungs, abiders on the earth,
 Lo there amid the Branstock a blade of plenteous worth !
 The folk of the war-wand's forgers wrought never better steel
 Since the first burg of heaven uprose for man-folk's weal.
 Now let the man among you whose heart and hand may shift
 To pluck it from the oakwood e'en take it for my gift.
 Then ne'er, but his own heart falter, its point and edge shall fail
 Until the night's beginning and the ending of the tale."

So sweet his speaking sounded, so wise his words did seem,
 That moveless all men sat there, as in a happy dream
 We stir not lest we waken ; but there his speech had end,
 And slowly down the hall-floor and outward did he wend.
 And none would cast him a question or follow on his ways,
 For they knew that the gift was Odin's, a sword for the world to praise.

If space permitted, I would quote also the version by Wagner of the same scene, which occurs as a narrative in the second part of the tetralogy, the "Valkyrie." But for this I must refer the reader to the English translation of the work by Mr. Alfred Forman, published a few weeks ago,

FRANCIS HUEFFER,

ASPARAGUS.

IF the six syllables of the Greek word *ἐλεημοσύνη* have dwindled down, through philological wear and tear, into the monosyllabic English equivalent of "alms," the metamorphoses which the word *ἀσπάραγος* has undergone, till it assumed in our vernacular the terse but delusive form of "grass," are no less destructive and peculiar. The analogy, however, between the two words is not complete; for, whilst "alms" is the only representative of its Greek original, the words which represent *ἀσπάραγος* are numerous and diversified. To speak merely of the English of the last century and a half, we find the following forms in the subjoined descending scale of linguistic decay:—*asparagus*—*sparagus*—*sparragus*—*speragus*—*asparagras*—*speragras*—*sparrergrass*—*sparrowgrass*—*grass*.

In comparison with these vulgar offshoots from the original, these *turiones*¹ from the *asparagus* root, the older English "*sperage*" is a polite and refined derivative.

We cannot trace the cultivation of *asparagus* in England any further back than the close of the sixteenth century, and from that date till the middle of the last century the two expressions "*sperage*" and "*asparagus*" were used indiscriminately by persons of education.

The homely form "*sperage*" seems as if it had been manufactured expressly to obviate the monstrosities to which the classical *asparagus* rapidly gave birth. As early, indeed, as the year 1611 we find, among the entries in the household book of Sir William Fitzwilliam, of Milton, the following item: "Twoe roots of sparrowgres, 12d." This is altogether a curious expression; the price is high, the extent of the purchase small, and the orthography suggestive, as indicating that the associative principle tended then rather to the ornithological than to the botanical corruption of these later days,² whilst the limited number may show that the worthy knight wished to experimentalise before going in for "*sparrowgres*" culture *en grand*.

¹ "*Turio*" is the botanical term for the shoots of the *asparagus* and similar plants.

² In the form "*sparrowgoose*," mentioned by Skinner, that most fatuous exponent of the *eruditio ad absurdum* skilfully managed to combine the appellations of two birds,

The form "sperage," however, was by far the more usual one in ordinary parlance,¹ though the classical term was often employed by botanists. This is shown by the following quotations from some of the authors in whose works the word occurs. In Holland's Pliny (1601), we find: "As touching *sperages*, there is not a herb in the garden whereof there is so great care taken of them," whilst in the same work both terms appear in juxtaposition: "Now there is a middle sort of these *sperages*, not so civile and gentle as the *asparagus* of the garden, and yet more kind and mild than the *corruda*² of the field." In Sylvester's translation of "The Furies" of Du Bartas (1605) the following passage occurs:—

And unites so well
Sargons and goats, the *sperage* and the rush.³

In Fletcher's "Differences," which was published in 1623, we read as follows:—"Eating of *Carduus benedictus*, of rue, onyons, anise seed, garlike, *stalkes of sperage*, fenell, fengreeke, &c.;" and in Ray's "Catalogus Plantarum Angliæ" (1667) we find, as explanation of the botanical asparagus:—"Sperage—found in sundry places, as in the marshes near Bristow, about Harwich in Essex. I found it growing on the cliffs at the Lezard point in Cornwall."

The natural abbreviation *sparagus* was also employed, and we find that this identical suppression of the initial "a" had also taken place in Latin, as the reading "sparagus" occurs, according to Nonius, in Varronius. It can scarcely be accounted a vulgarity, and indeed it was constantly used by writers of the beginning of the last century. In Congreve's translation of Juvenal we read—

Next that shall mountain *sparagus* be laid,
Pull'd by some plain but cleanly country-maid.⁴

¹ The forms "spurge" and "spurey" are rightly queried in Latham; whilst the form "sparage," which is given by Dr. Johnson, but which Nares says he has never come across, is used in Cotgrave (1650). Dr. Johnson made a mistake, however, in saying "from the French *asparage*," which is a form which the word has never assumed in that language. Few words have the termination "age" in French which have not been formed through the Low-Latin suffix of "*aticum*."

² "*Corruda*" is the classical and botanical name for the wild asparagus.

³ "The habitat of the wild asparagus is marshy ground near the sea, productive also of rushes."—Nares's *Glossary* (*sperage*).

⁴ "et montani

Asparagi, posito quos legit villica fuso.—Juvenal, *Satires*, xi. 69.
"And asparagus from the mountains, which my bailiff's wife gathered when she had laid aside her spindle." This again refers to the *corruda*, which is still very common on the Italian hills, as appears from Sir William Hooker's note on Badham's version of Juvenal,

And in Bishop Taylor against Transubstantiation : " An argument that, like Jonas's gourd or *sparagus*, is in season only at some times." Again in Evelyn's "Acetaria" (1699) we find : "*Sparagus*, asparagus (*ab asperitate*), temperately hot and moist, cordial, diuretic, easie of digestion, and next to flesh, nothing more nourishing." There are two curious blunders in this passage, as will be seen when the derivation of the word and the properties of the plant are discussed.

The forms "sparagrass," "speragrass," and finally the terrible "sparrowgrass" have only latterly become vulgarisms. In the last century, and even till the last generation, they were only distorted forms which arose through misconception or false assimilation. The great lexicographer has given a certain classicality to the form "sparrowgrass," as he admitted it as a genuine English word, and gave an instance of its usage. In the first edition, however, of his Dictionary he only notices the form "asparagus," and gives two technical authors¹ as his authorities. It is in a subsequent edition that we find the following quotation from "The Art of Cookery":—

Your infant please to *sparrowgrass* prefer,
Which to the supper you may best defer.

The usage of the form "sparrowgrass" was fully established in polite society until quite lately, though "Cuthbert Bede's" note on the subject in "Notes and Queries" does not particularly tend to substantiate this assertion. He says : "I would venture to ask whether *sparrowgrass* is not the older and truer pronunciation (!) In fact, like 'obleege' and some other words, it obtains at the present day, for I have heard it so called by the sister of an earl, a lady upwards of seventy years of age." Does the writer mean us to infer that this form must be orthographically correct because employed by the sister of an earl, and that it must be the pronunciation of the present day because the lady in question was seventy years of age? We are inclined to think that her high birth by no means insured correctness of pronunciation; and the fact of her being a septuagenarian would have led us to expect the orthography of her youth, and not of her riper years.

We have now arrived at the last and most crushing vulgarism, which at present assails our ears at every step—namely, "*grass*." This expression shows an even greater perversion from the original than has occurred in the change of the *artichaut girasole* into *Jerusalem artichoke*. The odious abbreviation lowers man to the rank of an

¹ Miller on *Botany*; Arbuthnot on *Aliments*.

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¹ Miller on *Botany*; Arbuthnot on *Aliments*.

herbivorous animal, besides giving rise to erroneous notions regarding the botanical nature and order of the plant. *Grass* is the ignoble appellation bestowed on the esculent which, attaining lordly proportions, graced the banquets of Apicius and Lucullus, and whose praises have been the theme of the epicures of every age! Truly it may be said, "Latet anguis in *herba*." This, however, might be borne; but the possibility of the perpetuation of the expression, owing to its frequent employment in print, is what is most to be dreaded. Its use in works on horticulture is becoming universal, and the periodicals and magazines devoted to gardening and botany, which ought to act as the guardians and champions of this most seductive lily, are, as a glance at their pages will prove, the principal offenders. The effect is still more comical when the term is applied to a single *blade*. Thus in the "Gardener's Magazine" Mr. J. C. Clarke, a great authority on the cultivation of asparagus, writes: "This year it was about the 22nd of April before I had a single *grass* fit for table." Surely no one should be esteemed a bigoted purist who wishes to check the growth of expressions such as this! The term *Battersea grass*, which was once so usual, has naturally died out since the ground in that suburb has been devoted to a more lucrative growth than even asparagus, and the head-quarters of London grass have now been transferred to Fulham and Mortlake.

Having thus discussed the vulgarisms connected with this most refined vegetable, we have now to make a few observations touching the derivation of the original appellation. That the word asparagus is of Greek descent there is not any doubt, but its root is subject to much question, and has aroused frequent discussion amongst the learned. The usually accepted derivation, especially in botanical treatises, is that from α intensive, and $\sigma\pi\alpha\rho\acute{\alpha}\sigma\sigma\omega$ to tear, alluding to the thorns or prickles with which many species are provided—as, for instance, *Asparagus silvestris* and *Asparagus acutifolius*. There is nothing forced or improbable in this etymology; but if the root be $\sigma\pi\alpha\rho\acute{\alpha}\sigma\sigma\omega$, we are inclined to think that the α is privative, and that the meaning of the term is that which is *not* rent or torn to pieces—that is to say, the shoot before the leaves expand. This view is supported by Estienne's definition in his "Thesaurus:" "Ita dicitur, quod primum in lucem prodit oleris germen, priusquam in folia explicitur."¹ In Potts's "Etymological Investigations" a root is suggested akin to $\sigma\pi\acute{\alpha}\rho\gamma\eta$, $\sigma\phi\acute{\alpha}\rho\alpha\gamma\omicron\varsigma$, $\sigma\phi\eta\gamma\acute{\alpha}\omega$, all of which denote afulness to bursting. In this case the α is merely euphonic. (Though

¹ In the *Etymologium Linguae Graecae* (1790) Lennep says it denotes the first bud or sprout, from α privative, and $\sigma\pi\alpha\rho\rho\alpha\sigma\epsilon\iota\omega$ to tear.

the Attic form of the word was ἀσπάραγος, this purely dialectic change cannot point to any connection with the Homeric word ἀσφάραγος, denoting "the neck.")

Both the Greeks and the earlier Romans applied the term "asparagus" to the shoots of many plants, and not merely to one botanical species. They probably ate it, as the Moors and Arabs eat the shoots of the *Asparagus albus* at the present day—namely, in their wild state. The only occurrences of the word in Greek are in quotations in the "Deipnosophists" of Athenæus from the now lost works of obscure writers. But when we come to view the vegetable as treated by the Romans, it assumes quite a different importance both at the table and in the pharmacopœia, and the minute instructions of Cato the Elder for its proper culture show that it was thus early a favourite with the Romans. The system of cultivation advocated by Columella in his "Husbandry" more than two hundred years later, does not differ materially from that recommended by Cato, but the instructions of the Spanish horticulturist are not so clear and precise as those of the earlier Roman writer. As gastronomy gained ascendancy during the period of the emperors, so did asparagus cultivation increase in importance, and the shoots in bulk. The Romans must, moreover, have thus early been aware of one of the most important secrets in preparing the sprouts for table—namely, sharp, quick boiling—and the proverb so frequently used, as Suetonius tells us, by Augustus—"Velocius quam asparagi coquantur" (Quicker than asparagus should be cooked)—has been perpetuated to later days, as if to remind cooks that briskness and boiling water are necessary to prevent this delicate vegetable from becoming sodden. Thus we find in Rabelais, who knew so well both the customs of the Romans and what was good for himself, "Remède n'y a que descamper d'icy, je diz, plustoust que ne sont cuyts asperges" ("Pant." v. 7). Juvenal only refers to the wild asparagus, but Martial in his "Epigrams" (xiii. 21) alludes to the celebrated produce of Ravenna:—

Mollis in æquorea quæ crevit spina Ravenna
Non erit incultis gratior asparagis.

The asparagus of Ravenna was as celebrated in classical times as that of San Sebastian was a century ago, or as the produce of Fulham or Argenteuil is at the present day. Pliny tells us, "Asparagus, by nature, was intended to grow wild, so that each might gather it where he pleased. But lo and behold! we find it in the highest state of cultivation; and Ravenna produces heads that weigh as much as three

pounds even. Alas for the monstrous excess of gluttony!" There was probably some exaggeration in this statement, as the gigantic asparagus produced by the French market growers has never attained such a bulk, and the greatest exploit recorded in England is that of Mr. Grayson of Mortlake, who a few years ago produced a hundred head of asparagus which weighed 42 lbs. The shoots were 18 in. in length, but only about 3 in. were eatable; the rest was what Mr. Cuthill contemptuously characterises as *drumsticks*. That great care and trouble were bestowed by the Romans on its successful culture is shown by the opening words of the great naturalist on the subject: "Of all the garden plants asparagus is the one that requires the most delicate care in its cultivation." The Apicii, Luculli, and other connoisseurs of renown had this vegetable brought in perfection from the neighbourhood of Nesis, in Campania.

Pliny mentions a superstition regarding the growth of asparagus which has been perpetuated almost to our own day, and which may, perhaps, still linger in the minds of some gardeners of the old school. He writes: "I find it stated that if rams' horns are pounded and then buried in the ground, asparagus will come up." Dioscorides, who of course only treated of the asparagus as entering largely into the ancient pharmacopœia, mentions this absurdity, but refuses to credit it; but that it held its ground is shown by the following extracts. Rabelais writes ("Pant." iv. 7): "Take me but these horns, and bray them a little with an iron pestle, or with an andiron, which you please: it is all one to me. Then bury them wherever you will, provided it may be where the sun may shine, and water them frequently. In a few months I'll engage you will have the best asparagus in the world, not even excepting those of Ravenna." And we read in a French work on horticulture: "Est remarquable la naturelle amitié de ceste plante avec les cornes de la moutonaille, pour s'accroistre gaiement près d'elles, qui a fait croire à aucuns, les asperges proceder immediatement de cornes." In John Evelyn's (Evelyn) "French Gardiner" (1691) we further find: "Some curious persons put *Rams horn* at the bottom of the *Trench*, and hold for certain, that they have a kind of sympathy with *Asparagus*, which makes them prosper the better; but I refer them to the Experienced."

The other passages in the Latin writers deal with the medicinal properties of the plant. Pliny recommends it for all kinds of ailments, and Galen, when expatiating on the subject, shows that he was fully aware that the principal therapeutic merits were contained in the root, owing to the presence of a substance which modern

chemists have termed *asperigine*.¹ "The most extraordinary virtue attributed to this plant is given by Antoine Mizold ("Cent." 7, "Memor. Aph." 34) and Schenck ("Obs. Med." l. 1): 'If the root is put upon a tooth that aches violently, it causes it to come out without pain.'"² Our modern dentists have more confidence in chloroform or ether-spray! The most marked action of asperigine is on the kidneys, and the root is still extensively employed at Paris and elsewhere as a diuretic, particularly by persons of sedentary habits. It is an antiscorbutic; it is good for dropsy, but bad for gout; it is also used as a lithic. Dr. Broussais recommends it as a sedative for palpitations of the heart. The seed of the asparagus is not used in modern pharmacy, and there is a popular belief prevalent that the berries are poisonous. So far from this being the case, the seeds were, and perhaps are, used in Germany as a substitute for coffee; with what success we cannot say, but should imagine that the same amount of pleasurable sensation was produced as is felt in swallowing a decoction of acorn-powder, or any other substitute for the berry of Mocha. The Roman ladies, who retained the Spartan asceticism of early times long after their lords had sunk down the descending scale of gastronome, epicure, gourmet, gourmand, glutton, used to drink asparagus wine, parsley-seed wine, marjoram wine, and other mild vegetable decoctions. Our ladies no longer water their Chian and Falernian, and recognise the superior merits of Pommery and Heidsieck.

Through the dark and middle ages we lose sight of the "gentle hearbe." Though its cultivation was probably continued in Italy, and it was introduced early into France, as is shown by the extracts we have given from the wonderful satire of the curé of Meudon, yet its renewed growth under cultivation had, like that of much other valuable scientific knowledge, to await the advent of the Renaissance.

The first mention of cultivated asparagus in England is met with in a work that is invaluable for all information regarding the kitchen gardens of our ancestors at the close of the sixteenth century—namely, Gerard's "Herball," which was published in 1597. From his account we learn that the wild asparagus was then more used than the cultivated, and we also gain a description of the culinary processes to which "grass" was subjected in the days of good Queen Bess: "The ancients have set forth two sortes of sperage—the garden and the wild Sperage. The later writers have found more of the wild kind." The asparagus of the table, which

¹ Hoffman and Dr. James have treated the medicinal properties of the plant thoroughly.

² MacIntosh, *Book of the Garden*.

since the time of Linnæus is known botanically as *Asparagus officinalis*, he describes under the head of "*Asparagus Sativus*." We read : "The first sprouts or naked tender shoots heereof be oftentimes sodden in flesh broth and eaten ; or boiled in faire water, and seasoned with oile, vineger, salt, and pepper ; *then are served at men's tables for a sallade*. They are pleasant to the taste, easily concocted."¹ Asparagus did not, however, become generally known till about a century later, or the mention of it would not have been set down as an anachronism by the author of "*The Art of Cookery*," who writes : "Neither can a *Poet* put *Hops* in an *Englishman's Drink* before *Heresy* came in : nor can he serve him with a Dish of *Carps* before that time ; He might as well give King *James* the First a Dish of *Asparagus* upon his first coming to *London*, which were not brought into *England* till many Years after." But Anderson is wrong in saying that asparagus was not known in England till the middle of the eighteenth century, though his remarks are interesting as illustrating the state of destitution of the kitchen-gardens of our ancestors, who certainly cannot be regarded as vegetarians. In the "*State of England*," published in 1768, we read that the English cultivated hardly any vegetables before the last two centuries. At the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., neither salad, nor carrots, nor cabbages, nor radishes, nor any other comestibles of a like nature, were grown in any part of the kingdom ; they came from Holland and Flanders. In 1723 Queen Catherine herself could not procure a salad for her dinner. The King was obliged to send over to Holland for a gardener to cultivate those pot-herbs with which England is, perhaps, better furnished now than any other country in Europe. Cauliflowers were not known in England till the time of the Restoration ; and, speaking of the year 1768, Anderson says that *asparagus* and artichokes were only introduced a few years antecedent to that date.² Numerous allusions and descriptions prove, however, that such was not the case. In all the Herbals from Gerard's time asparagus is spoken of as an established denizen of the kitchen garden. There is a full description of it in Lovell's *Παμβοτανόλογια*, or "*Compleat Herbal*," published in 1665 ; and in Leonard Meager's "*Compleat English Gardner*" (1670) we learn that *sparragus* culture was conducted then much as in the present day. Allusion has before been made to Evelyn's "*Acetaria*," published in 1699, as well as to his "*French Gardiner*," in both of which the spelling *asparagus* is usual. The former is a highly interesting work, and his derivation of *asparagus*

¹ Gerard's *Herball*, c. 87, p. 331.

² Soyer's *Pantropheæ*.

(*ab asperitate*) was not the inadvertent mistake that Nares considered it in his "Glossary," for it arose from the blunder of Varro, who says : "*Ex asperis virgultis*, unless from the Greek." From his work we gather that asparagus was forced for the table at the close of the seventeenth century, and Meager states that London was well supplied with forced asparagus as early as 1670. By the beginning of the present century forced as well as natural asparagus had become the rule and not the exception at the tables of the rich, and the Thames valley furnished plentiful supplies to the metropolis. Gravesend and Battersea were the most famous localities for its production, and we read in the "Epicure's Almanack" for 1815 that "from Gravesend the asparagus arrives by tilt-boat, every tide during the season, at Billingsgate, where in Dark House Lane there is a kind of market for it." The writer is profuse in his praises of Covent Garden ; and really, after all, it is only the building and accommodation which are so unworthy of the largest capital in the world. The vegetable and floral produce exhibited is, taken collectively, such as no other nation, not even *la belle France*, can boast of. But it has lost the social status and topical interest which it once enjoyed. In 1815 it is described thus—

Centric in London noise and London follies,
Proud Covent Garden blooms in smoky glory,
For coachmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages and comedians famed in story.

In former days the spectator resorted hither to witness the humours of a market morning ; the facetious Tom Brown portrayed and dramatised the colloquial sallies of the market folks ; this scene was depicted by Hogarth in his "Rake's Progress ;" it was this spot which Farquhar and Vanbrugh frequently chose in their comedies as the rendezvous of intriguants ; it was the academus of epicures, dramatists, and comic philosophers : it is now the haunt of Hebrews and costermongers, of liveried servants and spinsters of limited means.

The *Asparagus officinalis* is a descendant of the wild asparagus, which is indigenous to Great Britain. It is not, however, a common plant in its uncultivated state ; but we gather from various authorities that it has been found, always near the seaside, in the Isle of Portland, near Bristol, and sparingly near Edinburgh (Loudon) ; at Callar Point and Gosford Links (Clarke) ; whilst in Kynance Cove, in Cornwall, there is an island, called Asparagus Island, where it grows plentifully (Kettner, "Book of the Table"). It has been

erroneously stated that the original habitat of the plant was Asia, though it is a fact that excellent asparagus grows wild on the banks of the Euphrates, where the shoots are nurtured by what they particularly affect—subirrigation. It is found in most European countries—as, for instance, on the sandy islands of the Rhone and Seine—whilst in the salt steppes of Russia and Poland it grows so freely that it really does become *grass*, and is eagerly devoured by the horses and oxen. The asparagus belongs to the botanical order of the *Liliaceæ*, or lilyworts, and the seductive charm in eating it should be enhanced by the knowledge that we are enjoying a very near relation of the lily of the valley; whilst it has a close connection with the asphodel, that classical flower of the departed. Few plants improve so much by judicious cultivation as asparagus does, and most of our market gardeners now produce it in a high state of perfection, especially, as Mr. Cuthill says in his excellent “Vegetable Manual,” since the absurdity of having only three inches of vegetable matter at the top, and growing three-quarters of the shoot to encumber the London dustbins, has been so much exposed. It has been proved by chemical analysis that asparagus contains less nutriment than almost any other vegetable, for even the best of plants must have their failings; surely, therefore, it should be the aim of gardeners to render the eatable part of the shoots as long as possible, since quantity is, in this case, as necessary as quality.

France, however, must be looked upon as the home of the asparagus *par excellence*. Her market gardeners know how to grow it; her cooks know how to prepare it; and her artisans, as well as her epicures, know how to eat and enjoy it. It is a hard case that the flavour of this native of Great Britain is unknown to many of our middle and to the bulk of our lower classes; but it must always remain a select vegetable, owing to the amount of ground required for its cultivation, and the expense and trouble necessary to produce it to advantage. But in France it is within the reach of all classes, and is a dainty which is included, for months together, in a two-franc dinner. In “Knife and Fork,” a magazine which appeared for two years under the editorship of “Fin Bec,” there is a good article on French market-gardening, which was mainly reproduced from the “Times.” The writer very correctly states that the student of the Quartier Latin enjoys his asparagus longer than many an English country gentleman with his bevy of gardeners. A very nice plate of it may be had at any of the great Paris establishments for 2½d.; whilst its aldermanic proportions, polished ivory shaft, and rosy bud at Durand’s, or any of the first-class restaurants, are truly admirable.

Space will not allow us to enter fully into the mode of culture of asparagus in England, France, and other foreign countries, but a few particulars of its growth among our neighbours may prove interesting. The system of cultivation is diametrically the opposite of ours, as the French grow it in sunk trenches instead of in raised beds. The roots intended to produce the giant heads are planted very wide apart, and the plants are assiduously watered in the summer after the crop has ceased. This is the time of year when asparagus requires much nourishment, and this essential point is too frequently neglected in England, especially by private gardeners. The plants are carefully staked, to prevent the stems and branches being broken by the wind, and all decayed or delicate plants are carefully replaced by those of a strong and vigorous growth. The earth is every year cautiously removed to the roots, and rotten manure is spread over them before they are covered up again; but as a rule the French do not muck so heavily as the English growers. The largest and earliest seeds are chosen to propagate from, and the roots are always transplanted as yearlings, and carefully preserved from the air during removal. The long, blanched stems, on which the French growers pride themselves so much, are produced by a system of earthing, and the sprout is only allowed to push one inch above the accumulated soil before cutting. In the growth of the giant asparagus which we generally see in England at Christmas time, and which is sold at the rate of about 1s. a head, much attention is devoted to each individual sprout. An *opaque* tube is placed over the bud, and the shoot is then allowed to rise higher above the surface than is the case with the ordinary crop, as by the exclusion of air, and especially light, the much-prized blanching is secured, whereas, if clear glass tubes were used, the shoot would be hastened forward, but would assume that greenness which the French think so undesirable. Laysterie says that in Spain a joint of cane is placed over each shoot; whilst, in a communication to the Royal Horticultural Society, Baumann, of Vienna, states that the gardeners of that locality employ a wooden tube 18 inches long and 1 inch in diameter. A great deal of asparagus is grown in Holland, and we may be sure that those most practical and successful gardeners do not fail in producing satisfactory results. Their system of blanching is to heap up loose sand over the rising head. The system of cultivation in America is much the same as ours, but no member of the order is indigenous to the New World. The vegetable is now grown in the States on a large scale, and much attention was recently attracted by the introduction thence into this country of a kind

called Connover's Colossal, which was found, however, not to be a different species, but only a variety frequently observable in all plants raised from seed, whilst the peculiarities of the seedling had been intensified by distinctive circumstances of growth. To return to France, thousands of champagne bottles are used at Argenteuil for the purpose of blanching, after the bottoms have been knocked out, and there is a regular trade with the manufactories in damaged bottles purchased with this intent. Frequent recourse is also had to *cloches*, or bell-glasses, which may, in the early spring, be seen dotted all over the ground in the Department of the Seine-et-Oise, and especially in the Valley of Montmorency. The use of bell-glasses is now becoming frequent among English growers, and they may be purchased at the large glass-works at one shilling apiece, if taken in quantities of not fewer than 200. Asparagus-forcing is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French gardening, and beautiful bundles may be seen in the shops as early as November. Stems have been exhibited four inches in circumference, and the epicures of Paris feel themselves in duty bound to relish heads which have been crowned with the gold medal of the (Imperial) Horticultural Society of France. We have often wondered who eats the mammoth "grass" and the £30-a-dozen pears displayed in Mr. Solomon's window, but the mystery is explained by the following anecdote taken from Brillat-Savarin's "*Physiologie du Goût*," which would apply equally well to London as to Paris:—

Passing through the Palais Royal one fine day in the month of February, I stopped before Madame Chevet's window, the most famous place of its kind in Paris. I noticed some remarkably fine asparagus, the smallest stick of which was larger than my forefinger. I asked the price. "Forty francs, monsieur," was Madame Chevet's reply. "It is really very fine asparagus, but at such a price only kings and princes can eat it." "You are mistaken. Such asparagus as this never reaches palaces. It is too good for that. I shall sell it all the same, though; and this is how it will be done:—There are in Paris at this present moment 300 men of enormous wealth—financiers, capitalists, retired tradesmen, and others—who are confined to their homes by gout, by the fear of catarrh, by doctors' orders, or by other causes which do not prevent them from eating and enjoying good things. They sit before the fire and turn over in their minds what will best satisfy their dainty appetites. When they have ransacked their brains unsuccessfully, they send their *valet-de-chambre* on a voyage of discovery. He will come here, will see my asparagus, and will carry it off at any price. Or else a pretty woman will pass with her lover, and she will say, 'Oh, what fine asparagus! Let us buy some. Our cook makes the sauce for it to perfection, you know.' In such a case the lover cannot refuse, and cannot demur at the price. Or else it is a bet won, a christening, a sudden increase of fortune;—how do I know? In a word, the dear things go quicker than the cheap in Paris, because, in the course of life here, such extraordinary circumstances arise that there is always an opportunity of sell-

ing them." As she spoke, two stout Englishmen passed arm-in-arm. They stopped before the window, and their faces expressed great admiration. One of them immediately had the marvellously fine asparagus done up in paper, without even asking the price, paid for it, and carried it off under his arm, whistling "God save the King." "There, monsieur!" said Madame Chevet to me with a laugh; "there is an opportunity of which I had not spoken, which is quite as frequent as the others."

In our opinion, however, asparagus bought with such wanton waste of money would, like strawberries at one shilling the ounce, taste more of money than of the natural flavour of the vegetable.

The land under asparagus cultivation in France is more extensive than in England, especially since of late years so much has been sent to the London market. Thousands of persons are employed in its culture in the neighbourhood of Paris alone. Much of the natural asparagus, however, which supplies the English market before our own crop comes in is raised in *aspergeries* near Toulouse, and other districts in the South of France, where it is much grown amongst the vines, as it also is in the Seine-et-Oise. The consignments to England have increased enormously within the last few years, without, however, effecting any material difference in the price of the vegetable in this country. The mania for large heads of asparagus is no new-fangled hobby in France, as is shown by the following cruel practical joke related by Brillat-Savarin, which we give in the original French, as it loses as much of its piquancy in translation as the asparagus itself does when badly dressed :—

On vint dire un jour à monseigneur Courtois de Quincey, évêque de Belley, qu'une asperge d'une grosseur merveilleuse pointait dans un des carrés de son jardin potager. À l'instant toute la société se transporta sur les lieux pour vérifier le fait ; car, dans les palais épiscopaux aussi on est charmé d'avoir quelque chose à faire.

La nouvelle ne se trouva ni fausse ni exagérée. La plante avait percé la terre, et paraissait déjà au-dessus du sol ; la tête en était arrondie, vernissée, diaprée, et promettait une colonne plus que pleine-main.

On se récria sur ce phénomène d'horticulture ; on convint qu'à monseigneur seul appartenait le droit de la séparer de sa racine, et le coutelier voisin fut chargé de faire immédiatement un couteau approprié à cette haute fonction.

Pendant les jours suivants l'asperge ne fit que croître en grâce et en beauté ; sa marche était lente mais continue, et bientôt on commença à apercevoir la partie blanche où finit la propriété esculente de ce légume. Le temps de la moisson ainsi indiqué, on s'y prépara pour un bon dîner, et on ajourna l'opération au retour de la promenade.

Alors monseigneur s'avança armé du couteau officiel, se baissa avec gravité et s'occupa à séparer de sa tige le végétal orgueilleux, tandis que toute la cour épiscopale marquait quelque impatience d'en examiner les fibres et la texture.

Mais, ô surprise ! ô désappointement ! ô douleur ! le prélat se releva les mains vides, . . . L'asperge était de bois !

Cette plaisanterie, peut-être un peu forte, était du chanoine Rosset, qui, né à Saint-Claude, tournait à merveille et peignait fort agréablement. Il avait conditionné de tout point la fausse plante, l'avait enfoncé en cachette, et la soulevait un peu chaque jour pour imiter la croissance naturelle.

Monseigneur ne savait pas trop de quelle manière il devait prendre cette mystification (car c'en était bien une) ; mais voyant déjà l'hilarité se peindre sur la figure des assistants, il sourit ; et ce sourire fut suivi de l'explosion générale d'un rire véritablement homérique : on emporta donc le corps du délit, sans s'occuper du délinquant ; et pour cette soirée du moins la *statue-asperge* fut admise aux honneurs du salon.

The system of asparagus cultivation in Germany closely resembles that pursued in France ; but no very extensive area is under cultivation. It is raised, however, in considerable quantities around Vienna—and the Viennese fully appreciate the comforts and luxuries of life—as also at Ulm on the Danube, and at Augsburg, where the soil is calcareous sand three or four feet deep, and the subsoil always saturated with water. In the "Gardener's Weekly Magazine," under date November 21, 1861, there is an interesting communication from Herr Heinrich Behrens on the German mode of growing asparagus, to which, however, only a very short reference can be made. He says that asparagus which has attained a green colour from being exposed to the air is quite out of favour at Lubeck ; but that, without artificial means, the shoots, if well managed, are white and eatable almost the whole length. A great quantity of asparagus is raised in the neighbourhood of the old Hanse town, being favoured by the light, sandy soil, and is sold there at the rate of from fourpence to sevenpence per pound. A supply is thence despatched to Sweden and other countries on the Baltic. His remarks about cutting the shoots are quite correct, and sufficient attention is sometimes not paid to this point in England. It should be cut either at sunrise or late in the day, and the flavour is finer the sooner it is eaten after being severed from the crown. It is very unwise to plunge asparagus, as is so often done, into a tub of water, as the shoots become flabby, and much of the flavour is lost. To preserve it till required for use, Soyer recommends that it should be placed by the thick ends in a vessel containing about two inches of water, or, better still, buried half-way up in fresh sand.

Having seen how subirrigation and moisture at the roots is conducive to the improved growth of asparagus, the secret of the success of our English growers by the banks of the Thames, where hundreds of acres are devoted to its cultivation, is easily arrived at. A sort of perpetual subterranean irrigation is effected by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, and also by the rapid rising and falling of the river in

times of heavy rain.¹ Its growth is, moreover, fostered by the deep, moist, and rich soil, as well as by the careful and scientific system of cultivation. Fulham and Mortlake, Charlton, Deptford, and Rotherhithe, all send large supplies of excellent asparagus to market; and Mr. George Bagley, of the first-mentioned place, may be considered as one of the most successful producers. Large quantities are grown in Cambridgeshire, where one grower has beds under culture to the aggregate length of ten miles; but the produce does not command such a high price as that grown round London. Evesham, on the Avon, in Worcestershire, is also noted for its asparagus, as well as for most other vegetables, as is also the county of Surrey. Much is grown in Cornwall; it is a wonder that the quantity is not even greater, such beautiful soil being ready to hand, and the county enjoying so genial a climate; particularly as asparagus can be very easily packed for transport, as compared with rhubarb or broccoli. If grown in the caves and mines, it might be produced very early, and well bleached for those who like it white.²

Some of the following hints, gathered from a variety of treatises, may prove interesting or useful:—Good, choice seed should be selected in sowing either for the purpose of obtaining roots or for stocking a bed where it is sown. Seed-stocking has the advantage that by this process there is no check through removal, and no chance of mutilating the roots. In stocking a bed with roots, crowns should be chosen of one year's growth, or two years' at the outside, and care should be taken that they are not exposed too long to the air in transplanting. They should not be placed too close to one another, as is frequently the case. The roots should be planted when they have sprouted about one inch, and not before they are in a state of activity, as in the latter case they frequently rot from lying in the earth. The roots should not be planted too deep, as the increased effort to gain the surface is an additional tax on the strength of the plant, and the tender heads become frayed. The long drumsticks of French and English white asparagus are not produced by planting the roots deep, but by earthing to the height of several inches when the sprouts are shooting. The system of manuring should be judicious and generous. The application of alternate dressings of salt and manure is, perhaps, the best method to pursue. It is not necessary to apply a heavy coat of manure before the winter, nor even to cover up the beds or fill in the alleys with leaves, as the asparagus is a hardy plant; but a good dressing should be given to the beds in the spring before the crop commences. Salt should be applied at the rate of 2 lbs. per square

¹ *Gardener's Weekly Magazine.*

² *Knife and Fork.*

yard. Seaweed is an excellent manure for asparagus, and should be applied whenever obtainable. The alleys should not be overplanted with other vegetables, and only with those kinds whose roots do not extend deep beneath the surface. The plants should be carefully watered during the summer months, especially if the season be dry, and the beds may with advantage be covered with the short grass swept up from the lawn. It should be remembered that few plants are so easily damaged by wind, and that the stools suffer when the stalks are broken. This is well illustrated by Mr. J. Addison's entertaining account of his attempts to grow asparagus when appointed gardener to the late Earl of Wemyss, and his description is almost a summary of asparagus culture :—

For a period of eleven years, while I was in the ranks, I never saw much difficulty in growing it well, but at some places I have seen it almost a failure. In 1838 I went as gardener to the late Earl of Wemyss, Gosford House, Haddington, and there was only a head of asparagus here and there ; it had died out, and he hoped I should be able to grow it. I was full of hope then, and, as the nature of the soil was good and there was no stint of manure and labour, I was sanguine of success. I planted healthy two-year-old roots, and the sprouts came up well ; but the second year nearly all the roots proved to be rotten. I felt all the conceit taken out of me, but there was no grumbling, and, as I am of a combative turn of mind, I resolved to try again. My second attempt was attended with the same result. The roots and heads were found to be coal-black. It struck me that the wind might have something to do with my want of success, as Gosford was a very windy place. The next time I tried I fastened all the stalks up as soon as they required support, and at last I had the satisfaction of sending in a fine dish for table; but it had taken me six years to produce it. The gardeners of the Earl of Haddington and the Marquis of Tweeddale beat me in 1852, when the prize was gained by twelve heads of eight inches in length, weighing 15½ oz.; second, 14½ oz. Though I was beaten for a time, I am happy to say I won the prize in 1855 with twelve heads, weighing 18 oz., and at a subsequent show I reached 21 oz.

No seeds should be allowed to swell, certainly not to ripen, on young plants ; this is as essential as cutting the flowering shoots off sea-kale and rhubarb.¹ The duration of the bearing power of the beds varies according to the soil in which the root is planted, but from twelve to fifteen years may be taken as the average ; and there is no such sure sign of exhaustion in asparagus plants as their too free production of seeds. It is not absolutely necessary that the roots should be planted in raised beds, the main object of which is to secure due drainage and increased depth of soil ; where the latter is already deep and porous, equally fine asparagus may be grown on level beds—a fact which is corroborated by many growers, and confirmed by the opinion

¹ *The Gardener*, April 1873.

entertained by Mr. Earley, who has published a little treatise entirely devoted to the cultivation of asparagus. He says that by this method more uniform moisture is secured, the superficial rains are utilised, the roots are not barbarously severed in cleaning out the trenches, and space is economised. No bed smaller than 1 rod, or 272 square feet, should be appropriated to the growth of asparagus, as that is the minimum extent of ground calculated to produce a fair-sized dish, all the heads of which are cut the same day. Finally, in cutting the shoots, an asparagus knife should always be used, as if cut with a serrated edge the wound is ragged, and does not bleed nearly so much, whereas a clean wound leaves the sap vessels open. Care should be taken to pass the knife closely down the stem of the sprout, so as not to injure any heads which have not yet made their appearance above ground, and great precaution is necessary to avoid pricking the crown. Much misapprehension prevails as to leaving heads uncut in the beds; the best plan is to cut *all*, when the beds are in strong bearing, until the beginning of June. The smaller sprouts need not appear at table as a vegetable to do discredit to the gardener; they should be reserved for soup or omelets.

Like the potato and the vine, the asparagus has its sworn foes. The chief enemy of growers is the asparagus beetle (*Crocieris Asparagi*), which is, however, fortunately very intermittent and local. The larva state of the insect lasts only about ten days, during which it selects the young shoots as its food, and then buries itself in the ground. They may be captured by passing the hand down the stalk. The asparagus fungus frequently appears in the Cambridgeshire beds, overspreading and killing the plants; it is only known to mycologists as a mycelium.

In conclusion, we must say one word regarding the aim and object of all asparagus culture—the cooking and eating of the shoots. In England the culinary process does not admit of much diversification. The necessity of quick, brisk boiling has already been insisted on, and the esculent loses its delicate flavour by any elaboration. All that we require is good melted butter, and how extremely rarely we get it! In hiring a cook, let him or her produce presentable bread-sauce and melted butter as credentials. The toast on which the heads are laid should be dipped in the water in which they have been boiled. For soup the damaged heads and the thin green sprouts are generally used, which latter are technically known by the name of “sprue.” This is not a word to be found in any dictionary, but is a recognised term in the trade, and is often to be seen written up in greengrocers’ shops, to the no small bewilderment of the unlearned. In France, however, its uses are more various. It enters extensively

into ragoûts, and the drumsticks become tender, if not toothsome, by prolonged cooking. It is used in salads, as in times of yore. The heads of the sprouts are cut off to the length of three-eighths of an inch, then boiled and fried in butter, like peas; it is a very frequent adjunct to the savoury omelet, as it also is in Spain and Italy. Soyer recommends *points d'asperges* as excellent with scrambled eggs (*œufs brouillés*). That some Frenchmen often prefer to eat it with oil, instead of butter, is shown by the well-known anecdote of Fontenelle:—

The poet was passionately fond of asparagus, but he liked them with oil. His friend Cardinal Dubois liked them not less fervently, but he preferred them with melted butter. Fontenelle had a large bundle of asparagus sent him; he told the Cardinal of it, and invited him to dinner, promising faithfully that half should be served with oil and half with butter. The Cardinal accepted, but just about the hour for dinner a message came to the host to say that the expected guest had fallen into a fit, and was dead or dying. Fontenelle rushed towards the kitchen. "All with oil! all with oil!" he cried, in fear lest the cook should not send up enough of his favourite condiment to eat with all. Having paid this honour to the asparagus, he returned to his dining-room to lament over his friend. So great is the influence which asparagus with oil has been known to exert over the human mind.

We only wish that what Kettner says in his "Book of the Table" regarding the process of eating asparagus were strictly correct. After stating that vegetables are considered merely as adjuncts of the English dinner—that is, to be eaten *with* the joints—he says that artichokes and asparagus are alone thought worthy to be served separately. (He might, by the way, have included seakale.) Now follows the passage, the absolute correctness of which we wish we were not obliged to challenge: "It is a question whether this exception is due to a pure admiration of the vegetable *or to the circumstance that, having to be eaten with the fingers*, it is necessary to put down either knife or fork to seize the vegetable. The probability is that, if the Creator had thought fit, in His wisdom, to endow the Englishman with three or four hands, he would never have been seen eating the artichoke or asparagus alone, but always in conjunction with some other food." Without commenting on the flippancy and even irreverence of the latter part of this paragraph, we wish to draw attention to the passage printed in italics. Alas! it is *not* considered good manners to eat asparagus with the fingers in polite society—that is to say, at dinner parties, or on occasions when asparagus would be served in England as a course after the joints. Happily, this restraint in social ethics does not extend to home life, for in the family circle it is perfectly allowable to grasp the esculent by the hilt and to

follow the bent of one's own inclinations. The knife-and-fork process is, we admit, eminently unsatisfactory, but the *bienséances* of life must be conformed to, and to suck asparagus in society is as great a breach of etiquette as for a lady to raise cheese to her mouth on a knife, or to arrive at the contents of an egg by the process of decapitation—a summary proceeding which always reminds us of the poppy saga of Roman history. Artichokes, it is true, must be eaten with the fingers even in society, or the result would be negative ; but we repeat that asparagus-sucking must be witnessed only by one's family and intimate friends. Even thus the asparagus enjoys an advantage over the mango, that luscious queen of fruits, and almost the only tropical one which is not a delusion and a snare. To be thoroughly enjoyed, a basket of grafted mangoes must be eaten in complete retirement ; the gourmand must be clad in the scantiest of drapery, and must hold his head over an ample basin of pure water, with no eye, not even that of his native valet, and still less that of his wife or bosom friend, to spy the mysteries of a mango revel.

W. COLLETT-SANDARS.

A REPRESENTATIVE LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

PART THE FIRST.—THE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

ON the north-east side of Temple Bar, opposite Child's Bank, in the year 1697, there was a narrow, dingy thoroughfare called Shire Lane, in which was a pastry-cook's shop kept by one Christopher Kat, and known by the sign of the Cat and Fiddle. It was here, in a room above, that the celebrated Kit-Kat¹ Club held its meetings. There was not a more aristocratic and notable gathering in all London than that which assembled weekly within those squalid precincts; dukes—among them the great Marlborough—earls, lords, and wits, of which last Addison and Steele were the foremost, were the members; but all were good Whigs, sworn haters of the Stuarts, and champions of the Protestant succession. One evening while the wine was circulating freely, and reigning beauties were being toasted, Evelyn Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester and Earl of Kingston, rose and proposed his daughter, Lady Mary. "She is prettier than any beauty of them all," he cried. "You shall see her." And thereupon he sent away his carriage to bring her thither. By-and-by she arrived, a demure little lady of eight, dressed for the occasion; and all the gentlemen toasted her standing, and afterwards fed her with sweetmeats, and kissed and fondled her, and finally inscribed her name with a diamond upon a drinking glass. "Pleasure," she wrote thereafter, "was too poor a word to express my sensations. They amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout my life did I pass so happy an evening."

The incident was the more likely to impress the little maiden, and to be long remembered, coming as it did in the midst of a dull, monotonous life, the greater part of which was passed in a remote country mansion far away from such gaieties. Her mother, Lady Mary Fielding, of the same family as the great novelist, died when

¹ It is supposed to have taken its name from the sign of the house, kit signifying, as is well known, a small fiddle. Pope, however, considers this derivation doubtful.

she was only four years old, and she and her sister, Lady Frances, afterwards the unfortunate Countess of Marr, were brought up chiefly at Thoresby-in-Sherwood, their father's country seat. Education, both of male and female, but especially of the latter, was at this period at the lowest ebb which had been known since the revival of learning. An educated woman was indeed a *rara avis* in those days; how coarse and ignorant were even the best-bred ladies may be gathered from a perusal of the comedies of Congreve, Wycherly, and Vanbrugh. There were good, dull, solid housewives among them, who in intellectual calibre were scarcely on a level with the farmer's wife of the past generation, but the town fine ladies were only vulgar coquettes and card-players, who could not spell their own names correctly. The Marquis of Dorchester had seemingly no desire to make his daughters an exception to this rule, since he did not consider it necessary to provide any instruction for them. We suppose they were in some way taught to read and write, but certainly no further mental cultivation was attempted. Fortunately, however, there was a well-stocked library at Thoresby, and Lady Mary loved books. The interminable fictions of Madame Scudéry, those *romans de longue haleine*, "Clélie," "Ibrahim," the "Grand Cyrus," and the rest, "done into English," and Tom d'Urfey's "Astræa," her favourite book, were diligently perused, but only as relaxations to graver studies. Alone and unassisted she mastered the Latin and French languages and made some progress in Greek, and during her leisure hours was always surrounded by dictionaries and piles of learned volumes. She even translated the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus, although probably from a Latin version, and sent her translation to Bishop Burnett for revision. This performance is to be found among her collected works, with the bishop's corrections. But not wholly was she able to devote herself to such pursuits; there were household duties to perform—for at that time even great ladies did not disdain homely cares—and Lady Louisa Stuart, her granddaughter, informs us, in her "Anecdotes" of her celebrated ancestress, that Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed the task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far

from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand. And so amongst romances, dictionaries, classic authors, varied occasionally by great feasts and prodigious feats of carving, the years of girlhood passed on. Sometimes the young ladies sighed over their solitary lives, and longed for the time when some hero of their imagination would bear them off to a more congenial sphere. Lady Mary found her hero during one of her rare visits to London. Her especial friend was Mistress¹ Anne Wortley Montagu, who had a handsome brother, Edward, the cousin of Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, a man of wit and learning, and the friend of Steele and Addison. He is said to have frequently supplied hints for *The Spectator*, if indeed he did not write some of the papers; the second volume of *The Tatler* is dedicated to him. Paying his sister a visit one day he encountered Lady Mary, and, struck by her beauty, entered into conversation with her. To his surprise, he, who had hitherto felt little but contempt for the sex, discovered that he had met at last a woman of sense and cultivation, and one too—greater wonder still—who could converse with him upon his favourite classics. He spoke of Quintus Curtius; she had not read that author. The next day he sent her a splendid edition of his works, and opposite the title-page a copy of verses written in the highly-strained eulogy of the period.

The old Latin historian formed the first chapter of their love story. Mr. Montagu fell desperately in love with his sister's friend. He was some years her senior, but Lady Mary was flattered by the attentions of so distinguished and learned a man, and lent a willing ear to his vows. She liked him, preferred him to anyone she had

¹ The title of Mistress was then applied to even very young unmarried ladies. 'Miss' was a term of contempt, as indicating a very childish and frivolous personage; among the great, children of even five or six years of age were gravely styled Mistress Anne, or whatever their name might be.

met; but that she *loved* him, in the highest sense of the word, is very doubtful, to judge from her letters to him at this period. She seems to be perpetually questioning her heart upon the subject—a very suspicious circumstance, since love never questions or reasons. Mr. Montagu evidently felt this, and his letters are irritable, reproachful, full of doubt and dissatisfaction. More than once she vows she will not write to him again, that all must be at an end between them. But the breach is quickly repaired by apologies and renewed protestations upon the part of the gentleman. Here are some extracts from one of her letters, which will give a good idea of the whole correspondence :—

You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month and of somebody else the next. But neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is com-
plaisant and easy, but never what is fond in me. . . . If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them. . . . When people are tied for life, it is their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would soon be tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else you would have leisure to mark all the defects, which would decrease in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. . . . I should not choose to live in a crowd; I could be very well pleased to be in London, without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, &c., are things that never come into my head. But I will never think of anything without the consent of my family, and advise you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only in fancy. . . . However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a good deal of pleasure and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you will not be sorry for your wife to imitate.

The marquis entertained the suitor, and all went smoothly in that quarter until it came to the business of settlements; the marquis required that all Mr. Montagu's possessions should be settled in the marriage deed upon the eldest son *in futuro*. Mr. Montagu refused; he objected to the law of entail on principle. So the negotiations were broken off, and Lady Mary was told to think no more of him. But although he would not relinquish his principle, neither would he relinquish the lady. A clandestine correspondence was carried on between them, much in the same strain as before, until another suitor appeared in the field, whom the marquis peremptorily commanded her to receive. The lover urged an elopement; the lady hesitated; all was prepared for the marriage with the rival, even the wedding dress made. The letters grew more and more urgent. She did

not love him—her heart was given to another, he said, to which she replied :—

I am willing to abandon all conversation but yours. If you please, I will never see another man. In short, I will part with anything for you, but you. I will not have you a month to lose you for the rest of my life. If you can pursue the plan of happiness begun with your friend, and take me for that friend, I am ever yours. I have examined my own heart whether I can leave everything for you ; I think I can. If I change my mind, you shall know before Sunday ; after that I will not change my mind.

She did not change her mind, and on a certain Sunday night stole out of her father's house to meet her lover, who was waiting for her close by in a chaise. The marriage licence is dated August 16, 1712. As soon as she was gone her sister, in a great fright lest they should fall into her father's hands, burned a diary she had kept and all her private papers. The marquis was greatly enraged at his daughter's flight, and seems never to have really forgiven her.

After the honeymoon, political or other business seems to have obliged Mr. Montagu to go to London, and his young wife went to stay with some friends at Walling Wells, in Nottinghamshire. Marriage seems to have solved her doubts and strengthened her love, and her first letter to him after their separation breathes a spirit of tender affection :—

I check myself when I grieve for your absence by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you : a good fortune not to be valued. I am afraid of telling you I return thanks for it to Heaven, because you will charge me with hypocrisy ; but you are mistaken. I assist every day at public prayers in this family, and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to Heaven in making me yours.

The next letter, within three months after their marriage, is in a sadder strain. She is uneasy at his long silence, fears he is not well, or that he thinks writing to her of small importance. She is very nearly distracted amongst her dismal apprehensions, and concludes with "Pray, dear, write to me, or I shall be very mad." Again, she writes, "When I gave myself to you, I gave up the very desire of pleasing the rest of the world, and was pretty indifferent about it." A little later it is, "I am alone, without any amusements to take up my thoughts. I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelsome letters. . . . I hate complaining. 'Tis no sign I am easy that I do not trouble you with my headaches and my spleen. . . . I believe you have kindness enough for me to be sorry, and so you would tell me, and things remain in their primitive state.

I choose to spare you that pain. I would always give you pleasure. I know you are ready to tell me that I do not ever keep to these good maxims. I confess I often speak impertinently, but I always repent of it."

A year after the marriage a son was born, the afterwards notorious Edward Wortley Montagu. Although still living a solitary life, only broken by occasional visits from her husband, she sent away the child to nurse, according to the fashion of the time. It seems strange, however, that, under the circumstances, she did not keep it with her, and appears to indicate a lack of affection. Upon the accession of George I., Mr. Montagu was appointed a Lord of the Treasury. The following capitally written letter, under date September 24, 1714, is in quite a different strain from those that have gone before, and is the first outward sign of the country maiden developing into the woman of the world :—

Though I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. . . . I am glad you think of serving your friends ; I hope it will put them in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money ; everything we hear puts us in remembrance of it. If it was possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of prerogative by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you : but as the world is and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, the third is still impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, Robert Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court ; there's a little door to get in and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost ; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees thousands get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world ; but a moderate merit with a large share of impudence is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it.

Soon after writing this epistle Lady Mary joined her husband in London. And so vanishes the pretty, pleasant image of the country maiden and the loving young wife, and in its place rises another I love not to contemplate—the hard, brilliant, sarcastic, censorious woman of the world. The first part of my story has been something of an idyll ; the second, alas ! is but a town eclogue, as coarse as any to be found among the writings of the eighteenth century.

PART THE SECOND.—THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

WE are accustomed to regard the Court of Charles II. as the *ne plus ultra* of licentiousness, but that of the first and second George was worse. The sparkle, the gaiety, the occasional refinement even of the former, although not in any way morally excusing it, redeemed something of its coarseness. But the gross, brutal vice, the satyr-like debauchery, which marked our manners at the accession of the house of Hanover, are too hideous and loathsome for description. After reading Churchill's Juvenalian satire, "The Times," we may ask ourselves whether the Romans under Heliogabalus could have been much worse. Chesterfield, in an unpublished memoir, quoted by Lord Mahon, emphatically pictures the change of manners which followed Queen Anne's death. He says that she had always been devout, chaste, and formal—in short, a prude; that she discouraged as much as she could the usual and even most pardonable vices of Courts; that her drawing-rooms were more respectable than agreeable, and had the air more of solemn places of worship than of the gaiety of a Court. "Public and crowded assemblies, where every man was sure of meeting every woman, were not known in those days. But every woman of fashion kept what was called 'a day,' which was a formal circle of her acquaintances of both sexes, unbroken by any card-tables, tea-tables, or other amusements. There the fine women and fine men met perhaps for an hour; and if they had anything particular to say to one another, it could only be conveyed by the language of the eyes. The other public diversion was merely for the eyes, for it was going round and round the ring in Hyde Park, and bowing to one another slightly, respectfully, or tenderly, as occasion required. No woman of fashion could receive any man at her morning toilet without alarming the husband and his friends. If a fine man and fine woman were well enough disposed for a private meeting, the execution of their good intentions was difficult and dangerous. The preliminaries could not be settled by the hazardous expedient of letters, and the only places almost for the conclusion and ratification of the definitive treaty were the Indian houses in the City, where the good woman of the house, from good-nature, and perhaps some little motive of interest, let out her back rooms for the convenience of distressed lovers. But all these difficulties and dangers were in a great measure removed by the arrival of the present Royal Family.

King George I. loved pleasures, and was not delicate in the choice of them."

And yet the Court, unlike those of other famous libertine monarchs, such as Charles II. and Louis XV., was as dull as it was vile. Instance the following from one of Pope's letters:—

I went by water to Hampton Court. . . . Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel took me under their protection, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better—an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was, of all things, the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning; ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks; come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and, what is worse a hundred times, with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; from thence, as Shakespeare has it, to dinner, with what appetite they may, and after that till midnight, work, walk, or think—which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and, as a proof of it I need only tell you, Miss Lepel walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall.

Bad as was the Court of the second George, it was a slight improvement upon that of his father, but still coarse, vicious, hideous enough in all conscience. A society of *roués* and gamblers (male and female), gross sensualists, corrupt politicians, without honour or honesty, political intriguers (male and female), women without delicacy or virtue, vulgar as they were ignorant, avaricious as they were extravagant, staking their own and their husband's honour on the shuffle of a pack of cards—these were the associations into the very vortex of which the young wife was thrown. It is not my purpose to represent her as a rustic innocent, ignorant of the vices of the town, and drawn into them by very simplicity—far from it. I have no doubt that Lady Mary knew pretty well the manners of her time, at least from hearsay—her own father was notorious for libertinism; but, until she was introduced at Court, she had never mingled in this life. Her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments made a great sensation; all the Don Juans were at her feet, lavishing upon her their fulsome and indecent flatteries: among the rest the Prince of Wales, who, however, upon finding her adhere to the king's party, soon discontinued his attentions in high dudgeon.

In 1716 Mr. Montagu was appointed ambassador to Constanti-

noble, and his wife accompanied him. On the way she stayed some little time at Vienna, and is very explicit, but not at all severe, in her letters upon the moral laxity that prevailed there. "A woman," she writes, "looks out for a lover as soon as she is married, as part of her equipage, without which she could not be genteel, and the first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady, in case the gallant should prove inconstant. . . . A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most ; and having no intrigue at all is a disgrace." She adds that the ladies remarked, she "could not possibly have common sense, since she had been in the town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an *amour*."

This journey had the remarkable result of introducing inoculation, until then unknown, into England. Writing from Adrianople she says ;—

The small-pox, so fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox ; they make parties for this purpose, and, when they are met, the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer her with a large needle, and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. . . . There is no example of anyone who has died in it, and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

Upon her return to England, at the end of 1718, she used every means to bring this remedy against the foul, disfiguring disease into practice. Of the opposition she encountered Lady Louisa Stuart, before quoted, gives the following description :—

What an arduous, what a fearful, and, we may add, what a thankless enterprise it was, nobody is now in the least aware. Those who have heard her applauded for it ever since they were born, and have also seen how joyfully vaccination was welcomed in their own days, may naturally conclude that when once the experiment was made, and had proved successful, she could have nothing to do but to sit down triumphant and receive the thanks and blessings of her countrymen. But it was far otherwise. . . . In the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting her patriotic undertaking, and she vowed she would never have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences ; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the

impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hands of Providence ; the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children. And notwithstanding that she had gained many supporters among the higher and more enlightened classes, headed by the Princess of Wales, who stood by her firmly, some even of her acquaintances were weak enough to join in the outcry. . . . The four great physicians deputed by Government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference. But by-and-by everybody came to her begging her advice, and she constantly carried her daughter with her to infected houses to prove her security.

Lady Mary now went to reside at Twickenham, near Pope's Villa, where she was soon surrounded by some of the first literary magnates of the age. This brings us to that most painful incident of her life, her quarrel with Pope. She had made his acquaintance some little time before she left for the East, and kept up a constant correspondence with him during her absence. The little crooked poet had fallen desperately in love with the brilliant beauty, and had written rapturous and even languishing verses¹ upon her perfections; nay more, boldly avowed his passion in his letters in a strain somewhat extraordinary to our present ideas of propriety. But soon after her return a coldness sprang up between them, which gradually advanced to a malignant hatred upon his side, and a scarcely less bitter animosity on hers. The cause of this sudden revulsion of feeling has never been ascertained—beyond conjecture. Her own account of the affair was that at some ill-chosen time he made such outrageous love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment wounded vanity made him her implacable enemy. In two places she contradicts this statement : in one letter she says, "I got a common friend to ask Mr. Pope why he left off visiting;" in another she confesses that *she knew no reason for his bitterness*. It is not by any means improbable that such a scene as that described might have passed between them, and, if so, would have stung the poet to the quick. But other causes combined to produce the ultimate hatred. When first they became acquainted Pope was indifferent to politics, and leaned, perhaps, a little to the Whigs ; but by this time he had gone over entirely to the Tories. The Montagus were uncompromising Whigs, and only those who favoured that party were to be found at their house ; the incongeniality of this society was probably

¹ See his "Miscellanies," and the concluding paragraph of "Abelard and Heloise," in which she is indicated.

the first cause of his estrangement. Jealousy was the next—jealousy of the profligate Duke of Wharton, whose attentions Lady Mary seems to have encouraged; the Duke wrote a satire upon him which she vastly enjoyed, and read to all her acquaintances; she had also ridiculed his epitaph on the two rustic lovers struck by lightning. Lady Mary's wit was as sharp and cruel as even Pope's; it spared neither friend nor foe, and was ever ready to seize upon any moral or physical infirmity to deride, wound, or crush a victim. The poet, both in habits and person, gave ample scope to such a disposition, above all in his passion for her, and it may be safely averred that she did not spare him. Himself the most bitter of satirists, as a natural sequence he was the most acutely sensitive to ridicule.

The war began with the first edition of the *Dunciad*, in which Lady Mary appeared under the sobriquet of Sappho. There was no mistaking the personage meant, as in the days of their friendship he had addressed complimentary verses to her by that name. But the first bitter attack was contained in the Third Epistle of the "*Moral Essays*:"—

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the park
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;¹
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening masque.
 So morning insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

Even these lines were far exceeded by a gross and abominable couplet, too disgusting to be quoted, in the first of the "*Imitations of Horace*." He afterwards denied that these lines were intended for her, but Pope did not scruple to tell a falsehood when driven into a corner.

Another victim of his pen was Lord Hervey, the author of the celebrated "*Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*" But his contemporaries scarcely gave him credit for those powers the fruits of which were reserved for posterity. He was a foppish, effeminate young gentleman, a ladies' dangler, who courted the muses in weak, mawkishly sentimental verses, mere milk-and-water dribblings, such as were in vogue in those days. Aaron Hill describes him as—

Tuneful Alexis on the Thames' fair side,
 The ladies' plaything and the muse's pride.

¹ With all her beauty and fascination, Lady Mary was notoriously untidy and even dirty in her dress.

From his earliest youth he was extremely delicate in health and appearance, a circumstance which his father ascribed to the use "of that detestable and poisonous plant, tea." Scandal gave him to Lady Mary as one of her lovers.¹ Be that as it may, he shared with her the unenviable distinction of figuring in Pope's Satires, where he was ridiculed under the name of "Lord Fanny."

Soon afterwards there appeared a poem entitled "Verses, addressed to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace." This is published among Lady Mary's works, but in one of her letters she says: "Now, I can assure him (Pope) they were wrote (without my knowledge) by a gentleman of very great merit whom I very much esteem, who he will never guess, and who if he did know he durst not attack." This points to Lord Hervey; but it would seem to have been their joint production, although the larger share probably belongs to the gentleman. "The verses" are remarkable only for their extreme malignancy, and their attack upon the personal deformities of the satirist. I subjoin a few lines:—

Thine is just such an image of his pen,²
As thou thyself art to the sons of men;
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkicked, unslain,
That wretched little carcase you retain;
That reason is not that the world wants eyes;
But thou art so mean, they see, and they despise.
As thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Marked on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander like him accursed through the land.

¹ At Lord Hervey's death, a few years after Lady Mary went abroad, his son sealed up and returned all her letters to his father, with an assurance that none of them had been read by him. Her reply was, that she "could almost regret he had not glanced his eye over a correspondence which would have shewn him what so young a man might be inclined to doubt—the possibility of a long and steady friendship between two persons of different sexes without the least mixture of love." It may be very much doubted. A platonic attachment between a young and beautiful woman and a notorious *roué* would be an extraordinary phenomenon in any age, much less in the eighteenth century. No scrap of these letters remain; she destroyed them all.

² Horace's.

Woe to those who entered the lists against Pope!—so poor a composition as this could but bring down a crushing retort upon the writers. The answer was given in the “*Epistle to Arbuthnot*,” in that terrible picture, unsurpassed in the satiric literature of the world, which, while we shudder at its fiendish malignancy, strikes us with admiration by its power and brilliancy. I allude to the character of *Sporus*, under which he typified Lord Hervey, beginning with the lines:—

Let *Sporus* tremble.—What, that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?¹
 Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel,
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? &c.

Lady Mary did not figure in the satire, but Pope unceasingly vilified her in his letters and conversation until she left England in 1739, for a twenty-two years' exile,—we can regard her absence in no other light. She and her husband separated—for ever. They continued to maintain a friendly correspondence; but although he twice visited the Continent, he never went to see her. The cause of her exile and of her separation from Mr. Montagu both remain mysteries that are never likely to be elucidated. She kept a diary, which after her death was jealously guarded by her daughter, Lady Bute, who occasionally read portions of this, and extracts from a large mass of her mother's letters, to favoured persons, but never allowed them to go out of her hands, and ultimately destroyed them. The cause assigned for doing so was that they contained so many scandalous stories against persons still living or only recently dead. On her return from Italy, in 1761, Lady Mary gave into the hands of Mr. Sowden, the English minister at Rotterdam, a number of letters for publication after her death. Upon receiving intelligence of this the Butes seem to have been in great alarm, and solicited him to give up his charge; which he did for, it is said, a consideration of £500. Lady Bute was evidently fearful of something dishonouring to her mother's memory coming to light.

We now come to the question, were the scandalous asseverations of Pope and Horace Walpole—both bitter enemies, let it be remembered—justified by truth, or was she, as most of her biographers are inclined to believe, an innocent and much maligned woman? It

¹ Lord Hervey having experienced some incipient attacks of epilepsy, put himself upon a very strict regimen, of which ass's milk and flour-biscuits formed the principal part. His countenance is said to have been so pallid that he used paint to soften its ghastly appearance. In the portrait of him, however, which still exists, he appears a handsome man. Portrait-painters, however, have been known to flatter.

seems to me that no men would have dared to speak and write of a lady of her position in such gross terms as both Pope and Walpole did, unless they had strong grounds for their scandal. There are no innuendoes, no disguise about the words of either ; they are set forth boldly as assertions known to be true, and not to be contradicted. Although it is not probable that her intimacy with Pope ever exceeded in act the moral boundary, the letters he wrote to her while she was in the East could scarcely have been addressed to a modest woman. Here is a specimen :—

I think I love you as well as King Herod could Herodias (although I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to show my taste in life, as I do in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible. (Here follows a sentence a little too broad for transcription in this place.) . . . You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first sight as to love ; and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. . . . I make you a present of all the good wishes I am capable of forming or feeling for a deserving object ; but mine are indeed so warm that I fear they can proceed from nothing but what I can't very decently own to you, much less to another.

Her apologists answer that such was the strain in which the fine gentlemen of the age were accustomed to address the fine ladies. Truly so ; but what were the fine ladies of the age ? Diogenes' lantern would have been required to find one virtuous woman among them. If Lady Mary was such, she was an exception to the rule ; but the exception should be extended to the style of correspondence she permitted. How coarsely, and even lewdly, she herself could write is proved in the "Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman ;"¹ a composition which a penny street ballad-monger would now blush to own ; and added to its offences against decency is the cruelty of holding up the poor lady, whose notoriety was already sufficiently dreadful, to further ribaldry. Nor does this poem stand alone ; the "Town Eclogues" and others of her fugitive pieces are almost equally gross ; while in her letters she treats the licentious manners of her age with a hardness and levity impossible to one who condemned them. Lady Bute, as we have seen, considered these epistles unfit for publication, and Dr. Young is said to have destroyed all those she wrote him as being too indecent for the public eye. These are facts for which her apologists offer no explanation, and to which they carefully avoid all reference. They urge, however, that all the letters she received

¹ He was convicted at the Old Bailey for an attempt to commit violence upon his mistress.

—even those written by Pope, and in which he usually sends his compliments and remembrances to Mr. Montagu—were endorsed by her husband. Such is certainly the case; but were they endorsed at the time, or did they afterwards fall into his hands? or does therein lie the secret of their separation?

Her whole married life, even from its commencement, is enveloped in mystery. That Mr. Montagu was passionately in love with her none who read his letters can doubt. He is ever urging for a return equal to his own, and the truth of his affection is proved by those glimpses of an ineffectual struggle against it, as though he doubted the compatibility of their tempers, or of lasting happiness resulting from their union, which we find here and there. And yet within three months after their marriage we find the woman he so ardently desired left in solitude, and continually complaining of his absence. And we must remember that Mr. Montagu was no common gallant, likely to cloy immediately on possession, but a man of sense and solid acquirements, and greatly superior to his average contemporaries. We can only conjecture that that incompatibility of disposition he had feared was realised; although upon which side lay the first fault it is impossible to say. Readers of the lady's letters of that period will certainly sympathise with her. Piqued probably by this early neglect, we next find her one of the reigning beauties of a licentious court. The inferences are not difficult to draw. After their return from the Eastern embassy the estrangement continued to widen. More than one, to use the mildest expression, doubtful adventure is ascribed to her. She gambled in South Sea Stock to a great extent, and a Frenchman named Rémond—according to St. Simon, a very worthless kind of fellow—placed in her hands £5,000 to invest in this speculation. When he demanded his money, it was not forthcoming. He threatened, and afterwards sent a letter addressed to Mr. Montagu stating the whole affair; she intercepted the messenger, but was in a great state of terror. In a letter to her sister, Lady Marr, she says: "You may imagine the inevitable, eternal misfortune it would have thrown me into had it been delivered by the person to whom it was entrusted." In the next epistle, however, she places herself in quite a different light: "Did I refuse giving the strictest account, or had I not the clearest demonstration in my hand of the truth with which I acted, there might be some temptation for this baseness, but all he can expect by informing Mr. M—— is to hear him repeat the same things I assert; he will not retrieve one farthing, and I am for ever miserable." Of course, scandal added Rémond to the list of her lovers, but there are no proofs to support such a supposition. Lady

Mary had lost considerably in the "bubble;" probably some of the money so squandered was gained by discreditable means; she feared the truth reaching her husband's ears, as well as the ridicule which was showered upon every victim of that nefarious scheme. Mr. Montagu was methodical and upright in all his dealings, and it has been suggested that some disgraceful money transaction might have been the cause of their ultimate separation. The event created no gossip, no sensation; it seems to have been tacitly yet not formally understood between them, but unknown to the world at the time—a fact which, considering the number of gossips and scandal-mongers there were about, adds another mystery to the many others. From the period of his return from Constantinople Mr. Montagu falls into the background, and appears only here and there in an indirect and unimportant way. Indeed, from the first we fail to obtain any clear view of his character. Throughout the two-and-twenty years, she never breathes one word of complaint against him—a circumstance which tells strongly in his favour; for Lady Mary had gall and wormwood for all who injured her, and was not a person to play the wronged but angelic wife. To the last she writes to him even tenderly and affectionately, for the correspondence of this strange couple was never interrupted. Instance the following passage from a letter addressed to him not long before his death:—

Having had no opportunity of writing by a private hand, I have delayed some time answering your last letter, which touched me more than I am either able or willing to express. I hope your apprehensions of blindness are not confirmed by any fresh symptoms of that terrible misfortune. If I could be of any service to you, on that or any other occasion, I shall think my last remains of life well employed.

A wife who had been banished her husband's hearth for years through no fault of her own would scarcely write thus. The greater portion of those long years was passed in a farm at Lovero, near Venice, where she cultivated silkworms for mercantile purposes. But she occasionally visited Venice and Florence. Writing from the latter place, under date September 25, 1740, Horace Walpole gives the following maliciously-coloured sketch:—

Did I tell you Lady Mary is here? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze anyone that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her great black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side with the remains of . . . partly covered with plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney.

After making all allowance for this as being a portrait drawn by an enemy, enough of truth remains to make it exceedingly painful to those who have contemplated the Lady Mary of Thoresby. Her letters of this period are as vivacious, as clever, as hard, and as satirical as ever; if the worm is gnawing at her heart, she hides her anguish beneath a gay exterior. Only once or twice is a sad note struck, and that only when the end is drawing very close. "A long series of disappointments," she writes to Sir James Stuart in 1761, "have, perhaps, worn out my natural spirits, and given a melancholy cast to my way of thinking. I would not communicate this weakness to any but yourself, who can have compassion." The plaint is only such a gentle one as might be expected from even a happy old age, but the proud, hard, indomitable spirit, that the weight of seventy-two years could not subdue, breaks out in the midst of it.

Mr. Montagu died in 1761, leaving behind an immense fortune, and then, at the desire of her daughter, she returned to England. One more picture, even more terrible than the last, and from the same merciless hand—the date February 2, 1762:—"Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her. I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries,—the ground-work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first, the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second, a dimity petticoat is deputy and officiates for the fourth, and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew *Insanam vatem aspiciēs*. It would have been a stronger prophecy now even than it was then." Her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Montagu, gives us a sketch almost as whimsical, but not so coarsely personal:—

She does not look older than when she went abroad, has more than the vivacity of fifteen, and a memory which is perhaps unique. . . . I was very graciously received by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her *domestick* is made up of all nations, and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander; so that, by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of parliament.

Later on, Horace Walpole wrote to Mann:—"Lady Mary is departing. She brought over a cancer in her breast, which she concealed

till about six weeks ago ; it burst, and there are no hopes for her. She behaves with great fortitude, and says she has lived long enough." Indomitable to the last !

And so the curtain falls upon this Representative Woman of her age ; for, from first to last, it would be difficult to discover a more complete female type of the eighteenth century. Whether we contemplate her at the head of her father's table at Thoresby, or the brilliant Court beauty, or the cynical, censorious, and coarsely-spoken woman of her old age, she is the reflection of her time. Her literary reputation rests solely upon her "Letters." But, unlike those of Sévigné, they can scarcely be regarded as genuine epistles. It was her custom to write down her observations and adventures in a journal, from which she extracted matter for her correspondence. Many of the letters were never sent to the persons to whom they are endorsed. All those she received from celebrated personages were also entered in that book. She was in the habit of giving copies of her compositions in manuscript to her friends. Thus, after her death, more than one version of her letters appeared. After buying up those confided to Sowden, the Butes were astounded to find the greater part of them, with some variations, published a few months afterwards. Included among these are her best—those written from the East. Some of the originals have perished, and some of those given are undoubtedly spurious. These compositions will always amuse and instruct from their sprightliness, and as pictures of manners ; but they are in no way equal to those of Sévigné, whom, strange to say, Lady Mary affected to despise.

H. BARTON BAKER.

A ZULU WAR-DANCE.

IN all that world-wide empire which the spirit of English colonisation has conquered from out of the realms of the distant and unknown, and added year by year to the English dominions, it is doubtful whether there be any one spot of corresponding area, presenting so many large questions—social and political—as the colony of Natal. Wrested some thirty years ago from the patriarchal Boers, and peopled by a few scattered scores of adventurous emigrants, Natal has with hard toil gained for itself a precarious foothold hardly yet to be called an existence. Known chiefly to the outside world as the sudden birthplace of those tremendous polemical missiles which battered so fiercely, some few years ago, against the walls of the English Church, it is now attracting attention to the shape and proportion of that unsolved riddle of the future, the Native Question. In those former days of rude and hand-to-mouth legislation, when the certain evil of the day had to be met and dealt with before the possible evil of the morrow, the seeds of great political trouble were planted in the young colony, seeds whose fruit is fast ripening before our eyes.

When the strong aggressive hand of England has grasped some fresh portion of the earth's surface, there is yet a spirit of justice in her heart and head which prompts the question, among the first of such demands, as to how best and most fairly to deal by the natives of the newly-acquired land. In earlier times, when steam was not, and telegraphs and special correspondents were equally unknown agencies for getting at the truth of things, this question was more easily answered across a width of dividing ocean or continent. Then distant action might be prompt and sharp on emergency, and no one would be the wiser. But of late years, owing to these results of civilisation, harsh measures have, by the mere pressure of public opinion, and without consideration of their necessity in the eyes of the colonists, been set aside as impracticable and inhuman. In the case of Natal, most of the early questions of possession and right were settled, sword in hand, by the pioneer Dutch, who, after a space of terrible warfare, drove back the Zulus over the Tugela, and finally

took possession of the land. But they did not hold it long. The same hateful invading Englishman, with his new ideas and his higher forms of civilisation, who had caused them to quit the "Old Colony," the land of their birth, came and drove them, *vi et armis*, from the land of their adoption. And it was not long before these same English became lords of this red African soil, from the coast up to the Drakensberg. Still there were difficulties; for although the new-comers might be lords of the soil, there remained yet a remnant, and a very troublesome remnant, of its original and natural masters: shattered fragments of the Zulu power in Natal, men who had once swept over the country in the army of Chaka the Terrible, Chaka of the Short Spear, but who had remained behind in the fair new land, when Chaka's raids had been checked by the white man and his deadly weapons. Remnants, too, of conquered aboriginal tribes, who had found even Chaka's rule easier than that of their own chieftains, swelled the amount to a total of some 100,000 souls.

One of the first acts of the English Government when it took up the reins was to allot to each of these constituent fragments a large portion of land. This might perhaps have been short-sighted legislation, but it arose from the necessity of the moment. According to even the then received ideas of colonisation and its duties, it was hardly possible—danger apart—to drive all the natives over the frontier, so they were allowed to stay and share the rights and privileges of British subjects. But the evil did not stop there. Ere long some political refugees, defeated in battle, fled before the avenging hand of the conqueror, and craved place and protection from the Government of Natal. It was granted; and the principle once established, body after body of men poured in: for, in stepping over the boundary line, they left the regions of ruin and terrible death, and entered those of peace, security, and plenty.

Thus it is that the native population of Natal, fed from within and without, has in thirty years more than quadrupled its numbers. Secluded from the outside world in his location, the native has lived in peace and watched his cattle grow upon a thousand hills. His wealth has become great and his wives many. He no longer dreads swift "death by order of the king," or by word of the witch-doctor. No "impi," or native regiment, can now sweep down on him and "eat him up," that is, carry off his cattle, put his kraal to the flames, and himself, his people, his wives, and children to the assegai. For the first time in the story of the great Kafir race, he can, when he rises in the morning, be sure that he will not sleep that night, stiff, in a

bloody grave. He has tasted the blessings of peace and security, and what is the consequence? He has increased and multiplied until his numbers are as grains of sand on the sea-shore. Overlapping the borders of his location, he squats on private lands, he advances like a great tidal wave, he cries aloud for room, more room. This is the trouble which stares us in the face, looming larger and more distinct year by year; the great ever-growing problem which thoughtful men fear must one day find a sudden and violent solution. Thus it comes to pass that there hangs low on the horizon of South Africa the dark cloud of the Native Question. How and when it will burst no man can pretend to say, but some time and in some way burst it must, unless means of dispersing it can be found.

There is now at work among the Kafir population the same motive power which has raised in turn all white nations, and, having built them up to a certain height has then set to work to sap them until they have fallen—the power of civilisation. Hand in hand the missionary and the trader have penetrated the locations. The efforts of the teacher have met with but a partial success. "A Christian may be a good man in his way, but he is a Zulu spoiled," said Cetywayo, King of the Zulus, when arguing the question of Christianity with the Secretary for Native Affairs; and such is, not altogether wrongly, the general feelings of the natives. With the traders it has been different. Some have dealt honestly—and more, it is to be feared, dishonestly—not only with those with whom they have had dealings, but with their fellow-subjects and their Government. It is these men chiefly who have, in defiance of the law, supplied the natives with those two great modern elements of danger and destruction, the gin-bottle and the rifle. The first is as yet injurious only to the recipients, but it will surely re-act on those who have taught them its use; the danger of possessing the rifle may come home to us any day and at any moment.

Civilisation, it would seem, when applied to black races, produces effects diametrically opposite to those we are accustomed to observe in white nations: it debases before it can elevate; and as regards the Kafirs it is doubtful, and remains to be proved, whether it has much power to elevate them at all. Take the average Zulu warrior, and it will be found that, in his natural state, his vices are largely counterbalanced by his good qualities. In times of peace he is a simple, pastoral man, leading a good-humoured easy life with his wives and his cattle, perfectly indolent and perfectly happy. He is a kind husband and a kinder father, he never disowns his poor relations, his hospitality is extended alike to white and

black, he is open in his dealings and faithful to his word, and his honesty is a proverb in the land. True, if war breaks out and the thirst for slaughter comes upon him, he turns into a different man. When the fierce savage spirit is once aroused, blood alone will cool it. But even then he has virtues. If he is cruel, he is brave in the battle ; if he is reckless of the lives of others, he regards not his own ; and when death comes, he meets it without fear, and goes to the spirits of his fathers boldly, as a warrior should. And now reverse the picture and see him in the dawning light of that civilisation which by intellect and by nature he is some five centuries behind. See him, ignoring its hidden virtues, eagerly seize and graft its most prominent vices on to his own besetting sins. Behold him by degrees adding cunning to his cruelty, avarice to his love of possession, replacing his bravery by coarse bombast and insolence, and his truth by lies. Behold him inflaming all his passions with the maddening drink of the white man, and then follow him through many degrees of degradation until he falls into crime and ends in a gaol. Such are, in only too many instances, the consequences of this partial civilisation, and they are not even counterbalanced, except in individual cases, by the attempt to learn the truths of a creed which he cannot, does not, pretend to understand. And if this be the result in the comparatively few individuals who have been brought under these influences, it may be fair to argue that it will differ only in degree, not in kind, when the same influences are brought to bear on the same material in corresponding proportions. Whatever may or may not be the effects of our partial civilisation when imperfectly and spasmodically applied to the vast native population of South Africa, one thing must, in course of time, result from it. The old customs, the old forms, the old feelings, must each in turn die away. The outer expression of these will die first, and it will not be long before the very memory of them will fade out of the barbaric heart. The rifle must replace, and, indeed, actually has replaced, the assegai and the shield, and portions of the cast-off uniforms of all the armies of Europe are to be seen where until lately the bronze-like form of the Kafir warrior went naked as on the day he was born. But so long as native customs and ceremonies still linger in some of the more distant locations, so long will they exercise a certain attraction for dwellers amid tamer scenes. It is therefore from a belief in the magnetism of contrast that the highly-civilised reader is invited to come to where he can still meet the barbarian face to face and witness that wild ceremony, half jest, half grim earnest—a Zulu war-dance.

It was the good fortune of the writer of this paper to find himself,
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early in the past year, travelling through the up-country districts of Natal, in the company of certain high officials of the English Government. The journey dragged slowly enough by waggon, and some monotonous weeks had passed before we pitched our camp, one drizzling gusty night, on a high plateau surrounded by still loftier hills. A wild and dismal place it looked in the growing dusk of an autumn evening, nor was it more suggestively cheerful when we rode away from it next morning in the sunshine, leaving the waggons to follow slowly. Our faces were set towards a great mountain, towering high above its fellows, called Pagadi's Kop—Pagadi being a powerful chief who had fled from the Zulus in the early days of the colony, and had ever since dwelt loyally and peacefully here in this wild place, beneath the protection of the Crown. Messengers had been duly sent to inform him that he was to receive the honour of a visit, for your true savage never likes to be taken by surprise. Other swift-footed runners had come back with the present of a goat, and the respectful answer, so Oriental in its phraseology, that "Pagadi was old, he was infirm, yet he would arise and come to greet his lords." Every mile or so of our slow progress a fresh messenger would spring up before us suddenly, as though he had started out of the earth at our feet, and prefixing his greeting with the royal salute, given with up-raised right arm, 'Bayête, Bayête!'—a salutation only accorded to Zulu royalty, to the Governors of the different provinces, and to Sir T. Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs—he would deliver his message or his news and fall into the rear. Presently came one, saying, "Pagadi is very old and weak; Pagadi is weary; let his lords forgive him if he meet them not this day. To-morrow, when the sun is high, he will come to their place of encampment and greet his lords and hold festival before them. But let his lords, the white lords of all the land from the Great Mountains to the Black Water, go on up to his kraal, and let them take the biggest hut and drink of the strongest beer. There his son, the chief that is to be, and all his wives, shall greet them; let his lords be honoured by Pagadi, through them." An acknowledgment was sent, and we still rode on, beginning the ascent of the formidable stronghold, on the flat top of which was placed the chief's kraal. A hard and stiff climb it was, up a bridle path with far more resemblance to a staircase than a road. But if the road was bad, the scenery and the vegetation were wild and beautiful in the extreme. Now we came to a deep "kloof" or cleft in the steep mountain side, at the bottom of which, half hidden by the masses of ferns and rich rank greenery, trickled a little stream; now to an open space of rough ground, covered only with huge, weather-washed boulders. A little further on lay

a Kafir mealie-garden, where the tall green stalks were fairly bent to the ground by the weight of the corn-laden heads, and beyond that, again, a park-like slope of grassy veldt. And ever, when we looked behind us, the vast undulating plain over which we had come, stretched away in its mysterious sunlit silence, till it blended at length with the soft blue horizon.

At last, after much hard and steady climbing, we reached the top and stood upon a perfectly level space ten or twelve acres in extent, exactly in the centre of which was placed the chief's kraal. Before we dismounted we rode to the extreme western edge of the plateau, to look at one of the most perfectly lovely views it is possible to imagine. It was like coming face to face with great primeval Nature, not Nature as we civilised people know her, smiling in corn-fields, waving in well-ordered woods, but Nature as she was on the morrow of the Creation. There, to our left, cold and grey and grand, rose the great peak, flinging its dark shadow far beyond its base. Two thousand feet and more beneath us lay the valley of the Mooi river, with the broad tranquil stream flashing silver through its midst. Over against us rose another range of towering hills, with sudden openings in their blue depths through which could be seen the splendid distances of a champaign country. Immediately at our feet, and seeming to girdle the great gaunt peak, lay a deep valley, through which the Little Bushman's River forced its shining way. All around rose the great bush-clad hills, so green, so bright in the glorious streaming sunlight, and yet so awfully devoid of life, so solemnly silent. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten, this wide panoramic out-look, with its towering hills, its smiling valleys, its flashing streams, its all-pervading sunlight, and its deep sad silence. But it was not always so lifeless and so still. Some few years ago those hills, those plains, those rivers were teeming each with their various creatures. But a short time since, and standing here at eventide, the traveller could have seen herds of elephants cooling themselves yonder after their day's travel, whilst the black-headed white-tusked sea-cow rose and plunged in the pool below. That bush-clad hill was the favourite haunt of droves of buffaloes and elands, and on that plain swarmed thousands upon thousands of springbok and of quagga, of hartebeest and of oribi. All alien life must cease before the white man, and so these wild denizens of forest, stream, and plain have passed away never to return.

Turning at length from the contemplation of a scene so new and so surprising, we entered the stockade of the kraal. These

kraals consist of a stout outer palisade, and then, at some distance from the first, a second enclosure, between which the cattle are driven at night, or in case of danger. At the outer entrance we were met by the chief's eldest son, a finely-built man, who greeted us with much respect and conducted us through rows of huts to the dwelling-places of the chief's family, fenced off from the rest by a hedge of Tambouki grass. In the centre of these stood Pagadi's hut, which was larger and more finely woven and thatched than the rest. It is impossible to describe these huts better than by saying that they resemble enormous straw beehives of the old-fashioned pattern. In front of the hut were grouped a dozen or so of women clad in that airiest of costumes, a string of beads. They were Pagadi's wives, and ranged from the first shrivelled-up wife of his youth to the plump young damsel bought last month. The spokeswoman of the party, however, was not one of the wives, but a daughter of Pagadi's, a handsome girl, tall, and splendidly formed, with a finely-cut face. This prepossessing young lady entreated her lords to enter, which they did, in a very unlordly way, on their hands and knees. So soon as the eye became accustomed to the cool darkness of the hut, it was sufficiently interesting to notice the rude attempts at comfort with which it was set forth. The flooring, of a mixture of clay and cow-dung, looked exactly like black marble, so smooth and polished had it been made, and on its shining, level surface couches of buckskin and gay blankets were spread in an orderly fashion. Some little three-legged wooden sleeping-pillows and a few cooking-pots made up its sole furniture besides. In one corner rested a bundle of assegais and war-shields, and opposite the door were ranged several large calabashes full of "twala" or native beer. The chief's son and all the women followed us into the hut. The ladies sat themselves down demurely in a double row opposite to us, but the young chieftain crouched in a distant corner apart and played with his assegais. We partook of the beer and exchanged compliments, almost Oriental in their dignified courtesy, in the soft and liquid Zulu language, but not for long, for we had still far to ride. The stars were shining in southern glory before we reached the place of our night's encampment, and supper and bed were even more than usually welcome. There is a pleasure in the canvas-sheltered meal, in the after-pipe and evening talk of the things of the day that has been and those of the day to come, here, amid these wild surroundings, which is unfelt and unknown in scenes of greater comfort and higher civilisation. There is a sense of freshness and freedom in the wind-swept waggon-bed that is not to be exchanged for the softest

couch in the most luxurious chamber. And when at length the morning comes, sweet in the scent of flowers, and glad in the voice of birds, it finds us ready to greet it, not hiding it from us with canopy and blind, as is the way of cities.

The scene of the coming spectacle of this bright new day lies spread before us, and certainly no spot could have been better chosen for dramatic effect. In front of the waggon is a large, flat, open space, backed by bold rising ground with jutting crags and dotted clumps of luxuriant vegetation. All around spreads the dense thorn-bush, allowing but of one way of approach, from the left. During the morning we could hear snatches of distant chants growing louder and louder as time wore on, and could catch glimpses of wild figures threading the thorns, warriors hastening to the meeting-place. All through the past night the farmers for miles around had been aroused by the loud insistent cries of the chief's messengers as they flitted far and wide, stopping but a moment wherever one of their tribe sojourned, and bidding him come and bring plume and shield, for Pagadi had need of him. This day, we may be sure, the herds are left untended, the mealie-heads ungathered, for the herdsmen and the reapers have come hither to answer to the summons of their chief. Little reck they whether it be for festival or war; he needs them and has called them, and that is enough. Higher and higher rose the fitful distant chant, but no one could be seen. Suddenly there stood before us a creature, a woman, who, save for the colour of her skin, might have been the original of any one of Macbeth's "weird sisters." Little, withered, and bent nearly double by age, her activity was yet past comprehension. Clad in a strange jumble of snake-skins, feathers, furs, and bones, a forked wand in her outstretched hand, she rushed to and fro before the little group of white men. Her eyes gleamed like those of a hawk through her matted hair, and the genuineness of her frantic excitement was evident by the quivering flesh and working face, and the wild, spasmodic words she spoke. The spirit at least of her rapid utterances may thus be rendered:—

"Ou, ou, ou, ai, ai, ai. Oh, ye warriors that shall dance before the great ones of the earth, come! Oh, ye dyers of spears, ye plumed suckers of blood, come! I, the Isauusi, I, the witch-finder, I, the wise woman, I, the seer of strange sights, I, the reader of dark thoughts, call ye! Come, ye fierce ones; come, ye brave ones, come, and do honour to the white lords! Ah, I hear ye! Ah, I smell ye! Ah, I see ye; ye come, ye come!"

Hardly had her invocation trailed off into the "Ou, ou, ou, ai, ai,

ai," with which it had opened, when there rushed over the edge of the hill, hard by, another figure scarcely less wild, but not so repulsive in appearance. This last was a finely-built warrior arrayed in the full panoply of savage war. With his right hand he grasped his spears, and on his left hung his large black ox-hide shield, lined on its inner side with spare assegais. From the "man's" ring round his head arose a single tall grey plume, robbed from the Kafir crane. His broad shoulders were bare, and beneath the arm-pits was fastened a short garment of strips of skin, intermixed with ox-tails of different colours. From his waist hung a rude kilt made chiefly of goat's hair, whilst round the calf of the right leg was fixed a short fringe of black ox-tails. As he stood before us with lifted weapon and outstretched shield, his plume bending to the breeze, and his savage aspect made more savage still by the graceful, statuesque pose, the dilated eye and warlike mould of the set features, as he stood there, an emblem and a type of the times and the things which are passing away, his feet resting on ground which he held on sufferance, and his hands grasping weapons impotent as a child's toy against those of the white man,—he who was the rightful lord of all,—what reflections did he not induce, what a moral did he not teach !

The warrior left us little time, however, for either reflections or deductions, for, striking his shield with his assegai, he rapidly poured forth this salutation:—

"Bayête, Bayêtê, O chief from the olden times, O lords and chief of chiefs ! Pagadi, the son of Masingorano, the great chief, the leader of brave ones, the son of Ulubako, greets you. Pagadi is humble before you ; he comes with warrior and with shield, but he comes to lay them at your feet. O father of chiefs, son of the great Queen over the water, is it permitted that Pagad' approach you ? Ou, I see it is, your face is pleasant ; Bayête, Bayêtê !"

He ends, and, saluting again, springs forward, and, flying hither and thither, chants the praises of his chief. "Pagadi," he says, "Pagad', chief and father of the Amocuna, is coming. Pagad', the brave in battle, the wise in council, the slayer of warriors ; Pagad' who slew the tiger in the night time ; Pagadi, the rich in cattle, the husband of many wives, the father of many children. Pagad' is coming, but not alone ; he comes surrounded with his children, his warriors. He comes like a king at the head of his brave children. Pagad' 's soldiers are coming ; his soldiers who know well how to fight ; his soldiers and his captains who make the hearts of brave men to sink down ; his shakers of spears ; his quaffers of blood. Pagad' and his soldiers are coming ; tremble all ye, ou, ou, ou !"

As the last words die on his lips the air is filled with a deep, murmuring sound like distant thunder; it swells and rolls, and finally passes away to give place to the sound of the rushing of many feet. Over the brow of the hill dashes a compact body of warriors running swiftly in lines of four with their captain at their head, all clad in the same wild garb as the herald. Each bears a snow-white shield carried on the slant, and above each warrior's head rises a grey heron's plume. These are the advance-guard formed of the "greys" or veteran troops. As they come into full view the shields heave and fall, and then from every throat out bursts the war-song of the Zulus. Passing us swiftly, they take up their position in a double line on our right, and stand there solemnly chanting all the while. Another rush of feet, and another company flits over the hill towards us, but they bear coal-black shields, and the drooping plumes are black as night; they fall into position next the first comers and take up the chant. Now they come faster and faster, but all through the same gap in the bush. The red shields, the dun shields, the mottled shields, the yellow shields, follow each other in quick but regular succession, till at length there stands before us a body of some 500 men, presenting, in their savage dress, their various shields and flashing spears, as wild a spectacle as it is possible to conceive.

But it is not our eyes only that are astonished, for from each of those five hundred throats there swells a chant never to be forgotten. From company to company it passes, that wild, characteristic song, so touching in its simple grandeur, so expressive in its deep, pathetic volume. The white men who listened had heard the song of choirs ringing down resounding aisles, they had been thrilled by the roll of oratorios pealing in melody, beautiful and complex, through the grandest of man's theatres, but never till now had they heard music of voices so weird, so soft and yet so savage, so simple and yet so all-expressive of the fiercest passions known to the human heart. Hark! now it dies; lower and lower it sinks, it grows faint, despairing: "Why does he not come, our chief, our lord? why does he not welcome his singers? Ah! see, they come, the heralds of our lord! our chief is coming to cheer his praisers, our chief is coming to lead his warriors." Again it rises and swells louder and louder, a song of victory and triumph. It rolls against the mountains, it beats against the ground: "He is coming, he is here, attended by his chosen. Now shall we go forth to slay; now shall we taste of the battle." Higher yet and higher, till at length the chief, Pagadi, swathed in war-garments of splendid furs, preceded by runners and accompanied by picked warriors, creeps slowly up. He is old and tottering, and of an un-

wieldy bulk. Two attendants support him, whilst a third bears his shield, and a fourth (oh bathos!) a cane-bottomed chair. One moment the old man stands and surveys his warriors and listens to the familiar war-cry. As he stands, his face is lit with the light of battle, the light of remembered days. The tottering figure straightens itself, the feeble hand becomes strong once more. With a shout, the old man shakes off his supporters and grasps his shield, and then, forgetting his years and his weakness, he rushes to his chieftain's place in the midst of his men. And as he comes the chant grows yet louder, the time yet faster, till it rises, and rings, and rolls, no longer a chant, but a war-cry, a pæan of power. Pagadi stops and raises his hand, and the place is filled with a silence that may be felt. But not for long. The next moment five hundred shields are tossed aloft, five hundred spears flash in the sunshine, and with a sudden roar, forth springs the royal salute, "Bayētē!"

The chief draws back and gives directions to his *indunas*, his thinkers, his wise ones, men distinguished from their fellows by the absence of shield and plume; the *indunas* pass on the orders to the captains, and at once the so-called dance begins. First they manœuvre a little in absolute silence, and changing their position with wonderful precision and rapidity; but as their blood warms there comes a sound as of the hissing of ten thousand snakes, and they charge and charge again. A pause, and the company of "greys" on our right, throwing itself into open order, flits past us like so many vultures to precipitate itself with a wild, whistling cry on an opposing body which rushed to meet it. They join issue, they grapple; on them swoops another company, then another and another, until nothing is to be distinguished except a mass of wild faces heaving; of changing forms rolling and writhing, twisting and turning, and, to all appearance, killing and being killed, whilst the whole air is pervaded with a shrill, savage sibillation. It is not always the same cry; now it is the snorting of a troop of buffaloes, now the shriek of the eagle as he seizes his prey, anon the terrible cry of the "night-prowler," the lion, and now—more thrilling than all—the piercing wail of a woman. But whatever the cry, the cadence rises and falls in perfect time and unanimity; no two mix with one another so as to mar the effect of each.

Again the combatants draw back and pause, and then, forth from the ranks springs a chosen warrior, and hurls himself on an imaginary foe. He darts hither and thither with wild activity, he bounds five feet into the air like a panther, he twists through the grass like a snake, and, finally, making a tremendous effort, he seems to slay his airy opponent, and sinks exhausted to the ground. The on-

lookers mark their approval or disapproval of the dancer's feats by the rising and falling of the strange whistling noise, which, without the slightest apparent movement of face or lip, issues from each mouth. Warrior after warrior comes forth in turn from the ranks and does battle with his invisible foe, and receives his meed of applause. The last warrior to spring forward with a wild yell is the future chief, Pagadi's son and successor, our friend of yesterday. He stands, his shield in one hand and his lifted battle-axe—borne by him alone—in the other, looking proudly around, and rattling his lion-claw necklets, whilst from every side bursts forth a storm of sibilating applause, not from the soldiers only, but from the old men, women and children. Through all his fierce pantomimic dance, it continues, and when he has ended it redoubles, then dies away, but only to burst out again and again, with unquenchable enthusiasm.

In order, probably, to give the warriors a brief breathing space, another song is now set up, and it is marvellous the accuracy and knowledge of melody with which the parts are sung, like a glee or catch, the time being kept by a conductor, who rushes from rank to rank beating time with a wand. Yet it is hardly like chanting, rather like a weird, sobbing melody, with tones in it which range from the deepest bass to the shrillest treble. It ends in a long sigh, and then follows a scene, a tumult, a *mêlée*, which hardly admits of a description in words. The warriors engage in mimic combat, once more they charge, retreat, conquer, and are defeated, all in turns. In front of them, exciting them to new exertions, with word and gesture, undulate in a graceful dance of their own the "*intombas*," the young beauties of the tribe, with green branches in their hands, and all their store of savage finery glittering on their shapely limbs. Some of these maidens are really handsome, and round them again dance the children, armed with mimic spears and shields. Wild as seems the confusion, through it all, even in the moments of highest excitement, some sort of rough order is maintained; more, it would seem, by mutual sounds than by word of command or sense of discipline.

Even a Zulu warrior must, sooner or later, grow weary, and at length the signal is given for the dance to end. The companies are drawn up in order again, and receive the praise and thanks of those in whose honour they had been called together. To these compliments they reply in a novel and imposing fashion. At a given signal each man begins to softly tap his ox-hide shield with the handle of his spear, producing a sound somewhat resembling the murmur of the distant sea. By slow degrees it grows louder and louder, till at length it rolls and re-echoes from the hills like thunder, and comes to its

conclusion with a fierce, quick rattle. This is the royal war-salute of the Zulus, and is but rarely to be heard. One more sonorous salute with voice and hand, and then the warriors disappear as they came, dropping swiftly and silently over the brow of the hill in companies. In a few moments no sign or vestige of dance or dancers remained, save, before our eyes, the well-trodden ground, a few lingering girls laden with large calabashes of beer, and in our ears some distant dying snatches of chants. The singers were on their joyful way to slay and devour the oxen provided as a stimulus and reward for them by their chief's liberality.

When the last dusky figure had topped the rising ground over which the homeward path lay, and had stood out for an instant against the flaming background of the westering sun, and then dropped, as it were, back into its native darkness beyond those gates of fire, the old chief drew near. He had divested himself of his heavy war-dress, and sat down amicably amongst us.

"Ah," he said, taking the hand of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and addressing him by his native name, "Ah! t'Sompseu, t'Sompseu, the seasons are many since first I held this your hand. Then we two were young, and life lay bright before us, and now you have grown great, and are growing grey, and I have grown very old! I have eaten the corn of my time, till only the cob is left for me to suck, and, *ow*, it is bitter. But it is well that I should grasp this your hand once more, oh, holder of the Spirit of Chaka¹ before I sit down and sleep with my fathers. *Ow*, I am glad."

Imposing as was this old-time war-dance, it is not difficult to imagine the heights to which its savage grandeur must swell when it is held—as is the custom at each new year—at the kraal of Cetuywayo, King of the Zulus. Then 30,000 warriors take part in it, and a tragic interest is added to the fierce spectacle by the slaughter of many men. It is, in fact, a great political opportunity for getting rid of the "irreconcilable" element from council and field. Then, in the moment of wildest enthusiasm, the witch-finder darts forward and lightly touches with a switch some doomed man, sitting, it may be, quietly among the spectators, or capering with his fellow soldiers. Instantly he is led away, and his place knows him no more.

Throughout the whole performance there was one remarkable and genuine feature, the strong personal attachment of each member of the tribe to its chief—not only to the fine old chief, Pagadi, their

¹ The reader must bear in mind that the Zulu warrior is buried sitting and in full war-dress. Chaka, or T'Shaka, was the founder of the Zulu power, and his spirit is supposed to have passed into the white chief.

leader in former years, but to the head and leader of the years to come.

It must be remembered that this system of chieftainship and its attendant law is, to all the social bearings of South African native life, what the tree is to its branches; it has grown through long, long ages amid a people slow to forget old traditions, and equally slow to receive new ideas; dependent on it are all the native's customs, all his keen ideas of right and justice; in it lies embodied his history of the past, and from it springs his hope for the future. Surely even the most uncompromising of those marching under the banner of civilisation must hesitate before they condemn this deep-rooted system to instant uprootal. The various influences of the white man have eaten into the native system as rust into iron, and their action will never cease till all be destroyed. The bulwarks of barbarism, its minor customs and minor laws, are gone, or exist only in name; but its two great principles, polygamy and chieftainship, yet flourish and are strong. Time will undo his work and find for these also a place among forgotten things. And it is the undoubted duty of us English, who absorb peoples and territories in the high name of civilisation, to be true to our principles and our aim, and aid the great destroyer by any and every safe and justifiable means. But between the legitimate means and the rash, miscalculating uprootal of customs and principles, which are not the less venerable and good in their way because they do not accord with our own present ideas, there is a great gulf fixed. Such an uprootal might precipitate an outburst of the very evils it aims at destroying.

What the ultimate effect of our policy will be, when the leaven has leavened the whole, when the floodgates are lifted, and this vast native population (which, contrary to all ordinary precedent, does *not* melt away before the sun of the white man's power) is let loose in its indolent thousands, unrestrained, save by the bonds of civilised law, who can presume to say? But this is not for present consideration. Subject to due precautions, the path of progress must of necessity be followed, and the results of such following left in the balancing hands of Fate and the future.

H. R. H.

A DREAM OF SAPPHO.

AT that uncertain and mysterious hour
When night's dark ocean flings its last dim wave
Upon the roseate shores of happy dawn,
Methought I saw a shadow pacing slow
Between me and the swiftly fading stars.
It bore the shape of woman in her prime,
And all the rounded delicate outlines shone
Clear through a vaporous veil of drifting cloud.
Long did I watch it, in a secret awe,
As with a solemn and majestic step
It glided on its melancholy way.
The cold white moon, upon the edge of heaven,
Lay with upturned and wistful countenance,
Paling before the faintly flushing East ;
While that transcendent singer, Philomel,
Swung on a quivering aspen-branch, and sang
Once more her pleading, passionate song of love,
Till, having poured her heart upon the air,
She ended with a long-drawn, farewell note,
And fled away amid the distant woods.

Now gazing, I beheld that woman-shape
Pause in her restless journey to and fro,
And, raising up a white transparent hand,
She plucked away the veil that draped her form,
And faced me in unearthly loveliness !
Upon her lofty brow a laurel wreath
Twined with the tresses of her golden hair,
Which fell in curling locks and twisted braids
Down o'er her bosom to her small bare feet,
That peeped, like snowflakes, from beneath her robe
Sable in hue, and bound about her waist
With a broad circlet of flame-flashing stars.

She seemed a child of mingled grief and joy ;
A cherished sorrow, like a fragile flower,
Grew 'neath her deep-fringed eyelids, and was kept
Watered by bitter, yet triumphant tears !
Amid the silence, her entrancing voice
Broke on my spirit like a sudden song ;
The moon delayed departure while she spoke,
And all the wondering universe was hushed
To listen to the secrets of her soul.
“ Hear, O thou Earth ! ” she cried, in accents deep,
“ Hear, O thou wretched, yet most happy world !
Thou tiny habitation of mankind,
Whereon I, living, loved, and, loving, died !
Though I am set at liberty to roam
Through all the wide, imperishable spheres,
Learning the endless mysteries of God,
My spirit clings to thee, and visits still
The little star whereon I found great joy,
Yet suffered sorrow, even unto death !
But O my Lesbian home ! my native land,
From whose green boughs I plucked the wreath of Fame,
Hast thou forgot thy Sappho, and her songs ?
Yea, I am Sappho ! Heaven's immortal fire
Burned on my lips, and flamed in eloquent words
Through all wide Hellas, like the lightning spears
Which pierce the jet-black garments of a storm !
For me my people twined the laurel crown,
And bore me in the high triumphal car,
Strewing young roses 'neath my horses' hoofs.
In Athens on my entry I was hailed
With clamorous plaudits from ten thousand throats,
While round me pressed the shouting multitude
Eager to catch the faintest ray that fell
From out th' inspired glory of mine eyes !

“ Ah, I remember ! ’Twas on such a day
I leaning from my chariot seat beheld
A youth who wore the likeness of a god ;
His clustering dark-brown locks were newly decked
With fragrant violets—(O thrice happy flowers !
How proud ye must have been to perish there !)

His eyes were large and luminous as stars ;
And as I slowly passed in pompous state,
Their glances fired my brain, my heart, my soul
With passionate love that liveth in me still !

" Too soon I learned the name of him I loved.
"Twas cold, impervious Phaon ! he who cared
For nothing save his own too beauteous 'self.
Yet knowing this, I bade him to my halls,
And welcomed him as queen might welcome king.
I spread rich feasts, and with my own fair hand
Filled up his goblet with the rarest wines,
Pledging his health in song. The while my slaves
Swung perfumed censers round the vaulted room,
And spread fresh myrtle-branches 'neath his feet,
Divinest music breathed voluptuous strains
Swooning in distant echoes on his ears.

" One eve, as he reclined in languid grace,
Listlessly leaning back, his waving curls
Kissing the purple velvet of his couch,
I, watching him, felt all my pent-up thought
Surge in big waves through my tumultuous soul.
The blood rushed quicker in my burning veins :
The time had come when I *must* speak or die !
Trembling, I knelt beside him, and his arm,
Supple and white, fell careless round my waist,
While in sheer lack of thought he pressed his lips
Lightly upon my hot and throbbing brow.
My bosom panted like a frightened bird
Beneath its heavy weight of secret love ;
So hiding my warm blushes in his breast,
I whispered ' Phaon ! ' fearing yet in hope,
' Phaon, I love thee more than fame or life ;
Give me thy heart, as I have giv'n thee mine !'

" Scarce had I spoken when he leaped erect,
Contempt and mockery curling round his mouth.
With one strong hand he took me by the chin,
And laughing in my face with cruel glee,
Said, ' And is this the Sappho of the Greeks
Who kneeling sues to Phaon for his love ?



A Dream of Sappho.

111

Thou humble Sappho ! know that Liberty
Hath greater charm for Phaon than thyself !
Go ! tell the Greeks thy sorrow, and my scorn !'
Whereat he gathered up his silken robes
And suddenly departed from my sight,
Never to see me on the earth again !

" Never again, for when the crescent moon
Lifted her silver horn above the sea,
I stole unseen from out my palace gates ;
Intolerable shame and black despair
Lay heavy on my crushed and bleeding heart.
I glided softly down the marble steps,
Between the ranks of peaceful slumbering slaves,
And hied me with a swift unfaltering foot,
Straight to the lonely, grim Leucadian rock ;
There did I pause a moment. All was still !
Before me lay the ocean, darkly blue
And lovely in its calm, intense repose—
The heavens were all ablaze with throbbing stars
That to my 'wildered mind seemed scornful eyes
Mocking, like Phaon, my great agony.
As I stood gazing o'er the tranquil main
I heard a solemn singing in its depths,
Whereof I could distinguish but three words—
' *Phaon despiseth Sappho !* ' these were all ;
Yet these alone did drive me raving mad !
I, Sappho, *spurned !* My brain grew light as air,
Frenzy embraced me : I unbound my locks
And let them stream upon the wanton wind :
I loosed my robes, and with uncertain feet
Danced on the brink of Death ! I neared the edge
Of the o'erhanging crag, and as I came
Close to Destruction, with excess of joy
I laughed aloud, while Echo laughed again,
Sending wild peals among the startled rocks :—
' Phaon ! ' I cried, ' 'tis *thou* shalt tell the Greeks
That Sappho's dead, and thou hast murdered her ! '
With that I leaped into the welcoming waves,
And like a flash of light my prisoned soul
Burst from its earthly mansion ! I was free !
And, poising in mid-air, I watched the world.

"I saw my body cast upon the shore,
And frightened fishermen did quake to meet
The ghastly staring of its vacant eyes—
They raised the dripping heavy locks of hair,
Crying aloud, 'Tis Sappho! Sappho's dead!
Through Hellas flew the words; my senseless clay
Was borne to Athens with a solemn pomp
'Mid weeping thousands! Little did they deem
I followed in the mournful funeral train!
When they had sealed mine ashes in the urn,
And all the crowd had scattered to their homes,
Phaon, the scorner, came to see my tomb,
And Phaon wept! O unforgotten tears!
O precious drops of balm! he wept for *me*!
Anon he whispered 'Sweet, why didst thou die?
Come back and I will give thee love for love!
Through my new being rushed a flood of joy,
For well I knew that in Elysian bowers
Sooner or later our dissevered souls
Should meet and solemnise their bridal-day.
So, bending down, I kissed his sad sweet lips,
And slowly passed into the Unknown Land."
She ceased—and bowing low her queenly head,
She melted in the bosom of a cloud!
The blushing sky announced the rising sun,
And Chanticleer with loud discordant note
Broke up the spell that hung upon the earth.

Scarce did I hear the hum of wakening life
Or feel the morning breezes kiss my cheek;
Heedless of day, I saw the golden beams
Crown the fair forehead of the glowing East:
My soul was dumb with wonderment and awe,
Wrapt up in one amazing, glorious thought
Of the intense Divinity and Strength
And deathless Passion of a Woman's Love!

MINNIE MACKAY.

DISCOVERY OF LAMB'S "POETRY FOR CHILDREN."

WE need not go back to periods of remote antiquity, to the annals of Greece and Rome, to the lost books of Euclid or the lost Decades of Livy; we need not even go back to the great Elizabethan period of our own literature, to find instances of works once published, and more or less familiar to the generation in which they were produced, but of which every trace has disappeared. "Time, the consumer of all things," manages sometimes to do his devouring work very effectually within the limits of half a century. It is only fifty-five years since Shelley was drowned, and yet at least two little volumes of his, indubitably published, advertised, and reviewed in the year 1810, are to all appearance lost to human ken. Two works by Charles Lamb and his sister, published about the same time, have long been supposed to have shared a similar fate.

The unexpected discovery of one of these, under circumstances almost as romantic and extraordinary as those of its disappearance, has led us into the above train of reflection. Nor could the announcement of this discovery be more fittingly made than in the pages of the sole magazine still extant, in whose century and a half of honoured and famous contributors the name of Charles Lamb¹ ranks not as one of the least.

It may safely be affirmed that during the two-and-forty years which have elapsed since the death of Lamb, the interest that encircles everything about him has been yearly on the increase, not on the wane, and has suffered no diminution from the departure, one after another, of most of those who knew him intimately in the flesh. And since the death of Mary Lamb the full revelation, till then withheld, of all the heroic self-sacrifice of that tender and subtle nature, has given to Charles Lamb's personality a charm, surrounded his memory with a halo, and won for him a kind of affec-

¹ It was in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1813), vol. lxxxiii. part i. pp. 540-542, 617-622, that Lamb's paper "On Christ's Hospital and the Character of the Christ's Hospital Boys" first appeared.

tionate personal regard such as perhaps no other writer of this century has been able to awaken. Nor has our growing interest in the man in any way disturbed or diminished our interest in the writer. In the case of Dr. Johnson this has notoriously been so ; it has not been so in the case of Lamb. On the contrary, from the publication of his *Letters* and *Final Memorials* by Talfourd, down to the publication of the three latest and most complete editions of his Works in 1874-76, no pains have been spared, no efforts wanting, on the part of successive editors to unearth for the delectation of the world all the Elian waifs and strays that could by untiring research be made to yield themselves to the industrious digger in the mines of old and forgotten periodicals.

The causes of the long and protracted disappearance of these little volumes cannot therefore have sprung either from ignorance of or indifference to their existence. There are three distinct allusions to the book in the published Letters of Lamb. Under date June 7, 1809, he writes to Coleridge :—

I shall have to send you, in a week or two, two volumes of Juvenile Poetry done by Mary and me within the last six months..... Our little poems are but humble, but they have no name. You must read them, remembering they were task-work ; and perhaps you will admire the number of subjects, all of children, picked out by an old bachelor and an old maid. Many parents would not have found so many.

To another correspondent, Manning, Lamb writes early in the following year (January 2, 1810):—

There comes with this two volumes of minor poetry—a sequel to “Mrs. Leicester ;” the best [he playfully adds] you may suppose mine, the next best are my coadjutor’s. You may amuse yourself by guessing them out, but I must tell you mine are but one-third in quantity of the whole.

To Bernard Barton, seventeen years afterwards (1827), he writes from Chase Side, Enfield:—

On emptying my bookshelves I found a “Ulysses,” which I will send..... unless the book be out of print. One likes to have one copy of everything one does. I neglected to keep one of “Poetry for Children,” the joint production of Mary and me, and it is not to be had for love or money..... Know you anyone that has it, and would exchange it?”

The existence of the book has therefore long been known to the readers of Charles Lamb and to collectors of rare books ; and the quest for it has grown more eager and hotter every year. The real causes of its total disappearance for so many years are sufficiently obvious—1. Its diminutive size, a tiny 18mo, of 5½ by 3½

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inches, proportionately thin, each volume containing little over 100 pages, printed on paper of the thinnest imaginable texture. 2. Its use mainly by children, generally a more or less destructive order of beings. 3. The fact that it was already "out of print" within three or four years of its first publication, that no new edition was ever issued, and that it had become a rarity even in the author's lifetime.

In a list of "New Books for Children, published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street," issued apparently in 1812, and generally found at the end of copies of Godwin's "Essay on Sepulchres" and other books published at that Library, the book in question is thus advertised:—

"Poetry for Children." Entirely Original. By the Author of "Mrs. Leicester's School." In two vols., 18mo., ornamented with two beautiful frontispieces. Price 1s. 6d. each, half-bound and lettered.¹

We are informed at the same time that it is "out of print, but the best pieces inserted in Mylius's 'First Book of Poetry.'" These so-called "best pieces" turned out to be twenty-two in number, and were printed by Mr. Carew Hazlitt in his volume of "Poems, Letters, and Remains of Mary and Charles Lamb." Two further pieces were recovered by another seeker from Mylius's "Poetical Class-Book,"² and these, together with five more pieces reprinted by Lamb himself in his collected Works in 1818, and in one of the "Essays of Elia," made a total of twenty-nine poems recovered out of eighty-four that the volumes now prove to contain.

In collecting his Works in 1818, Lamb printed only three of his own contributions to these volumes, *The Three Friends*, *Queen Oriana's Dream*, *To a River in which a Child was drowned*, and one of his sister's, *David in the Cave of Adullam*. His own exquisite poem of *Hester*, rightly conjectured by an accomplished critic, who reviewed the collection of 1872 in the *Graphic* for February 24 of that year, not to have been meant by Charles Lamb "for children," and the five other pieces distinguished by italics in the earlier collections of his writings as "by the author's sister," are now proved not to have appeared in the "Poetry for Children" at all.

In his "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," which forms one of the "Last Essays of Elia," Lamb took occasion to quote "two very touching but homely stanzas" by "a quaint poetess of our day." A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, signing himself "Uneda," and

¹ Lettered, we may note as a clue to the finding of the book, *Leicester's Poetry*.

² See *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited and Prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd. Lond.: B. M. Pickering. 1872.

dating from "Philadelphia," stated, some ten years ago,¹ that "Charles Lamb's sister Mary was the 'quaint poetess' who wrote the verses called *The Two Boys*, quoted in one of his Essays." "They are to be found," he adds, "in a volume published early in this century, and entitled, 'Poetry for Children : entirely Original. By the Author of 'Mrs. Leicester's School.''" This information proves to be correct even as regards the title of the little piece in question ; and as Lamb, in quoting the poem, does not give any title, the writer of that note must have seen the actual book.

This gracious treasure-trove comes to us at last, as a henceforth inalienable possession, from a still more remote region of the world. From Adelaide, in South Australia, the Hon. W. Sandover sends us the long-lost book, which he has, in the most generous and obliging manner, placed at the disposal of the publishers of this magazine. Dating from Adelaide, December 28, 1876, he writes:—

When on a visit to England in the year 1866 I was staying in Plymouth, where I attended a sale of furniture and books; these happened to be among others purchased by me. The names of the authors not appearing on the title-page is most likely the cause of the failure in discovering a copy of the work.

We have already remarked that the poems are eighty-four in number. It is not our intention to quote any of the twenty-nine pieces accessible elsewhere, though we may here observe that the majority of these, as published in the Mylius Reading-books, and notably the poems entitled *Cleanliness*, *The Boy and Snake*, the fable of *The Magpie's Nest*, the lines entitled *Time spent in Dress*, the fable of *The Boy and the Skylark*, are deplorably deficient and incorrect in text, as will be seen more fully when the entire book comes to be republished.

The numerous misprints that occur in these poems as they are given in the Mylius Reading-books would lead us to suppose that, although this selection was probably made with the tacit consent of the authors, they exercised no kind of supervision over it, and saw no proof-sheets. The frequent omission of lines and stanzas in the poems above named, made generally with very little taste or judgment, and sometimes to the destruction of sense and metre, points to the same conclusion. On the other hand, the poem which in the original book is somewhat baldly entitled *The Ride*, is, in the Mylius selection, more fully and fittingly re-christened *The First Sight of Green Fields*, and to *The Magpie's Nest*, shorn of its second title and of one of its stanzas, a note is added which is not to be found in "Poetry for Children." Whether these are interpolations of Mylius, or afterthoughts

¹ *N. & Q.* 3rd S. xii. (July 27, 1867), p. 72.

of the original authors, will probably remain an insoluble enigma to the end of time.¹

We proceed to the consideration of the residuum of fifty-five pieces now first brought to light. The "number of subjects," on which Lamb plumes himself in his letter to Coleridge above quoted, will be best shown by quoting the titles of these, which are as follows:—*The Reaper's Child, The Butterfly, Choosing a Name, Crumbs to the Birds, Discontent and Quarrelling, Repentance and Reconciliation, Neatness in Apparel, The New-born Infant, Motes in the Sunbeams, The First of April, The Lame Brother, The Text, The End of May, The Duty of a Brother, Wasps in a Garden, What is Fancy? Anger, Blindness, The Mimic Harlequin, The Reproof, The Two Bees, The Journey from School and to School, The Orange, The Young Letter-Writer, "Suffer little Children, and forbid them not to come unto Me," The Men and Women and the Monkeys: a Fable, Love, Death, and Reputation: a Fable, The Sparrow and the Hen, Which is the Favourite? Choosing a Profession, Weeding, Parental Recollections, The Offer, Nurse Green, Good Temper, Moderation in Diet, Incorrect Speaking, Charity, My Birthday, The Confidant, Thoughtless Cruelty, Eyes, Penny-pieces, The Force of Habit, Clock Striking, Why not do it, sir, to-day? Home Delights, The Dessert, To a Young Lady on being too fond of Music, The Fairy, Conquest of Prejudice, The Great Grandfather, The Spartan Boy, On a Picture of the Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter, David.*

The task of separating the poems of Charles from those of Mary Lamb will not, perhaps, prove so difficult as it at first appears. Although no indication whatever of separate authorship is given in the volumes themselves, we have our independent knowledge of the mind, work, and individual character of each. We have, moreover, Lamb's distinct assurance in his letter to Manning: "Mine are *but one-third* in quantity of the whole." We have the three poems which he afterwards republished as his own, and the three which he republished or quoted² as his sister's, affording an absolute certainty as to the authorship of the six pieces in question, and supplying valuable criteria for the rightful attribution of the others, just as in the joint

¹ It should be mentioned that the two little volumes of *Poetry for Children* are themselves among the most correctly-printed of books I have ever seen. Allowing for certain quaintnesses of spelling then in vogue, and a kind of pepper-box sprinkling of supererogatory commas, due doubtless to the excessive generosity of the compositor, an actual misprint is scarcely to be found from beginning to end.

² The last line of the poem, entitled *The First Tooth*, is quoted in *Elia's Popular Fallacies* (New Monthly Magazine, 1826): "It has been prettily said that 'a babe is fed with milk and praise.'"

schoolboy publication, now half a century old, of Alfred and Charles Tennyson,¹ similar evidence for separating the poems of one brother from those of the other is afforded by the prize poem of *Timbuctoo*, and the volume of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," which Alfred Tennyson published in 1829 and 1830, and by the little volume of Sonnets and miscellaneous pieces which Charles Tennyson published with his own name at Cambridge in 1830.

Three successive works, as I have elsewhere remarked—the "Tales from Shakespeare," "Mrs. Leicester's School" and the "Poetry for Children"—to all of which Mary Lamb contributed the larger, if not, as her brother always affectionately insisted, the better part—entitle her to no mean rank in that class of literature which appeals more especially to younger readers. The two earlier prose works won their way at once to popularity; and the "Poetry for Children," which circumstances alone have hitherto prevented from becoming better known, ranks, even at its lowest, infinitely higher both in poetical merit and moral and intellectual sinew and stamina, than the similar writings of Watts, and of the Taylors of Ongar, which have met with such world-wide acceptance. The morality, though always apparent, is broader and freer—more wholesome and less obtrusive.

The tragical domestic history of the Lambs had compelled them to live together unmarried, "an old bachelor and an old maid," as Lamb writes to Coleridge. But this isolated existence produced just that effect upon them that it does upon those who have to suffer the bitter disappointments of unrealized hope, the pangs of despised love, the disillusion of early romance, and who are prone to avoid the insincerities of fashionable society, and to seek relief and refuge in the innocence of childhood and the freshness of early feelings, to which they return with a zest that the experience of life has rather heightened than destroyed. We proceed, however, to the more minute examination of the newly-discovered pieces.

One little poem of three stanzas only, entitled *Parental Recollections*, we have no hesitation in at once assigning to Charles Lamb, from internal evidence:—

A child's a plaything for an hour;
Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space;
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one, that to itself
All seasons could control;
That would have mock'd the sense of pain
Out of a grieved soul.

¹ *Poems by Two Brothers.* Louth: Jackson, 1827.

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Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways,
Then life and all shall cease.¹

It is not often, however, that so high a key-note as this is struck throughout the two little volumes: the vein is generally either humorous or quaintly didactic. One piece there is of great tenderness, in which a mother endeavours to dispel from a child's mind the horror it feels at the sight of death; and here we find some difficulty in deciding whether it be the work of Charles or of Mary Lamb:—

NURSE GREEN.

"Your prayers you have said, and you've wished good night;
What cause is there yet keeps my darling awake?
This throb in your bosom proclaims some affright
Disturbs your composure. Can innocence quake?

"Why thus do you cling to my neck, and enfold me,
What fear unimparted your quiet devours?"

"O mother, there's reason—for Susan has told me
A dead body lies in the room next to ours."

"I know it; and, but for forgetfulness, dear,
I meant you the coffin this day should have seen,
And read me the inscription and told me the year
And day of the death of your poor old Nurse Green."

"O not for the wealth of the world would I enter
A chamber wherein a dead body lay hid,
Lest somebody bolder than I am should venture
To go near the coffin and lift up the lid."

"And should they do so and the coffin uncover,
The corpse underneath it would be no ill sight;
*This frame, when its animal functions are over,
Has nothing of horror the living to fright.*

"To start at the dead is preposterous error,
To shrink from a foe that can never contest;
Shall that which is motionless move thee to terror,
Or thou become restless 'cause they are at rest?

"To think harm of her our good feelings forbid us
By whom when a babe you were dandled and fed;
Who living so many good offices did us,
I ne'er can persuade me would hurt us when dead.

"But if no endeavour your terrors can smother,
If vainly against apprehension you strive,
*Come, bury your fears in the arms of your mother;
My darling, cling close to me, I am alive.*"²

¹ Vol. ii. p. 26.

² Vol. ii. pp. 36-37.

The poem entitled *Incorrect Speaking* (and indeed the whole class of directly didactic poems), I am inclined to attribute to Mary Lamb. It opens thus:—

Incorrectness in your speech
Carefully avoid, my Anna;—

for I cannot believe that so fastidious a writer as Charles Lamb would, even in a book for children, have made that name rhyme (not to “manna,” but) to “manner,” as I am sorry to say the writer of the poem does:—

Study well the sense of each
Sentence, lest in any manner
It misrepresent the truth;
Veracity's the charm of youth.”¹

Very pretty and graceful—be it the work of brother or sister—is the following, entitled

THE DESSERT.

With the apples and the plums
Little Carolina comes,
At the time of the dessert she
Comes and drops her last new curtsy;
Graceful curtsy, practised o'er
In the nursery before.
What shall we compare her to?
The dessert itself will do.
Like preserves she's kept with care,
Like blanch'd almonds she is fair,
Soft as down on peach her hair,
And so soft, so smooth is each
Pretty cheek as that same peach,
Yet more like in hue to cherries;
Then her lips, the sweet strawberries,
Caroline herself shall try them
If they are not like when nigh them;
Her bright eyes are black as sloes,
But I think we've none of those
Common fruit here—and her chin
From a round point does begin,
Like the small end of a pear;
Whiter drapery she does wear
Than the frost on cake; and sweeter
Than the cake itself, and neater,
Though bedeck'd with emblems fine,
Is our little Caroline.²

The poem entitled *David in the Cave of Adullam* was, as we have seen, reprinted by Lamb as his sister's. To her also doubtless

¹ Vol. i p. 43.

² Vol. ii. pp. 73-74.

belong a lengthier piece giving the story of David and Goliath, and another *On a Picture of the Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter*.

The following piece I should unhesitatingly attribute to Charles Lamb, from its similarity to a later acknowledged copy of verses by him on Christian names:—

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kiss'd her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To Papa, his infant daughter,
How Papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen:
And Papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa.
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Elith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine.
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplex
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever.
Lest the name that I shall give her
Should disgrace her or defame her,
I will leave Papa to name her.¹

That the following, entitled *Clock Striking*, is also by Charles Lamb, a curious parallel rhyme in his acknowledged poem of *Hester* seems to leave little doubt:—

Did I hear the church-clock a few minutes ago,
I was ask'd, and I answer'd, I hardly did know,
But I thought that I heard it strike three.
Said my friend then, "The blessings we always possess
We know not the want of, and prize them the less;
The church-clock was no new sound to thee,

¹ Vol. i. pp. 12-13,

"A young woman, afflicted with deafness a year,
By that sound you scarce heard, first perceived she could hear;
I was near her, and saw the girl start
With such exquisite wonder, such feelings of pride,
A happiness almost to terror allied,¹
She shew'd the sound went to her heart."²

Its quaint humour also induces us to claim for Charles Lamb another piece, entitled *The Sparrow and the Hen*, in which the former complains of having to seek its own food, while the latter is so carefully provided for. The old Hen's answer to the Sparrow's argument is very characteristic:—

"Have you e'er learn'd to read?" said the Hen to the Sparrow,
"No, Madam," he answer'd, "I can't say I have."
"Then that is the reason your sight is so narrow,"
The old Hen replied, with a look very grave.
"Mrs. Glasse in a Treatise—I wish you could read—
Our importance has shown, and has proved to us why
Man shields us and feeds us: of us he has need
Ev'n before we are born, even after we die."³

The most important, however, of Charles Lamb's contributions to these volumes, and by far the longest piece in the whole collection, is his delightful story of "The Three Friends," which is already well known, as he reprinted and acknowledged it in his collected Works.

The long-lost "Poetry for Children" is then at length discovered, and will doubtless soon be placed beyond the chance of future loss. But another work of Charles Lamb's yet remains to be found. In the list of "New Books for Children, published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street," already quoted, the following publication is advertised on p. 12:—

"Prince Dorus; or, Flattery put out of Countenance:" a Poem. With nine elegant engravings. 2s. 6d. coloured, or 1s. 6d. plain.

The late Mr. Crabb Robinson records in his "Diary," under date May 15, 1811: "A very pleasant call on Charles and Mary Lamb. Read his version of Prince Dorus, the long-nosed king."⁴

And he adds in a note:—"This is not in his collected Works, and, as well as two volumes of 'Poems for Children,' is likely to be lost." We have found the "Poetry for Children": who will find "Prince Dorus"?

R. HERNE SHEPHERD.

¹ Compare the poem of *Hester*—

".....if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied."

² Vol. ii. p. 67.

³ Vol. ii. p. 15.

⁴ *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson.* Lond.: 1869. Vol. i. p. 329.

TABLE-TALK.

IN spite of Mr. Gladstone's avowal, "that the difficulties of spelling are enough to drive the learner mad;" in spite of Mr. Lowe's assertion, that since there are thirty-nine sounds in the English language, and but twenty-four letters, fifteen more letters should be added, so that each letter should represent one sound; and in spite of the more or less open adhesion of such men as Professor Max Müller, Professor Sayce, Sir Charles Reed, the Chairman of the School Board for London, and Dr. Abbott, of the City of London School, the spelling reformers are not likely to succeed just yet in obtaining a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject of spelling reform. So far the attempts which have been made to introduce a system of phonetic spelling have done nothing to stir the public, and have created in literary circles no feeling stronger than amusement. So long as the reformers find fault with the present system they will secure a certain amount of support from men of restless habits and optimistic views. The moment, however, the ridicule that will attach to any new scheme of spelling has been encountered, the entire army will melt away, and the few visionaries who happen to be in accord will be left to inquire, like Augustus, after their legions. Ridicule is a dangerous weapon when the cause against which it is directed is strong and active; in the case of a mere whimsey it is fatal. The difficulties the child experiences in learning to spell are greatly over-rated. They are in ordinary cases a stimulus rather than a source of madness, as Mr. Gladstone seems to think. If one thing could be conceived more likely than another to bring thoughts or fears of madness to the student, it would be the sight of the language of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Swift, written in such characters as are affected by Mr. Pitman and his rivals. Leave well alone, says an old English proverb. The "well" that should be left alone includes the "well of English undefyled" of Dan Chaucer and his successors.

A CERTAIN well-known publishing firm in England is accustomed to write cheques to its authors (I suppose for convenience of reference) payable to the work, instead of the writer.

On one occasion they wrote, "Pay 'The Disgrace to the Household,' or Bearer, &c., &c." The banker's clerk smiled sardonically on the poor novelist when this cheque was presented. A year after, they bought another work of the same writer, called "Dead and Gone." Again he presented the cheque in person. "Pay 'Dead and Gone,' or Bearer," read the clerk, aloud. "Well, sir, it is fortunate that this is not payable to 'order,' or it would have had to be endorsed by your executors." The novelist, who is sensitive to ridicule, now disposes of his works to another firm.

A COMPLETE glut of discoveries results from the researches that have been conducted in classical regions. At the time when I write, the reported recovery of both arms of the Venus of Milo wants confirmation, one statement being to the effect that nothing has been obtained except a hand holding a disc or looking-glass, and a second amounting to an absolute contradiction of the whole story. A statuary group, representing a woman and a child, has, however, been brought to light at Milos, and various figures have been disinterred at Olympia and elsewhere. At Dodona two temples and a sacred grove, containing many votive offerings, have been opened out, and slabs of lead, with questions to the oracles and the answers given scratched upon them, have been found. Frenchmen and Germans have been the principal agents in recent explorations. As the Greeks do not like to be left entirely behind, I am not surprised to hear that Professor Koumonouthes, the secretary of the Archæological Society of Athens, announces that he has found the altar mentioned by Thucydides as having been erected by Pisistratus the son of Hippias and grandson of the tyrant. This discovery, if accepted, will set at rest the question concerning the site of the temple of the Pythian Apollo, over which the topographers of Athens have quarrelled so bitterly and so long; it seems almost a pity to deprive their successors of the amusement it has afforded.

IN the Royal Academy this year is an admired illustration of a somewhat ancient event, in which a waste of waters, a dove, and a piece of timber are the principal features. I overheard this remark upon it by a lady bystander: "How I dislike these perplexing pictures, in which one never knows what is intended! A pigeon in a tree by the seaside suggests absolutely nothing."

IMPORTANT results to agriculture may be hoped from the close attention which is now bestowed upon the lowest perceptible forms of insect life. The discourse of the Rev. W. H. Dallinger

upon monads, delivered before the Royal Institution, seems wholly to dispose of those theories of spontaneous generation with which Professor Tyndall has also recently been dealing. Another paper, read by Mr. Andrew Murray before a conference assembled at the Society of Arts, dealt with the question of getting rid of insects injurious to agriculture. The remedy Mr. Murray recommended was rotation of crops. Insects which feed upon one class of crops cannot ordinarily live upon another, and if a crop of barley is substituted for one of wheat, the wheat insects, which are mostly annuals, are likely to be starved out of existence. This is comforting so far as it goes. It is certainly true that the ravages of insects are most deadly where the same crop is continually grown. Still, no certain cure can, I fancy, be hoped for so long as the destruction of birds is permitted at the rate at which it is at present conducted. In temperate climates a fair balance of life is generally maintained, and where there is suffering from excess of one form of life it will generally be found that the scheme of Nature has been upset by human liking for destruction. A tax upon guns that would take them out of the hands of mere idlers would do something to preserve our crops from the ravages to which they are now subject.

AT the "Rag and Famish" Club it is now quite alarming for a peaceful man to dine, so strong are the "military hysterics," and with such ardour is it proclaimed that war is inevitable. The veterans sniff the battle (by no means from afar) and cry "Ha! ha!" like the war horse, and even (when contradicted) stamp. The other day a certain personage was discussed at dinner who has published a work on Russia (and against her), and is said to have received a decoration from the Porte for his good services, and, what is much rarer from that quarter, a round sum in coin.

A guest ventured to observe that this was taking a commercial course in the matter, which, considering the position in the army of the gentleman in question, was a little *infra dig.* The remark was received with general disapprobation; but one young fellow admitted that the man's line was certainly commercial, "because, you see, he travels for the House of Osman, and takes *money and orders.*"

I believe that wit, and especially wit on the wrong side, is not looked upon with favour at the War Office, or else I should mention the speaker's name in this dispatch.

ALREADY the scare concerning the torpedo is beginning to pass away, and the position that this latest application of science to

warfare is likely to hold in future combats may be conjectured. In a few years' time it will probably have been relegated to that limbo wherein the warlike inventions of antiquity, from the Wooden Horse of Homer, to the ballista and the catapult, have rested for centuries, and to which we have since despatched a hundred engines, once terrible enough in their way, from Greek fire to the catamaran. It is, no doubt, sufficiently alarming to hear of the fish torpedo, with a weight of thirty-five pounds, an engine of forty-horse power, and an explosive head, against the impact of which nothing of human make can stand, and to be told that the projectile can be "launched with such certainty that, by a moderate exercise of skill, it is impossible to miss an ironclad at 1,000 yards, whether she be lying at her moorings, or moving at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour." Things scarcely less formidable were, however, told us concerning the mitrailleuse, and already its use is discontinued. It is easy for science to find means to ward off during the night these dangerous assailants, and in the day-time there will be few foolhardy enough to venture forth with them. Their use in protecting a harbour is that of a mine in retarding an attack on a fortress. When first employed, this measure struck terror into the minds of assailants, who suspected the earth of being honeycombed beneath them, and anticipated at every moment being blown into the air. The defence against the mine was the countermine, and so it will probably prove in the present instance. When ships of war seek to enter a hostile port they will themselves despatch torpedoes in order to explode all that may previously have been laid down.

A CERTAIN aged peer, Lord N., who will not wear a wig, is yet very solicitous to be considered in the prime of life, and brings the few brown hairs that he yet possesses into as great prominence as possible. The other day, his friend A., at the club, observed to him in all simplicity, upon perceiving certain indications upon his vest and coat collar, "Why, N., you have been sitting behind your greys this morning." "No, sir, I have not. I—I—I have been having my hair cut." This atrocity took place in the whist room, in the presence of several persons, all of whom have a sympathy for N., and indeed for any peer. One of them took prompt occasion to observe, on A.'s withdrawal from the table after having lost three tricks by a renounce (which was generally looked upon as a judgment), that the man had no heart. "And a deuced good thing too," observed his lordship; "there is at least one suit in which he cannot revoke."

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ACCORDING to the view of some alarmists, the position of our ships in front of that new enemy the torpedo is like that of woman in presence of masculine enterprise, as described by Parolles, in his not too edifying conversation with Helena. Woman's defence, the latter acknowledges, "is weak," and she demands of Parolles to "unfold to us some warlike resistance." To which this loquacious follower of Bertram replies:—"There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up." Here, surely, is further proof for the Shakespeareolators, who find in Puck's speeches a forecast of the telegraph, that Shakespeare anticipated most subsequent discoveries.

IN this obstinate country, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's eloquent denunciations of everything from Constantinople, Turkish baths still exist. Persons who have a great deal of time and a great deal of money on hand, and who do not object to be parboiled, find them, I understand, very agreeable. Everything is provided in these establishments, extending even to a special channel for the indulgence of a beneficent spirit. A box is placed at our principal Hummums, or Hamaum, for donations for 'the shampooer,' or sham poor (these Turkish names are too much for me). But this admirable cure for sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago (see advertisements) is not, of course, to be thought of except by persons of considerable pecuniary means. A man, therefore, has surely deserved well of his country who shall have discovered, or at least made public, a cheap substitute for this remedy; and I am that man. I was travelling through Lancashire last week in a railway carriage, in which I had the honour to escort the Lady Violet Plantagenet with her lapdog, Cora, when one of the aborigines entered it. He was a big, rough fellow, who in any other county you would have thought had made a mistake in getting into a first-class compartment; but he had a mill worth ten thousand a year. He entered into conversation not only with me (which I could forgive), but with the Lady Violet, who, I am afraid, was rather amused with him. He observed that she was looking white—she is called "The Lily of Belgravia"—and she acknowledged that she suffered from neuralgia.

"Nobody should do that, ma'am," observed he, "for there is a sovereign remedy for it."

"Indeed!" said she, with a faint, sweet smile. "I should like to know what it is."

"It is dargile."

She took out a lovely set of ivory tablets, and said, "How do you spell it?" She thought it was a patent medicine.

"I said dargile. D o g, darg, o i l, ile, dargile."

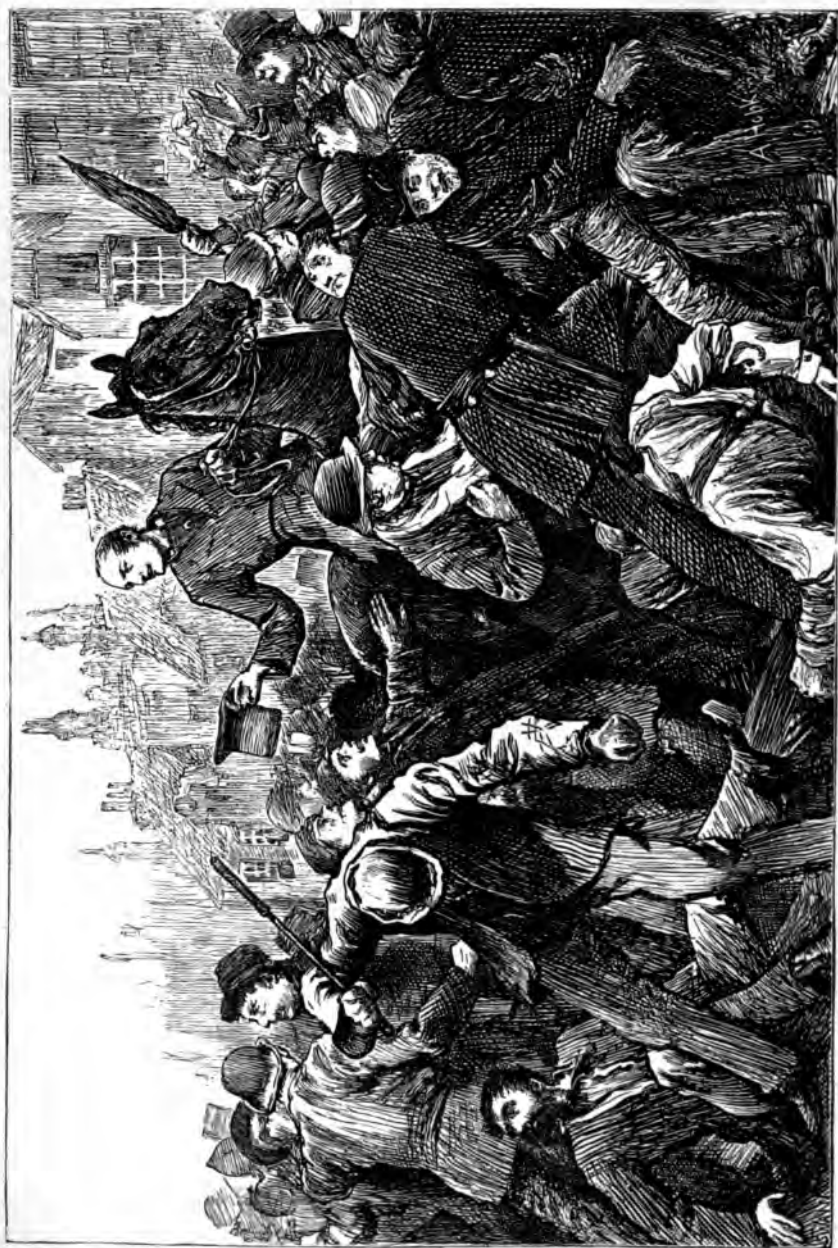
"Good Heavens!" cried I, "dog-oil?"

"Yes, it never fails. Take a darg, like that" (he pointed to Cora, a King Charles's spaniel), "and bile him down. Then apply the ile so obtained externally."

Lady Violet was silent. I do not even now know what she thought, for she never revealed it to me. I still share this important secret with her ladyship, and whenever Cora waddles into the room, we exchange a significant smile.

IT is from one point of view at least a waste of time for science to proceed developing the offensive power of explosives and the capacity for resistance of armour, seeing that she is already in possession of means that will, when used, put guns and torpedoes to open shame. It is no secret that one of our most eminent men of science is in possession of a weapon—I will so call it to avoid any indication of its nature—by aid of which he can annihilate an entire army in the course of a few minutes, disposing of it as completely and as easily as the avenging angel disposed of the hosts of Sennacherib. Should he choose to lend the Turks the knowledge he possesses, Russian advance towards the Bosphorus would meet with a speedy and final check. It would be ill, however, for the peace of Christendom if Islam got undisputed possession of a secret of this importance, seeing that she, instead of Russia, might begin to indulge in dreams of universal conquest. If, accordingly, our discoverer wishes to treat the Russians as the *corpus vile* that is reserved for experiments, it is to be hoped he will undertake himself the conduct of affairs, and will keep to himself what is secret in his invention. I wonder if the knowledge that such a fearful means of destruction was possessed by men would put an end to war. The mention of an agent like this is likely to move derision in certain quarters. I know, however, enough about it to believe in the possibility of using it with more terrible results than have yet been seen or dreamed of in warfare.

SYLVANUS UREAN.



Am Ferkendunst

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1877.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. SHEPPARD'S OFFER OF SURRENDER.

MINOLA heard no word from Lucy that night about Heron. Lucy seemed to avoid all speech on any subject that had to do with the midnight walk in the park.

The next day brought Mr. Blanchet, very proud of having been sent for, and for the present, at least, filled with the novelty of a political contest. As Money had predicted, any objection which Heron might have to Blanchet gave way and vanished for the time, when Blanchet became in a manner a guest of his. But the poems which Blanchet was to contribute to the contest did not prove a great success. They were a little difficult to understand. When they were supposed to rouse the souls of Keeton electors on the subject of England's honour and duties, they were involved in such fantasy of thought and expression, that they would have had to be published with a glossary if they were to illuminate by a spark of meaning the mind of the acutest voter in the borough. Blanchet made, however, rather a picturesque figure on the platforms of meetings, and was useful as an attendant on the two young women when Money and Heron had to be busy elsewhere; and Mr. Money liked, for electioneering effect, the appearance of a large suite. Minola never saw the poet except before the general company. He had consented to come to Keeton solely because he thought it would give him more than one opportunity of speaking a word or two to her in private; and no such chance seemed ever likely to present itself there. Minola was utterly unconscious of his wish or of its purpose. She

did not know that when he was invited to Keeton he went to his sister, and told her that the happy chance had come at last ; and that she had kissed him with tears in her eyes, and prayed for his success. Minola was as friendly with him as possible—far more so than she seemed to be with Heron, for example ; but he got no such chance of trying his fortune as his sister and he had believed to be coming.

Is there often a political election with such cross-purposes going on in the midst of it? It would almost seem as if all the persons more directly concerned were either the planners or the objects of some little side game of love. We know what thoughts and hopes were formed on Victor Heron's account by poor Lucy and her father ; and Minola soon learned that the Conservative candidate had still a purpose at his heart which no lawful returning-officer could gratify. Add to this, to go no further for the present, the purpose which we know that Mr. Blanchet had in consenting to try the part of Poet Laureate to the Liberal candidate, and we shall see that the game was a little complex which all these were playing.

Minola had made a grave mistake in judging the character of her discarded lover. She thought him a hypocrite, and he was not ; she thought his love for her was all a sham, and it was not. He was a slow, formal man ; formal in everything—in his morals as well as in his manners. For him the world's standard was all. He could not lift his mind above the level of the opinion of respectable people. What they said became the law of life to him. What they called proper he believed to be proper ; what they condemned became in his eyes only deserving of condemnation. But he was quite sincere in this. What he came by this process to regard as wrong he would not have done himself—except under such circumstances of temptation or provocation as may ordinarily be held to excuse our human nature.

His love for Minola was very strong. It was the one genuine passion of his life. He had made up his mind that he would succeed in life, that he would become a person of importance in London, and that he would marry Minola Grey. Nor did her refusal much discourage him. After the first pang was over, he said to himself that all would come right yet ; that at least she did not love anyone else, and that the world would come to him who waited, as he had known it to come to himself in other ways when he waited before. He had resolved to represent Keeton in the House of Commons, and now that resolve seemed to have nearly worked out its purpose. But the night when, passing under Minola's windows, he saw Victor Heron, produced a terrible reaction within him. He

felt satisfied that Heron must be in love with her, and he thought with agony that such a lover was very likely indeed to fascinate such a girl. He began to pay repeated visits to London in a half secret way, and to watch the movements of Minola, and to try to find out all he could about Victor and his friends. The thought of having Heron for his rival in both ways, in love and in ambition, was almost more than he could bear. There seemed something ominous, fateful in it. He became filled with a kind of superstitious feeling that if he lost the election he must lose all. He hated Heron with a passion that sometimes surprised himself. There appeared to him to be something wicked in this young man coming from the other side of the earth to cross him in his two great desires. His slow, formal nature worked itself up into dense consistency of hate. The election contest became a relief to him. It was like meeting his rival in battle. The fierce joy was heightened when Minola came to Keeton. To win under such conditions would be like killing his rival under her very eyes.

It was when at the very height of his hope, and when the anticipation of revenge was turning our formal moralist into a sort of moral Berserker, that a piece of news reached his ears which well-nigh changed his purpose. He was told that Victor Heron was to marry Mr. Money's daughter, and that that was the reason why Money took such interest in the contest. He was assured of this on what seemed to him good authority. In fact, the report hardly needed any authority to confirm it in his mind. What could be more probable? What could more satisfactorily explain everything? What other purpose could a man like Money have in taking all that trouble about a stranger like Heron? Mr. Sheppard trembled to think of the mistake he had nearly made.

So, then, it was not certain that Minola was lost to him, after all? A moment before, he was only thinking of revenge for an irreparable injury. Now hope sprung up again. At the bottom of Sheppard's nature was a very large reserve of that self-confidence or self-conceit which had carried him so far on his way to success; and he was easily roused to hope again in his chances of conquering Minola's objection to him.

He became suddenly filled with an idea which, in all the thick and heat of his preparations for the contest, he determined to put to proof. By this time it should be said that he had little doubt of how the struggle would go if it were left to be a duel between him and Heron. What it cost him to take the step he is now taking will be better appreciated if this conviction of his is kept in mind.

Mr. Sheppard dressed one afternoon with even more than his usual care, but in style a little different from that which he commonly adopted. He had got a vague idea that his usual manner of dressing was rather too formal to please a girl like Minola, and that it was wanting in picturesqueness and in artistic effect. He had studied many poems and works of art lately, with much pain and patience, and tried to qualify himself for an understanding of those schools and theories of art which, as they were said to be new, and were generally out of Keeton's range, he assumed to be those of the London circles which Minola was reported to frequent. He got himself up in a velvet coat, with a tie of sage-green silk and a bronze watch-chain, and a brazen *porte-bonheur* clasping his wrist. He looked like a churchwarden masquerading as an actor. Thus attired, he set forth to pay a visit to Minola.

He had met her several times during the settlement of the business consequent on the death of Mrs. Saulsbury. He had met Mr. Money often, and acted sometimes as the representative in business matters of Mr. Saulsbury. He had always demeaned himself on such occasions with a somewhat distant courtesy and respect, as if he wished to stand on terms of formal acquaintanceship, and nothing more. He was very anxious to get once more on such terms with Minola as would allow him to see her and speak with her now and then, without her being always on her guard against love-making. It seemed clear to him that he had better retire for a while from his former position, and try to take the attitude of one who, having been refused, has finally accepted the refusal. His manner did in fact impose upon Minola. Never having believed in the reality of his love, she found no difficulty in believing that he had easily reconciled himself to disappointment, and that he had, perhaps, his eyes turned somewhere else already. Whenever they did meet they were friendly, and Minola saw no great necessity for avoiding him, except such as might seem to be imposed upon her by the fact that her friends were on one side of the political contest, while he was on the other. Mr. Sheppard even called to see her once or twice about some of the affairs of Mr. Saulsbury, and saw her alone, and said no word that did not relate to matters of business. It was a great relief to Minola to see him and not Mr. Saulsbury, and she was even frank enough to tell him so. He only said, with a grave smile, that he feared she "really never had done justice, never had done quite justice," to the motives and the character of Mr. Saulsbury. But he admitted that Mr. Saulsbury's austere manners were a little against him.

No surprise, therefore, was created in the mind of any of our friends

when one morning Mr. Sheppard's card was brought to Minola, and she was told that he wished to speak a few words with her.

Mr. Money had never heard anything about Sheppard's former attentions to Minola. He was inclined to think Sheppard a very good fellow for taking any trouble about Minola's affairs at a time when he had so much of his own to occupy him.

So Minola received Mr. Sheppard in one of the sitting-rooms of the hotel, and was not displeased to see him. She even asked if he would not like to see Mr. Money. This was after he had talked to her about the particular object of his coming—something relating to what seemed in her mind the interminable arrangements about the house property which had fallen to her share.

"I should have no objection to see Mr. Money, Miss Grey—none whatever ; I hope we may be good friends, although Providence has decreed that we should be on opposite sides of this political controversy. But I am not sure whether under the circumstances it would be agreeable to all parties if I were to see Mr. Heron, or whether, not being on such terms with him, I ought to call on his friend. These are points, Miss Grey, on which you, as a lady, might not like to decide."

"Oh, I couldn't think of deciding !" Minola said hastily, for she had made her suggestion in obedience to a sudden impulse, and was not sure that she had not done something wrong ; "I don't know anything about it, and perhaps I ought not to have said anything at all."

"Your suggestion, Miss Grey, was only in accordance with all the impulses of your generous nature." Mr. Sheppard still loved as much as ever his long and formal sentences. Minola could not help wondering how the House of Commons would like such a style, if Mr. Sheppard ever got a chance of displaying it there.

"You do not, I hope," he continued, "disapprove of my ambition to distinguish myself in political life ? You know that I have for years cherished such an ambition ; that hope still remains to me. It is not, surely, an illegitimate or unreasonable hope ?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Sheppard, far from it ; I am sure that I, like all your friends, shall be very glad to hear that you have been successful in your ambition—I think it ought to be the ambition of every man who has any talents."

"Thank you, Miss Grey. You do not, I observe, wish me success in this particular contest. That, I suppose, would be too much for me to expect ?"

Minola only shook her head.

"I am afraid I shall only grieve you in this then," he said, dropping his eyes, "for I am certain to win, Miss Grey."

Minola thought of her unholy compact, and wished he would talk of something else, or, better still, go away.

"I am sorry you can't both win," she said good-humouredly, "then we could all be pleased, and we might say all we liked without fear of seeming unfriendly to one or the other." She could not help feeling that this speech was a little like one of Mr. Sheppard's own.

"Is it true," Mr. Sheppard asked abruptly, "what people say in Keeton—this about Mr. Heron and Miss Money?"

"I don't know much about the gossip of Keeton, Mr. Sheppard, and it would not have much interest for me—I don't like Keeton."

"It is not, perhaps, mere gossip. They say that Mr. Heron is to be married to Mr. Money's daughter; that, they say, is the reason why we in Keeton are favoured with the personal interference of Mr. Money in our local affairs."

Minola rose, and seemed as if she were resolved that the conversation must end there.

"I can't tell you anything about that, Mr. Sheppard; even if I knew anything, which I don't, I could hardly be expected to talk about it. It does not concern you or me much, I suppose."

"It concerns me greatly," he said warmly. "Of course it concerns me that a stranger should come down here to Keeton interfering in our affairs, and making discord and confusion where we are all inclined to harmony. But I tell you this, Miss Grey, and you may tell your friends so, if you like—they haven't a chance here, except through you."

Minola was amazed, and could not help looking up with an expression of curiosity. Was this to be another offer to put the decision of the contest in her hands?

"Yes," he went on, as if he had understood her thought, "it shall be in your hands if you wish it. I am very ambitious of representing my native town in Parliament; but I have an ambition twenty times stronger than that, and an older ambition too. If you wish to see your friends succeed in this affair, declare your wish, and I will withdraw to please you. I can find a chance somewhere else; I am not likely to fail in anything I set my heart upon; and no other man but myself could carry this borough in the duke's interest at such a time as this. I can carry it, and if we two stand alone—Mr. Heron and I—I am safe to carry it; but if you only say the word, I will give up the place this moment. Think of it, Miss Grey—do give it a moment of thought. I don't want to bind you to anything; I don't put any condition; I only ask you to let me do this for *you*."

His eyes were full of eagerness, and his manner had almost lost its formalism. He did not seem to her the man she had ever known before. She felt something like respect for him.

"I could not ask you to do anything of the kind for me, Mr. Sheppard," she said gently. "Why should I? What right could I have to allow you to make any sacrifice for me? This would be a great sacrifice; and I suppose a thing a man ought not to do for any personal feeling."

"You are quite right; you had always a clearer understanding than women are supposed to have about these things—I remember your father saying so often. It would raise an outcry here against me. My own party would denounce me; I should never be looked at by any of the duke's people again. You can hardly think what a sacrifice it would be to a man like me. But that's why I offer it. I want to make some great sacrifice—I do!—to prove to you that I am sincere, and that there is nothing I would not do for you. Mind, I am not talking of making a bargain. I only say, if you wish me to do this, it shall be done. That's all."

"I don't wish you, Mr. Sheppard; it would be most unfair and wrong of me to do so. It would be a shameful thing of me, I think, and I wish you had not thought of it, although I can't help feeling that I owe you some thanks even for the offer."

"Think of it, Miss Grey—just think a little more of it. I mean it, I assure you; I mean it all. Let him have the seat if it pleases Mr. Money and his daughter, and if you want to please them. It will be all your doing, mind! I should be glad to make Mr. Money's acquaintance more than I have done; I have no ill-will to Mr. Heron; why should I have? I am not in love with Miss Money," he added, with rather a sickly smile, that it pained Minola to see.

"I don't need to think it over, Mr. Sheppard; I know already what I ought to say. I could not ask you to do such a thing for me, or allow you to do it if I could prevent you. I don't understand much about such things, but it seems to me that what you propose would be dishonourable to you. No, Mr. Sheppard; go on and fight out your fight—why should you not? We may be friends all of us just the same."

"I want to do this for you—to show you that I am sincere in all that I—all that I ever said to you."

Minola felt a colour coming on her cheeks.

"I can believe you to be sincere without such a proof as that," she said.

"But do you—do you? I could be content if I thought you did believe that. Tell me that you do believe that."

"Why should I not believe it? I have always heard you spoken of as a man of the highest character——"

"It isn't that," he said, cutting off her words abruptly; "it is not that I am speaking about. You know it is not that! I want you to tell me whether you believe that I am sincere in loving you."

"I thought we were never to speak of this again," she said, and she was moving almost in alarm towards the door. He quietly stood in her way and prevented her.

"I never said so. I told you I would not give up my hope, and I don't mean to give it up. I told you in the park here, the first day that I spoke out—I told you that I would not give up, and I will not. I love you always; I did from the time when you were a child, and I was not so very much more. I am slow sometimes, but when I get a feeling like that it never leaves me. I know you used to laugh at me and to make fun of me, but I didn't care much about that, and I don't care. It wasn't a very generous thing to do, knowing what you did about me. No, no, Minola, you shan't go yet; indeed you shan't. You must hear me now, once for all."

"If it will be once for all, Mr. Sheppard; if you will promise me that——"

"No, no! I'll promise nothing. I'll never give up this hope, I tell you fairly; never, never, Minola. Yes, you used to laugh at me, and it wasn't generous; but who expects generosity from a woman?—and in any case it couldn't change the feelings of a man like me to you—no, not if you treated me like a dog. You don't know what it is to be insanely in love with some one who does not care about you. If you did, you could make some allowance for me."

His whole manner was so strange and so wild that it compelled the attention of Minola, and almost made her afraid. She had never seen in him anything like this before. Some of his words, too, fell touchingly and painfully on her ear. Did she, then, not know what it was to be foolishly in love without hope of return? Did she not? and ought not what she knew to make her more tender towards this man, who, in so strange a way, seemed to be only in like case with herself? She ceased to fear Mr. Sheppard, or to feel her old repugnance for him. Her manner became gentle and even sweet, as she spoke to him, and tried to reason with him.

"If I ever did laugh at you, Mr. Sheppard, it was only as girls who know no better will laugh at people whom, if they only did know better, they would respect. I was wrong and silly, and I ask your

pardon most sincerely. I don't think, Mr. Sheppard, I am likely to offend many people by any excess of good spirits for the future."

"You never offended me," he said eagerly; "or, if you did, it was only for the moment, and I didn't care. You were welcome to say anything you liked, and to laugh at me as much as you liked; you are still. You may laugh at me, Minola, the moment my back is turned, if you like. That won't make me love you the less, or give up trying to make you change your mind."

"Why can't we be friends, Mr. Sheppard? I could like you much, I am sure now, if you would only let me."

"No, no! we never can be friends," he said, taking up his hat, as if he felt that it would be useless to say any more then. "We might be enemies, Minola—although I can't well think of myself as your enemy—but I'll never consent to be your friend."

"We never can be anything else then," Minola said more firmly. "I don't mean to marry; the man does not live in the world," she declared with positive energy, "whom I would marry; and I couldn't love you, Mr. Sheppard; and for heaven's sake, I beseech of you, let us not have all this to go over again and again. I wonder men can degrade themselves in such a manner—it is pitiful; it is shameful!" she added. "I would not, if I were a man, so lower myself for all the women in the world."

"There is nothing I would not lower myself to for you—nothing I would not do for you. I don't call it lowering myself; I am in love with you, and I would do anything to carry my point; and I don't give up yet. Don't let it be war to the knife between us two, Minola."

"I want no war, but only peace," she said gently. "I want to be your friend, Mr. Sheppard; I will not be your enemy even if you do persecute me."

He made no further effort to detain her, but opened the door for her, and allowed her to go without another word.

Mr. Sheppard's passion, strong as it was, did not wholly blind him. He saw that he had gained an advantage worth trying for. He saw that Minola had been impressed for the first time with a certain respect for him. This was something to have gained, and he went away with a feeling of satisfaction. He had offered to give up one great and, as he believed, almost certain chance of gratifying his ambition for her sake. He was perfectly sincere in the offer, and he would have been wild with pride and delight if she had accepted it. Now that she had refused, he felt that the best thing he could do was to fight the battle out as she had said herself, and win it. "When I

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good-natured to take so much trouble about Mr. Saulsbury's affairs. I suspect the truth is that he feels pretty sure of the result."

"Then you think we have lost?" Minola asked, dismayed.

"All except honour, I fear," he answered coolly. "I don't see much chance, Miss Grey. The extreme 'Rads' won't have anything to do with us, I am pretty sure. Your Keeton friend stands to win unless something wonderful happens."

"But will those extreme people vote for him—for Mr. Sheppard?"

"There's no knowing; you can't count upon these fellows. But even if they don't, you see it will come to about the same thing—at least, unless they all hold back in a mass, which is not at all likely. I think it will be this way: a few of them will vote for Sheppard, just because they hate no one so much as a Liberal who is not strong enough for them; and those few will be enough to give your Keeton friend the seat."

Lucy and Minola both looked rather blank at this prospect. Minola began almost to wish she had taken Sheppard at his word. Suddenly Mr. Money was called away by some political fellow-worker, who had a face which was like a title-page to some wonderful volume of news.

In a few moments Mr. Money returned full of excitement, and holding a paper in his hand.

"I say, young ladies," he exclaimed, "here's a new incident for you; something sensational, I should say. Here's our friend St. Paul coming out himself at the last moment as a candidate for Keeton in the Red Republican interest, and denouncing the duke, his brother, as if the duke were Cain and he were the ghost of Abel."

"But can he do that, papa?" asked Lucy indignantly.

"Can he do what, Lucelet?"

"Become a candidate now, dear, at this time?"

"Why, of course he can—what should hinder him? The nomination isn't until the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, but I call it so unfair!"

"My dear little Lucelet, what do you think he cares what you call it or what anybody else calls it?"

"Then does this destroy our chances altogether?" Lucy plaintively asked. "I always thought he was a treacherous man."

"Stuff, my good little girl; there are no treacheries in politics and elections. But I must think this over a little. I am not by any means sure that it may not prove an uncommonly good thing for us, by Jove. Where's Heron? I must get at him at once; and so, young ladies, good-bye for the moment."

Mr. Money hurried away. During the few moments he had stopped to talk to the girls several excited heads had been thrust into the room, as if entreating him to come away.

Minola, too, was not by any means sure that this new incident was not meant to turn to the account of Victor Heron. This, then, was clearly Mr. St. Paul's plot. She understood quite enough of the explanation Mr. Money had been giving to see that if any of the extreme Radical votes could be taken from Sheppard's side the chances of Heron would go up at once. She could not doubt that Mr. St. Paul knew this still better. She became full of excitement; and, such is the demoralising effect of all manner of competition on human creatures, that Minola now found herself wishing that the candidate she favoured might win by Mr. St. Paul's device or that of anyone else; but win somehow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MISCHIEF, THOU ART AFOOT."

NEVER was the aspect of a community more suddenly changed than that of Keeton from the moment when St. Paul flung himself into the contest. Up to that hour a grave decorum had governed even its most strenuous efforts. There was plenty of speech-making, of crowds, confusion, and noise; but everything was in decent order. There were no personal attacks; and the Liberal candidate had not allowed a great scope even to the good spirits and the humorous powers of all his followers. A somewhat elaborate courtesy had been observed between the candidates and their leading supporters on both sides. Mr. Heron had always spoken with high respect of Mr. Sheppard, who of course had not failed on his part to do justice to the personal character of his opponent. In fact, as the orators on both sides were in the habit of observing about twenty times a day, it was a contest of political principles altogether, and by no means a contest of persons.

All this was now changed. Mr. St. Paul had leaped into the arena with a vivacity which proved only too contagious. His speeches were alternations of vehement personal abuse and broad, audacious humour. Throne, altar, and caste seemed alike to be the targets of his oratory. He was the reddest of all Red Republicans. He was the typical *prolétaire* of *prolétaires*. Mr. Money had denounced the Ministers and the Tories; Mr. St. Paul denounced the Ministers,

the Opposition, the Tories, the Liberals, the aristocracy, and the middle-class with equal fervour. The employers of labour and the clergy of all denominations came in for rattling vituperation at his hands. He assailed the two candidates and their political professions with good-humoured contempt. He declared that if the Liberal candidate had a personal grievance which he wanted to put right in the contest, he, St. Paul, had a personal grievance of a nature far more nearly concerning the people of Keeton—a grievance against the brother who had disowned and cast him off; who had slandered him, ousted him from the affections of his father, driven him into exile; but who, thank heaven, could not intimidate him, or turn him into a crawling sycophant. He boasted that in spite of his brother, who had tried to ruin him, he had made a fortune by his own hands and his own brains in the great Free Republic, the land where there were no dukes, where all men were equal, where there was no hireling State clergy, and no trampling tyranny of employers—need he say it was the glorious republic beyond the Atlantic? He made dreadful work of the allusion in Mr. Sheppard's address to the services rendered to Keeton by the ducal family. He indignantly asked of his hearers what a duke had ever done for the town. When had a duke pressed the honest hand of a Keeton working-man? When had a duke or a duchess taken the slightest interest in the poor and virtuous working-women of Keeton? Nay, he asked, when had a Keeton tradesman—and the Keeton tradesmen had done more to make the place than the dukes—when had a Keeton tradesman or his wife been invited inside the doors of the ducal residence? The very men who were fighting the duke's battle to-day would find themselves very lucky indeed if they got even a civil bow from the duke or the duchess to-morrow.

There was quite enough of truth in these hits to make them tell. St. Paul managed to "fetch," as he would himself have expressed it, a good many among the discontented middle-class of the place. But with the *prolétaire* he was a tremendous success. There had been some quarrel lately between the employers and the workpeople in the town, in which the latter were finally defeated, and the defeat rankled in their hearts, and they were glad of any chance of giving vent to their sense of wrong. St. Paul was, of course, all the more successful when he denounced aristocracy and caste because of his being one of the aristocracy and the ruling caste himself. He proudly declared that he had renounced his courtesy title, and that he stood on his merits as a man—a working-man who had worked with his

own hands in a free land, and made a fortune there by manly energies, and brains, and strength.

One little incident made him more than ever a hero. At the second meeting he held—it was in the large room of a great public-house—there was a good deal of noisy interruption, which seemed to come from one man in especial. He was recognised at once as a person employed in some way by Mr. Sheppard: a man of great muscle and a sort of local bully. Loud cries of “Turn him out!” were raised. The disturber bawled a defiant request to the general company to let him know who proposed to turn him out.

St. Paul paused in his flow of eloquence.

“The honourable elector wishes to know,” he said, in his familiar tone of imperturbable good-humour, “who will turn him out? I can tell him at once. I’ll turn him out if he interrupts again in any way. This meeting is called by me. This hall is hired by me. I beg of my friends here not to interfere in the slightest. If that honourable elector interrupts again I will throw him down those stairs.”

Amid tremendous cheering the intrepid St. Paul resumed his eloquent argument. His boisterous enemy at once began his interruption all over again. St. Paul stopped.

“Let no one interfere,” he quietly said, “while I put that person out of the room.”

He promptly came down from the platform, amid vociferous cheering and wild excitement.

Then followed a tumultuous scene, in which cheering, screaming, stamping, struggling, swearing, and indescribable noise of all kinds deafened every ear. A way was made for St. Paul, who advanced towards his antagonist. The latter awaited him in attitude of utter defiance. St. Paul seized him round the waist and a furious struggle set in. It was not of long endurance, however. The local bully was well enough in Keeton “rows.” He had strength enough and all the skill that Keeton quarrels could teach; but St. Paul had had the training of Eton, and Oxford, and London, and all the practice of the rugged West. He was the Gamin and the Rowdy in one. The outlawry of two hemispheres had taught him its arts of defence and offence. He lifted the unlucky and too confident disturber clean off his feet. He carried him out through frantically-cheering ranks, and he kept his word by literally throwing him down the stairs.

Then he came back, good-humoured and cool as ever, and he went on with his speech. He was the idol of the Keeton mob from that moment forth. He was escorted that night to his hotel by a tumultuous throng of admirers, who would probably have offered to

pull down the ducal hall if the rebel of the ducal family had hinted that it would give him any pleasure to see it done.

All this changed completely the character of the contest. It became fierce and turbulent on both sides. Some of the followers of Mr. Sheppard tried retaliation, very much against the prudent advice of that candidate himself. The few days remaining before the election were so furious and riotous, that Mr. Money began to think it would be best to send his daughter and Minola home to London. Mr. Heron was so much engrossed in his cause and his speeches that he hardly heeded the tumults. He had been used to rougher scenes, and these made scarcely any impression on him. It sometimes seemed to Minola that Mr. Blanchet liked the tumult less than anyone; that even Lucy did not shrink from it with so much abhorrence. It was natural, she thought, that one who was at least of poetic nature, even if he were not a great poet, should shrink away from such degrading scenes. She felt her half-assumed dislike for men grow more and more into reality as she saw these specimens of the way in which they conduct their political contests.

In truth, there had been springing up in sleepy Keeton of late years a class of whom the park knew nothing, of whom the middle-class knew little more, but which was likely to make a considerable change in the way of conducting local politics. The park and the middle-class heeded nothing, while this rough new body was growing into ideas about its own strength, its own wrongs, and its own rights. In Keeton, as in other places, people would probably have thought it wise to shut away from themselves all knowledge of unpleasant facts as long as they could; and if it had been hinted that there was a somewhat self-conceited and fierce *prolétaire* class growing up in the town during all the years while the middle-class were fawning on the dukes and duchesses, and the dukes and duchesses were languidly patronising the middle-class, the prudent persons would have preferred to hear and say no more about such unlikely and disagreeable things. The election contest first made it evident that some of the seed-grains scattered by modern socialism had been blown as far as Keeton, and had sunk into the soil there and begun to grow up into rugged stems and prickly leaves.

Minola absolutely refused to save herself by flight to London, or to believe that there could be any danger of serious disturbance. If nothing else had kept her from leaving Keeton, her curiosity would have been enough. She was intensely anxious to see what would come of St. Paul's appearance on the scene. She was almost afraid to think of the part she had innocently consented to play. She

remembered now St. Paul's illustration about the king who was summoned to cut the mysterious rope, and she thought that she was really in a position very much like his. She was perplexed, amused, curious, a little afraid, but still anxious above all things for Victor Heron's success, and determined to see the contest out, come what might.

It was the night before the polling-day. Minola and Lucy were alone in their room. Victor Heron and Money were away speech-making somewhere. Since the appearance of St. Paul in the strife the girls had not gone to many meetings, or left the hotel after night-fall. Things were looking rather uncheerful now, and the two young women no longer regarded the whole affair as a great holiday or masquerade.

Lucy in especial was melancholy. The little weather-glass of her temperament rose and fell very readily to the changes of the atmosphere around her. The two friends were silent for a while. Lucy began at last to talk of what filled her mind.

"I wish this was all over, Nola dear; I have a horrid foreboding as if something were going to happen—something unpleasant, I mean, of course."

"This room is dull," Minola said. "Come out on the balcony, Lucy. The evening is beautiful. It is a sin to sit here and not see the sky."

The girls went into the balcony, and stood there and looked out upon the scene. The hotel stood not far from the Court House, which Minola used to know so well in former days. The roof of the Court and the capitals of some of its white pillars could be seen from the balcony. In another direction lay the bridge, a little to the right of the girls in the balcony. The place where the hotel and the Court House stood was one of the few broad openings among the little maze of narrow streets which made up the town of Keeton. Minola could see the bridge plainly, and across the bridge the dark trees of the park. A faint continuous murmur was in their ears all the time. It might perhaps be the rush of the river, a little louder of sound than was its wont; but Minola fancied it was the noise of shouting mobs somewhere—a noise to which Keeton streets, once so sleepy, were growing of late to be somewhat accustomed. This, however, was louder and longer than the sound of such popular manifestations as it usually reached the hotel. Minola, if she felt any alarm or misgiving, thought the best thing would be not to call her companion's attention to the sounds.

The night was beautiful, as Minola had said. It was yet summer, although the evenings were growing short; no breath of autumnal chilliness yet saddened the soft air.

"I wish they would come back," Lucy murmured. "I don't at all like our being left alone in this way, Nola. I feel as if we ought to be afraid. Don't you?"

"No, dear; there is nothing to be afraid of."

"Do you think so really? Ah! but it is different with you."

Lucy sighed, and Minola knew well what she would have said if she had spoken out her thoughts. She would have said, "It is so different with you; you can afford to be composed and not alarmed, for you have not a father engaged in all this, nor a man whom you love." Minola read her thoughts and was silent, thinking all the more herself for the silence.

"Hush, there is somebody," Lucy suddenly said, looking back into the room. "There certainly is some one there."

So there was; but it was not either of the two Lucy wished to see. It proved to be Mr. Blanchet, who had come into the room unseen while the girls were in the balcony. Minola felt glad to see him on the whole. It was a relief from the melancholy monotony of the evening, and of poor little Lucy's bodings and fears.

Herbert Blanchet came out into the balcony in his familiar way, the way of a picturesque poet conscious of his poetry and his picturesqueness. It was a curious study, if any unconcerned observer there and then could have made the study, to notice the difference between the manner of Blanchet towards the two girls. To Lucy he was easy and even patronising, as if he would convey the idea that it was a kindness on his part to make himself agreeable to her. But to Minola he went on as if she were his acknowledged patroness and the ruler of his destiny. In good truth, however, there was not then much of a place for him in the mind of either girl.

"Where have you come from? Where is papa?" Lucy asked with eagerness.

"I have not been in the town," he said; "I was away by the river. I heard noises—shouting and all that—and I did not care to get among the fellows in their electioneering work. I have had rather more than I care for of it. My fellow-man seems a particularly offensive creature to me when he is in his political and robustious moods. I don't, as a rule, care much about Nature, but I prefer her company by far to that of such bellowing humanity as we see down yonder."

"I hope nothing has happened to papa, or to Mr. Heron?"

"Oh, nothing has happened, you may be sure!" the poet replied coolly. "They both rather revel in that sort of thing—it seems to be their native element. It won't harm them. In my case it is

different ; I don't belong to the political arena ; I have nothing to do with the political elevation of my fellow-man. If he is to be elevated, I am content ; if not, I am content also."

"I don't know how any man can be content to stand here in a balcony talking to two girls," said Minola, "while there is so much excitement down there. I could not if I were a man."

"I will go down there if you wish," he replied with deprecating grace, "although I don't know that I could be of much use ; but I don't suppose there is any real danger."

"I did not speak of danger," Minola said, rather contemptuously. "I only meant that there seemed to be some manly excitement there. There is no danger. It is not a battle, Mr. Blanchet."

"There was some talk of a row," he answered ; "your friend St. Paul seems to have set the people wild somehow. But I should not think it would come to anything. Anyhow, Miss Grey, if you think I ought to be there, or that I could do any good, you have only to send me there."

"No, no, Mr. Blanchet"—Minola was recovering her good-humour—"I don't want you to go. But Miss Money was a little uneasy about her father, and perhaps we were both disappointed that you did not come bringing us some news from the seat of war. You see, they won't allow us to go to the front any more."

Meanwhile the noise grew louder and louder ; it came nearer and nearer too. There was a fury in the sound as clearly to be distinguished from the shouting to which they were well accustomed as the obstreperous clamour of boys at play is from the cry of pain or passion.

"Something bad is going on, I know," Lucy said, turning pale and looking at Minola.

Minola and Blanchet both leaned from the balcony, and could see a straggling group of women, and boys, and a few men making, as in a sort of stampede, for the neighbourhood of the hotel. They all kept looking eagerly behind them, as if something were coming that way which they feared, and yet were curious, to see. These fugitives, if they were to be called so, seemed to increase in numbers even as the watchers in the balcony looked out.

Mr. Blanchet went languidly downstairs to ask what the commotion was about, but could hear nothing more precise in the hotel than the rumour that a riot of some kind had broken out in the town, and that there were not police enough to put it down. He came back to the balcony again. For his own part, he felt no manner of curiosity. He had always supposed that there were riots at elections, and he

assumed that some persons of the lower classes generally got their heads broken. There was nothing in that to interest him. It might happen even that the candidates or their friends sometimes came in for rough treatment ; Mr. Blanchet would not have been very much disturbed by that in the present case. If Mr. Heron had got hurt he would have thought that on the whole it served him right.

Minola watched eagerly from the balcony. Some affrighted people were now running past under the windows of the hotel, for the most part women dragging their children after them. Minola called out to some, and asked what was happening; but they only answered in some inarticulate attempt at explanation, and kept on their way. Some men passed almost in as much haste, and Blanchet called to them grandly to ask what was "up." One shouted out that there was a terrible row going on in the town, got up by the "St. Paul's men," and that the military were sent for. Two of Money's servants, one his own man, were seen going out of the hotel in the direction of the increasing clamour. Lucy cried to them, and asked where they were going, and what had happened; but they only returned a respectful reassurance, something to the effect that it was nothing of any consequence, and then ran on towards the scene of the supposed disturbance, looking as if they thought it of much greater consequence than they said. The waiters and other servants of the hotel were presently seen to make preparations for closing the doors and windows.

"Things are beginning to look serious," said Blanchet, beginning to look very serious himself.

"They must not close these windows," Minola said. "I mean to stay here and see what happens. If they do close the windows, I will stay here in the balcony all the same."

"And so will I, Nola," Lucy exclaimed, looking pale, but showing no want of pluck. "Something may have happened to papa."

"I don't know that it would not be better for you ladies to go in," Blanchet gravely urged. "I think, Miss Grey, you can hardly do much good here, and you would be quite safe indoors. Suppose you go in, and let them close these windows?"

"You don't seem to understand women's curiosity, Mr. Blanchet, if you fancy that Lucy and I could be content to be shut up while all you men were in the midst of some exciting adventure, and perhaps in most poetic danger." Minola spoke with a contempt she cared to make no effort to conceal. She thought Mr. Blanchet was selfish, and had no interest in the safety of other people. She had not yet formed the suspicion which later was forced into her mind.

Some of the servants of the hotel came to say that they believed there was a rather serious riot going on in the town, and that it would be prudent to close the windows and have the shutters put up, as it was quite possible that stones might be thrown, and might do mischief. Both the girls steadily refused to leave the balcony. Mr. Blanchet added his remonstrances, but without any effect. Minola suggested that the windows might be closed behind them as they stood on the balcony, and that Mr. Blanchet might, if he pleased, withdraw into the hotel ; but she declared that Lucy and she would remain in the balcony.

"I don't believe there is a bit of real danger to us or to anyone," she declared.

"But, my dear young lady," Mr. Blanchet urged, "what possible good can you do in any case by remaining in this balcony? I don't see how you could help Mr. Money and Mr. Heron, supposing them to be in any danger, by staying out there when these people evidently want us to come in."

"For a poet, Mr. Blanchet," Minola said coldly, "you do not seem to have much of the dramatic instinct that helps people to understand the feelings of other people. Do you think Lucy Money could be content to hide herself in a cellar, and wait until some one kindly remembered to come and tell her how things were going with her father and—her friends?"

Minola spoke in immense scorn.

The argument was cut short. The flying crowd had been increasing every moment, and now the space before the windows of the hotel was thickly studded with people, who, having run thus far, appeared inclined to make a stand there, and see what was next to happen. The shadows were falling deeply, and it was beginning to be difficult to discern features clearly among the crowd under the windows. The clamour, the screaming, the noise of every kind had been increasing with each moment, until those in the balcony might almost have fancied that a battle of the old-fashioned kind, before the use of gunpowder, was being fought at a little distance.

In another moment a small group of persons came hurrying up to the door of the hotel in a direction opposite to that from which the clamour of strife was heard. Minola could see the uniforms of policemen among this hurrying and seemingly breathless group, and she thought she recognised one face in their midst.

The group consisted of a few policemen, wild with the haste and the excitement of their movements, and some civilians mixed up with them ; and Minola soon saw that her first conjecture was right, and

that they were forming a body-guard to protect Mr. Augustus Sheppard. She could now see Sheppard's face distinctly. It was pale, and full of surprise and wrath ; but there did not seem much of fear about it. On the contrary, Mr. Sheppard seemed to be a sort of prisoner among his protectors and guardians. Apparently they were forcing him away from a scene where they believed there was danger for him, and he was endeavouring to argue against them, and almost to resist their friendly pressure. All this Minola, having tolerably quick powers of observation, took in, or believed she took in, at a glance.

The policemen and some of the civilians with them were knocking at the door of the hotel, and apparently expostulating with some of the people within. At first Minola could not understand the meaning of this. Mr. Blanchet was quicker. He guessed what was going on, and by leaning as far as his long form allowed him over the balcony he was able to hear some of the words of parley.

"I say," he said, drawing back his head, "this is rather too good. This fellow—what's-his-name? Sheppard—is the unpopular candidate now, and the mob is after him, and these policemen are asking the people to take him in here, and bring all the row on us. I do hope they won't do that. What do we care about the fellow? Why should we run any risks if the police themselves can't protect him?"

Mr. Blanchet was very pale.

"For shame, Mr. Blanchet!" Minola said indignantly. "Would you leave him to be killed?"

"Oh, they won't kill him! you may be sure——"

"No, not if we can save him," Minola said. "These people shall take him in! Lucy, these rooms belong to your father now—run to them and insist on their letting him in. I'll go down myself and open the doors, and bring him in."

"They shall let him in," Lucy exclaimed, and ran downstairs. Minola was about to follow her.

"This is very generous," said Blanchet, with a sickly effort at composure, "but it is very unwise, Miss Grey. I don't know that in the absence of Mr. Money I ought to allow you to expose yourselves to such risks."

"Try if you can hinder us, Mr. Blanchet! For shame! Yes, I *am* ashamed of you. Oh, no, don't talk to me! I am sorry to find that you are a coward."

With this hard word she left him and ran downstairs. Just at this moment he heard the doors opened, in compliance with the insistence of Lucy. He heard her say with a certain firm dignity,

which he had hardly expected to find in the little maid, that if any harm were done to the hotel because of Mr. Sheppard being taken in her father would make it good to the owner. Then, in a moment, the two girls returned, doing the honours as hostesses to Mr. Sheppard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL THE RIVALS AT ONCE.

MR. SHEPPARD made what he must have felt to be a sort of triumphal entrance. Perhaps he might have said with perfect truth, in the language appropriate to election contests, that that was the proudest moment of his life. He was almost dragged into the room by the two breathless girls, who, in the generous delight of having saved him from danger, seemed as if they could not make too much of him. He felt Minola's hand on his, as she forced him into the room. She would not let him go until she had fairly brought him into the room and closed the door behind him. For Mr. Sheppard had really resisted with some earnestness the attempt to make him prisoner for his own safety. The genial constraint of Minola's hand was a delight. There was, less perceptibly to himself, another sensation of delight in his heart also. He had for the first time in his life been in serious danger, and he knew that he had not been afraid. It is no wonder if he felt a little like a hero now.

He came in a good deal flushed, and even, if we may say so, ruffled; but he made a gallant effort to keep up his composure. The first sight he met in the room was the pale, pitiful, angry, and scowling face of the insulted Blanchet. "Are they going to embrace the fellow?" the embittered poet asked of his indignant soul, as he saw the unpopular candidate thus led forward by the eager girls.

Blanchet fell back into a corner, not deigning to say a word of welcome to the rescued Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard, however, hardly noticed him.

"I am sorry to disturb you, ladies," he said; "and I am obliged beyond measure for your kindness. I am not afraid myself of any danger in Keeton, but the police thought some disturbance might happen, and they insisted on my going out of the streets; but I shall be able to relieve you of this intrusion in a few minutes, I feel quite certain."

"You shan't stir from this place, Mr. Sheppard, until everything is perfectly safe and quiet," Minola said. "If necessary, Lucy—Miss

Money—and I will hold you prisoner until all danger is over. We are not afraid either.”

At this moment there was such a renewal of the clamour that Minola could not restrain her curiosity, but, having begged Mr. Sheppard to remain where he was, and not show himself, she ran into the balcony again.

The sight she saw was so turbulent, and to her so unusual, that for a second or two she could make nothing of it. She saw only a confusion of heads and faces, and whirling arms and lights, and men falling, and furious blows interchanged, and the confusion was made almost bewildering by the shouting, the screaming, and the curses and yells of triumph which seemed to her excited ears to fill all the air. At last she got to understand, as if by a kind of inspiration, that a fierce mob were trying to break into the hotel, and that the police were doing their best to defend it. The poor police were getting the worst of it. At the same time she was aware of a certain commotion in the room behind her, which she felt somehow was occasioned by the efforts of Mr. Sheppard to get out at any risk to himself, and the attempts of Lucy and some of the servants to dissuade him. To this, however, Minola now could pay but slight attention. She felt herself growing sick and faint with horror as she saw one policeman struck down, and saw the blood streaming from his face. She could not keep from a wild cry. Suddenly her attention was drawn away even from this ; for in a moment, she could not tell how, a diversion seemed to be effected in the struggle, and Minola saw that Heron and Mr. Money were in the thick of it.

Her first impulse was to spring back into the room and tell Lucy of her father's danger. Luckily, however, she had sense enough to restrain this mad impulse, and not to set Lucy wild with alarm to no possible purpose. She saw that Heron, at the head of a small, resolute body of followers, had fought his way in a moment into the very heart of the crowd, and was by the side of the policemen. He dragged to his feet the fallen policeman ; he seized with vehement strength one after another of those who were pressing most fiercely on the poor fellow ; she could see two or three of these in succession flung backwards in the crowd ; she could see that Heron had some shining thing in his hand which she assumed to be a revolver ; and she put her hands to her ears with a woman's instinctive horror of the sound which she expected to follow ; and, when no sound came, she wondered why Heron did not use his weapon and defend the police. She could see Mr. Money engaged now in furious remonstrance and now in furious blows with some of the mob, whom he appeared to

drag, and push, and drive about, as if there were no such thing in the world as the possibility of harm to himself, or of his getting the worst of it. For a while the resolute energy of the attempt at rescue made by Heron and Money appeared to carry all before it ; but after a moment or two the mob saw how small was the number of those who were trying to effect the diversion. As Minola came to know afterwards, Heron and Money had only heard in another part of the town that a riot was going on near the hotel, and hurried on with half a dozen friends, arriving just at a very critical moment. They came by the same way as the police and Sheppard had come, and, falling on the mob unexpectedly, made for a moment a very successful diversion. But they were soon surrounded by the rallying crowd, and Minola saw her two friends receive many savage blows, and she wondered in all her wild alarm how they seemed to make so little of them, but went on struggling, striking, knocking down, just as before. Above all she wondered why Victor Heron did not use his revolver to defend his friends and himself, not knowing, as Victor did, that the weapon was good for nothing. At least, it was good for nothing just then but inarticulate dumb show. He had not loaded it, never thinking that there was the least chance of his having to use it ; and, indeed, it was only by the merest chance that he happened to have it in his pocket. Such as it was, however, it had done him some service thus far ; for more than one sturdy rioter had fallen back in sudden dismay, and given Victor a chance to knock his heels from under him when he found the muzzle of the revolver close to his forehead. This could not last long. The mob began to understand both the numbers and the weapons of their enemies. The police fought with redoubled pluck and energy for a while, but the combatants were all too crowded together to allow coolness and discipline to tell, as they might have done otherwise ; and the numbers were overwhelming against our friends. Just as Minola saw Victor Heron struck with a stone on the head, and saw the red blood come streaming, she heard some one beside her in the balcony.

"Go back, Lucy," she cried ; "go back !—this is no place for you."

"Is it a place for you, Miss Grey ?" a melancholy voice asked. "It is not Lucy ; it is I. You said I was a coward, Miss Grey ; I'll show you that you have wronged me."

The poet, for all his excitement, was as grandly theatric as was his wont. He looked calmly over the exciting scene, and tried to keep his lips from quivering at its decidedly unpleasant aspect. That fierce savage, unromantic, and even vulgar struggle was in truth a hideous

whirlpool for a picturesque poet to plunge into. Yet was Mr. Blanchet's mind made up.

"Oh, Mr. Blanchet, they will be killed!"

"Who?—who?" the poet cried, peering wildly down into the horrible mob-caldron below.

"Oh, don't you see?—Mr. Heron, Mr. Heron—and Lucy's father! Oh, merciful heaven, he is down—they will kill him!"

"I'll save him," the poet wildly exclaimed; "I'll save him, Miss Grey, or perish with him!" He was armed with a poker, which he flourished madly round his head.

Even at that moment Minola was startled to see Blanchet preparing to scramble over the balcony, and fling himself that way into the thick of the fight.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried to him; "you will be killed."

He smiled back a wild smile.

"At least you shall say I am no coward," he exclaimed; and in another moment he had scrambled over the balcony and dropped himself, floundering, poker in hand, on the moving mass of heads below.

At any other moment Minola might have thought of the prayer in "Firmilian" for a poet to be sent down from above, and the unexpected and literal manner in which the prayer is answered. At any other moment, perhaps, she might have found it hard to restrain her laughter at the manner in which Mr. Blanchet came crashing down on the heads of some of the combatants, and the consternation which his descent created among them. At his first coming down he carried a dozen or so of combatants tumbling on the ground along with him, and Minola in her Rebecca-post of observation could see nothing but a confused mass of struggling legs and arms. But Mr. Blanchet somehow scrambled to his feet again, and he laid about him with his poker in such insane fashion, and with such advantage of long arms, that his single and wholly untutored prowess did really for the moment effect an unexpected diversion in favour of those he came to rescue. In a moment Minola saw Victor Heron on his feet again; and she saw him amid all the thick of the affray give Blanchet an encouraging and grateful clap on the back; and then she thought she saw Blanchet down again; and then confusion inextricable seemed to swallow up all.

All this, it will be understood, occupied but a few minutes. Suddenly the trampling of horses was heard, and a cry was raised that the cavalry were coming.

"Oh, thank God!" Minola said to herself and to the night air; "if it be not too late."

It was not the cavalry, however, but an interposition which at the moment proved as effective. Minola saw some men on horses gallop into the thick of the crowd, forcing their way as if human beings were not liable to any inconvenient consequences from having the hoofs of horses plunging among them. Wild and maddened as it was, the mob had to pay some little attention to these new-comers. One of them, who led the way, kept shouting in strident and occasionally shrilly tones a command to all who heard him to disperse and "stop the row." His voice and his presence were recognised in another moment, and the nearest rioters set up a tremendous cheer for him, which others caught up and renewed again and again, until Minola might have thought that the whole business in which they were engaged was to hurrah for the new-comer. Men actually in hand-to-hand fight with some policeman or other representative of the cause of order gave up for the moment defence or offence, and let the antagonist hammer away as he thought fit, while they cheered for their favourite. Minola had recognised him already. There was no mistaking the bald head, the bold blue eyes, the stooping shoulders, the general air of reckless bravado and good-humour. She could see his face and head plainly, for he carried his hat in his hand and waved it gallantly at every cheer of the crowd. He forced a way right up to the door of the hotel where the thick of the struggle was, and in passing under the balcony he looked up and saw Minola, and made her a courteous bow. There was some further scuffling, clamour, and altercation ; but Minola could see that the influence of the popular candidate was all-prevailing, and that the battle was over. In a few seconds the crowd began to melt away. The air was rent with shouts of civil strife no longer, but with repeated cheers for the hero of the night. The police made some futile efforts to retain a few prisoners ; but not much seemed to come of that. Minola was rejoiced to hear the voice of Mr. Money say, in its usual tones of blunt self-possession—

"Never mind, officers ; you know the names of some of the fellows ; you can see to them to-morrow ; better look after yourselves just now. Where's the poor fellow who was hurt?"

In another moment or two Minola found herself out of the balcony, and trying to make a way into the room which she had quitted, and which seemed now a general resort. First she saw Lucy throwing her arms round her father's neck. Then some shifting figure intervened, and she saw no more of Lucy, but was aware of Victor Heron and Mr. Sheppard exchanging friendly words. The room was full of people. She could hear various voices declaring

that their owners were not in the least hurt ; but she could see that Victor Heron had the mark of a large cut on the forehead, and that some one was tying Money's arm in a sling.

"Oh, I'm all right !" she heard Victor say ; "nothing much happened to me ; Money came off much worse. But that poor policeman—I am greatly afraid he was badly hurt."

"Never saw such scoundrels," Money observed ; "by Jove, Heron, I thought at one time that your grievance was about to be settled for ever. It was all that confounded St. Paul's doings."

At this moment Minola saw the intrepid St. Paul himself enter the room. She, standing with her back to the window, saw him before anyone else did.

Mr. St. Paul pushed his way with his easy and indolent hardihood.

"I have come to offer an apology to the ladies," he said, while everyone turned round amazed at the sound of his voice, and he stood meeting with cheery composure the gaze of all the eyes, and all their various expressions. "I wish to offer an apology to the ladies, who, I am sorry to hear, were alarmed by the violence of some of my supporters—of course by no encouragement of mine, as every gentleman here will understand. But I am very sorry to hear that Miss Money and Miss Grey were alarmed by the little row, and I've come to offer them the assurance of my regret."

Victor Heron broke from those around him, and went up to St. Paul.

"Mr. St. Paul, I hold you responsible for the whole of what has happened to-night," he said. "You set your blackguards on to disturb this town, and if any harm comes of it—if that poor policeman who has been hurt should come to any grief—you shall be accountable for it. I promise you that you shall."

"We are all rather confused to-night," St. Paul coolly replied, "and we are in a humour for making rather sweeping assertions. I am sorry you got hurt, Heron, on my honour ; but there's no use in making a fuss about these things. I tell you what, my good fellow, you owe it to me altogether that you have not had your brains knocked out."

"Your gang of hired bravoos were capable of anything in the way of crime," Heron said ; "but if they hadn't been twenty to one we shouldn't have wanted the intervention of their employer. Thank God, I put my mark on some of them !"

"Dare say you did—that's the way with all you peaceful fellows. I'm glad I came in time, however ; and it's no use our losing our tempers about the whole affair. It wasn't much of a row, after all."

"Let me tell you, Mr. St. Paul," Money said, coming to the rescue, "that if you think you can carry things off in this way you are confoundedly mistaken. You know as well as I do that you will never be allowed to hold a seat got by such flagrant and such—such infernal intimidation."

"You may rely upon it, Mr. St. Paul," Mr. Sheppard said, likewise interfering in the dispute, "that neither Mr. Heron nor I will allow the proceedings of this night to go without a full judicial inquiry. Violence, sir, shall never be allowed to triumph in the parliamentary elections of this ancient and honourable borough."

"Bravo, Sheppard; that's very well said, indeed," the incorrigible St. Paul observed. "You have evidently been preparing for the place of its representative. But wouldn't it be as well, gentlemen, to wait until the close of the poll before we go into all this? I have, of course, all the confidence which a good cause and the support of the people must give a man; but in such a borough there are unfortunately other influences at work, as our friend Sheppard knows, and it is just possible that I may not be elected. For the present I only came to offer to the ladies the expression of my sincere regret that they should have been annoyed or alarmed in any way. I don't see Miss Money present; but I am happy enough to see Miss Grey, and I hope she will allow me to offer my apologies for what was, however, no fault of mine."

Minola had kept near her window all this time, and was in hope of escaping without notice. But Mr. St. Paul coolly made his way to her, pushing all intervening persons aside, as if they hardly counted for anything in his progress.

"I hope you don't think all this absurd affair was my personal doing," he said, when he was close to her.

"I hope it was not your doing," Minola replied emphatically; "I should think it disgraceful for anyone to have caused so much disturbance and done so much harm."

"Hadn't a thing to do with it, I give you my word. But don't you mind these fools—lucky for some of them that I came in time."

"It was disgraceful," said Minola; "a poor man was very much hurt, I am told."

"It was not a very big row, after all," he observed calmly; "I have seen twenty bigger, about which there wasn't half the talk. Anyhow, you'll find I have kept my word, Miss Grey; your man stands to win."

He made her a polite bow, took in the company generally in a

friendly salute, and left the room with the same entirely self-satisfied good-humour which he had brought in with him.

Minola felt that in a manner the eyes of the world were on her. She went up to Mr. Money, passing Victor Heron on her way.

"Where is Lucy, Mr. Money?" she asked.

"Oh, we sent her out of the room! I really thought I saw you going with her. She got frightened when she saw that Heron—and myself, I suppose, were a little hurt. She is very nervous, and she seemed like fainting."

"I'll go to her," Minola said.

She was hastily leaving the room, when Victor Heron stopped her. He seemed greatly annoyed at something.

"What was that fellow saying to you, Miss Grey? I advised you before not to let that man talk to you so much. You are too young; you don't understand; but I do wish you would not encourage him. He seems to go on as if he were a personal friend of yours. Don't let him, Miss Grey—do have sense and take my advice."

Minola thanked him with a grave and perplexing politeness, and made haste to follow Lucy. While she was speaking to, or rather listening to, Heron, the eyes of Mr. Sheppard had been on them, even as the eyes of Heron had been on her while she spoke to Mr. St. Paul. Sheppard saw that her manner to Heron was cool and indifferent, and he was glad once more.

Victor Heron turned away disappointed. As Minola was leaving the room she heard him ask—

"Where's Blanchet? Has anyone seen Blanchet? I saw him last in the thick of the fight—he came to my help in good time, and I hope he isn't hurt. Look for Blanchet, somebody."

A pang went through Minola's heart. She thought that if any harm had befallen the poet it might have been her bitter words which drove him in the way of it. "And I was quite unjust to him, and he is no coward," she said to herself remorsefully.

(To be continued.)

THE "MAFIA" AND "OMERTÀ" IN SICILY.

WHEN, some months ago now, a deputation of London merchants interested in the trade with Sicily waited upon Lord Derby for the purpose of urging him to represent to the Italian Government the absolute necessity of repressing energetically the brigandage which threatened to make all civilised intercourse with the island impossible, the newspapers which brought the accounts of the step so taken by these London traders were received with a howl of indignation in Italy ! A few of the more respectable and thoughtful organs, especially those of the party now in opposition,—the "Moderates," as they are called in opposition to the "Liberals," which title answers to what we should call the Radicals,—declared that the blush of shame which such a fact must bring to the cheeks of every patriotic Italian ought to act only as a stimulus to amend the evils complained of ; that, indignant as he must feel, the only possible answer to such an affront was an earnest determination to remove the causes of it. But the general sentiment called forth was one of un-mixed anger at the audacity of those foreigners who had dared to move a foreign Government on the subject. "If the English traders don't like Sicily as they find it, let them go elsewhere !" exclaimed one of these patriotic writers. It was remarked in reply by the *Opinione*, one of the most ably conducted papers which Italy possesses, that the writer above quoted evidently did not know what he was talking about when he invited the English merchants trading with Sicily to withdraw their capital from the island ; that a determination on their part to do so would be equivalent to the destruction of all that was best in Sicily.

But the Italian feeling, which was irritated by the touch of foreign hands on this sore place, was as nothing when compared to the Sicilian feeling aroused by an appeal from Sicilians to the Italian Government at Rome. So strong is the demand for "Home Rule" on the part of Sicilian patriots ! A group of Sicilians (Palermitans, ^{believe} ^{sta}) telegraphed to the present Minister for Home Affairs some time ago, urging on him the absolute necessity of taking

immediate measures for the better protection of life and property in the island. On which a Sicilian deputy rose in his place in the Chamber to denounce the fact with the utmost indignation, and to demand *the names* of those who had sent the telegram! The Minister very properly refused absolutely to give them. And, indeed, to have done so would have been to render the lives of his petitioners not worth an hour's purchase.

And when the late Ministry, shortly before they left office last March twelvemonth, attempted to pass a bill giving them exceptional powers for the putting down of brigandage in Sicily, they were opposed by almost every Sicilian deputy in the Chamber. They failed to pass their bill, and the failure contributed to their fall. The entire "Liberal" party voted against the enactment of any exceptional measures, merely as a means of ousting their opponents from office, and basing their opposition on their unwillingness to entrust such power to hands in which they had no confidence. But the Sicilian deputies opposed all meddling with their island institutions, whether by one or the other political party. The fact is, that they deliberately choose to live in their social sty such as they have made it, and cry aloud against any attempt to cleanse it!

English capital has not yet been quite driven out of the island, for Englishmen are tenacious and not easily beaten. But here is an anecdote, which reached the present writer directly from the person concerned, which may serve to show how entirely the island is in the possession of the so-called *mafia*, and how fatal such a state of things must be to any economical amelioration.

There existed, and exists still I presume, a family of ancient standing in the interior of the island, which possesses a large and curious collection of ancient armour, which the owners had come to the determination to sell. A Roman dealer in antiquities, my informant, thought he saw his way to a profitable stroke of business, and made up his mind to start for Sicily for the purpose of buying the entire collection. But just as he was about to leave Rome he received a letter, saying that there would be no objection to his purchasing the collection, but that it must be understood that the owners would not be allowed to sell, or the purchaser to remove his purchases from the island, without the payment of a certain named, and very extortionate, percentage to the brigand chiefs. The family in question did not seem to conceive for an instant the idea of disputing or resisting this decree in any manner; the Roman dealer gave up his journey, and the armour doubtless is still hanging on the walls where it has remained for so many centuries.

Now, before speaking of the modes in which it acts, it is worth while to explain what this *mafia* is and means, for many mistaken ideas have been current concerning it.

Here is the best explanation I have found of the word. It is that given by Signor Franchetti in his recent work on Sicily. No other of the great number of writers on the subject, whose writings I have seen, seems to have understood the matter as thoroughly as he has. "*La mafia*," he says, "is a mediæval sentiment. Whosoever believes that he can provide for the protection and security of his person and his goods by dint of his own personal prowess and influence, without having any recourse to law or the constituted authorities, he is *mafioso*."

Thus those who wield the powers of, and profit by, the *mafia* are termed *mafiosi*; but it is an error to imagine that there is any definite society so named, secret or other, which has certain rules, and to which a man is regularly admitted. If we imagine a school in which, by reason of the negligence of the master and the spiritless temperament of the mass of the smaller boys, "bullying" in its grossest form is prevalent, the "bullies" are there *mafiosi*. In a society where law can hardly be said to exist, where long centuries of the most monstrously bad government have caused it to be a portion of the nature of every man in every class to consider law, and all appeal to the law, as an unmixed evil, the man with the temperament of a school bully becomes, not by any matriculation or aggregation, but by the force of things and the strength of his will, a *mafioso*. Strength will be lord of imbecility in the long-run even in civilised communities. The difference in Sicily is that the "run," unmodified by the intervention of law, is a very short one; and the man who is most audacious in the assertion of his will is master.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature in the case, and at the same time that which more than any other makes it seem a hopeless one, is that those who suffer most by the *mafia* are utterly averse to any proposals or measures for the amelioration of it. They—the owners of property, as well as those who live on them by rapine and violence—prefer lawlessness to law. In those few words the whole of the causes of so hopeless a state of things are sufficiently set forth. The power of the *mafia* in action is supported by a code of ethics, prevalent and exclusively respected throughout the island, called "*Omertà*." I have seen this word incorrectly, as I believe, stated in some English work to be a provincial pronunciation of *umiltà*, "humility," which suggests an idea as much opposed to

that which underlies the Sicilian code of morality as can well be. *Omertà* is, I take it, derived from *homo*, and signifies "manliness;" and this manliness is to be shown by hating, scorning, and abjuring all appeal to law. *Omertà* requires that your own hand alone should protect your head; but it also requires that in any circumstances in which it should fail to be able to do so, the man who has *omertà* at heart must bend his head and suffer. Vengeance, however tardy, and obtained by whatever amount of treachery and striking from behind, is in honourable conformity with *omertà*; but there must be no appeal to law. Nor does it always appear that the *mafiosi*, however indisputable their title to the appellation, are safe from the vengeance of their fellows. Hawks do pick out hawks' een in Sicily.

Signor Franchetti, in his admirable volume recently published at Florence, "On the Political and Administrative Conditions of Sicily," relates that a wealthy proprietor of the neighbourhood of Palermo was, in the immediate vicinity of the city, shot at as he passed in his carriage. As many as five or six bullets whizzed past him; but almost miraculously he escaped. No complaint was made to the police authorities, and no sort of notice seemed to be taken of the circumstance. But within a few months every one of those who had taken part in the attempted assassination was himself assassinated. The *mafiosi*, who attempted the crime and failed, had imprudently attacked one more *mafioso* than themselves, and paid with their lives for the mistake. And the "justice" thus done completely satisfied all the exigencies of Sicilian public opinion! Had the original object of the assassins appealed to the law to protect or avenge him, there would not have been the smallest chance of obtaining any evidence or a conviction against the assassins; and their intended victim would have undoubtedly lost his life by some less maladroit hand. He would also have been dishonoured by his failing in *omertà*. "The mass of the population," says Signor Franchetti, "admits, recognises, and justifies the existence of forces which would elsewhere be deemed unlawful, and the means which those forces use to attain their objects." So that whosoever should elect to place himself on the side of the law would incur, besides the risk of vengeance, that public disapprobation which constitutes dishonour. Thus crimes are committed in the most open manner, without its being possible for the authorities to discover the authors of them. Everybody knows who they are, where they are, what they have done, and what they are going to do. But nobody denounces them, nobody gives evidence against them; not even the victim, who,

if he is strong enough and bold enough, awaits his opportunity to avenge himself; if not, suffers with resignation and is silent. If perchance the police by dint of zeal and activity succeeds, in the first moments after the commission of a crime, in obtaining some clue to the perpetrators of it, or some denunciation of them, all vanishes as soon as ever the trial begins. Witnesses deny what they have previously said; those who have accused withdraw their accusations. Despite evidence and the public notoriety which point out the criminal, the law is impotent for the punishment of him.

The following account of the difficulty in which the representative of the Government—the Prefect—finds himself on arriving at Palermo, and entering on the duties of his office, is so curious and so striking that we cannot abstain from taking it from Signor Franchetti's pages :

A representative of the Government is sent to Palermo armed with the most extended power over the military forces of the whole of the island, and over the civil administration of the province of Palermo, and with orders to do his utmost for the re-establishment of order. He arrives full of zeal, and ardently desirous of attaining the end proposed to him. His first business is to look around him, and seek for some one who may give him information which may assist him in discovering the causes of disorder and the means of punishing the guilty. In the Government offices he finds a complete ignorance of all he needs to know. In the city, on the contrary, he finds powerful organisations vying with each other in their offers to serve him with their intimate knowledge of the local conditions in their most recondite particulars, and with the sure and prompt means of action of which they can dispose, without appearing to demand any other recompense save the honour of serving him. He finds an innumerable quantity of people, adepts in murder, and ready to commit it for anybody who will pay them. He finds both older and more recent records of repressions executed by the agents of the Government, but which have more the air of assassinations than of punishments. In such a condition of things he is driven, one may say, fatally to rely on the only force which he finds within his reach. He returns to the traditions of the old Bourbon Government, which have never been entirely broken with; he permits malefactors to be enrolled in the armed force of the Government; he puts the Government uniform on them; he opens to them the offices of the detective police; he allows the local administrations and all the governmental organisations to fall into the power of the influential persons from whom he receives support. . . . And then one sees the ruffianism paid by the Government, farming, as one may say, from the Government the duty of assassinating such criminals as are not licensed by themselves, which they punctually do whenever such malefactors do not ally themselves with them and divide with them the produce of their crimes. Men wearing the official uniform have been seen committing crimes also on their own account, while the representatives of the Government were constrained to refrain from looking too closely into the methods of proceeding adopted by such perilous instruments, and reduced to shut their eyes to the most horrible crimes, while covering them with the authority of the Italian Government.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that the malady

which afflicts the whole community in Sicily is confined to the commission of acts of brigandage and crime. The matter is far more complicated, and the virus far more intimately assimilated with every portion of the blood of the body social. Murder is the foundation-stone on which the whole of the social fabric rests. If the assassin is not always in presence red-handed on the scene, the whole business of the drama proceeds on the thoroughly well-grounded assumption that he is never absent from behind the wings, and is ready to appear at a moment's notice. A man wishes to sell a house or a field. Another wishes to buy it who is known to be a *capo mafia*—a leading man among the *mafiosi*, that is to say. For that field or that house no other soul will be found to offer a farthing. The thing has become so accepted, so much a matter of course, that those who live under and by the rule of the *mafia* very frequently do not render any conscious account to themselves of the motives on which they act.

It is not necessary that a man should say to himself: "If I offer a price for that field my neighbour the grocer will be annoyed, and the result of that will be that that swaggering fellow, his wife's cousin, will assuredly put a bullet into me." It is as a matter of course to him that he puts no impediment in the way of the man, who is known to have the means of letting loose murder. But why, it may be asked, does not the man who would have liked to bid for the field, but dared not, murder the grocer, or cause him to be murdered, instead of fearing to be murdered by him? The answer is simply that the grocer, as we have called him, is the stronger character of the two, the boldest, the most unscrupulous, perhaps also, in some degree, the most favoured by chance—the chance of having that wife's cousin, for example. As hanging is the *ultima ratio* on which the criminal jurisprudence rests, though it be but rarely brought into operation—as war is the *ultima ratio* on which all international arrangements and dealings depend—so murder is the *ultima ratio* on which the whole social fabric reposes in Sicily.

There is no department of life whatsoever in which a power greater than that of the law, and hostile to that of the law, does not prevail. The administrative affairs of the communes are managed in accordance with the interests and the will of certain well-known and well-recognised persons in the community. It passes as a matter of course that they should be so. If the will of the persons in question should involve any whatsoever amount of corruption, malversation, misappropriation of funds, oppression of the poorer classes to the profit of the richer, all this is a matter of course too. And it

probably may not occur to any of those who submit to this tyranny and oppression to say to themselves: the reason why all this malversation takes place, the reason why the making of that most necessary road is entrusted to A. B., who, instead of carrying out his contract, puts the money in his pocket—why the whole commune votes for the re-election of a mayor and councillors who are known to have scandalously robbed the community—is, that if the mayor did not give the contract to the fraudulent contractor, and if the voters did not vote for the corrupt mayor, not many weeks would pass before the offender would be shot from behind the corner of a house or a garden wall, while the great C. D., the *capo mafia* tyrant of the district, by all well known to be such, is tranquilly smoking his cigar or lounging down the village street with his hands in his pockets! But that is what is in the background of all their minds; and the result is not only a great fear, but a great respect for the said C. D.

I remember a story told me by a friend who had just returned from Egypt. He asked his guide, while travelling, to whom belonged a handsome-looking house by the side of the road. "O sir, there lives So-and-so! Most respectable man, sir. The other day he killed his cook! *Very* respectable man, sir." The Egyptian used his English more correctly than many to the manner born! The man who had killed his cook was a man to be respected. And the sentiment of the Sicilian is of precisely the same nature as that of the Egyptian. The man whose lawless violence was so masterful as to kill his cook because he had offended him was a man evidently to be feared. "Respected," in the ethical conception of the Egyptian and the Sicilian equally, is synonymous with "feared."

Signor Franchetti shows with great abundance of detail, what indeed one knew from many sources before, that this terrorism pervades every—absolutely every—department of life. Even the funds of charitable foundations are distributed in accordance with its dictates. Not a servant can be hired or discharged without reference to the will of the unseen power which is paramount in the island.

I have pointed out that in every commune there will be found some man or some family whose will is law in that district, who disposes of the communal funds, controls the election of municipal officers, whose property is never touched, while depredations of all sorts are constantly committed against that of others, and whose means very frequently are increased from sources the nature of which every one understands perfectly well, though no one dreams of mentioning them. Such persons or families are the despotic lords of their district.

But, as may be readily understood, it not unfrequently happens that they may have a rival near the throne, that there may be other aspirants to the position which they hold. And then arises a state of things which demonstrates that the *mafia* is no organised society giving to the members of it any status or right as regards each other. For in such a case the *ultima ratio* of murder is at once appealed to, and he remains the cock of the walk who can murder most. Thus family feuds are generated which often endure till one of the rival races is exterminated. Recently, in a district near to Palermo, a civil war of this sort broke out, as Signor Franchetti relates, between two families thus contending for pre-eminence. The murder of a member of one party was promptly avenged by the killing of one on the other side. And thus in that one commune, and in the space of one year, there were five-and-thirty murders !

When a rivalry of this sort breaks out, there arises an unfailing tendency to spread the operations of crime and violence over a continuously increasing area. "Each party," says Signor Franchetti, "chooses its banner from the inexhaustible arsenal of political or even religious parties. It matters little what, for the name is all that is wanted. Then each of the rivals seeks to recruit his party and extend his alliances among the classes of malefactors, assassins, and those hiding from justice. And for the attracting of such adherents, for the encouragement of old supporters, and to invite new ones, he seeks to extend his reputation for power, influence, and violence. His object is to show that his clients, let their business or their need be what it may, are assured of aid and protection never failing them, and always efficacious. And thus each head of a party adds to the violences committed on his own account those committed on behalf of his adherents. He resents injuries done to them as if they were his own, and he adopts their quarrels and vengeancees." One is reminded in many respects of the Border life of some couple of hundred years ago, save that the crimes of the Sicilian outlaw are unredeemed by any touch of generosity, chivalry, or manly feeling of any kind. No more deep and far-reaching indication of the profound degradation of character and sentiment prevailing, than the use of the word "*omertà*" to express the meanings it signifies in a Sicilian mouth, can be conceived.

I have shown, on the authority of Signor Franchetti, the extreme difficulty which the Government has to contend with in dealing with crime in Sicily. But it has in its hands one most potent arm, the nature of which must now be explained to the reader. This formidable weapon consists of two parts, the "admonition," and "compulsory

residence" (*domicilio coatto*). When the police has reason, from the private information of its agents, to suspect any individual as criminal or an accomplice in crime, it watches that person. If its suspicions are confirmed by the results of such watchfulness, the individual is denounced to the Prætor. The Prætor seeks information on the subject (secretly), and if he has reason to think that the police have been right in their suspicions, he "admonishes" the suspected person not to conduct himself in a manner calculated to give rise to further suspicions. Thenceforward it is the duty of the agents of public security to dog the steps of that man, and make themselves acquainted with all his habits, his haunts, and the persons whose society he frequents. Should his conduct seem to them to continue calculated to arouse suspicion, he is again reported to the Prætor. And if this denunciation should appear to be well founded, a condemnation for "contravention of admonition" follows. After that, the Minister of the Interior may, on the proposal of the Præfect, sentence the individual in question to *domicilio coatto*—that is, condemn him to reside in any spot which may be assigned to him, for two years if the condemnation had been preceded by one admonition, and for five years if it had been preceded by two. And when those two or those five years are over, a new admonition may at once be inflicted on the culprit, followed by a new condemnation to *domicilio coatto*. So that, as Signor Franchetti remarks, "a man may thus be for ever exiled from his home and isolated from society." "It would seem," he continues, "that any Government furnished with so potent an arm would have the power, according to the manner in which it was used, either to devastate a province, or to restore it to security and prosperity." "If only a Government be well served by its agents," he observes, with this weapon in its hands, "there is no crime so hidden that it cannot sooner or later discover the author of it, and no individual so high-placed that the authorities cannot strike him." And in truth the power thus given, though by no means greater than would be necessary for dealing with such a state of things as that in Sicily, is a terrible one. Let us now see how it has been used. The demand of new and exceptional powers made by the late Ministry was refused by the Chamber of Deputies. And the present Ministry has, besides pouring troops into the island, which it is of course constitutionally competent to do, strained the powers accorded to it by the law to a point somewhat beyond the utmost letter allowed to it by strict legality, as I shall have occasion to show more particularly presently. We will now see how it has employed the very formidable power which the law has placed in its hands.

I quote again from Signor Franchetti : " The lists of the numerous persons ' admonished ' and sent to *domicilio coatto* in the city of Palermo and its environs are, like those in the other parts of Sicily, filled in great part with the names of the petty thieves, the delinquents of minor importance, and all that small fry of culprits which in every country is led to a life of irregularity by poverty or idleness—a class of persons troublesome rather than dangerous to society, but which may be rendered dangerous by the application to them of such punishments. If, on the other hand, there are not wanting some names of dangerous assassins of the lower classes, rare indeed are the names of those leaders of the *mafia*, the organisers of crime, enriched by enforcing their mastery on others, and who have in many cases become, by a system of terrorism, the absolute despots of an entire commune. And in these lists there is an almost entire absence of the names of those tyrants belonging to a higher sphere, who are the cause, the beginning, and the foundation of the vast system of sanguinary violence which oppresses the country. There is some secret force which protects their persons, and supports their influence, against whomsoever it may be, and especially against public authority."

This is a most tremendous charge against the Government of the day, as well as against the authorities in the island. But surely the " force " of which Signor Franchetti speaks is not so very *secret* a force. He has himself in another passage of his book spoken of the fact that a portion of the sums levied by associations of malefactors in the shape of black-mail or free passes, and the like, goes to secure protection for the criminals in high quarters and even *at Rome*. It is wholly impossible to believe for an instant that the *mafiosi* " in frock coats and white gloves," who are notorious to every man in the island, can never incur even the suspicion of the police to such a degree as to produce an " admonition." As Signor Franchetti himself observes, there can be no crime so hidden that the system of " admonition," and the organised espionage on which it is based, would not avail to discover it. And it is to be observed that with the using of this tremendous weapon no difficulties of legal process can interfere. Witnesses will not speak ; juries will not convict ; convictions are impossible. But all this matters but little to the magistrate who can proceed by " admonition " and *domicilio coatto* !

Justice, says the same author, goes with her eyes bandaged and ears stopped up, groping in search of criminals and assassins, of whom all the world, save she alone, knows perfectly well where they are and what they are doing. Her agents are inefficient, or they

betray her. Cases might be cited in which the carabinieri (an armed police force) have been beating the mountains and valleys under the snow and rain, while the brigand they are in search of has been tranquilly passing his winter in Palermo, and by no means always secretly. We remember the revelations of Mr. Rose when he returned from his sojourn among the brigands ; how the brigand chief Leoni knew all that was passing respecting him and his victim at Palermo ; how he was informed even of the proposals discussed and the plans formed by the members of the victim's own family in his own house ! In short, that the authorities are systematically betrayed by their own agents is abundantly clear and undeniable.

Yet a majority of the Chamber of Deputies was found to declare that no exceptional powers were needed for the extirpation of brigandage and lawlessness from the island. It is true that the vote in question was in a great measure dictated, not by any consideration as to the question whether any such powers were needed or not needed, but simply by eagerness to use the opportunity which presented itself for the ousting of the then Ministry from their places. But the refusal of all such powers to the executive was violently supported by the Sicilian deputies themselves, and by those who thought that Sicily should be for the Sicilian, and governed by "Sicilian ideas." The misfortune of that vote has been that the country has been ruled by a Ministry who came into power pledged against the adoption of any exceptional measures in Sicily. It is a curious fact also, and one of wide significance, that the "Liberal," that is, as we should say, Radical Ministry, which is in opposition to the "Moderates," or, as we should say, Conservatives—the Liberal Ministry finds its supporters mainly in the south, and their opponents in the north. So that, while travelling round the Chamber from "right" to "left," you are also, taking the matter roughly and in general, moving from north to south. Thus, even independently of the fact of their having committed themselves to the task of ruling Sicily without having recourse to any exceptional means, they cannot afford to lose the support of the Sicilian deputies, and of all the Neapolitan sympathisers with them, who have a constitutional objection to adding to the power of the law.

From what has been said it will have been understood that the notion common in Italy, and probably universal to the north of the Alps, that the *mafia* and brigandage are two names for one and the same thing, is erroneous. Brigandage is only one of the forms in which the *mafia* shows itself. The brigand chief is perhaps the most perfect product and manifestation of the spirit of the *mafia*,

because he lives in the most constant and open defiance of and hostility to the law; because the audacity needed for his pursuits is likely to cap the audacity of others engaged in less hazardous trades; and because he is consequently more able to inspire *fear*, which is the base and foundation on which the entire superstructure of the *mafia* rests. The whole social life of Sicily is pervaded and fashioned by the *mafia*; brigandage is only the culminating blossom of the plant. It is the manifestation of it which we naturally hear most of on this side of the Alps, which most strikes the imagination, and most concerns those who travel, or would wish to travel, in the island. But for the inhabitants, and as regards the hope and possibility of reclaiming and regenerating the island in future, brigandage is by no means the most important feature of the evil. Nor is it, or rather ought it to be, by a very great deal, the most difficult to deal with.

The specialty of brigandage properly so called, as it exists in Sicily, is that those who are engaged in it follow the occupation professionally, and do so in organised bands. The latter quality distinguishes the brigand from the ordinary malefactor, such as he may be found in other communities; the former marks the distinction between him and the bulk of the Sicilian population, who live their ordinary lives in subjection to, or availing themselves of, the power of the *mafia*. The entirety of this, it is true, is founded and rests on murder in the background, never far distant, and always ready to come to the front, as has been shown. And, inasmuch as the brigand is a skilled practitioner of murder, and always ready to undertake it, it very frequently occurs that his services are put in requisition by those who have need to recur to that *ultima ratio* of Sicilian society. In fact, nothing would more efficiently tend to confer consideration and respectability on a *capo mafioso* than the known fact that he had such social relations with a brigand chief as should promptly and surely place the latter at his orders. All brigands, therefore, are *mafiosi*, but not all *mafiosi* brigands.

The brigand has no other profession, and he always recognises the authority of his chief. He not only has no other profession, but he makes no attempt at pretending to have any other. And for this reason, despite the fact that no Sicilian will help Justice in her effort to capture and punish him, it is far more possible to compass his destruction than to root out any other form of the *mafia*. Thus, what little has been done for the repression of crime in the island has almost entirely consisted in hunting down the bands of brigands. They fight; and they occasionally, therefore, are got rid of by the

expeditious process of shooting them down in fair fight with the troops. It is the only way in which they *are* satisfactorily got rid of. For if the brigand has the good fortune to fall into the hands of his good friends the police, and the courts, and the juries, he is tolerably sure of escaping conviction. And if, *par impossible*, he were convicted, he is quite sure of being allowed to return to his occupation after a longer or shorter period of seclusion, if he do not escape from prison at an earlier date. The Government returns from the different establishments of "hulks" mention the case of one prisoner serving his sixth confinement for life. Five times, therefore, he has either escaped or been pardoned. And inasmuch as the sentence of imprisonment for life is not awarded save for murder (and very often not for that), five perhaps valuable lives have been sacrificed for the sake of preserving this one worthless one!

The only chance, therefore, of finally getting rid of a brigand is that he should be killed in fight with the troops. And such an end of him is not so distasteful to Sicilian ideas, or so likely to provoke indignation and hostility on the part of any survivors, as the smallest interference with the real fundamental principles of the national institution of the *mafia*. Probably the inhabitants of the district on which he preyed may have some grudge against him; but they know better than to expect that his untimely end will in any degree liberate them from the tyranny and black-mail to which they have been subject. *Uno avulso, non deficit alter!* Probably his first lieutenant may be promoted to his place, if he is a man of sufficient courage, audacity, and resource. If not, the band will probably be amalgamated with that flourishing in an adjoining district.

But the main point in which brigandage comes into contact with the general life of the island and the non-professional brigand portion of the population, is by the commission of the crime which the law calls *manutenzione*, *i.e.* the harbouring, concealing, and giving aid and comfort to malefactors. For this, as might be readily supposed from the general social conditions in the island, is a very common offence, and one which is common in all classes of society. It has been shown—and, indeed, needs very little showing—how great an increase of consideration and social standing must accrue to the noblest and wealthiest landed proprietor in such a condition of things and of feelings as has been described, from having a professional murderer at his beck and call. But the services which such men can render must, as is natural, be repaid at need. It was only the other day that all the papers had an account of the detection of one of the leading proprietors in the south of the island in the act of sheltering

and protecting some criminals, steeped neck-deep in blood, of whom the troops were in search. Of the detection of the wealthy patrician in question much was heard ; but nothing has been heard since of any results from that detection.

Now it will be sufficiently clear, from what has been said, that any Government have, in any attempt to reclaim Sicily and place it on the path, however long that path may promise to be, by which it may return to the prosperity which it once possessed, an exceedingly arduous and thorny task before them. The present Government, and especially Bacon Nicotera, in whose department, as Minister for Home Affairs, the matter lies, while professedly adhering to the factious vote which refused to their predecessors all exceptional powers for dealing with the evil under consideration, have themselves, as was hinted towards the beginning of this paper, exceeded the limits of the power conceded by the law in a very striking measure, which was adopted on the last day of April. There was in the island a special body of police called *militi a cavallo*, whose duty was that of a mounted police. They did not live in barracks, nor form a regiment, but every man lived in his own house, and the special object and intention of them was to secure a body of men who should be thoroughly acquainted with the localities and the inhabitants of them—an object, indeed, which was thoroughly attained. Well! On the 30th of April last, in every province throughout the island, at the same day and hour, these men were called out as for a review. They were then quietly surrounded by *bersaglieri*, a thoroughly trusty body of troops mainly recruited from the hills of Piedmont, who had received orders *to have their muskets loaded*. The Sicilian horsemen were then ordered to dismount, and having done so, they were divided into three categories. Those in the first of these were told that their services would be accepted in a new body of mounted guards about to be formed upon a new system. Those in the second category were ordered to lay down their arms and strip off their uniform, which they did, then and there. They were then informed that the country had no further need of their services, and they might go whither they pleased. Those in the third category were similarly made to lay down their arms and pull off their uniform ; and it was then intimated to them that they were under arrest, preparatory to being sent to *domicilio coatto* ! This last step constituted the illegal part of these singularly dramatic proceedings, for the condemnation to *domicilio coatto* must legally be preceded by "admonition." It is probable, however, that the *suprema lex* of the safety of the State will be held to justify this somewhat high-handed bit of despotism—pro-

bable, also, that those who best know the whole state of the case will be inclined to think that the error of the minister consisted in retaining any portion of a body of men, a very great number of whom were notoriously in league with the criminals they were employed to catch.

In conclusion, it may, I think, be considered as proved beyond the possibility of doubt that there is not the remotest hope of reclaiming and regenerating the island without exceptional measures of a very drastic kind. There are not wanting thoughtful Italians who much misdoubt the efficacy of any measures whatsoever to effect the end in view. Such is not my own opinion. But the first thing needful would be a thorough understanding that Sicily was not to be governed according to Sicilian ideas. The wishes of the gentlemen sent by the island to the Italian Parliament might be usefully listened to in the perfect conviction that wisdom and sound policy would be found in a direction diametrically opposed to them. The next cardinal point would be that the work of government in all its branches, from the highest to the lowest, must be done by non-Sicilians, preferably men from the north of Italy. And, thirdly, though the mere mention of such a thing would make the islanders wild with fury, an absolute and entire disarmament, under the sternest penalties, would be absolutely necessary.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND EXHIBITION.

[SYLVANUS URBAN has received, along with the MS. of this article, the following letter, which he thinks may be properly printed as an introduction :—

“Sir,—Having read with satisfaction the remarks on the Royal Academy in your Magazine of two months back, will you allow me to supplement them, and enforce public attention by the enclosed article, written a good many months ago, but laid aside till I could get better acquainted with the means and plans employed by Continental Governments in furtherance of the Fine Arts, and more particularly in providing public exhibitions of living art. Having for many years been intimately acquainted with the inner life of our Academic body,—as Wordsworth says about his wife after marriage, having seen

“ ‘The very pulse of the machine,’—

I am not surprised by the late three or four elections of Associates, and only feel more certain that the impracticable institution should be treated to a little plain dealing. If, since the opening of the Grosvenor, the Academy is more determined to confine itself to *genre* and mediocrity, if still another new Exhibition is being organised in London, surely the time is come for the proposal with which I conclude, without waiting for information regarding Continental systems, which probably would suit us very little.—Yours in confidence, &c.”]

THE Royal Academy, once located in Somerset House, bribed to go out by the Government giving them the half of the National Gallery, and again bribed to quit by the gift of half of Old Burlington House, goes on at the present day as it began a hundred and eleven years ago, with a constituency of forty, boasting of a limited eleemosynary education, and appropriating the emoluments of the central exhibition of the annual productions of our arts.

During this period, how great has been the development in every other institution, political, commercial, scientific, literary, and artistic ! The art of water-colour painting has risen into a perfection hitherto unknown in history, and two representative societies have had to fight their way unaided into independence. The number of able professional artists in the section of painters in oil, as well as the number of purchasers and collectors, has increased incalculably. The establishment of a department of Science and Art, under the Committee of Council on Education, has created an Art-college and Museum at

South Kensington, having minor schools and colleges all over these islands. In the London season and throughout the kingdom, there are now nearly a hundred exhibitions open annually. Towards this vast spread and establishment of taste and knowledge, the Academy has uniformly turned its back; no step has ever been taken, no advice given, not a guinea spent, not even a smile bestowed. It has done nothing but gather the annual proceeds, now amounting to about £20,000, and guard with a kind of ferocity the degree, as we may properly call it, of R.A. from being extended beyond the forty, in which number were at first comprehended, according to John Pye, "flower painters, seal engravers, die sinkers, watch chasers, and enamel painters."

For a long time general indifference to matters of taste, and the prestige of this pet foundation of George III., who was not very bright, did not see how the apples got into the dumpling, and who no doubt thought an Academy was an educational establishment simply, caused it to remain unquestioned except from personal motives. The Discourses of the first president, Reynolds, followed by Fuseli and others, gave it an intellectual position. Now its position is entirely different. Ever since the Government tried to serve high art by the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and found to the astonishment of the country that there existed among us fifty young artists of educated ability, nearly all utterly unknown to the Academy, and since the establishment of Schools under a Department of Art has raised the standard of ornamental taste both in workmen and the public, the Royal Academy remaining as if deaf and blind, only alive to the interests of its pocket, the old respect towards the body has been altogether changed. Parliamentary inquiries have taken place without result, the Academicians claiming in fact to be the Queen's servants, like the players of the time of Queen Elizabeth. And in May last, Sir C. W. Dilke called the attention of the House to the neglect of the Royal Academy to attend to the recommendations of the previous Royal Commission, that of 1863.

These recommendations were, we must say, of a futile character, and the Royal Academy only acts in character by neglecting pressure; Sir C. W. Dilke's motion produced no effect; he seems to have had no intelligent adviser, and might have saved himself the trouble of doing as he did. We believe he thinks so now. At the Social Science Congress at Liverpool last year, Mr. Watkiss Lloyd read a very good paper on "The Influence of Academies upon the Life of a Nation," characterising them as Old Men of the Sea, whose business was purely selfish; and Mr. Aitchison, who followed, spoke of them as

make-believes, after a generation or two had developed new conditions of art-life ; but neither said a word of recommendations or advices to our existing Academy. It would be exhilarating indeed to see the President and Charles Landseer, Pickersgill, Horsley, and Ward throwing up their exclusiveness, and opening their arms to half a dozen men of intellect and artistic power we could name, who make no secret of looking upon them as mere respectable philistines.

A long acquaintance with the private history of arts and artists in London has disclosed to the writer so many discrepancies and humiliations to which the medium painter is liable, that he comes to the conclusion that some public measure will be carried shortly to mitigate and remove them. A few years ago, the cautious parent feared his son's attaching himself to so precarious a way of life. Now it is entirely different ; the painter is a "prosperous gentleman." His antecedents, too, have ceased to be unmentionable. He looks without awe and with some amusement on the professional wind-bag with honorary initials after his name, or at the specialist whose limited beat is his world, whose talk is of oxen, and who trades in hops. Imagine the despair of the cultivated aspirant when he finds that such men hold his fate in their hands, by excluding his pictures from being seen by the public.

But the interior of the Academy is by no means a "happy family," nor is it a compact body opposing progress like the Romish priesthood. The three or four supreme painters, members of that body, who have this year exhibited at the Grosvenor, are entirely above the close-borough feeling. They are universally respected ; but the very worst artist within the pale acts as if he were superior to the greatest painter in England without it, and this action on his part is sanctioned by the attitude of the public and of the great majority of the profession. Necessity is too constraining ; year after year, with bitterness in his heart, the middle-class artist grins and bears his cuffing ; he must exhibit somewhere—if possible in Burlington House ; some lucky day he may get a step further ! Hope, that "springs eternal in the (artistic) breast," destroys his independence as a man and his bias as an artist.¹ A few years ago old Mr. Linnell took a different course, with a better result ; the tyrant, in his case at least, being found a craven when manfully treated. His largest picture, and one of the best he had done for several years, was rejected,—a

¹ Every miscellaneous corporate body, we must acknowledge, has a mediocre average standard. Are not Praed and Moultrie the superlative poets to Eton men ? Yet the first is only a mixture of punning and twaddle, and the last has the stalest flavour of Byron.

treatment he had not experienced for half a lifetime. What was the reason? A few months before he had been offered and had refused admission into the Academy! He had waited for forty years, now he did not need distinction, so he waived the honour, and it was understood that Mr. Horsley, the member-elect, who is always put forward prominently on the hanging committee, had been made the instrument of punishing him. Mr. Linnell did not submit quietly; the picture had been conditionally sold for a very large sum, and the frightened purchaser grumbled; Mr. Linnell both wrote to the *Times* and published a pamphlet, and he has been free from a similar occurrence since. This rejection of pictures is a way the chartered institution has of acknowledging good advice. A year ago the works of one of our most cultivated landscape painters were refused exhibition. This had never happened before; he had been welcomed for years, but he now learned that he had been taken for the writer of certain strictures lately appearing in the papers. He had not been the writer, and had been punished by mistake! Mr. Armitage's arrogant letter in the *Times* followed, apprising the public that he had a right to turn out any work he chose, and that he meant to exercise it, which made him quite a hero within the ranks.

This right to turn out any work on unstated grounds has sometimes been the death of the artist. The reader may perhaps remember (we speak of 1876) a very tall uninteresting bronze figure of Lord Lawrence, a figure with narrow shoulders and narrower pelvis, done with the least possible labour, to go out to India, by Mr. Woolner, R.A., occupying the place of honour, or at least the most conspicuous place, opposite the entrance. One of the noblest works yet realised by English sculpture, the "Valour and Cowardice," by the late Alfred Stevens, part of the national Wellington monument for St. Paul's, stood against one of the angles of the apartment; and the splendid group of "St. George and the Dragon," a work of unexampled dramatic and artistic skill, was placed in one of the picture galleries. But another large work of great excellence, I am told, because I must premise I have not seen it, the work of three entire years, by Mr. Earle, a sculptor who once modelled the Queen, and on *that* account was then nearly elected into the Academy, was rejected. Mr. Earle's death, which occurred a few weeks after the opening of the exhibition, was stated in the papers to have been the result of the frightful disappointment of having the great work of his life, his three years' labour, deprived of the chance of public recognition. This has never been denied; it has been confirmed; his widow has been placed on the civil pension list. How pleasant for the

sculptor commanding on the occasion, or for any other man, to feel conscious of having assisted in such a result !

All that has yet been said is only corroborative of allegations often made and difficult to prove, although well known in private circles ; but we would go much further : we have much more to say ; and to speak with brevity and clearness, let us divide our argument.

- 1st. Is the Royal Academy now, in its relations to the fine art professions, really what it was intended at its establishment to be ?
- 2nd. Does it advantageously and honourably represent the interests involved ?
- 3rd. Is gratuitous education now justifiable ?
- 4th. Is the Royal Academy like Old Sarum ?

To begin with the first of these questions. The Arts represented by the Academy are Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving.

At the time of the institution of the Academy, the failure of the "Society" which had preceded it, a body containing a great many sign-painters and others having little claim to the character of artists, caused the advisers who prepared the laws of the proposed "Academy" to draw a limit—a limit, however, supposed to be large enough to receive all the real artists living, and which was really larger than necessary, as the first set numbered but thirty-six, leaving four vacancies to be filled.

The first exhibition (1769, before the Academy occupied rooms in Somerset House) contained only 136 works, including oil pictures, "drawings," architectural designs, sculptures, models in wax, &c. Compare this with the exhibition of 1876, which contained 1,522 works, although two Water-Colour Societies and many others were open ! The sculptures alone numbered 165, twenty-nine more than the entire show 110 years ago. Architecture contained 117, nearly as many as the entire first year's show. In water-colour there were about 240. The majority of the remainder, roughly calculated, were paintings in oil. So irresistibly have our arts like our trade developed, in spite of official neglect and Academic discouragement, especially in water-colour painting and landscape !

Let us now see how the membership of this limited body is at present divided : beginning with landscape. The revenue of the Academy results from the exhibition, and it appears from Mr. Dawson's pamphlet, lately published, that our landscape painters furnish nearly a third of the subject pictures. The gentlemen who paint these have been the least submissive under the severe treatment of

late years, and we must admit landscape is a popular pleasure with us, and perhaps the most successful division of our school of painting; healthy landscape, that is to say, landscape inspired by a love of Nature.¹ Yet there is not one landscape painter in the whole list of members! There is one painter of shipping and sea subjects who is partially a landscapist, and there are now three Associates; these are all.

Will any intelligent person affirm that Mr. Leader, whose works are among the most attractive in the exhibitions—we do not mention Linnell, because he refused the membership he had waited in vain for during forty years; Mr. Mark Anthony, whose noble effects and skilful realisation of nature we used to see for many years; Mr. Alfred Hunt, a man of rare accomplishments and refined study; Mr. Brett, possessed of such powers of imitation of texture and surface as were perhaps never seen before; Messieurs McWhirter; J. L. Pickering; Walton; Macallum; Leslie Thomson; A. D. Reid; Sir R. Collier; Adams; Fisher; Aumonier; Linnell, jun.; Raven; or many others we could name—will any critic affirm that Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. Oakes are superior to and should be separated from all or any of these? Mr. Cook is the only sea-painter within the pale. Should he be distinguished beyond J. G. Naish, W. L. Wyllie, Henry Moore, E. Hayes, C. Hunter, and many others?

When first instituted, the Academy actually contained seven landscape painters,² not counting Gainsborough, although he exhibits "landscips" in the first year's show, to which we have already alluded. Now, when the English school of landscape is, in point of fact, the first in the world, when the little influence we have on the continent of Europe has been and is exclusively a landscape influence, and the professors have increased a hundredfold, there are but three Associates! It would almost seem that the amiable body had been trying till lately, when it elected three probationary gentlemen, to destroy the most thoroughly English branch of painting we possess. This state of things is the more absurd when we find three animal painters in the body. Mr. Davis, one of these, has indeed some

¹ The writer regrets to see several of our ablest critics, two of them at least, estimating the artificial-poetical "art for art's sake" species of landscape our neighbours practise, above our own. They know better than that in France! Corot could paint a picture daily without fresh study or specific motive; but he got no attention till the eccentric *blond anglais*, celebrated by Alphonse Karr, bought his picture. One of the best writers in Paris has called Courbe's work "*une espèce de blague*."

² These were: G. Barret, J. Richards, Paul and Thomas Sandby, Dom. Serres, R. Wilson, and F. Zuccarelli. In an exhibition of only 136 works there were 40 landscapes.

merit as a landscape painter, although that is not his speciality. We have been told that there was great dissatisfaction expressed at Vienna when the International Exhibition was held there, that there were no pictures sent from this country save those of the members of the Academy and their friends, and, consequently, scarcely any landscapes.

Let us next examine the portrait painters, of whom there are seven or eight, although their works are in all respects the least interesting to the public, the truth being that the best portraits, or rather, we should say, the only good portraits we now have, are those done by our greater historical and poetical painters, Watts, Millais, and others. Of the Academician portrait painters Sant is the only one who gives us attractive pictures, because he paints ladies. Mr. Wells is a life-size portrait painter only because photography extinguished his miniature practice; and his keen instinct for municipal dignitaries deprives his works of any interest. Sir Francis Grant, Sir W. Boxall, J. P. Knight, Richmond, and Thorburn are all advancing in years; but in their best time they did nothing to be remembered, except the last, in his miniature period. As for Sir W. Boxall, who has done nothing we can recall, he would never have been made Director of the National Gallery had he not been a member of the Academy.

The portraits in the same exhibition most worth looking at, were by Oules; Eddis; E. S. Gregory; Miss Starr; Miss M. Stuart Wortley; J. Archer; L. Dickinson; F. A. Philips; with some from Edinburgh. There were others by some of our best painters; but these will suffice to mention at present, especially as portraiture no more occupies public attention. It is no longer what it was in the meridian period of the art, nor even in the day of Reynolds. Costume is against it now even more than then, and the veracity of the sun is preferable to the expensive chances of art; male portraits share with monumental statuary the derision of the civilised world, except in the hands of some of our great historical painters.¹

¹ Some readers may be surprised at this assertion at the present time, when there is so much talk about the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough, dingy mezzotints of them even bringing exorbitant prices. The fact, however, is patent. Here is a statement from Mr. E. Edwards, "On the Fine Arts in England," 1840: "The predominance of portraits in the annual exhibitions is indeed enormous. From a return in classes of the number of works exhibited during *ten* years ending with 1833, it appears that the number of historical and poetical works together, was 1,398; while the number of portraits was 5,093, or nearly 4 to 1.

See also Parliamentary Inquiry, 1836. Mr. George Rennie is asked: "Have you ever heard it made an object of remark by foreign artists, the immense number

Take sculptors next. There are seven in the Academy, Members and Associates, the majority of whom are actual types of mediocrity, whose *chefs d'œuvre* we ask for in vain. Since the death of Foley and of Alfred Stevens, who was indeed the greatest sculptor yet born in England, or second only to Flaxman in amenity and purity, the best English sculptor living is John Bell, the sculptor of the "Eagle-slayer," the Crimean Monument in Waterloo Place, &c.; and the most versatile sculptor in full practice among us at present is the naturalised German, J. E. Boehm, neither of whom are in the body. More than that, to keep them out at the last election when a sculptor was eligible, a Mr. Woodington, of whom we can hear nothing after diligent inquiry and consultation of catalogues, was unanimously elected! It is said that when the Academic porter went next day to intimate his election with the official letter in his hand, Mr. Fred. Will. Woodington, as this gentleman's name now appears in the list of Associates, would not believe him, and threatened to kick the messenger down stairs as an impostor!

This amount of back-stair influence and injustice is, perhaps, a revelation to many; but in the election of another man, a sculptor, Mr. E. B. Stephens, the stupidity of the body proved itself equal to the injustice. Mr. E. B. Stephens was actually elected in mistake for Mr. Alfred Stevens. The sculptors at the meeting, who did not want so superior a competitor, winked at the ignorance of the painters and architects, and defrauded the most able man in the country of his election. Such are instances of the working of professional jealousy or trade competition in a limited body like the Academy.

Architects.—There are six architect members, all, properly speaking, leading men in their profession. But as architects have an Institute of their own, their reception into the Academy is to be considered only as a compliment. At the same time, the narrowness of the number makes even this an injustice. We fancy not one of these six gentlemen would say that the elder Pugin or Owen Jones should have been excluded; that the learned architect whose researches on the Parthenon gave him a European reputation would not have done honour to the Academy; or that Messrs. Butterfield; Waterhouse; Burges; Sedden; Professor Donaldson; G. Godwin; Bodley; Champneys; G. Aitchison; and R. P. Spiers, should not be welcomed. But to mention even these is, we feel, an impropriety, there being many

of portraits in our Exhibition?—It is a very common and very just remark, but the Royal Academy exists by the profits of exhibition, and there is no class of art that brings more money to the doors than the portraits." Now (1877) the tables are turned indeed.

other architects of cultivated artistic taste amongst us with whose names we are less familiar. The evils of the narrow favouritism, moreover, have been severely felt by the country. Wilkins was employed to build the National Gallery solely because he was a member and in the confidence of the Academy, and spoilt the "finest site in Europe."

Engravers.—The action of the Academy on the art of engraving has been acknowledged even by itself to have been unjustifiable. At the time of the establishment by George III. the principal engraver was Sir Robert Strange, a Jacobite gentleman of family. His Jacobitism did not stand in his way at Court, as the king knighted him; but the combining artists were mostly very plain John Bulls, and Mr. Dalton, who dictated their plans a good deal—a busybody who had the ear of the king—having a feud with Strange, managed, along with Sir W. Chambers, to exclude the knight by excluding his art. It was affirmed that engraving, not being an inventive art, ought to be excluded, although in every Academy in Europe it has been and is still highly honoured. It is the democratic art, and permeates the community; besides, from Dürer and Mantegna to John Burnet, many engravers have been inventors. That some personal feeling lay beneath the proceeding was proved by the reception of Bartolozzi *as a painter*; and the effect has been that not one of our greatest engravers has been in the body. The Academy have taken off their proscriptive veto, but it is now too late; we have few or no line engravers—our publishers employ Frenchmen.

Historic or Poetic and Genre Painters.—To go over these, who indeed overpower all other divisions in the Academy, so much so that they outnumber all the rest collectively, might be a little invidious. At the same time, gentlemen occupying a public position, and arrogating authority above their fellows, must submit to be criticised. But let us accept them all, the halt and the lame, and even the blind, from the elders who may have once painted a good picture or two, to the late elections of Messrs. Storey, Stone, Burgess, and Morris, which show us that the Academy is setting its face like flint against the "poetical fellows," and clinging more and more to modest mediocrity. Let us accept them, although any picture connoisseur or exhibition speculator would be pretty sure to say,

I cannot march through Coventry with these, that's flat!

But let us at the same time see who are our best figure-painters, freely acknowledging that there is a considerable sprinkling of these among the thirty-nine or forty-one Members and Associates. There

are several men, indeed, whose names would brighten this page, without whom and the architects, the Academy would be shovelled into the dust-bin of the past to-morrow. Two of these, we must premise, were bagged in the worst spirit and with the worst intention. The late Mr. J. F. Lewis was elected in order to withdraw him from the Water-Colour Society to the injury of that body,¹ and Sir J. Gilbert also. Neither, however, has ever exhibited water-colour pictures at the Academy, and the last named still continues his contributions to the Water-Colour Society.

In the Academy, then, there are a number of our best painters; but our school is now so rich and varied, that any limitation, although the numbers were doubled or trebled, would still remain unjust. We have seen how it was with the landscape men, let us now notice in the same way the figure painters—"outsiders," to use the slang of the Academic body—most important in making the exhibition of last year the success it was. The season of 1876 will, perhaps, be marked in our art annals as the year of the appearance of Alfred Stevens's "Valour and Cowardice," even in presence of the triumphs of Leighton, Poynter, Millais, and others. But we have already spoken of sculptors as well as landscape painters; our business is now with figure painters, and with these few exceptional men, the most important by far were all "outsiders:" Mr. L. Fildes, whose "Widower" was only inferior to his "Casuals at the Workhouse Door" of last year; Mr. Gow, whose "Relief of Leyden" was certainly one of the few historical pictures done in this country equal to the best of the French school; Mr. F. R. Barnard, whose "Saturday Night" ought to be mentioned only after Hogarth; Mr. Albert Moore, whose small contribution called "Beads" supported his character as a poetic painter; Mr. H. Wallis, whose "Outside a Prison in Italy" and "Oasis in the Desert" were universally admired,—the painter whose "Death of Chatterton" would have been acknowledged many years ago by a properly constituted body able to confer

¹ At the time of Mr. Lewis's election the Academic law was that no artist could retain membership with any other Art Society if elected into the Academy. He was thus induced to leave the Water-Colour Society, of which body he was at the time President. The amiable Academy followed the same policy with the Incorporated Society of British Artists, of Suffolk Street. The Council offered David Roberts a membership if he withdrew, which he did, much to the loss of the Society of British Artists. We have been told that the same mode of procedure was followed with Stanfield, who was also in that body. Mr. Mark Anthony was induced similarly to leave; but the Council repudiated the promise of the busybody members who had advised Mr. Anthony, and he has not only never been elected, but has been repeatedly insulted at the exhibition time.

degrees ; Mr. V. Prinsep, in various works ; Mr. Herkomer, we were going to say, but we hesitate, because sentimental superstition, as in the pictures "At Death's Door" and "Der Bittgang," is the basest of all pictorial motives ; Mr. B. Rivière and Mr. H. Hardy, we might say, only these gentlemen go in for *figures* with four feet rather. But we find we ought to extend this list for pages, and mention the works of Messieurs R. W. Macbeth ; Boughton ; G. Smith ; A. Johnstone ; H. R. Robertson ; C. Calthorp ; F. Hall ; L. J. Pott ; H. H. Cauty ; J. Clark ; Mrs. Ward ; Miss Macgregor—a goodly array of names, that might be much prolonged.

Compare all these with the annual supply from the large majority of the R.A.s who repeat themselves year after year, and it is clear as day on which side of the page the vast majority of our best artists are to be increasingly found. Nowadays a painter finds a congenial subject, does one distinguished work, and repeats himself or fades down all the rest of his life. If he is received into the small privileged body, there he is till he is seventy years of age, a mark for satire in print and out of print. We refrain from naming names, especially of veterans, but we must say this—because the Academy pockets all the money received without the slightest gratitude—if it confined its exhibitions to the works of its own members, there are only five or six who could save the institution from being bankrupt in a couple of years.

Mr. Neville Grenville, in the debate on Sir C. W. Dilke's motion, said, "the discussion that had arisen must do the Academy good. He wished to mention that there was a growing practice of the best pictures not being sent to the Academy," and in illustration of this referred to those by Mr. Holman Hunt and Miss Thompson. But he might have gone very much further. Some of our very noblest artists will not venture to send—the hanging committee being so dangerous ! Others have sent year after year, and been systematically rejected from personal feeling, or from being supposed to be inimical to the exclusive privileges of the body. Of course the Council or the hangers are not infallible ; it would be absurd to expect them to be nearly always right ; but what we must inflexibly demand is that they shall be unbiassed and honourable, neither of which, constituted as the Academy is, can they generally be.

In the *Fortnightly Review* last year, we find an able writer, H. H. Statham, speaking out on the subject of the poor quality of the works of the majority of the members. "It is time that a plain word should be said : that what is being everywhere spoken in the ear should be proclaimed from the house-tops. The majority of the works of

Academicians which hang on the line are matters of contempt to everyone with sympathies above the most vulgar and commonplace ideas ; and now the educated public will no longer stand them ; so far from the Royal Academy being an influence for raising public taste, it is, in virtue of a large proportion of its members' works, an engine for debasing and vulgarising it."

This is very strongly put, but perhaps not too strongly. In this magazine, two months ago, Mr. C. Carr spoke out almost as plainly ; and if we consider the way in which the elections are many times managed, the evil can only be remedied by a revolution. Take a few late elections of Associates as exemplifying to what lengths professional jealousy can go. We have already mentioned that Mr. F. W. Woodington, of whom we can learn nothing, was elected to keep out Mr. Boehm. On the same night was elected Mr. Oakes, a landscape painter, who has scarcely been before the public for ten years, in order to keep out Mr. P. Graham. If Mr. Oakes should be in the Academy, and we think he should, Mr. P. Graham ought to have been elected fifteen years ago. A third man elected was Mr. Storey, whose production, a child having a dancing lesson, the reader may not have observed, in order to keep out Mr. V. Prinsep, and also because he lives in St. John's Wood, a locality principally celebrated for the *demi-monde*, but likewise as the abode of a clique of artists who have a neck-and-neck race with the Scotchmen in the Academy for influence at the elections ! Mr. P. Graham is a Scotchman ; but why have the friends of Messrs. Boehm and Prinsep tried in vain for a series of years to carry them in ? Because they belong to the Leighton faction, an increase of which, previous to next election of a President, all the mediocrity in the Academy is struggling against !

That it is of no use to try to adapt such a body to the wants of the country, in view of the vast number of our artists now, is made clear by the results of the inquiry of 1863. The President said that before the appointment of the Parliamentary Committee, "the Academy had resolved to carry out important reforms, embracing the enlargement of the constituency ;" but afterwards, and this in acknowledgment of the recommendations of the Committee, he wrote officially : "With regard to the question of largely increasing the number of Associates, the Academy very warmly at first entered into the scheme, but they found that it was beset with many difficulties. The Academy, seeking to avoid these difficulties" (which, however, are not even indicated), "and at the same time desiring to have it in their power to recognise *all* remarkable talent outside the walls, have

passed the following resolutions, which they hope will be satisfactory to Her Majesty's Government and the country. Resolved :—

(I.) The members of the Royal Academy do not consider it expedient to increase the present number of Academicians.

(II.) That the number of Associates be indefinite, but that there shall be a minimum of twenty to be always filled up.

After the time and expense of a Parliamentary inquiry and blue-book, this was the result ! Next season no one thought more of the matter. The number of members was to remain the same ; the minimum of the probationary grade the same also ! There are now, however, of this objectionable class, made still more objectionable by the chances of their all getting into the Academy being reduced exactly in proportion to the enlargement of their own numbers—there are at present (fourteen years after the Parliamentary inquiry), instead of 20—26, and that is what the Academy hopes will satisfy the country, and calls “recognising *all* the talent outside the walls !” The truth is, this extension is only the extension of an evil : an endowed body whose prime function is exhibition—a scheme for advertisement and sale with money taken at the door—is not an Academy ; it is a trade monopoly.

Having a general acquaintance with critics as well as artists, we happen to know the names at least of a good many men held in esteem by their brethren in the higher branches of painting, a number of them never sending to the Academy exhibition, and we cannot help thinking this phrase of “recognising *all* the talent outside the walls” is amiably said *at* those painters, and at others as well, the privileged body having an instinctive feeling that the majority of artists are its enemies. But let us make a list of some of the important artists (figure painters), important either from what they have done or from their power and influence. We have already enumerated fifty or sixty exhibitors of last year at Burlington House, on whose works the show mainly depended for its success, and the institution consequently for its funds. Let us add some who either did not send, or at least did not appear there, or have not yet been named ; Messieurs Armstrong, poetical and genre ; John Bell, sculptor ; F. M. Brown, genre, historical ; F. W. Burton, historical, Director of the National Gallery ; Cruikshank, caricaturist, humorist ; Dawson senior, sea and landscape painter ; Drummond, genre, historical, Director of the Scottish National Gallery ; Du Maurier, illustrator ; W. Holman Hunt, sacred art ; Arthur Hughes, poetic and genre ; E. Burne Jones, poetical ; W. J. Inchbold, landscape ; Sir

J. Noel Paton, poetical, historical ; William Morris, decorator ;¹ W. B. Richmond, poetical ; D. G. Rossetti, poetical ; Tenniel, historical, satirical ; W. Cave Thomas, historical, various ; W. B. Scott, historical, poetical ; Spencer Stanhope, poetical ; Sandys, portrait, poetical ; Claxton Marshall,² various ; Selous, historical ; Miss Elizabeth Thompson, battle painter ; Mrs. Jopling ; J. M. Whistler, etcher and painter.

Such is a short list of our leading painters not exhibiting last season, from the writer's point of view, without, with one exception, including sculptors or architects, members of the Water-Colour Society or Institute, the Society of British Artists, or men with foreign names, as Legros, Leman, Tissot, Perugini. Let the reader consider well the majority of the names, and then say if he does not agree with us, that the assertion made by the Academy when it sets about adding six to the detested grade of Associates, that it "desires to recognise *all* the talent outside the walls," must be a conscious untruth? To call a spade a spade, we may say it was a lie intended to act as an insult. Imagine it, too, signed by a second-rate artist as P.R.A. ! Imagine a club of poets having the power to veto publication, consisting of Beddoes, Praed, Harrison Ainsworth, Laman Blanchard, and "the poet Bunn," issuing a similar manifesto signed by Martin Farquhar Tupper as President !

2nd. Does the Academy advantageously and honourably represent the interests involved? This question is partly answered already, but still it may be well to inquire whether the members, and particularly the office-bearers, realise the fact that they are not there solely for their own advantage. The President, we are bound to suppose, is, in the opinion of the Academicians, at the head of English art, the most accomplished man living in any of the professions represented, and so best able to appear as their representative in the sight of Europe. We are far from wishing to make any remarks of an offensive kind, and acknowledge him to be an unexceptionable gentleman in private life. But if our inquiry is to be good for any-

¹ Mr. Morris, and two other gentlemen among the succeeding names in this list have taken important positions in the world of letters as poets. We do not recommend the *Ars Poetica* being incorporated with the arts of design in any "Academy," but we think the possession of such mental cultivation and taste as are required by the poet the surest guarantee that his other works will have some value. They will possess a recognisable *raison d'être* at least.

² See an altar-piece, "Christ in the Tomb," in the South Kensington galleries, showing *some* of the noblest artistic qualities. We are not acquainted with this gentleman's other works. This alone, however, entitles him to appear in the list.

thing we must speak of the President as an artist, and we must do so honestly and earnestly, and we must therefore say of Sir Francis Grant that he is not in his proper place as the head of our national fine arts. He is indeed less an artist by nature and antecedents than an amateur. At his examination before the Committee of Inquiry into the present position of the Royal Academy, March, 1863, he answers the question if he is well acquainted with that body?—"Six months of the year I live out of London; these are the months when the principal meetings of the Academy take place:" and again, when questioned as to the classes: "I have never been a visitor in the life-school, because when in town my labours are so severe I am exhausted in the evening;"—exhausted by his daily painting, a labour which exhausts other artists as well; and this touches the central reason why the eleemosynary teaching in the Royal Academy classes has always been so badly attended to, though he does not seem to think of that. Again, he is asked: "Do you think that the Academy might dispense with the Associate class?" and answers: "I have never considered that subject, and could scarcely give an opinion."—"Were you yourself accustomed to attend either the life-school or the painting-school as a student?"—"No!" We understand Sir Francis never even drew from the antique, and we remember one of the gentlemen sitting on the committee saying to the writer afterwards: "I thought of asking him if he considered his visiting the life-school as teacher would be of any use to the students, but politeness forbade."

We hear it constantly said that Sir F. Grant has made an excellent President. No doubt he has: but is this fact one to boast of? He fills the chair of Reynolds in these critical times, and his learning in the matter of art-history may be illustrated by various anecdotes, current both within and without the body. It is said, but we do not guarantee the precise truth of the details, that he had to read a letter at a Council meeting for furthering one of the Exhibitions of Old Masters, wherein some one offered a picture by Raphael. The "prince of painters" was named by his patronymic "Sanzio." "Well, gentlemen," added the President, "we want the pictures of great masters, you know; as for Sanzio, I never heard of him. Some of you are a great deal better up in these matters than I am, but I don't think we want pictures by obscure men like that!" Again, some one telling him that Mr. Horsley was painting the Queen and Prince Albert's portraits for the Adelphi, to go beside Barry's large works there: "Barry!" said the P.R.A.; "has Barry left off his architecture and been painting pictures?"

We may be reminded that the nomination of Sir F. Grant was a *dernier ressort*, after Landseer and Maclise had both refused the honour. But such refusal only shows that the office, the duties of which are mainly those of toast-master at the annual dinner, is repugnant to the taste of men of genius. They should not be required to perform a duty any ostentatious fool might do better, the speeches in reply to the toasts showing generally a humiliating degree of ignorance of art.

This annual dinner itself, although it may have had a *raison d'être* when instituted (shortly after the Academy itself, we suppose), now that English art is out of its minority—times have changed since the poet laureate had a suit of clothes and a butt of sack annually—is looked upon a little askance by our best painters, although the weaker brethren in the Academy hasten to it with awe and delight. I have even heard them commend the above anecdotes of their President's indifference to history as if they proved that an artist had nothing to do with "knowledge and learning and that sort of thing!" so that we must not be surprised if the appetite of some of them fails under the agitating sense of honour! On one occasion the writer had the felicity to be present, and heard the President, instead of discoursing concerning the "awful joys" and vast interests of perfect art and modern science, dwell upon the pleasure of following the hounds, a pleasure of the "upper ten." On that occasion the writer sat opposite two men, one of our greatest painters and a learned guest of the evening, and he still remembers the amused expression of their faces. But he remembers also meeting on the following day others he saw there, men of the typical R.A. class; he found them still walking with their chins in the air, plainly saying to themselves, "We are not mere artists; we are members of the Melton Mowbray hunt, who follow art to pass our time in town."

Let us further observe the effect of the election into the Academy on the painters themselves, remembering that it is the goal of the ambition of family-men who paint endless "pot-boilers;" of all indeed who are not sustained by the higher motives. Every ordinary man whose intellect and hand work together, does his best at one culminating period of life, and cannot as a rule be expected to produce equally good and new works for a long period of years. Mr. Frith, for instance, rises from "Sherry, Sir!" a reminiscence of his father's barmaid, to the commanding skill of "Ramsgate Sands," but subsides again while still in the prime of life into the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Proposal of Marriage." Mr. Hook on the other hand goes on for a whole lifetime repeating his "Luff, boy!"

only very little degenerated. But it has been observed time after time, inside as well as outside the body, that the majority of painters subside from the day they are elected as full members. The species of social and professional attainment conferred by the initials R.A., and the humble level of the average Academic standard, have a fatal effect, not on the select few whom we need not name, but on all beside. The unhappy man who has been struggling to rise to the standard necessary for this given object, begins at once to take his ease in his inn; he can raise his price and command a certain limited market; he sees Mr. Gladstone's face or Lord Beaconsfield's mask at the annual dinner, and the Lord Mayor invites him to the Mansion House!

Why, then, do all but a very few men of extraordinary independence or private success wait round the doors of the Academy? Not because of the honour, but because of the professional advantage, the *exhibition* advantage. The battle of life is too compelling; the new-made Member, or Associate, takes, for a time, a position that enables the dealer to work the oracle for him; and for this the hope deferred that makes the heart sick must be endured, the kind of picture the Academy esteems must be annually painted. But after he is in he may do what he likes. It is much the same in other societies or copartnerships. Within the Academic grove there is added the pleasure of requiting the profession for all the screwing success has cost, of turning the tables and tyrannising over those who are still waiting grimly without, of having a vested right in the single closed guild remaining in this reformed country.

Mr. Roberts, before the 1863 Committee, read a paper he had previously prepared on the pains and humiliations of Associates waiting for admission as full members. He drew a touching picture of their suspense, and spoke of it as having been very deleterious to both the art and the health of some of his friends. Yet it is by adding a few to this probationary body that the Academy proposes to adapt itself to the increasing interests of the profession, and "to satisfy the country." "Have they small stools for you Associates and chairs for themselves?" Woollett used to ask his assistant, Brown, on returning from the general meetings. When Mr. Watts deserted his old friends and his old principle of independence, and entered the Academy, advanced as he was in life, he stipulated that he was not to remain long in the probationary grade. But few can do that; it is, moreover, ungenerous and even unjust to older Associates. Increasing the number of this lower class without increasing the upper, is to doom a certain number of men to an endless minority. But neither Mr. Roberts, nor any other witness examined, mentioned

the wide-spread evils suffered by the "outsiders" waiting for possible openings, the talent wasted, the chances of sale denied, evils borne sometimes with heroism, at other times with despair, artists gradually disappearing from public view in the first place, and next from the profession or from life.

3rd. Is gratuitous education right? The Academy was unquestionably founded to accomplish the function of teaching, then much wanted, and began by outbidding the miscellaneous "Society of Artists" previously existing, who made their students pay a guinea a year. The Academy was to teach for nothing, and Reynolds began delivering his "Discourses," which gave the system and the office of President a prestige which has lasted to the present day, in spite of the mistaken principle, and the silence, or worse than silence, of late years, of Presidents and professors.

But is gratuitous education the best either for the student or the professor? Is it not humiliating to the one and a tax upon the other, more like the action of a benevolent society than an Academic body? The result has been such as proves to any unprejudiced mind that it is a disastrous system, the English being notably the most ignorant in drawing and design among European schools, the least ambitious and the most deficient in feeling for high and serious art. It remains the weakest in the technique also, in all that can be taught indeed, while it has shot ahead in empirical practice, certain qualities and powers—colour, story-telling, and landscape—in all that can be done by talent or taste, indeed, waiving education. Mr. Horsley, who airs his eloquence at public dinners in the hopes of convincing his fellow-Academicians that he would make a good toast-master at the annual feast, asserted, at the last Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner, that all the artists in England, and especially those listening to him, were still indebted to the Academy for their unpaid-for education. This statement was received with a burst of indignation by the two or three hundred gentlemen present. He resumed his seat at once, very red in the face; yet a few weeks after he actually repeated the same statement at the Mansion House, although he must have known that the assertion was altogether incorrect, and that the leading men even in the Academy have not been students there, from the President to the then last-elected Associate, and that his reception at the Benevolent Fund dinner proved how wrong the assertion was generally.

If gratuitous education in a liberal profession has not been successful in past time, how much less likely is it to be so now, the spirit of the age being entirely against it! The consequence is, that it has been mainly

superseded in this and in every way, except in the function of exhibition. It has kept the shop ! First the British Museum opened its superb collection of marbles to students in drawing, then the National Gallery afforded the same facility in painting. These are Governmental establishments, free to the public. Then rose Schools of Design, shaping themselves at last into the Department of Science and Art, through which the whole country is now rising into practical knowledge and skill, both in the fine and ornamental arts,—a knowledge and skill going hand in hand, which in a few years must produce immense results. Lastly, the Slade Professorships have come into operation, two of them at present lectureships destined to make learning in art a part of higher education, but in the case of the London University affording actual teaching of the best order.

On the organisation of the Government Schools of Art throughout the country, the question of fees was fully considered, and the decision unhesitatingly pronounced by adepts in education, by economists, and by artists alike, was that gratuitous instruction was a mistake, detrimental to all parties, humiliating to those even who could little afford to pay, and not valued by them. How irritating it is, then, to hear any man, basely influenced, telling us in a public assembly, when we are having our glass of wine after dinner, that we ought to be grateful to the Academy for treating the coming generation of artists like paupers ! It is a thing not to be borne, and can only result from the most impervious ignorance.

We have heard Sir F. Grant saying in his amateur way that he was too tired after a day's work to go out visiting the schools. Of course he was, and it is not fair to expect others to go on with the duty even if qualified, which the majority are not. An able painter, especially in our English manner, is not necessarily an able teacher. It is absurd to suppose he is ; in fact, we are pretty sure he is not. Accordingly the Academy is adopting the plan of appointing salaried teachers, or professors. But even here they have already partially lost the confidence of the students by appointing over the School of Painting a gentleman whose pictures, it is said, are not equal to those of some of his pupils. He is a friend of some of the Scotch members, but they can't adopt him into the body ; they make him their professor ; he is good enough to teach on the gratuitous system !

4th. Is the Royal Academy like Old Sarum ? If one looks up the annals of the antiquated times of the Reform Bill, one finds an amazing pother about vested rights, robbery, and spoliation. Now it seems amusing, then it was impassioned by party feeling. Some day we shall look back with a similar difference of feeling on the time

when a self-elected body of forty men held a veto upon the honours, the exhibition and sale of the productions of several important professions. Sir Martin Shee, who is still the Magnus Apollo of the Academy, said, in defence of the institution, that forty members were quite enough, because at no time should we find more than forty contemporary artists who would go down to posterity, and 'that the Academy was an ASSEMBLY OF HONOUR, and nothing else! 'This is repeated to the present day; we have heard it.

But, in the first place, forty artists never lived at one time whose names went down to posterity; we should have to diminish the number as Regan and Goneril did their father's following. Shee himself is only mentionable at this short distance of time as having been P.R.A.! The Academy was instituted as an educational body, in which it has been in great measure superseded; now it is an exhibiting body, and in this way it is not an Assembly of Honour, it is a shop, a TRADE MONOPOLY. Besides, how can it be our Assembly of Honour in English Art, when Mr. Woodington is voted in, Alfred Stevens and Mr. John Bell left out; when Mr. J. G. Storey is voted in, and—whom shall we say?—Mr. Burne Jones, or even Mr. Prinsep, who has been waiting, cap in hand, some time now, kept out; when Creswick and V. Cole are voted in, John Linnell kept out till he is seventy; Yeames voted in, Holman Hunt kept out? It is an assembly of the "clubable men" who have not patriotism enough or *nous* enough to see its defects and to aid the profession in remedying them. It may become, perhaps has already become, an Assembly of Dishonour!

Let us have honours by all means, but the letters R.A. and A.R.A. in the professions of sculptor and painter are similar to degrees in college-bred professions. Suppose the London College of Physicians consisted of a limited number, 40, or 200 if you like it better, and had an exclusive right to award to its members the title of M.D. throughout the kingdom! Suppose that no man, however great in science, qualified by education, able in medicine, could have this stamp of authority after his name if the Royal College did not choose, but must stand on his own merits as an empiric—would it be fair to the numerous and learned "outsiders", whom we should all know then? The supposition is so monstrous that we cannot entertain it for a moment; yet this is exactly parallel to the present action of the Academy, especially with the exhibition at its command. Our art should be absolutely free, we repeat, like other trades, or our literature.

The Academy makes the parallel as complete as it can by not recognising the degrees conferred by other bodies modelled after

itself: the Royal Scottish or Royal Hibernian Academies. When any members of these bodies exhibit at Burlington House, their names in the body of the catalogue are denuded of the honorary initials. Last May the President of the Royal Scottish Academy had some of his pictures rejected, and others exhibited with his bare name appended.¹ Yet he is one of the best living portrait painters, and since that time he has received the honour of knighthood. This want of respect to Sir Daniel Macnee and bodies exactly similar to itself, the writer takes it, justifies him in the freedom of *his* treatment of the Academy.

Again, if it is an Assembly of Honour, its learning, taste, and genius must be above the average level of that of the community—must make itself felt to be so. But it has not been so; not in one instance has it saved us any public display of incompetence, nor attempted to cultivate a higher condition of the arts. Nor has it tried to aid any new manifestation of genius; it has, on the contrary, tried to stamp such out; the only picture by Müller ever well placed on its walls was a forgery after his death. This forgery was excellently exhibited because it was sent in by an influential collector! The only one ever well exhibited by David Scott was that seen last winter; he was invariably denied exhibition while he lived, and we believe had this very picture, the tragic disappearance of a Duke of Gloucester into the Watergate of the Tower, rejected! John Martin was similarly treated; and, as to Blake, his wonderful and unobtrusive works were always rejected; he has had to wait till unearthed and vindicated by the Burlington Club.

We are sorry to say that the level of the "Academic" taste and judgment is so low that a certain executive cleverness is all it can appreciate. Let us take the latest incident in its history as a further proof of the fact. The Council has now, through the will of Sir F. Chantrey coming into force, two or three thousand pounds a year to spend towards the formation of a "Gallery of English Painters." What does the reader think the Council did this first season to initiate this responsible undertaking? The worst thing that could happen would be to heap together another collection of odds and ends, like those of Mr. Vernon or Mr. Sheepshanks, and the proper thing to happen would be the gradual formation of a constella-

¹ To make this statement quite exact, we find in all cases the names are entered in the catalogue without the initials R.S.A. or R.H.A. There is an index at the end, however, wherein, in some cases, the initials appear. That the members of other Academies should share in the large capital letters, whereby the Academicians advertise themselves in this index, is not to be expected.

tion of *chefs d'œuvre*, one work—and that the best—by each artist; say, for instance, Etty's "Sirens," John Martin's "Belshazzar's Feast," Poole's "Solomon Eagle," Constable's "Salisbury;" or, if the undertaking was to be confined to living artists, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," Watts's "Death and Love," the noblest picture yet painted in England perhaps; Poynter's "Israel in Egypt," Wallis's "Chatterton," Fildes's "Casuals;" or, limiting the purchase to the very year, any of those we have already pointed out as distinguishing the season. No! the Council selected last year a single picture of middle-class quality and subject, Mr. Morgan's "Haymakers," just such a picture as the Art-Union prizewinner would select, or Mr. Agnew place in Lancashire, and this season half a dozen small popular performances, besides various other works of art selected to meet all objectors as it were. The truth is, the Academy, if not checked by some *exposé*, will make this added patronage merely the means of securing an increased *clientèle* among rising men and adding popular attractions to their exhibition. Such is their moral level, their point of view!

These remarks are running to too great a length; we must draw them to a close. Have we any measure to propose? Yes, a measure which, sooner or later, will be adopted. The Academy must be no longer George III.'s, or the Court's, semi-private body of artists. That position, like the position of actors when they were "the Queen's poor players," or the "Earl of Essex's players," is unworthy of the age. The arts of every country have degenerated under the stereotyped pressure of Academies; but of all countries and of all periods, the most unfit country to be overridden is England in the nineteenth century. The affairs of the fine arts—that is to say, education, means of exhibition, and the direction of public taste—must be more thoroughly provided for. The educational interests of art have been already provided for by a division of the Committee of Council on Education. The national want of one large place of public Exhibition is still more urgent. We have South Kensington, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; a fourth is wanted, a place for the living art of the year. We must have no inadequate representation, and it must be free—free to allow full development in coming years according to the spirit of the age and the idiosyncrasy of genius.

Lord Elcho said he doubted whether Parliament had full power over the internal constitution of the Academy, so that it may have to continue to exist as an Assembly of Honour, its business functions being superseded. Even in this way it must be always unjust, but we are very far from objecting to honours being paid to artists. Men of

science, however, should share in such honours ; indeed, artists should be exactly on the same ground with literary men and poets, scientific men and philosophers. Let us have an Order of Merit, a British Legion of Honour, a civic Victoria Cross, knighthoods and baronetcies too. The numerous minor honours bestowed by the French Government on the most eminent exhibitors at the Salon seem to be judicious, as it is a painter's best works that are there distinguished, and the recipient is not thereby placed in a privileged class, removed from his fellows.

The writer has now come nearly to the end of his paper. If he has pointed out a good deal in the action of the Royal Academy far from just and frightfully deleterious, he has done so to undeceive the public, not with the hope that any advice or suggestion would be advisable. Before the Committees of the House, whose Reports (1836 and 1863) are full of arguments for and against the institution, nearly all the men examined were manifestly interested parties, either enjoying, or wanting to enjoy, promotion and privilege. Such was the impression left on the minds of the Committee, who advised an extension of the number of Associates, and other measures to please a few more artists. But perhaps the time has come when fine art may be considered as important as ornamental art,¹ and as fit a subject for legislation as spelling. Had our clergy and their flocks been educated instead of ignorant in the arts, the revival of mediævalism would never have perverted their minds in matters of religion, nor would *restoration* have been allowed to destroy the records of our history in stone.

The measure, then, which the writer would advise being brought before the House of Commons is not whether a few men more or less shall enjoy vested rights ; it is that the fine arts be incorporated with the ornamental, under the Council on Education ; that the curriculum be real and not fictitious, Academic not gratuitous ; and that, above all, the present vexation and morbid anxiety about exhibition should be put an end to by the national provision of a vast hall for that purpose. The number of petty societies and speculating galleries is already likely to defeat their own ends, and we have just seen a new one of importance established and another announced. If the schools were empowered to confer certificates or degrees of qualification, we should have a means of electing the jury for reception and hanging.

¹ In the short debate on Museums of Science and Art in the House of Commons, on the 17th ult., Dr. Lyon Playfair advocated the placing of the British Museum and the National Gallery under the management of the Minister of Education.

For the Salon in Paris all former exhibitors vote in the council and hanging committee, and upwards of a hundred distinctions by medal, by the Order of the Legion of Honour, or by purchase, are always made by the Administration of the day. Exhibition, to the English painter, has become a necessity ; it is his means of making himself known and of selling his productions. To the public the exhibition is at once a festival of taste and a means of study and refinement. The members of an irresponsible society, which claims to be only an Assembly of Honour, with inadequate accommodation, has, by its tyranny and low standard of selection, almost shut the door against the highest class of design, and has caused twenty minor shows to start into existence. Let our Government undertake the office of NATIONAL EXHIBITOR, and in a very few years the Department of Art will have completed a system better than that of the Salon or any other. As to education in fine arts, it is identical with education in the ornamental. A vast annual exhibition would be the completion of the structure, the keystone of the arch. What, then, should be done with the Academy? The Senate of Rome still exists, and the Council of Ten at Venice. Why should not the Forty continue to hold their meetings and elect a President as the Cardinals elect a Pope?

COLONEL GORDON'S EXPEDITION TO THE UPPER NILE REGIONS.

DURING the last ten or twenty years our knowledge of Central Africa has been enlarged to an immense extent. It is but a short time ago since the maps of this wonderful continent showed in the interior one vast barren blank—scarcely relieved by the ever-changing “Montes Lunæ”—where now they are covered with mountains, rivers, lakes, countries, towns, and villages. During this time problems which have puzzled the world since the time of Herodotus have been finally set at rest ; sheets of water rather deserving of the name of seas than of lakes have been discovered and surveyed ; the fountains of the Nile have been visited, and countries teeming with inexhaustible natural resources have at last been opened to the benefits of commerce and civilisation. In addition to this, the inhuman traffic in slaves, which has hitherto proved such a curse to the land, has received its death-blow. Of the exploration of these regions a by no means insignificant part has been accomplished by expeditions organised and despatched by the Egyptian Government. The grandfather of the present Khedive, Mehemet Ali, once sent an expedition which reached Gondokoro ; the provinces north of that town were nominally subjugated, and from that time probably dates the idea of Egyptian rule in equatorial Africa, the realisation of which was first entrusted in 1869 to Sir Samuel Baker. Baker's duties were onerous and extensive. In the Firman which engaged him, he was instructed to accomplish “the subjugation of the countries to the south of Gondokoro, the suppression of the slave-trade, the introduction of a system of regular commerce, the opening up to navigation of the great lakes of the equator ;” and it is not surprising that when he retired from the service in 1872, the whole of the work set before him was by no means completed, and much remained to be accomplished by his successor. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles George Gordon, who was appointed to the task, was an officer admirably fitted for the post, having previously greatly distinguished himself in the Crimean and Chinese wars. In the latter country also he had

commanded the famous "Ever Victorious Army," and had been mainly instrumental in suppressing the formidable Tai-ping rebellion. Colonel Gordon, or Gordon Pasha, as he was now officially called, started from Cairo on his southward journey on the 23rd February 1874, and on the 17th April reached Gondokoro, at that time still the seat of government. The journey thus far was accomplished with comparative ease, for the obstruction in the river, which had baffled the efforts of Sir Samuel Baker, had been removed through the energy of Ismail Pasha Eyub, the conqueror of Dar Fur, and steamers were able to ascend without hindrance. Finding that his government consisted of the three military stations, Gondokoro, Fatiko, and Foweira, and that his troops were in want of many things, and in arrears of pay, he determined to return to Khartoum to obtain more troops and to meet his stores. Having done so, he started with the same on June 8 ; but owing to heavy rains and delays he did not again arrive at Gondokoro till September. It was then seen that Gondokoro was unfitted for a station on account of its unhealthiness. It stands on an eminence of 20 or 25 feet, the foot of which was formerly washed by the waters of the Nile, but owing to the river having shifted its course westward, the river bed had become a stagnant and fever-breeding marsh. It was therefore decided to evacuate it, and to establish two stations at Lado and Rageef or Regiaf, the former twelve miles below, and the latter about the same distance above, Gondokoro. This evacuation was not completed till the 1st January in the following year.

Gordon was accompanied, as the chief of his staff, by Colonel C. Chaillé Long. Seven days after his arrival at Gondokoro, in spite of the rainy season, this officer had already started on a journey to the capital of Mtesa, or M'Tsé, as he spells the name of that potentate. He was accompanied by two Egyptian soldiers only—Saïd Bagarraha and Abd-el-Rahman—a dragoman, and two servants. The objects of the mission were to establish friendly relations with the king, who had not been visited by a European since the days of Speke and Grant, to explore the Victoria Lake, and to trace the Nile from its debouchure down to the Albert Lake. He arrived at the capital of Uganda in June, and met with a grand reception, which, however, was marred by the sacrifice in his honour of thirty of the king's subjects. Mtesa made many protestations of friendship, and promised to divert the ivory trade from the Zanzibar route towards Gondokoro. In his work entitled "Central Africa" Colonel Long states that King Mtesa was brought into willing subjection to the Egyptian Government, "and his country, rich in ivory and popu-

lous, created the southern limit of Egypt" (p. 306). Of this subjection, however, we require confirmation. With some difficulty Colonel Long obtained permission from Mtesa to return by water, and accordingly embarked at Urondogani, on the river draining the Victoria Nyanza, which he found further north expands into a large lake. To this he gave the name Ibrahim Pasha Lake. He then followed the river to Mruli, thus establishing its connection and identity with the White Nile. On his journey he visited Nyannyonjo's, which, as well as Urondogani, had already been visited by Speke, and the residence of Rionga, who occupies both sides of the Nile above Foweira, where he was very well received. He had a hostile encounter with 500 of Kaba Rega's (King of Unyoro) men, who tried to intercept him, but whom he repulsed with a heavy loss. His journey occupied him about six months. After staying some months in Khartoum to recruit his broken health, Colonel Long started (1875) on a second expedition, the object of which was to open a road through the hostile Yanbari tribe to the Makraka Niam-Niam country. For this journey he was better equipped, and had 450 picked soldiers under his command. He gained a complete victory over the Yanbari, and thus opened up for the first time a country rich in ivory and hitherto inaccessible or unsafe. His geographical discoveries are not very important, but he has added much to the knowledge of the habits and customs of the dwellers in Central Africa. His impressions of the country and people are unfavourable. The country he describes as "deadly pestiferous"—"a plague-spot" (Central Africa, p. 309), and the negro as "a miserable wretch, often devoid of all tradition or belief in a Deity" (*ibid.*). The country about Gondokoro is certainly pestilential; but this description by no means applies to other parts of Africa, some of which are almost the essence of fertility and salubrity. For his services in this region Long was afterwards made by the Khedive a full colonel, besides receiving the Order of the Medjidie (3rd class).

A short exploratory expedition was made during the year 1874 to the westward of Lado, under the two English engineer officers, Lieutenants Watson and W. H. Chippendall, R.E. Whilst afterwards preparing to start for the Albert Nyanza, Lieut. Watson fell ill and returned to England, where he arrived about the beginning of May 1875. Lieut. Chippendall then undertook the task which his comrade, from the state of his health, was unable to accomplish. In March 1875 he made a journey seventy miles beyond Apuddo towards Lake Albert to the Koshi tribe, and conciliated the tribes of the neighbourhood, but did not succeed in reaching the lake itself.

Lieut. Chippendall was the first European to cross the Bahr-el-Jebel between Dufi and the Albert Nyanza (Mwutan N'zige), near Fashoda, a village of the Koshi. He ascertained from the natives that the Nile leaves the Albert Lake by two channels, but not where the western stream flows. He states that the natives of Fashoda were mostly naked, but that a few wore skins of goats round the loins. Nearly everyone wore a ring in the upper lip. In the autumn he also was sent home invalided, but returned to Egypt to resume his duties early in 1876.

On December 31, 1874, Gordon was joined at Lado by Herr Ernst Marno. It appears that Gordon was anxious to give his expedition the character of a national rather than a military undertaking, and having secured representatives of England, France, the United States, and Italy, he applied through the Austrian consul at Khartoum for a naturalist of that nationality to join his party, promising to defray all expenses beyond Berber. For this post, on the recommendation of the Vienna Geographical Society, Herr Marno was selected. He was well fitted for the work, as he spoke Arabic, knew the country round Khartoum well, as well as the character of the natives, was thoroughly acclimatised by residence in those parts, and possessed high scientific qualifications. A sum of 6,000 florins having been subscribed for his journey, he went by the Red Sea to Suakin, where, on landing, he was provided by order of the Viceroy with camels for his journey to Berber, and with everything else he required. He left Berber November 19, and five days' steam brought him to Khartoum. The steamer was one built by Baker in Gondokoro for navigating the Albert Nyanza with. It was very small and uncomfortable, and the engine fires emitted sparks to a dangerous extent, so that men had to be constantly on the watch on board to extinguish incipient fires. At Ghaba Shambil (about 7° N. lat.), on the Bahr-el-Jebel, Marno was well received by Hassan Ibrahim, a former friend of Poncet's, and invited by him to make an excursion into the country of the Dyur and Niam-Niam, as far as the home of the dwarf nation called Akkas, a young female of whom he brought for Herr Marno to see. Some male representatives of this curious race had reached Italy under the custody of the late Signor Miani, but no females had ever been seen previously, even by Schweinfurth. On December 5 they met a steamer coming down with M. Cechi, one of Colonel Gordon's party, on board, and arrived at Lado on the 31st, having had a rapid journey up the Bahr-el-Jebel, owing to the waters being very near their height. Plans for exploring to the east and west of the Albert Nyanza were discussed, but they were never carried out, and Marno



SKETCH MAP OF THE UPPER NILE REGIONS.

returned to Khartoum, after he had visited only Regiaf, Mundo, and ~~Makraka~~. On July 26, 1875, he again left Khartoum, intending to penetrate into Dar Fur, but on reaching El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan (August 5), the desired permission to continue his journey was refused him by the mudir of that province. He applied to the Khedive, and meanwhile explored a large portion of Kordofan, travelling about 1,100 miles in sixty days. The answer to his application being unfavourable, he returned to Khartoum and Europe, with a rich harvest of geographical results, but the main objects of his journey—the exploration of the Albert Nyanza and of Dar Fur—unachieved. He has determined the geographical position of El Obeid, ascertained numerous altitudes, made meteorological observations, and carefully plotted his routes, and added considerably to our knowledge of the district.

In January 1875 Colonel Gordon descended and inspected the stations, Bohî and the Sobat, returning to Lado March 4. The remainder of the month of March was spent in the subjugation of Bedden and other hostile Sheikhs near Regiaf; and now had to be faced the great work of establishing a safe communication between Lado and the lakes. Taking it roughly at 250 miles, the intervening country was one devoid of supplies, unless taken from the natives by force; in the rainy season the numerous streams were torrents, while in the dry season little water could be obtained. The natives were friendly or hostile, according to one's force, but may generally be said to be hostile.

A reconnoissance having shown the Nile to be navigable considerably further south than was supposed, Colonel Gordon determined to establish a line of posts to preserve the communications between the N. and S. of the province along the left bank of the river, and not to attempt the usual inland road. This portion of the Nile had been stated by all previous travellers to be unnavigable on account of the numerous cataracts. The present operations, however, proved that the supposed obstacles were easily surmountable, with the exception of the last or most southerly, viz., the Falls of Makedo. Even these Lieut. Chippendall stated before the British Association (September 8, 1876) he thought would not prevent "a Thames tug, leaving England, from mounting the Nile to Albert Nyanza, if she chose her time." The fall between Apuddo and Asua, a distance of 15 miles, is 222 feet; between Asua and Bedden (80 miles), 286 feet; and between Bedden and Gondokoro (20 miles), 75 feet. But the steep gradient of 15 feet per mile in the first of these sections is chiefly taken up in the cataract of Makedo, rendering the river both

above and below navigable. Colonel Gordon succeeded in taking two large iron boats and a small steamer from Regiaf to the mouth of the Asua in the summer of 1875, establishing stations as he went on at Bedden and Kerrie, and at once prepared to try the ascent of the rapids at Makedo, 8 miles in advance, where he had already established a station. The rapids were found to be caused by the peculiar way in which the hard rocky strata across the bed of the river have been eroded. They form a succession of transverse ridges, dipping to the north, so that the water flowing from the south strikes against them and curls upwards, forming all sorts of eddies, backwaters, and whirlpools. From Regiaf to the mouth of the Kya River (42 miles) the bed was rocky and the banks steep, being covered with large rocks, the surrounding country being open, rocky, and undulating, intersected by many mountain streams. It was thickly populated by the Bari tribe, who cultivated it to a large extent, and owned little herds of cattle, which they objected to sell. The first cataract was twelve miles from Regiaf, and the second at the mouth of the Kya, a large river (70 to 80 yards wide) flowing from the west, which the Arabs and natives said took its rise in the Kuku Mountains. In the dry season its depth was from 3 to 4 feet, and in the rainy season, in parts, from 10 to 12 feet. Five miles from where it joined the Nile was a fall 50 or 60 feet high. Forty miles S. of Kya is Mount Labori, on the east bank of the Nile, and 20 miles further on another range of hills shelved down to the river. On the west side the Kuku hills gradually approach the river to within a few miles. From this point the mountains on both sides of the river run parallel with it to the head of the cataracts, a distance of about 30 miles. The range on the east bank runs straight down to the river; that on the west is separated from it by a narrow strip of land, covered with high grass and prickly trees, very rocky, uninhabited, and uncultivated. The natives stated that there was only one path. At Dufli (on the left bank of the Nile opposite to Apuddo or Ibrahimiya), the hills on both sides drop abruptly, the country beyond being flat and covered with palms and a few other large trees.

In the early part of this year (1875) Colonel Ernest Linant de Bellefonds was despatched by Colonel Gordon to Mtesa, to make a treaty of commerce between that king and the Egyptian Government. He reached Ulagalla, Mtesa's capital, on April 12, when he was met by Mr. H. M. Stanley, who had arrived there five days before him. They parted company on the 17th, when Stanley left to complete his circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza, entrusting to De Bellefonds his despatches for transmission to England. De Bellefonds arrived

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in Apuddo again with his soldiers in good health in August, after having a fight on the road between Mtesa's capital and Kilware with Kaba Rega's people, near the place where Colonel Long had his battle. When he had nearly reached the station at Lado he was attacked by the Bari and massacred, with thirty-six of his followers, only four soldiers escaping. The natives carried off all the rifles of his party. The letters which had been given to him by Stanley were afterwards found by a detachment of Colonel Gordon's forces, and forwarded to their destination. This is the second son that the venerable Linant Bey (a great irrigational engineer of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha) has lost in that country. On account of his death Gordon gave up his projected visit to the Albert Lake, in order to go and punish the tribe that had attacked the party. (A translation of the report made by De Bellefonds to the Egyptian Minister of War respecting his visit to King Mtesa's capital was published in full in the *Daily Telegraph*, January 12, 1876.)

By January 1, 1876, the whole of the sections of the 50-feet steamer and two iron lifeboats had arrived at Dufli, and their construction commenced, while troops were massed at Foweira for an advance south towards the Victoria Lake. On account of the rapids, the steamer had to be taken to pieces and carried, with all the baggage and supplies, to a point above the rapids, where the sections were again put together and the voyage resumed. On February 3 Gordon was at Fatiko, having returned from M'ruli on the frontiers of Kaba Rega's kingdom, where he had been with a small force. On hearing of Gordon's arrival at Foweira, Kaba Rega, an old enemy of Baker's, took to flight, and Gordon appointed his co-regent Aufina or Aufuma, the son of Fowarka, his successor, establishing a station at Masindi, the capital of Unyoro, and leaving the troops under his command. Aufina entertained friendly feelings towards Egypt, and he, as well as Rionga, the present chief of M'ruli, acknowledged himself a vassal of Egypt. Gordon also established military garrisons of thirty men each at Urondogani and Magungo, taking formal possession of the two lakes Victoria and Albert, in the name of the Khedive.

In the early part of this year (1876), "His Excellency, Col. Gordon, Governor-General of Equatorial Africa" (for thus Signor Gessi describes him), deputed Signor Romolo Gessi to examine and circumnavigate the Albert Nyanza, besides exploring the river between Dufli and the lake, and conveying stores to the station at Magungo, at the mouth of Speke's Somerset River. He placed at his disposal the two iron gunboats and all that was necessary for the accomplishment of the mission. With 18 sailors and 12 soldiers he left Dufli

March 7, and reached the lake on March 18, at the time of equinox, having made but slow progress, on account of the contrary winds, the incessant rains, and the current. The distance from Dufli to the lake is 164 miles,¹ and throughout the river is navigable, deep, and broad, in some places exceeding 700 yards. At two-thirds of the distance from Dufli there is a large branch which flows in a NNW. direction, and probably flows towards Makraka, in the country of the Niam-Niam. The country is very rich; the natives are clothed in the skins of antelopes or goats; and the products of the soil are varied, consisting of millet, the wheat of the country, sesame, honey, tobacco, bananas, beans, &c. Cattle are abundant, and comfort and plenty appear to reign among the people. On March 20, after delay on account of the storms, Gessi started in the direction of Magungo, but was prevented from reaching the coast by a strong land breeze. Driven along by the wind, they were prevented from sheltering themselves under the shore by the threatening attitude of a party of disbanded soldiers of Kaba Rega, who kept pace with them on the beach. After much difficulty, they eluded their troublesome neighbours, and anchored in a harbour having the shape of a horseshoe. During the night one of the boats was driven ashore by the gale, and filled with water and sand, thus destroying the greater part of their provisions as well as their instruments. Having recovered the damaged boat, they on March 30 reached Magungo,² and on April 12 they were again *en route*. Pursuing his course along the eastern shore of the lake, past several islets, and three cataracts, called respectively Huima, Wahambia, and Nanza, proceeding from a large river, never dry, called Tisa, which he identifies with Sir S. Baker's Kaiigiri, Gessi on April 16 anchored in a snug harbour, which he named Port Schubra (the Vacovia of Sir S. Baker). This harbour is 250 yards wide, and 600 or 700 in length, and is surrounded by many villages. Starting again on the 18th, he entered a little further south a river (Missisi), but seven miles from its mouth was stopped by the growth of papyrus and other aquatic vegetation. Here he saw a large waterfall, much grander than the three previously passed. Gessi was informed by the natives "that the waterfall came from waters which accumulate in the mountains and form a river during the season of

¹ Colonel Gordon subsequently gives the distance as some 30 miles less.

² Gessi here, according to a telegram from Colonel Gordon, hoisted the Egyptian flag "on the banks of the Lake Albert, in the presence of the officers, soldiers, and natives; and all the assemblage prayed for long life and continued victory for his Highness the Khedive, and the Princes his sons; and all those regions and their inhabitants came under the rule of the Khedival Government."

the rains, but dry up, together with the river, in the dry season." They also told him that he was then at the end of the lake; that beyond the water was very shallow, only about the height of their knees; and that it was filled with a dense growth of "ambatch" (a species of *Herminiera*, also known as *Edemone mirabilis*), a plant which only flourishes in 18 inches or 2 feet of water. Leaving the river, Gessi endeavoured to force his way through the ambatch; but without success, the growth being too dense and the water very shallow. He therefore skirted the ambatch fields, the boat's keel touching the bottom from time to time, and thus traversed the lake from east to west, a distance of 40 miles, without finding any passage. Gessi observed that the water had everywhere a black colour, owing to the forests of ambatch, and was undrinkable; there was no current whatever, and the bottom was sandy. From the mast of the boat he saw that the ambatch extended "very far," and that beyond it was a field of herbs and vegetation extending to the foot of the mountains. On the western shore the natives were too hostile to communicate with him, but a little further north the natives gave him the same information respecting the end of the lake as he had received on the eastern shore. Having so small an escort, he was unable to undertake a land journey; and therefore, his efforts at finding a southern outlet to the lake being fruitless, he at once proceeded on his northward journey along the western coast. He states that the mountains from Vacovia to the end of the lake, and also those on the western side, descend directly to the water's edge, and are destitute of large trees, being clothed with bushes only. On the return journey he passed three waterfalls, but did not see a single harbour or sheltering place on this side of the lake. He was driven 40 miles out of his course, and put in great peril, by tempestuous weather. The wind becoming more favourable, he, on the 21st, came in sight of Mt. M'Caroli, which had already been seen by Baker from the opposite side of the lake. Gessi gives the length of the lake as 141 miles, and the greatest width 60 miles, and in his map he makes it trend further north than, and to the west of, the outlet of the Nile. It is therefore much smaller than either the Victoria or the Tanganyika, and justifies the designation given it by Speke of the *Little Luta Nzige*. Gordon thinks it very probable that there may be "a chain of lakes and marshes leading from Lake Albert to Tanganyika, for Gessi distinctly says the ridge of mountains on the west coast *does not join* those on the east coast of the lake. Thus there is a gap." The branch discovered flowing to the north-west from the Nile some distance below its exit from the lake is 200 yards wide, and has a good current. It runs towards the Jaie (Petherick's

Ayee), which has a course of several hundred miles nearly parallel to the Nile, joining the main stream opposite the commencement of the Giraffe River in N. lat. 7°, and E. long. 30° 20' (Greenwich). Should it not join this river, it probably forms the Welle River, which flows into Barth's Kubanda. In this case it would establish Dr. Schweinfurth's theory that the Albert Nyanza is drained by the Welle.

When Gessi left Dufli to explore the lake, he was accompanied as far as Magungo by the well-known African traveller, Signor Carlo Piaggia, who turned off at this point to ascend the Somerset Nile. Piaggia was originally commissioned by the Egyptian Government to explore the Sobat River, the sources of which he had already visited in 1856; but he afterwards received orders to join Gordon Pasha. On his arrival at Dufli, he was instructed to go in the direction of the Markarak, but his final orders were to go south to the Albert and Victoria Lakes. Taking with him one small boat, two men, and a Reis, he arrived, after a journey of 35 miles up the river, at the grand Murchison cascade. Thence to Foweira, a distance of 63 miles, the river is all rapids, compelling Piaggia and his men to make their way on foot across forests and ravines. After some days' rest at Foweira, where they were hospitably treated by the garrison, they proceeded to M'ruli, where Piaggia obtained soldiers, natives, and dragomans from King Mtesa, who with much difficulty laboured to span the part of the river full of floating islands and large papyrus. They then came to a lake called Capechii (Long's L. Ibrahim), in the exploration of which Piaggia spent six days, measuring its length, breadth, and depth, and obtaining minerals, plants, and shells. He found its basin to be from 32 to 35 miles in length, and 12 to 15 miles in breadth, and discovered a second outlet in a branch flowing to the north-east, which, after a short course, loses itself in a network of swamps, and which he accordingly named Massanga. He expresses his belief that it eventually discharges into the Sobat, or by the Makedo Falls near Dufli into the Nile; but it is very probable that this apparent outlet is nothing more than a sort of swampy breakwater formed during the rainy season, and of no great extent. The south-western half of the lake is studded with islands, while the opposite portion is free from them. Piaggia states that the surrounding country was almost deserted by man, the wars of two neighbouring potentates having prevented the natives from settling. At this time, the rain being incessant and the air filled with malaria, and the men suffering from fever, it became necessary to descend the river. Leaving the soldiers and dragomans at M'ruli, Piaggia pushed on to Dufli, where he arrived on June 9. In the autumn he returned to Egypt, taking with him a valuable collection

of curiosities, chiefly from the tribes of the Bari, Madi, Magi, and Uganda. This collection he offered to the British Museum; but, the authorities having declined it, it was sold for £75, and placed in the Ethnological Museum at Berlin.

On May 30 Mr. Lucas, accompanied by Mr. Freeman, arrived at Lado, having entered on an exploration of the river of the "Gazelles." He was unable to reach the Bahr-el-Ghazel, and had to make a long détour by Lado, where he met with a warm reception from Gordon. After consulting together, Mr. Lucas determined to change his route and explore the region of Lake Albert, and thence to endeavour to reach the Congo at Nyangwe. Gordon accompanied him to the borders of the lake, leaving him there to push on to the Nyanza of Livingstone and beyond to the west. His escort proving too weak to allow him to penetrate further into the interior, he returned to Khartoum *en route* for Suez, intending to reorganise his expedition, and proceed, by way of Zanzibar, to the Congo. After repeated attacks of fever, he left Khartoum Oct. 26, and reached Suez, where he reorganised his expedition. He then again started for the south, but did not proceed further than Jeddah, on the Red Sea, where he was struck down by the hand of death, in the 26th year of his age. His companion, Mr. Freeman, died at Khartoum Oct. 5.

In July the reconstruction of the 10-horse-power steamer above the Makedo Falls was completed, and it made its first voyage from Dufli to Magungo, reaching the latter place on the 19th of that month. Gordon then proposed to start for Mtesa's capital, where he would leave a garrison of 150 men, by special desire of the king. At about twenty miles south of Dufli the river begins to widen out, and the current becomes, therefore, less rapid, being only at the rate of half a mile an hour. The bed is wide, sometimes as much as two or three marine miles, and is filled with islands of papyrus, with which also the banks are fringed. The country is very populous—much more so than any other portion of Africa that Colonel Gordon had seen—and the natives are well disposed. The sight of the steamboat naturally astonished them greatly. The banana cultivation is met with forty miles from Dufli, and continues southward for twenty miles, but is not again to be seen till within a short distance from the lake. Fifty miles south of Dufli the natives wear skins; those further to the south clothe themselves with the bark of a tree. Colonel Gordon believed that a circle described from Ratatchambé as a centre, with a radius extending to Fashoda, would include all the tribes that go entirely naked; a zone outside that circle would include those half clad; whilst outside that again would be the tribes which

fully clothe themselves. He found Sir Samuel Baker's map quite correct for the northern portion of the lake. It is difficult to find the exact juncture of the river and the lake, "the whole coast being sown with papyrus islands." The water is shallow and has no perceptible current. From Magungo to the Murchison Falls the current does not exceed one knot an hour; but from that point to the Karuma Rapids, nine miles below Foweira, the river is full of strong rapids. The banks were bordered by trees, and the country presented a very desolate appearance, being almost deserted by the natives on account of the wars between Kaba Rega and Aufina. There is now every reason to believe that Kaba Rega will come to terms, and accept the half of his kingdom, Rionga and Aufina occupying the other two quarters. There remains the placing of a steamer on the Victoria Nile to ply between Foweira, M'ruli, Urondogani and the Victoria Lake. The Nile may now be considered to be known throughout its whole course, with the exception of the branch flowing towards the north-west from the Nile after its issue from the Albert Lake, and also another branch discovered flowing out of Lake Ibrahim Pasha, which probably joins the River Sobat or River Asua. Should the connection be with the former river, it may provide greater facilities for communication than the main channel. Having accomplished the principal objects he had before him, Colonel Gordon returned to Egypt in the autumn of 1876, arriving at Cairo with M. Gessi on December 1, his health but little impaired by the marshy heat of the tropics and the constant worry of hostile tribes. He was cordially received by the Khedive, who presented him with the grand cross of the Order of the Medjidie, and on the 17th he embarked at Alexandria for England. He had wrought immense changes in the regions in which he had been engaged. Tribes that were hostile are now friendly, order has taken the place of disorder, and a line of posts, 50 to 100 miles apart, has been established from Khartoum to the Albert and Victoria Lakes, thus completing the communication between the Mediterranean and "the first great lake of the Equator." Cherif Pasha, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, in summing up the results which Gordon has achieved, says: "Ainsi est accompli l'annexion à l'Egypte de tous les territoires sis autour des grands lacs Victoria et Albert, qui, avec leurs affluents et le fleuve Somerset, ouvrent à la navigation un vaste champ d'explorations que Gordon Pasha a préparé jusqu'à présent." A good test of the completeness of this work is afforded by the fact that the Colonel received his English newspapers with fair regularity seven weeks after the date of issue, and he himself travelled down to Cairo within that time.

There is, therefore, an open road from Cairo to the lakes; but whether it is a road which will be found available for commerce yet remains to be proved. The total journey is 2,800 miles. In ascending the river from Cairo there is as far as Minieh a choice of rail or river; from Minieh to Assouan and the first cataract there is steam communication, and, with a short land transfer of five miles, there is again the river to Korosko, below the second cataract. Here, where the river trends towards the west and rushes for miles over small cataracts, a wide stretch of desert is crossed, and the river again resumed at Berber. Thence for 1,000 miles or so past Khartoum to Gondokoro, and on by the cataract at Duffi to the lake, the river communication is again made use of. As the tropical district is entered the river becomes choked up with masses of vegetation, which form into solid islands and present a total bar to progress. In his work on the "Albert Nyanza," Sir Samuel Baker recounts his experience of these dams. In one place, he says, "the river had suddenly disappeared; there was apparently an end to the White Nile. The dam was about three-quarters of a mile wide; it was perfectly firm, and was already overgrown with high reeds and grass, thus forming a continuation of the surrounding country."

There is at present much difficulty in obtaining food in the Upper Nile regions. It was necessary for the exploring party to carry with it all the supplies which would be required. The natives only grow enough corn round their villages for their own consumption; the rest of the country is mere jungle, marsh, or forest; and for two years Colonel Gordon and his men subsisted chiefly on beef, preserved meats, coffee, and unleavened bread. The products of the country, however, can be developed to a wonderful extent. Travellers tell us of the grain, sugar, cotton, coffee, gum, senna, dates, ivory, ebony, aromatic woods, dyes, potash, gold, skins, and ostrich feathers to be obtained there; and intercourse with the natives will doubtless soon result in the establishment of a regular trade in these articles. There is no doubt that the capabilities of the country are almost boundless. At present ivory is the sole product that is exported, and in this Colonel Gordon has traded with great success. His profits, indeed, were such as to enable him to pay all the expenses of his province, including the pay of his men, his officials, and himself, and to leave then a surplus for the Egyptian treasury. The revenue is stated roughly to be about £60,000 a year. The establishment of safe communication with the Victoria Nyanza is a work which remains yet to be accomplished. The distance from the Albert Lake is not a long one; but navigation of the Victoria Nile or Somer-

Colonel Gordon's Expedition to the Upper Nile. 211

set River, which connects the two lakes, is impossible, on account of the numerous marshes and cataracts which occur in its course. An overland road is therefore necessary, and for this the most direct route lies through the territory of Mtesa. He, however, hesitated to give permission for this way to be made use of. Colonel Gordon believes that his consent may be won by playing off against him the hostile power of Usoga, which offers an alternative route between the two lakes. The whole available force composing the expedition was 2,000 men; and these had to be so divided, in order to protect the posts in the rear, that Gordon himself generally advanced with a mere handful of men. He has proved himself a good ruler, and left the province in a state of order and tranquillity. The natives referred to him for settlement of their quarrels; his own men, draughted from the Egyptian prisons or enlisted from unfriendly tribes, are all devoted to him; and he is known throughout the Nile district as a just and fearless ruler. In his efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade he was only partly successful, as he had not the cordial support of the native officials, who favour the slave-traders when they can, and only punish them when they must, and he was therefore able only to repress it in those instances which came under his immediate notice. Whether the Egyptian Government itself is sincerely desirous of annihilating the slave-trade is very doubtful. In previous expeditions equipped and despatched with this avowed object—especially those of 1857, 1862, and that under Sir Samuel Baker (1869–1872)—little was accomplished beyond the destruction of some of the slave-hunters' stations, whilst the slaughter of the natives, burning of their villages, and seizure of their cattle do not tend to confirm the humanitarian professions of the rulers of Egypt. Now that Colonel Gordon has again been despatched to "the Province of the Equator," there is ground for hope that the death-knell of this traffic is sounded. In a letter from Cairo, dated February 17 of this year, he says: "His Highness to-day has signed the firman. He could not have given me greater powers. He has given me over the Soudan, in addition to the Province of the Equator and the littoral of the Red Sea, absolute authority over the finance, &c. I am astounded at the powers he has placed in my hands. With the Governor-Generalship of the Soudan, it will be my fault if slavery does not cease, and if these vast countries are not open to the world. So there is an end of slavery if God wills, for the whole secret of the matter is in the government of the Soudan, and if the man who holds that government is against it, it must cease."

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FOOD.

FRANCIS BACON has laid it down as an axiom that experiment is the foundation of all real progress in knowledge. "Man," he said, "as the minister and-interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more."¹ It would seem, then, as if there could be no subject on which man should be better informed than on the value of various articles of food, and the quantity in which each should be used. On most branches of experimental inquiry, a few men in each age—perhaps but for a few ages in succession—have pursued for a longer or shorter portion of their life, a system of experiment and observation. But on the subject of food or diet all men in all ages have been practical experimenters, and not for a few years only, but during their entire life. One would expect, then, that no questions could be more decisively settled than those which relate to the use or the abuse of food. Everyone ought to know, it might be supposed, what kinds of food are good for the health, in what quantity each should be taken, what changes of diet tend to correct this or that kind of ill-health, and how long each change should be continued.

Unfortunately, as we know, this is far from being the case. We all eat many things which are bad for us, and omit to eat many things which would be good for us. We change our diet, too often, without any consideration, or from false considerations, of the wants of the body. When we have derived benefit from some change of diet, we are apt to continue the new diet after the necessity for it has passed away. As to quantity, also, we seldom follow well-judged rules. Some take less nutriment (or less of some particular form of nutriment) than is needed to supply the absolute requirements of the system; others persistently overload the system, despite all the warnings which their own experience and that of others should afford of the mischief likely to follow that course.

¹ Closely following in this respect his illustrious namesake Roger, who writes, in the sixth chapter of his *Opus Majus*, "*Sine experientia nihil sufficienter sciri potest.*"

It is only of late years that systematic efforts have been made to throw light on the subject of the proper use of food, to distinguish between its various forms, and to analyse the special office of each form. I propose to exhibit, in a popular manner, some of the more important practical conclusions to which men of science have been led by their investigations into these questions.

The human body has been compared to a lamp in which a flame is burning. In some respects the comparison is a most apt one, as we shall see presently. But man does more than *live*; he *works*—with his brain or with his muscles. And therefore the human frame may be more justly compared to a steam-engine than to the flame of a lamp. Of mere life, the latter illustration is sufficiently apt, but it leaves unillustrated man's capacity for work; and since food is taken with two principal objects—the maintenance of life and the renewal of material used up in brainwork and muscular work—we shall find that the comparison of man to a machine affords a far better illustration of our subject than the more common comparisons of the life of man to a burning flame, and of food to the fuel which serves to maintain combustion.

There is, however, one class of food, and, perhaps, on the whole, the most important, the operation of which is equally well illustrated by either comparison. The sort of food to which I refer may be termed *heat-maintaining* food. I distinguish it thus from food which serves other ends, but of course it is not to be understood that any article of diet serves *solely* the end of maintaining heat. Accordingly, we find that heat-maintaining substance exists in nearly all the ordinary articles of food. Of these there are two—sugar and fat—which may be looked on as special “heat-givers.” Starch, also, which appears in all vegetables, and thus comes to form a large proportion of our daily food, is a heat-giver. In fact, this substance only enters the system in the form of sugar, the saliva having the power of converting starch (which is insoluble in water) into sugar, and thus rendering it soluble and digestible.

Starch, as I have said, appears in all vegetables. But it is found more freely in some than in others. It constitutes nearly the whole substance of arrowroot, sago, and tapioca, and appears more or less freely in potatoes, rice, wheat, barley, and oats. In the process of vegetation it is converted into sugar; and thus it happens that vegetable diet—whether presenting starch in its natural form to be converted into sugar by the consumer, or containing sugar which has resulted from a process of change undergone by starch—is in general heat-maintaining. Sugar is used as a convenient means of maintaining

the heat-supply ; for in eating sugar we are saved the trouble of converting starch into sugar. A love for sweet things is the instinctive expression of the necessity for heat-maintaining food. We see this liking strongly developed in children, whose rapid growth is continually drawing upon their heat-supply. So far as adults are concerned, the taste for sweet food is found to prevail more in temperate than in tropical climes, as might be expected ; but, contrary to what we might at first expect, we do not find any increase in the liking for sweet food in very cold climates. Another and a more effective way of securing the required heat-supply prevails in such countries.

As starch is converted into sugar, so by a further process sugar is converted into fat. It is by the conversion of sugar into fat that its heat-supplying power is made available. This conversion takes place in the vegetable as well as in the animal system, and thus fat appears in a variety of forms—as butter, suet, oil, and so forth. Now, precisely as sugar is a more convenient heat-supplier than starch, so fat exceeds sugar in its power of maintaining animal heat. It has been calculated that one pound of fat—whether in the form of suet, butter, or oil—will go as far towards the maintenance of animal heat as two pounds of sugar, or as two pounds and a half of starch. Thus it happens that in very cold countries there is developed a taste for such articles of food as contain most fat, or even for pure fat and its analogues—oil, butter, tallow, dripping, and other forms of *grease*.

I have spoken of starch, sugar, and fat as heat-forming articles of food ; but I must note their influence in the development of muscles and nerves. Without a certain proportion of fat in the food a wasting of the tissues will always take place ; for muscles and nerves cannot form without fat. And conversely, the best remedy for wasting diseases is to be found in the supply of some easily-digestible form of fatty food. Well-fatted meat, and especially meat in which the fat is to be seen distributed through the flesh, may be taken under such circumstances. Butter and salad oil are then also proper articles of food. Cream is still better, and cream cheeses may be used with advantage. It is on account of its heat-supplying and fat-forming qualities that cod-liver oil has taken its place as one of the most valuable remedies for scrofulous and consumptive patients.

But it must be noted that the formation of fat is not the object with which heat-supplying food is taken. It is an indication of derangement of the system when heat-giving food is too readily converted into fat. And in so far as this process of conversion takes place beyond what is required for the formation of muscles and nerves, the body suffers in the loss of its just proportion of heat.

supply. Of course, if too large an amount of heat-giving food is taken into the system, we may expect that the surplus will be deposited in the form of adipose tissue. The deposition of fat in such a case will be far less injurious to the system than an excessive heat-supply would be. But when only a just amount of heat-giving food is taken, and in place of fulfilling its just office this food is converted into adipose tissue, it becomes necessary to inquire into the cause of the mischief. Technically, the evil may be described as resulting from the deficient oxygenation of the heat-supplying food. This generally arises from defective circulation, and may often be cured by a very moderate but *systematic* increase in the amount of daily exercise, or by the use of the sponge-bath, or, lastly, by such changes in the dress—and especially in the articles of attire worn next to the skin—as tend to encourage a freer circulation of the blood. The tendency to accumulate fat may sometimes be traced to the use of over-warm coverings at night, and especially to the use of woollen night-clothes. By attending to considerations of this sort, more readily and safely than by an undue diminution of the amount of heat-supplying food, the tendency to obesity may frequently be corrected.

In warm weather we should diminish the supply of heat-giving food. In such weather the system does not require the same daily addition to its animal heat, and the excess is converted into fat. Experiments have shown that despite the increased rate at which perspiration proceeds during the summer months, men uniformly fed throughout the year increase in weight in summer and lose weight in winter.

So far as mere existence is concerned, heat-forming food may be looked upon as the real fuel on which the lamp of life is sustained. But man, considered as a working being, cannot exist without *energy-forming* food. All work, whether of the brain or of the limbs, involves the exhaustion of nervous and muscular matter; and unless the exhausted matter be renewed, the work must come to an end. The supply of heat-giving food may be compared to the supply of fuel for the fire of a steam-engine. By means of this supply the *fire* is kept alive; but if the fire have nothing to work upon, its energies are wasted or used to the injury of the machine itself. The supply of water, and its continual use (in the form of steam) in the propulsion of the engine, are the processes corresponding to the continual exhaustion and renewal of the muscles and nerves of the human frame. And the comparison may be carried yet further. We see that in the case of the engine the amount of smoke, or rather of carbonic acid, thrown out by the blast-pipe is a measure of the vital

energy (so to speak) within the engine ; but the amount of work done by the engine is measured rather by the quantity of steam which is thrown out, because the elastic force of every particle of steam has been exerted in the propulsion of the engine before being thrown out through the blast-pipe. In a manner precisely corresponding to this, the amount of carbonic acid gas exhaled by a man is a measure of the rate at which mere existence is proceeding ; but the amount of work, mental or muscular, which the man achieves, is measured by the amount of used-up brain-material and muscle-material which is daily thrown off by the body. I shall presently show in what way this amount is estimated.

In the composition of the muscles there is a material called *fibrine*, and in the composition of the nerves there is a material called *albumen*. These are the substances¹ which are exhausted during mental and bodily labour, and which have to be renewed if we are to continue working with our head or with our hands. Nay more, life itself involves work ; the heart, the lungs, the liver, each internal organ of the body, performs its share of work, just as a certain proportion of the power of a steam-engine is expended in merely moving the machinery which it sets in action. If the waste of material involved in this form of work is not compensated by a continual and sufficient supply of fibrine and albumen, the result will be a gradual lowering of all the powers of the system, until some one or other gives way—the heart ceases to beat, or the stomach to digest, or the liver to secrete bile—and so death ensues.

The fibrine and albumen in the animal frame are derived exclusively from vegetables. For although we seem to derive a portion of the supply from animal food, yet the fibrine and albumen thus supplied have been derived in the beginning from the vegetable kingdom. "It is the peculiar property of the plant," says Dr. Lankester, "to be able, in the minute cells of which it is composed, to convert the carbonic acid and ammonia which it gets from the atmosphere into fibrine and albumen, and by easy chemical processes we can separate these substances from our vegetable food. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, all contain fibrine, and some of them also albumen. Potatoes, cabbage, and asparagus contain albumen. It is a well-ascertained fact that those substances which contain most of these 'nutritious secretions,'

¹ Fibrine and albumen are identical in composition. *Caseine*, which is the coagulable portion of milk, is composed in the same manner. The chief distinction between the three substances consists in their mode of coagulation ; fibrine coagulating spontaneously, albumen under the action of heat, and caseine by the action of acetic acid.

as they have been called, support life the longest." They change little during the process of digestion, entering the blood in a pure state, and being directly employed to renew the nervous and muscular matter which has been used up during work either mental or muscular. Thus the supply of these substances is continually being drawn upon. The carbon, which forms their principal constituent, is converted into carbonic acid; and the nitrogen, which forms about a sixth part of their substance, reappears in the nitrogen of urea, a substance which forms the principal solid constituent of the matter daily thrown from the system through the action of the kidneys. Thus the amount of urea which daily passes from the body affords a measure of the work done during the day. "This is not," says Dr. Lankester, "the mere dream of the theorist; it has been practically demonstrated that increased stress upon the nervous system, viz., brainwork, emotion, or excitement from disease, increases the quantity of urea and the demand for nitrogenous food. In the same manner the amount of urea is the representative of the amount of muscular work done."

It has been calculated that the average amount of urea daily formed in the body of a healthy man is about 470 grains. To supply this daily consumption of nitrogenous matter, it is necessary that about four ounces of flesh-forming substance should be consumed daily. It is important, therefore, to inquire how this substance may be obtained. The requisite quantity of albuminous and fibrinous matter "is contained," says Dr. Lankester, "in a pound of beef; in two pounds of eggs; in two quarts of milk; in a pound of peas; in five pounds of rice; in sixteen pounds of potatoes; in two pounds of Indian meal; in a pound and a half of oatmeal; and in a pound and three-quarters of flour." A consideration of this list will show the importance of attending to the quality as well as the quantity of our food. A man of ordinary appetite might satisfy his hunger on potatoes or on rice, without by any means supplying his system with a sufficient amount of flesh-forming food. On the other hand, if a man were to live on bread and beef alone, he would load his system with an amount of nitrogenous food, although not taking what could be considered an excessive amount of daily nourishment. We see, also, how it is possible to continually vary the form in which we take the required supply of nitrogenous food, without varying the amount of that supply from day to day.

The supply itself should of course also vary from day to day as the amount of daily work may vary. What would be ample for a person performing a moderate amount of work would be insufficient for one who underwent daily great bodily or mental exertions, and

would be too much for one who was taking holiday. It would appear, from the researches of Dr. Haughton, that the amount of urea daily formed in the body of a healthy man of average weight varies from 400 to 630 grains. Of this weight it appears that 300 grains results from the action of the internal organs. It would seem, therefore, that the amount of flesh-forming food indicated in the preceding paragraph may be diminished in the proportion of 47 to 40 in the case of a person taking the minimum of exercise—that is, avoiding all movements save those absolutely necessary for comfort or convenience. On the other hand, that amount must be increased in the proportion of 74 to 63 in the case of a person (of average weight) working up to his full powers. It will be seen at once, therefore, that a hardworking man, whether labourer or thinker, must make good flesh-forming food constitute a considerable portion of his diet; otherwise he would require to take an amount of food which would seriously interfere with his comfort and the due action of his digestive organs. For instance, if he lived on rice alone, he would require to ingest nearly seven pounds of food daily; if on potatoes, he would require upwards of twenty-one pounds; whereas one pound and a third of meat would suffice to supply the same amount of flesh-forming food.

Men who have to work, quickly find out what they require in the way of food. The Irishman who, while doing little work, will live contentedly on potatoes, asks for better flesh-forming food when engaged in heavy labour. In fact, the employer of the working-man, so far from feeling aggrieved when his men require an improvement in their diet, either as respects quality or quantity, ought to look on the want as evidence that they are really working hard in his service, and also that they have a capacity for continuous work. The man who lives on less than the average share of flesh-forming food is doing less than an average amount of work; the man who is unable to eat an average quantity of flesh-forming food, is *unable* to do an average amount of work. “‘On what principle do you discharge your men?’ I once said,” relates Dr. Lankester, “to a railway contractor. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘it’s according to their appetites.’ ‘But,’ I said, ‘how do you judge of that?’ ‘Why,’ he said, ‘I send a clerk round when they are getting their dinners, and those who can’t eat he marks with a bit of chalk, and we send them about their business.’”

At a lecture delivered at the Royal Museum of Physics and Natural History at Florence, by Professor Mantegazza, a few years since, the Professor dwelt on the insufficient food which Italians are

in the habit of taking, as among the most important causes of the weakness of the nation. "Italians," he said, "you should follow as closely as you can the example of the English in your eating and in your drinking, in the choice of flesh-meat (in tossing off bumpers of your rich wines),¹ in the quality of your coffee, your tea, and your tobacco. I give you this advice, dear countrymen, not only as a medical man, but also as a patriot. It is quite evident, from the way millions of you perform the process which you call eating and drinking, that you have not the most elementary notions of the laws of physiology. You imagine that you are living. You are barely prolonging existence on macaroni and water-melons. You neither know how to eat nor how to drink. You have no muscular energy; and, therefore, you have no continuous mental energy. The weakness of the individual, multiplied many millions of times, results in the collective weakness of the nation. Hence results insufficient work, and thence insufficient production. Thus the returns of the tax-collector and the custom-house officer are scanty, and the national exchequer suffers accordingly." Nor is all this, strange as it may sound, the mere gossip of the lecture-room. "The question of good feeding," says Dr. Lankester, "is one of national importance. It is vain to expect either brain or muscles to do efficient work when they are not provided with the proper material. Neither intellectual nor physical work can be done without good food."

We have now considered the two principal forms of food, the heat-forming—sometimes called the *amylaceous*—constituents, and the flesh-forming or *nitrogenous* constituents. But there are other substances which, although forming a smaller proportion of the daily food, are yet scarcely less important. Returning to our comparison of the human system to a steam-engine—we have seen how the heat-forming and flesh-forming constituents of food correspond to the supply of fuel and water; but an engine would quickly fall into a useless state if the wear and tear of the material of which it is constructed were not attended to and repaired. Now, in the human frame there are materials which are continually being used up, and which require to be continually restored, if the system is to continue free from disease. These materials are the mineral constituents of the system. Amongst them we must include *water*, which composes a much larger portion of our bodies than might be supposed. Seven-ninths of our weight consists simply of water. Every day there is a loss of about one-thirtieth part of this constituent of our system. The daily repair of this im-

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portant waste of material is not effected by imbibing a corresponding supply of water. A large proportion of the weight of water daily lost is renewed in the solid food. Many vegetables consist principally of water. This is notably the case with potatoes. Where the water supplied to a district is bad, so that little water is consumed by the inhabitants—at least, without the addition of some other substance—it becomes important to notice the varying proportion of water present in different articles of food. As an instance of this, I may call attention to a remarkable circumstance observed during the failure of the potato-crops in Ireland. Notwithstanding the great losses which the people sustained at that time, it was noticed that the amount of tea imported into Ireland exhibited a remarkable increase. This seemed at first sight a somewhat perplexing phenomenon. The explanation was recognised in the circumstance that the potato—a watery vegetable, as we have said—no longer formed the chief portion of the people's diet. Thus the deficiency in the supply of water had to be made up by the use of a larger quantity of fluid food; and as simple water was not palatable to the people, they drank tea in much larger quantities than they had been in the habit of taking before the famine.

But we have to consider the other mineral constituents of the system.

If I were to run through the list of all the minerals which exist within the body, I should weary the patience of the reader, and perhaps not add very much to the clearness of his ideas respecting the constitution of the human frame. Let it suffice to state generally that, according to the calculations of physiologists, a human body weighing 154 pounds, contains about $17\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of mineral matter; and that the most important mineral compounds existing within the body are those which contain lime, soda, and potash. Without pretending to any strictly scientific accuracy in the classification, we may say that the lime is principally found in the bones, the soda in the blood, the potash in the muscles; and according as one or other of these important constituents is wanting in our food, so will the corresponding portions of the frame be found to suffer.

We have a familiar illustration of the effects of unduly diminishing the supply of the mineral constituents of the body in the ravages which scurvy has worked amongst the crews of ships which have remained for a long period ill-supplied with fresh vegetables. Here it is chiefly the want of potash in the food which causes the mischief. An interesting instance of the rapid—almost startling—effects of food

containing potash, in the cure of men stricken by scurvy, is related by Dana. The crew of a ship which had been several months at sea, but was now nearing the land, were prostrated by the ravages of scurvy. Nearly all seemed hopelessly ill. One young lad was apparently dying, the livid spots which were spreading over his limbs seeming to betoken his rapidly approaching end. At this moment a ship appeared in view which had but lately left the land, and was laden with fresh vegetables. Before long large quantities of the life-bearing food had been transferred to the decks of the other ship. The instincts of life taught the poor scurvy-stricken wretches to choose the vegetable which of all others was best suited to supply the want under which their frames were wasting. They also were led by the same truthful instincts to prefer the raw to cooked vegetables. Thus the sick were to be seen eating raw onions with a greater relish than the gourmand shows for the most appetising viands. But the poor lad who was the worst of the sufferers had already lost the power of eating; and it was without a hope of saving his life that some of his companions squeezed the juice of onions between his lips, already quivering with the tremor of approaching death. He swallowed a few drops, and presently asked for more. Shortly he began to revive, and to the amazement of all those who had seen the state of prostration to which he had been reduced, he regained in a few days his usual health and strength.

The elements which we require in order to supply the daily waste of the mineral constituents of the body are contained in greater or less quantities in nearly all the articles which man uses for food. But it may readily happen that, by adopting an ill-regulated diet, a man may not take a sufficient quantity of these important elements. It must also be noticed that articles of food, both animal and vegetable, may be deprived of a large proportion of their mineral elements by boiling; and if, as often happens, the water in which the food has been boiled is thrown away, injurious effects can scarcely fail to result from the free use of food which has lost so important a portion of its constituent elements. Accordingly, when persons partake much of boiled meat, they should either consume the broth with the meat, or use it as soup on the alternate days. Vegetables steamed in small quantities of water (this water being taken with them), also afford a valuable addition to boiled meat. In fact, experience seems to have suggested the advantage of mixing carrots, parsnips, turnips, and greens with boiled meat; but unfortunately the addition is not always made in a proper manner. If the vegetables are boiled separately in large quantities of water, and

served up after this water has been thrown away, more harm than good is done by the addition; since the appetite is satisfied with comparatively useless food, instead of being left free to choose, as it might otherwise do, such forms of food as would best supply the requirements of the system. Salads and uncooked fruits, for instance, contain saline ingredients in large proportion, and could be used advantageously after a meal of boiled meat. Potatoes are likewise a valuable article of food on account of the mineral elements contained in them. And there can be no doubt that the value of potatoes as an article of food is largely increased when they are cooked in their skins, after the Irish fashion.

Lastly, we must consider those articles of food which promote the natural vital changes, but do not themselves come to form part of the frame, or, at least, not in any large proportion of their bulk. Such are tea, coffee, and cocoa; alcoholic drinks; narcotics; and lastly, spices and condiments. We may compare the use of these articles of food to that of oil in lubricating various parts of a steam-engine. For, as the oil neither forms part of the heat-supply nor of the force-supply of the steam-engine, nor is used to replace the worn material of its structure, yet serves to render the movements of the machine more equable and effective, so the forms of food we are considering are neither heat-producing nor flesh-forming, nor do they serve to replace, to any great extent, the mineral constituents of the body, yet they produce a sense of refreshment accompanied with renewed vigour. It is difficult to determine in what precise way these effects are produced, but no doubt can exist as to the fact that they are really attributable to the forms of food to which we have assigned them.

Tea, coffee, and cocoa owe their influence on the nervous system to the presence of a substance which has received the various names of *theine*, *caffeine*, and *theobromine*. It is identical in composition with *piperine*, the most important ingredient in pepper. It may be separated in the form of delicate white, silky crystals, which have a bitter taste. In its concentrated form this substance is poisonous, and to this circumstance must be ascribed the ill effects which follow from the too free use of strong tea or coffee. However, the instances of bad effects resulting from the use of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates" are few and far between, while the benefits derived from it are recognised on all hands. It has, indeed, been stated that no nation which has begun to make use of tea, coffee, or cocoa, has ever given up the practice; and no stronger evidence can be required of the value of those articles of food.

Of alcoholic liquors it is impossible to speak so favourably. They are made use of, indeed, almost as extensively as tea or coffee ; they have been made the theme of the poet, and hailed as the emblems of all that is genial and convivial. Yet there can be little doubt that, when a balance is struck between the good and evil which have resulted to man from their use, the latter is found largely to preponderate. The consideration of these evils belongs, however, rather to the moralist than to the physiologist. I have here simply to consider alcoholic liquors as articles of food. There can be little doubt that, when used with caution and judgment, they afford in certain cases an important adjunct to those articles which are directly applied to the reparation of bodily waste. Without absolutely nourishing the frame, they ultimately lead to this end by encouraging the digestive processes which result in the assimilation of nutritive articles of food. But the quantity of alcohol necessary to effect this is far less than is usually taken even by persons who are termed temperate. It is also certain that hundreds make use of alcoholic liquors who have no necessity for them, and who would be better without them. Those who require them most are men who lead a studious sedentary life ; and it is such men, also, who suffer most from excess in the use of alcoholic liquors.

It remains that I should make a few remarks on mistakes respecting the quantity of food.

Some persons fall into the habit of taking an excessive quantity of food, not from greediness, but from the idea that a large amount of food is necessary for the maintenance of their strength. They thus overtax the digestive organs, and not only fail of their purpose, but weaken instead of strengthening the system. Especially serious is the mistake often made by persons in delicate health of swallowing—no other word can be used, for the digestive organs altogether refuse to respond to the action of the mouth—large quantities of some concentrated form of food, such as even the strongest stomach could not deal with in that form. I knew a person who, though suffering from weakness such as should have suggested the blandest and simplest forms of food, adopted as a suitable breakfast mutton-chops and bottled stout, arguing, when remonstrated with, that he required more support than persons in stronger health. He was simply requiring his weak digestive organs to accomplish work which would have taxed the digestive energies of the most stalwart labourer working daily in the open air for many hours.

On the other hand, a too abstemious diet is as erroneous in principle as a diet in excess of the natural requirements of the system

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REGIMENTAL DISTINCTIONS, TRADITIONS, AND ANECDOTES.

AT the present moment, when there is an idea of inflicting a mortal blow on *esprit de corps* by the formation of "territorial regiments," some information regarding the distinctions, traditions, and anecdotes of the different regiments may not prove uninteresting to the public.

The senior regiments of cavalry are the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, constituting the Household Brigade. The first two took their origin from the four troops of Life Guards and one of Horse raised by Charles II. at the Restoration. The former comprised one troop called Scottish Life Guards, which was for some years always quartered in Scotland. This is the troop mentioned in "Old Mortality." The Life Guards were all men of family, generally younger sons, and were officially and on parade addressed as "Gentlemen of the Life Guards." To each troop was attached a troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, composed of men of inferior social position. The troops of Horse Grenadier Guards—who were dragoons intended on occasion to act on foot with hand grenades and muskets—were, after a time, virtually separated from the Life Guards. The Life Guards—frequently called Horse Guards—were so highly privileged that the captain was a colonel, the two lieutenants lieutenant-colonels, and the cornet and the guidon majors. There were also exempts with the rank of captain, brigadiers—originally corporals—with the rank of lieutenant, and sub-brigadiers—originally sub-corporals—who were cornets. The duties of non-commissioned officers were performed by select private gentlemen, who were termed "right-hand men." In 1756 the four senior "right-hand men" in each troop were appointed warrant officers with the title of quartermaster, and the four junior "right-hand men" "corporals of Horse." In 1788 the corps of Life Guards, sometimes called "Horse Guards," and the Horse Grenadier Guards were converted into the first and second regiments of Life Guards. Up to that date the gentlemen of the Life Guards had purchased their appointments, and held them by

indenture. It was ordered that for the future all men of the Life Guards should be enlisted and attested. Being no longer required to provide their own horses and forage, their pay was reduced. The gentlemen of the Life Guards who wished to leave the service were pensioned. It may interest some of our readers to learn that the Portman Street Barracks, demolished about a score of years ago, was for some time occupied by the Horse Grenadier Guards. The origin of Goldstick and Silverstick was the Rye House Plot. After that event, one of the captains, carrying an ebony staff with a gold head, a junior officer with a silver-headed staff, and two brigadiers with ivory-headed truncheons remained in immediate attendance on the sovereign from morning till night. In the early part of the reign of George III. the attendance of the officers bearing the ivory truncheons was dispensed with, but on all state occasions the Goldstick and Silverstick—i.e. a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel of the Household cavalry—are still in attendance on the Queen. It is a tacit rule, rarely departed from, that the Goldstick must be a Peer. Formerly there was only one gold and one silver stick, which were handed from officer to officer as the duty changed hands. William IV., however, provided three gold sticks for the three colonels of Household cavalry. The story of the innovation is related in the "Memoirs of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere." It appears that the King summoned the three colonels—one of whom was the Duke of Cumberland—to Windsor, and commenced with a complaint that, whenever the gold stick was wanted, it was sure to have been mislaid or not to have been handed over by the last officer who held it. After reprimanding his astonished auditors for their carelessness, he said: "Now, my Lords, I understand etiquette better than anyone, and have provided a gold stick for each colonel, so that there may be no more excuses on the subject," and with that he distributed three bâtons amongst them. The Household cavalry, now so universally popular with the public, were at one time in great disfavour with the lower classes of Londoners on account of the energetic manner in which they performed their duty on the occasion of the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett. In consequence, they were for years afterwards vulgarly called "Piccadilly Butchers." The officers are now for the most part members of the best families in the kingdom, but at one period there was a large infusion of men connected with trade. They were in consequence derisively spoken of by their comrades of the Foot Guards as "Cheeses." Everyone is familiar with the appearance of the cream-coloured charger ridden by the kettle-drummer in each regiment of Life Guards. It may not, however, be generally known that this horse is always presented by the Queen.

The Royal Horse Guards Blue, or the "Blues," as they are familiarly called, now form an acknowledged portion of the Household Cavalry Brigade. They were originally officially termed the "King's Own Regiment of Horse Guards," but more generally the "Earl of Oxford's Regiment." In 1690 they received the name of "Oxford Blues," to distinguish the regiment from a Dutch regiment of horse, likewise clothed in blue, which served with it in Ireland. From the first they had a close connection with the Court, and were constantly employed in escorting the sovereign, save from 1763 till 1804. Mr. Cannon, in his official history of the regiment, considers that it was at first relieved from Court duties in order to enable it to recruit and rest after the fatigues of the Seven Years' War, and afterwards treated as an ordinary cavalry regiment through the influence of the Life Guards. It is certain, whatever the cause, that it was so treated. In 1804 it was brought to Windsor, where it remained till 1821, when for the first time it resumed its former duties in London, and was regularly incorporated with the Household Brigade. Even now, however, there is a distinction between it and the other two regiments. In the Life Guards the major is major and lieutenant-colonel, while in the Blues he is only major and *brevet* lieutenant-colonel.

George III., from his constant residence at Windsor, had been brought much into contact with the Blues, and was for many years in the habit of wearing its uniform. Upon his death the suit was presented to the corps, and has been carefully preserved by it. There was long current in the army a tradition, which many not very old soldiers will perhaps call to mind, that the Blues were deprived of their gold lace for having run away during the campaign in Flanders in 1794. It is needless to say that the report was quite without foundation. The facts of the case are as follows: During the absence of four troops of the regiment on service their new clothing became due. A parade uniform being deemed unsuited for the field, a plain one was issued. On their return their colonel, in order to add to his emoluments from clothing, established uniformity by ordering the gold-laced coats of the home troops to be laid aside, and coats of the same pattern as those of the other four to be worn instead.

The 1st ("The King's") Dragoon Guards, styled by soldiers for brevity the "K.D.G.'s," was raised in 1685, and given the title of "Queen's Regiment of Horse." On the accession of George I. it was renamed the "King's Regiment of Horse." In his reign it furnished, in turn with other regiments of horse, detachments to assist the Life Guards in the performance of London duties. After the suppression

would be too much for one who was taking holiday. It would appear, from the researches of Dr. Haughton, that the amount of urea daily formed in the body of a healthy man of average weight varies from 400 to 630 grains. Of this weight it appears that 300 grains results from the action of the internal organs. It would seem, therefore, that the amount of flesh-forming food indicated in the preceding paragraph may be diminished in the proportion of 47 to 40 in the case of a person taking the minimum of exercise—that is, avoiding all movements save those absolutely necessary for comfort or convenience. On the other hand, that amount must be increased in the proportion of 74 to 63 in the case of a person (of average weight) working up to his full powers. It will be seen at once, therefore, that a hardworking man, whether labourer or thinker, must make good flesh-forming food constitute a considerable portion of his diet; otherwise he would require to take an amount of food which would seriously interfere with his comfort and the due action of his digestive organs. For instance, if he lived on rice alone, he would require to ingest nearly seven pounds of food daily; if on potatoes, he would require upwards of twenty-one pounds; whereas one pound and a third of meat would suffice to supply the same amount of flesh-forming food.

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containing potash, in the cure of men stricken by scurvy, is related by Dana. The crew of a ship which had been several months at sea, but was now nearing the land, were prostrated by the ravages of scurvy. Nearly all seemed hopelessly ill. One young lad was apparently dying, the livid spots which were spreading over his limbs seeming to betoken his rapidly approaching end. At this moment a ship appeared in view which had but lately left the land, and was laden with fresh vegetables. Before long large quantities of the life-bearing food had been transferred to the decks of the other ship. The instincts of life taught the poor scurvy-stricken wretches to choose the vegetable which of all others was best suited to supply the want under which their frames were wasting. They also were led by the same truthful instincts to prefer the raw to cooked vegetables. Thus the sick were to be seen eating raw onions with a greater relish than the gourmand shows for the most appetising viands. But the poor lad who was the worst of the sufferers had already lost the power of eating; and it was without a hope of saving his life that some of his companions squeezed the juice of onions between his lips, already quivering with the tremor of approaching death. He swallowed a few drops, and presently asked for more. Shortly he began to revive, and to the amazement of all those who had seen the state of prostration to which he had been reduced, he regained in a few days his usual health and strength.

The elements which we require in order to supply the daily waste of the mineral constituents of the body are contained in greater or less quantities in nearly all the articles which man uses for food. But it may readily happen that, by adopting an ill-regulated diet, a man may not take a sufficient quantity of these important elements. It must also be noticed that articles of food, both animal and vegetable, may be deprived of a large proportion of their mineral elements by boiling; and if, as often happens, the water in which the food has been boiled is thrown away, injurious effects can scarcely fail to result from the free use of food which has lost so important a portion of its constituent elements. Accordingly, when persons partake much of boiled meat, they should either consume the broth with the meat, or use it as soup on the alternate days. Vegetables steamed in small quantities of water (this water being taken with them), also afford a valuable addition to boiled meat. In fact, experience seems to have suggested the advantage of mixing carrots, parsnips, turnips, and greens with boiled meat; but unfortunately the addition is not always made in a proper manner. If the vegetables are boiled separately in large quantities of water, and

served up after this water has been thrown away, more harm than good is done by the addition; since the appetite is satisfied with comparatively useless food, instead of being left free to choose, as it might otherwise do, such forms of food as would best supply the requirements of the system. Salads and uncooked fruits, for instance, contain saline ingredients in large proportion, and could be used advantageously after a meal of boiled meat. Potatoes are likewise a valuable article of food on account of the mineral elements contained in them. And there can be no doubt that the value of potatoes as an article of food is largely increased when they are cooked in their skins, after the Irish fashion.

Lastly, we must consider those articles of food which promote the natural vital changes, but do not themselves come to form part of the frame, or, at least, not in any large proportion of their bulk. Such are tea, coffee, and cocoa; alcoholic drinks; narcotics; and lastly, spices and condiments. We may compare the use of these articles of food to that of oil in lubricating various parts of a steam-engine. For, as the oil neither forms part of the heat-supply nor of the force-supply of the steam-engine, nor is used to replace the worn material of its structure, yet serves to render the movements of the machine more equable and effective, so the forms of food we are considering are neither heat-producing nor flesh-forming, nor do they serve to replace, to any great extent, the mineral constituents of the body, yet they produce a sense of refreshment accompanied with renewed vigour. It is difficult to determine in what precise way these effects are produced, but no doubt can exist as to the fact that they are really attributable to the forms of food to which we have assigned them.

Tea, coffee, and cocoa owe their influence on the nervous system to the presence of a substance which has received the various names of *theine*, *caffeine*, and *theobromine*. It is identical in composition with *piperine*, the most important ingredient in pepper. It may be separated in the form of delicate white, silky crystals, which have a bitter taste. In its concentrated form this substance is poisonous, and to this circumstance must be ascribed the ill effects which follow from the too free use of strong tea or coffee. However, the instances of bad effects resulting from the use of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates" are few and far between, while the benefits derived from it are recognised on all hands. It has, indeed, been stated that no nation which has begun to make use of tea, coffee, or cocoa, has ever given up the practice; and no stronger evidence can be required of the value of those articles of food.

Of alcoholic liquors it is impossible to speak so favourably. They are made use of, indeed, almost as extensively as tea or coffee ; they have been made the theme of the poet, and hailed as the emblems of all that is genial and convivial. Yet there can be little doubt that, when a balance is struck between the good and evil which have resulted to man from their use, the latter is found largely to preponderate. The consideration of these evils belongs, however, rather to the moralist than to the physiologist. I have here simply to consider alcoholic liquors as articles of food. There can be little doubt that, when used with caution and judgment, they afford in certain cases an important adjunct to those articles which are directly applied to the reparation of bodily waste. Without absolutely nourishing the frame, they ultimately lead to this end by encouraging the digestive processes which result in the assimilation of nutritive articles of food. But the quantity of alcohol necessary to effect this is far less than is usually taken even by persons who are termed temperate. It is also certain that hundreds make use of alcoholic liquors who have no necessity for them, and who would be better without them. Those who require them most are men who lead a studious sedentary life ; and it is such men, also, who suffer most from excess in the use of alcoholic liquors.

It remains that I should make a few remarks on mistakes respecting the quantity of food.

Some persons fall into the habit of taking an excessive quantity of food, not from greediness, but from the idea that a large amount of food is necessary for the maintenance of their strength. They thus overtax the digestive organs, and not only fail of their purpose, but weaken instead of strengthening the system. Especially serious is the mistake often made by persons in delicate health of swallowing—no other word can be used, for the digestive organs altogether refuse to respond to the action of the mouth—large quantities of some concentrated form of food, such as even the strongest stomach could not deal with in that form. I knew a person who, though suffering from weakness such as should have suggested the blandest and simplest forms of food, adopted as a suitable breakfast mutton-chops and bottled stout, arguing, when remonstrated with, that he required more support than persons in stronger health. He was simply requiring his weak digestive organs to accomplish work which would have taxed the digestive energies of the most stalwart labourer working daily in the open air for many hours.

On the other hand, a too abstemious diet is as erroneous in principle as a diet in excess of the natural requirements of the system

A diet which is simply too abstemious is perhaps less dangerous than persistent abstinence from the use of certain necessary forms of food. Nature generally suffices to prevent us from injuring ourselves by unwisely diminishing the quantity of food we take ; but, unfortunately, she is not always equally decided in her admonitions respecting the quality of our food. A man may be injuring his health through a deficiency in the amount either of the heat-forming or of the flesh-forming food which he consumes, and yet know nothing of the origin of the mischief. It may also be noted that systematic abstinence either as respects quantity or quality of food is much more dangerous than an occasional fast. Indeed, it is not generally injurious either to abstain for several days from particular articles or forms of food, or to remain for several hours beyond the usual interval between meals without food of any sort. On the contrary, benefit often arises from each practice. The Emperor Aurelian used to attribute the good health he enjoyed to his habit of abstaining for a whole day, once a month, from food of all sorts; and many have found the Lenten rules of abstinence beneficial. As a rule, however, change of diet is a safer measure than periodical fasting or abstinence from either heat-producing or flesh-forming food. It must be noticed, in conclusion, that young persons ought not, without medical advice, to fast or abstain for any length of time from the more important forms of food, as serious mischief to the digestive organs has frequently been known to follow from either course.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

REGIMENTAL DISTINCTIONS, TRADITIONS, AND ANECDOTES.

AT the present moment, when there is an idea of inflicting a mortal blow on *esprit de corps* by the formation of "territorial regiments," some information regarding the distinctions, traditions, and anecdotes of the different regiments may not prove uninteresting to the public.

The senior regiments of cavalry are the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, constituting the Household Brigade. The first two took their origin from the four troops of Life Guards and one of Horse raised by Charles II. at the Restoration. The former comprised one troop called Scottish Life Guards, which was for some years always quartered in Scotland. This is the troop mentioned in "Old Mortality." The Life Guards were all men of family, generally younger sons, and were officially and on parade addressed as "Gentlemen of the Life Guards." To each troop was attached a troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, composed of men of inferior social position. The troops of Horse Grenadier Guards—who were dragoons intended on occasion to act on foot with hand grenades and muskets—were, after a time, virtually separated from the Life Guards. The Life Guards—frequently called Horse Guards—were so highly privileged that the captain was a colonel, the two lieutenants lieutenant-colonels, and the cornet and the guidon majors. There were also exempts with the rank of captain, brigadiers—originally corporals—with the rank of lieutenant, and sub-brigadiers—originally sub-corporals—who were cornets. The duties of non-commissioned officers were performed by select private gentlemen, who were termed "right-hand men." In 1756 the four senior "right-hand men" in each troop were appointed warrant officers with the title of quartermaster, and the four junior "right-hand men" "corporals of Horse." In 1788 the corps of Life Guards, sometimes called "Horse Guards," and the Horse Grenadier Guards were converted into the first and second regiments of Life Guards. Up to that date the gentlemen of the Life Guards had purchased their appointments, and held them by

indenture. It was ordered that for the future all men of the Life Guards should be enlisted and attested. Being no longer required to provide their own horses and forage, their pay was reduced. The gentlemen of the Life Guards who wished to leave the service were pensioned. It may interest some of our readers to learn that the Portman Street Barracks, demolished about a score of years ago, was for some time occupied by the Horse Grenadier Guards. The origin of Goldstick and Silverstick was the Rye House Plot. After that event, one of the captains, carrying an ebony staff with a gold head, a junior officer with a silver-headed staff, and two brigadiers with ivory-headed truncheons remained in immediate attendance on the sovereign from morning till night. In the early part of the reign of George III. the attendance of the officers bearing the ivory truncheons was dispensed with, but on all state occasions the Goldstick and Silverstick—i.e. a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel of the Household cavalry—are still in attendance on the Queen. It is a tacit rule, rarely departed from, that the Goldstick must be a Peer. Formerly there was only one gold and one silver stick, which were handed from officer to officer as the duty changed hands. William IV., however, provided three gold sticks for the three colonels of Household cavalry. The story of the innovation is related in the "Memoirs of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere." It appears that the King summoned the three colonels—one of whom was the Duke of Cumberland—to Windsor, and commenced with a complaint that, whenever the gold stick was wanted, it was sure to have been mislaid or not to have been handed over by the last officer who held it. After reprimanding his astonished auditors for their carelessness, he said: "Now, my Lords, I understand etiquette better than anyone, and have provided a gold stick for each colonel, so that there may be no more excuses on the subject," and with that he distributed three bâtons amongst them. The Household cavalry, now so universally popular with the public, were at one time in great disfavour with the lower classes of Londoners on account of the energetic manner in which they performed their duty on the occasion of the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett. In consequence, they were for years afterwards vulgarly called "Piccadilly Butchers." The officers are now for the most part members of the best families in the kingdom, but at one period there was a large infusion of men connected with trade. They were in consequence derisively spoken of by their comrades of the Foot Guards as "Cheeses." Everyone is familiar with the appearance of the cream-coloured charger ridden by the kettle-drummer in each regiment of Life Guards. It may not, however, be generally known that this horse is always presented by the Queen.

The Royal Horse Guards Blue, or the "Blues," as they are familiarly called, now form an acknowledged portion of the Household Cavalry Brigade. They were originally officially termed the "King's Own Regiment of Horse Guards," but more generally the "Earl of Oxford's Regiment." In 1690 they received the name of "Oxford Blues," to distinguish the regiment from a Dutch regiment of horse, likewise clothed in blue, which served with it in Ireland. From the first they had a close connection with the Court, and were constantly employed in escorting the sovereign, save from 1763 till 1804. Mr. Cannon, in his official history of the regiment, considers that it was at first relieved from Court duties in order to enable it to recruit and rest after the fatigues of the Seven Years' War, and afterwards treated as an ordinary cavalry regiment through the influence of the Life Guards. It is certain, whatever the cause, that it was so treated. In 1804 it was brought to Windsor, where it remained till 1821, when for the first time it resumed its former duties in London, and was regularly incorporated with the Household Brigade. Even now, however, there is a distinction between it and the other two regiments. In the Life Guards the major is major and lieutenant-colonel, while in the Blues he is only major and *brevet* lieutenant-colonel.

George III., from his constant residence at Windsor, had been brought much into contact with the Blues, and was for many years in the habit of wearing its uniform. Upon his death the suit was presented to the corps, and has been carefully preserved by it. There was long current in the army a tradition, which many not very old soldiers will perhaps call to mind, that the Blues were deprived of their gold lace for having run away during the campaign in Flanders in 1794. It is needless to say that the report was quite without foundation. The facts of the case are as follows: During the absence of four troops of the regiment on service their new clothing became due. A parade uniform being deemed unsuited for the field, a plain one was issued. On their return their colonel, in order to add to his emoluments from clothing, established uniformity by ordering the gold-laced coats of the home troops to be laid aside, and coats of the same pattern as those of the other four to be worn instead.

The 1st ("The King's") Dragoon Guards, styled by soldiers for brevity the "K.D.G.'s," was raised in 1685, and given the title of "Queen's Regiment of Horse." On the accession of George I. it was renamed the "King's Regiment of Horse." In his reign it furnished, in turn with other regiments of horse, detachments to assist the Life Guards in the performance of London duties. After the suppression

of the rebellion of 1745-46, several regiments, and amongst others the King's Regiment of Horse, were, for economy's sake, converted into dragoons. Those regiments were, however, compensated as regards their feelings by being styled Dragoon Guards. In 1810, the colonels of the two regiments of Life Guards being employed on the staff, the colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards performed the duty of Goldstick in waiting, an honour never before or after granted to any but the colonel of Household cavalry.

Of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, or Bays, we are in possession of no particular traditions. It was raised in 1685 as a regiment of horse, and has always distinguished itself.

The 3rd Dragoon Guards was raised at the same time. Perhaps its most famous achievement was the capture of the standard and kettle-drums of the Bavarian Horse Guards at the battle of Ramillies. It was, on its being first raised, a regiment of cuirassiers, as were also nine other regiments besides the Life Guards. They were originally called "Arran's Cuirassiers," their first colonel being the Earl of Arran. After the suppression of the rebellion of 1745 the regiment, which had been for upwards of three-quarters of a century on the Irish establishment, was designated "The First Irish Horse," and, from the colour of the facings, frequently spoken of as the "Blue Horse." In 1764, the regiment being in Dublin, the following curious garrison order was issued :—

DUBLIN: *January 31, 1764.*

Lieutenant-General Fowkes recommends to the officers of the garrison that they would not play at the Castle whilst on duty; and that the officers of the Horse Guards will avoid mixing with the ladies in the drawing-room, on account of the inconvenience of spurs to the ladies' hoop petticoats.

(Signed)

D. GRANT, Captain 52nd Regiment,
for the Major of Brigade.

In 1788 the regiment received the appellation of "4th Dragoon Guards." The 5th Dragoon Guards, raised in 1685, received the title of "7th Horse," but was more commonly called "Shrewsbury's Cuirassiers." At the forcing of the French lines in Flanders by the Duke of Marlborough on July 18, 1705, the 7th, or Cadogan's Horse, as they were then termed, charged the Bavarian Horse Grenadier Guards, drove them from the field, and captured four standards. In 1746 the title of the regiment was changed to "2nd Irish Horse," but from that day to this the regiment has, from the colour of the facings, been familiarly known as the "Green Horse." In 1788 it was constituted the 5th Dragoon Guards. In 1816 Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, was appointed colonel,

and the regiment received the title of the "Princess Charlotte of Wales's Regiment of Dragoon Guards."

The 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers) was raised in 1685 as a regiment of cuirassiers; received the title of the "Queen Dowager's Regiment," and ranked as the 9th Horse. At the conclusion of the war in Ireland King William rewarded the regiment for its good service with the title of "Carabineers." It was sometimes officially designated the "King's Carabineers." It took rank, however, as the 8th Regiment of Horse from 1790, one of the senior regiments having been disbanded. In 1746 it became the 3rd Irish Horse, and in 1788 the 6th Dragoon Guards. This regiment has a brilliant record. At Blenheim it overthrew the French gendarmes; at Ramillies it vanquished the Spanish Horse Guards and captured the colours of the French Royal Regiment of Bombardiers; at Malplaquet it beat the Household cavalry of France. Its subsequent services are too well known to need mention. There was, however, one curious incident in its career. In the attack on Buenos Ayres, under General Whitelocke, the Carabineers and the 9th Dragoons were dismounted and employed in the assault. They fought well and lost many men in this unfortunate affair, which ended, as is known, in the capitulation of the whole British force.

The 7th or Princess Royal's Regiment of Dragoon Guards owed its origin to the following circumstance: When the Prince of Orange landed in England in 1688, the Earl of Devonshire joined him with a number of yeomen and gentry. He was rewarded by an order to raise, from the partisans of the Prince and the Protestant soldiers in James's disbanded regiments, a regiment of cuirassiers, taking rank as the 10th Horse. In 1720 Colonel Ligonier was appointed colonel of the regiment, and for twenty-nine years it was familiarly known as "Ligonier's Horse." In 1693 its designation had been changed from "10th" to "8th Horse." In 1746 its title was again changed to "4th Irish Horse," it being on the Irish establishment; and from its facings it was called the "Black Horse." In 1788 it was, with several other regiments, reduced to the rank and pay of a dragoon regiment; but, as on previous occasions of a similar reduction, the blow was softened by the title "Guards" being appended. In the same year, on the application of the colonel, the title of "Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards" was granted. This gallant corps has fought in many battles, but in none did it obtain more distinction than in the battle of Dettingen. Engaged with the Household cavalry of France, Ligonier's Horse were at one time surrounded by an enormous mass of the enemy, and had to fight desperately for existence and victory. Cornet Richardson,

carrying one of the standards, was isolated in the throng. Summoned to surrender, he sternly refused, and was at once set upon by a crowd of French horsemen. In the course of a few moments he received upwards of thirty sabre-cuts on his body and through his clothes. His standard and standard-staff were also much hacked about. The very fury and number of his assailants, however, preserved him from instant death; and when the French cavalry were at length driven off the field, the gallant cornet, though faint and covered with blood, still held fast his precious charge. Marvellous to relate, he survived his numerous wounds. Among the trophies captured by Ligonier's Horse were a pair of kettle-drums, which were presented to them after the action, and were in 1839—perhaps still are—used by the band. For the gallantry displayed by the regiment, its intrepid colonel, General Ligonier, who, though he had received two wounds, refused to quit his post, was called to the front by the King and created a knight banneret. At Fontenoy the *esprit de corps* of Ligonier's Horse was exemplified in a manner very creditable to all concerned. At the beginning of the action, Private Thomas Stevenson's horse being shot under him, he did not rejoin his regiment till the evening of the following day. To use the words of Cannon, in his official record of the regiment, "every man was proud of being a Ligonier, and when Stevenson joined his troop his comrades accused him of unworthy conduct, and refused to permit him to remain within the lines. The man demanded a trial, and a court martial was assembled on the following day to investigate his conduct, when he produced Lieutenant Izard of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who stated that, on the morning of the day of action, the prisoner addressed him, acquainted him with the death of his (the prisoner's) horse, and requested permission to carry a firelock in the grenadier company under him. The prisoner's request was granted; he behaved throughout the day with uncommon intrepidity, and was one of the nine grenadiers whom he (the evidence) brought out of the action. Stevenson was immediately restored to his troop with honour, and was promoted on the following day to a lieutenancy in the Fusiliers."

The 1st or Royal Dragoons and the 2nd (North British) Dragoons (Scots Greys) are both among the oldest and the most distinguished of our cavalry regiments. Each has on its appointments an eagle, in commemoration of their exploits at Waterloo. In that great battle Captain Clarke of the Royals, and Sergeant Ewart of the Greys, took each an eagle after slaying the bearer. The Greys at Ramillies captured the standard of the Régiment du Roi. The Royals were raised in 1681, and the Greys in 1678—that is to say, two troops were raised

in that year, but the regiments were not regularly formed till 1681. Lieutenant-General Dalziel, a stout old soldier who had served in the Russian army, was the first colonel of the Greys. He was almost as great a terror to the Covenanters as Claverhouse. The regiment was first mounted on white horses in 1699. In 1702 they were called the "Grey Dragoons" and the "Scots Regiment of White Horses." In 1707 they received the title of "Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons," and numbered the 2nd Dragoons in 1713. They were in 1822 almost purely Scotch. In 1861 there were 322 Scotch, 247 English, and 53 Irish. The number of Scotch in the regiment has very much fallen off of late, owing to the practice of recruiting extensively in London. The Greys are known in the barrack-room by the nickname of "Bubbly Jocks," owing to their dress—"bubbly jock" being Scotch for a turkey cock. On April 2, 1877, an announcement appeared in the "Gazette" that the Greys were in future to be styled the "Royal Scots Greys."

The 3rd Hussars was raised in 1685, and styled the "Queen Consort's Regiment of Dragoons," converted into "Light Dragoons" in 1820, and a few years ago into "Hussars." The regiment, from an early period of its history, enjoyed the privilege of kettle-drums—an honour which regimental tradition declares was granted in consequence of the capture by it of some kettle-drums from the enemy at Aghrim. Mr. Cannon, however, the historian of the regiment, believes they were taken, not at Aghrim, but at Dettingen. At the latter battle the 3rd Dragoons sustained a fierce conflict with nine squadrons of the French Household cavalry, cutting through the latter three times. Of the three cornets carrying standards, two were wounded and the third had two horses killed under him. The standards themselves were totally destroyed by shot and sabre-cuts. One was very nearly captured. The cornet, receiving a wound in the wrist, dropped the standard. Private Thomas Brown, seeing what had happened, tried to dismount to pick it up, but ere he could quit the saddle he lost two fingers by a sabre-cut, and his horse ran off with him into the French lines. Recovering control over the animal, he rode back towards his regiment. While doing so he perceived the standard being carried off by a gendarme. This man he attacked and slew, catching the standard as it fell from the dying foeman's hand. He then placed the standard between his leg and the saddle, and made a dash at the enemy, who strove to intercept him. He managed to cut his way back, but in doing so received seven wounds in the head, face, and body, and his hat was pierced by three bullets.

This regiment was at one time called "Bland's Dragoons," and an

anecdote is related which strongly illustrates the character of the military chaplains of the middle of the last century. The authorities thought that by appointing a chaplain to each regiment the religious and moral tone of the officers would be improved. It, however, was found that, instead of the chaplain improving the officers, the latter corrupted him, and we learn that a chaplain of Bland's Dragoons challenged, fought, and killed an officer of another regiment. This and similar incidents led to the abolition of regimental chaplains.

The 4th Hussars was raised in 1685, and styled the "Princess of Denmark's Regiment of Dragoons;" in 1788 it received the designation of the "Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons." In 1818 it was constituted a corps of light dragoons; and it was, a few years back, converted into hussars. At Steinkirk and some other of its earlier actions it was dismounted, and fought on foot with musket and bayonet. This regiment was once the cause of a serious political crisis. Its colonelcy having become vacant in 1710, Queen Anne wished to confer it on Colonel Hill, brother of her Majesty's favourite Mrs. Masham. The Duke of Marlborough objected to Colonel Hill's youth and, finding the Queen resolute, withdrew from the Court. So great was the political turmoil caused by this act of the Duke, that the Queen at length gave way. The regiment wore red coats till 1818, when blue coats were substituted. In 1832 it was supplied with scarlet clothing, but blue was renewed in 1842.

The 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers has been so recently raised that it has no traditions.

The 6th (Inniskillings) was formed out of the Protestant yeomen of Ulster, and first tasted blood at the Boyne, where they greatly distinguished themselves.

The 7th Hussars was originally a corps of heavy cavalry, formed from independent troops raised in Scotland by the partisans of William and Mary. Disbanded in 1714, it was raised again the following year, and styled the "Princess of Wales's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons." It was chiefly composed of two troops taken from the Royal Dragoons and three from the Greys. The memory of its Scotch origin is preserved by the practice of playing "The Garb of Old Gaul" when marching past at a walk, and "Hieland Laddie" when trotting past. In 1727 it received the title of the "Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons." In 1783, being converted into light dragoons, blue clothing was adopted. In 1807 it was converted into a corps of hussars, and received the title of the "7th or Queen's Own Regiment of Hussars." In 1830 scarlet were sub-

stituted for blue pelisses; the latter were, however, restored in 1842.

The 8th (Royal Irish) Hussars was raised in Ireland in 1693, and was at first known as "Cunningham's Dragoons." The regiment was disbanded in 1714, but raised again in the following year and restored to its former rank in the army. It was then known as "Pepper's Dragoons." In 1775 it was constituted a corps of light dragoons, and two years later was styled the "King's Royal Irish Regiment of Light Dragoons." It was converted into hussars in 1824. During the War of Succession it overthrew and annihilated a corps of Spanish cavalry. The men equipped themselves with the cross-belts of their adversaries, and for many years afterwards were allowed, in commemoration of the event, to wear their sword-belts over their right shoulder, the same as regiments of horse, instead of round the waist, like dragoons. In 1812, at the siege of the fortress of Callinger, a squadron of the 8th, contrary to the usual practice of cavalry, furnished working parties. In the attack on the Goorkha fortress of Kalunga in 1814, a portion of the 8th were dismounted and took part in the assault. There is a tradition in the regiment that the dragoons were employed on this service to shame the backwardness of some of the infantry.

The 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers was raised in the south of England in 1715 by Major-General Wynne, who gave his name to the corps. In 1783 the regiment was converted from dragoons into light dragoons, and in the following year the clothing was changed from scarlet to blue. In 1816 it became a corps of lancers. The 10th Hussars has for nearly a century been one of the crack corps of the service. It was raised in 1715 as a regiment of dragoons, constituted a regiment of light dragoons with the title of "Prince of Wales's Own Light Dragoons" in 1783, and converted into hussars. In 1793 the Prince of Wales was appointed commandant. Owing to this circumstance the corps was frequently quartered at Brighton, Hounslow, and other good stations, and there was great competition for commissions in the regiment. Among the officers who, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, held commissions in it, we may mention the Duc de Grammont, whose son now commands the camp at Chalons, and the notorious Beau Brummell. As may be imagined, the latter took little trouble to learn his duties, and it is related that he only knew his troop by a blue-nosed man on the right of it. One day this man was transferred to another troop, and Brummell, being consequently misled, took up a wrong position. Shouted at by the colonel to correct his

mistake, he looked round, saw the blue-nosed man in his usual relative position, and nodded his head as much as to say, "I knew I was right." He did not long remain in the corps. A story is told that the dandy officers of the 10th were too great exquisites to dance. One evening they went to a ball, and, lounging listlessly about as usual, were asked by the lady of the house to find partners. She was, however, rebuffed with "Thanks; the 10th never dance," drawled out in the most listless way imaginable. She made no remark at the time, but when supper was announced addressed the dandies as follows: "The 10th never sup. Good evening, gentlemen."

These dandies, however, fought splendidly, and were so covetous of glory as to be enraged by not being allowed on a certain occasion to charge the enemy—at Orthes, we think. They sent a round robin to Colonel St. Quentin, their commanding officer, reproaching him for his backwardness. A court of inquiry was held. The colonel's reputation was cleared, and the officers dispersed among different regiments. Their places being supplied by officers from various corps, the 10th received the name of the "Elegant Extracts."

The 11th Hussars was raised as a corps of dragoons in 1715; in 1783 converted into light dragoons; in 1840 honoured by the appointment of the late Prince Consort as their colonel, on which occasion they were transformed into hussars, and received the title of "Prince Albert's Own Hussars." Their uniform—originally scarlet—was changed to blue in 1784, changed back to scarlet in 1830, and again changed to blue in 1840. The notorious Lord Cardigan was for some time lieutenant-colonel of this regiment, and made himself obnoxious to his officers by his overbearing demeanour. On one occasion he reprimanded Captain Reynolds for causing hock to be poured out of a black bottle, and that officer was ever after known as "Black-bottle Reynolds." The services of the 11th in Egypt are commemorated by the Sphinx and "Egypt" on the appointments. This regiment is known as the "Cherry-pickers," from the colour of their trousers.

The 12th (the Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers was raised at Reading in 1715 as a regiment of dragoons. In 1768 it was styled the "Prince of Wales's Regiment," and converted into light dragoons. In 1784 its uniform was changed from scarlet to blue; in 1815 it was constituted a corps of lancers, and in 1817 received the title of "Prince of Wales's Own Lancers;" in 1830 it resumed scarlet clothing, which in 1842 was again changed to blue; in 1794, part of the regiment being at Civita Vecchia, the Pope presented each of the officers with a gold medal to commemorate his opinion of the good

conduct of the corps. Landing in Egypt in 1801, 250 men of the 12th and 26th Light Dragoons forced a French convoy, escorted by 598 officers and men—120 belonging to the Dromedary Corps—to surrender. Among the trophies captured were one gun and a standard. This is the only regiment besides the 11th Hussars which bears the Sphinx and "Egypt" on its appointments.

The 13th Hussars, raised in the midland counties as a regiment of dragoons, were constituted light dragoons in 1784, when their clothing was changed from scarlet to blue, with light green facings; resumed scarlet clothing with buff facings in 1832; received green facings in 1836; resumed blue clothing with buff facings, and were converted into hussars a few years ago. In the Peninsula the 13th and 14th Light Dragoons were nicknamed the "Ragged Brigade," from the rough usage which their clothes had undergone. The great friendship which had subsisted during the Peninsular war between these two regiments was cemented afresh when they met in 1841 at Canterbury. The 14th were about to embark for India, and presented their valuable mess-tables to their old comrades. Distinguished as have been the services of the 13th Hussars, their fame was somewhat clouded by the behaviour of the regiment in 1745 at Preston Pans, where they precipitately fled the field. A few gallant men and officers, however, stood by their brave commander, Colonel Gardiner, and were almost all killed, wounded, or captured. The 13th redeemed their character at Falkirk in the following year, covering the retreat of the infantry with great steadiness. The old seal used by the regiment when a regiment of heavy dragoons is still preserved.

The 14th Hussars, raised as a regiment of dragoons in 1715, was in 1776 converted into light dragoons, and in 1784 its uniform was changed from scarlet to dark blue. In 1798 it received the designation of the "Duchess of York's Own Light Dragoons;" and, as her Royal Highness was a Princess of Prussia, the badge of the Prussian eagle was granted. At the same time its facings were changed from lemon yellow to orange. In 1830 it was authorised to bear the title of the "King's Light Dragoons," and the facings were changed from orange to scarlet. In 1832 the King's crest was added to its appointments. Like the 13th, it behaved ill at Preston Pans, and had the further ill-luck a little more than a century later to incur much obloquy for its conduct at Chillianwallah. This obloquy was not, however, merited. The 14th was advancing to charge the enemy, when some one shouted "Threes, about!" Thinking this an order, the regiment retired, and the fire being heavy a panic set in, and the 14th dashed in the utmost confusion to the rear, passing through a battery

of artillery and a field hospital in their mad rush. With these two exceptions the 14th has ever been an honour to the British army, especially at Villa del Puerco in 1810, when they charged a French square so home that Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot and eight men fell dead close to the bayonets—the former, indeed, on their very points.

The 15th (the King's) Hussars owed its origin to the following circumstances : In 1755 George II., appreciating the value of light cavalry, ordered a light troop to be added to nine regiments of dragoons and horse. These nine troops were united under the command of Colonel George Eliot, afterwards celebrated for his defence of Gibraltar. These proved themselves so useful in the expeditions to the coast of France, that several entire regiments of light dragoons were raised. The first of these was the 15th, of which Colonel George Eliot was appointed colonel in 1759. It served in Germany during the Seven Years' War, and several anecdotes of its exploits have been preserved in the regiment. Quoting from Cannon's record : "On one occasion, after a repulse and a march of seventy miles in twenty-four hours, when scarcely a horse was able to walk, Major Erskine saw a regiment of French infantry formed with a morass in its rear ; and advancing he called upon the commanding officer to surrender, to prevent his men from being cut to pieces by a large body of cavalry that was approaching. This being refused, the major said : 'Your blood must be upon your heads,' and turned round to go back to the regiment ; the French called upon him to stay, and laying down their arms surrendered themselves prisoners of war." On every occasion, indeed, "Eliot's Light Horse" distinguished themselves ; and when, in 1766, the King asked General Eliot how he could recompense the regiment for its gallantry in war and good conduct in peace, the general begged that it might be called the "King's Regiment." The request was granted. In 1784 the clothing was changed from scarlet to blue, and the facings from blue to scarlet. In 1806 it was converted into a hussar regiment. The most dashing feat performed during the campaign in Flanders in 1794 was the action of Villiers-en-Couche. The French had intercepted the Emperor of Germany on his way from Brussels to join the army. A force of cavalry, of which the van was composed of 186 officers and men of the 15th and 120 of the Leopold Hussars (Austrian), was sent out to drive off the French. The latter were found in force near Villiers-en-Couche. The supports missed their way, and General Otto, notwithstanding that he had only 306 men opposed to 10,000 of the enemy, determined to attack at all hazards in order to save the Emperor. The 15th were ordered to attack in front, and the Leopold

Hussars to turn the left flank. A strong body of skirmishers attempted in vain to check the advance. Onward swept our men. The French cavalry now wheeled outward and broke, unmasking a line of infantry and guns. Unappalled, the 15th dashed at the line and rode through it. They then sprang at a large square composed of six battalions and dispersed it. The French cavalry, who had tried to rally in rear of their infantry, saw the 15th swooping down on them and fled in wild confusion. The Leopold Hussars also nobly performed their part, and the foe was pursued till the guns from Bouchain and the appearance of a force from that city caused the victors first to halt and then retire. On their return they were intercepted by some rallied French infantry, but these were again ridden through, notwithstanding a heavy fire of musketry and cannon ; and, the supports having arrived, the audacious band got clear off. The result of the fight was 1,200 of the enemy killed and wounded, and three guns captured, and the safety of the Emperor. The 15th lost, out of 186 men engaged, 17 men and 19 horses killed, 1 officer bayoneted through the body, 12 men and 18 horses wounded. Of the eight officers present one was wounded and five had horses wounded under them. For this exploit all the eight officers, among whom was Sir Robert Wilson, received from the Emperor a gold medal, and afterwards were created Knights of the Order of Maria Theresa. The words "Villiers-en-Couche" are borne on the appointments of this regiment.

The 16th (the Queen's) Lancers was raised as a regiment of light dragoons in 1759 by Lieutenant-Colonel John Burgoyne, well known as a politician and dramatist, but still better on account of the surrender of Saratoga. In 1766 it received the designation of the "Queen's Light Dragoons." In 1784 its uniform was changed from scarlet to blue. It was constituted a regiment of lancers in 1815, and in 1832 resumed its scarlet clothing. It has served with distinction all over the world, but its most famous achievement was breaking a Sikh square at Aliwal. Another incident of which it is justified in feeling proud was an exploit in the Peninsula. When Massena fell back from the lines of Torres Vedras, Sergeant Baxter, with six men of the 16th, headed the advanced guard of the British. Suddenly he came on a party of fifty French infantry cooking. The latter instantly seized their arms, but, regardless of odds, Baxter charged them, and, with the assistance of some peasants, made prisoners one officer and forty-one men, the only casualty on his side being one man killed.

The 17th (the Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers were raised in

Hertfordshire as a regiment of light dragoons in 1759 by Lieutenant-Colonel John Hole. This officer had served with Wolfe, and, anxious that his men should imitate the glorious example of that hero, he obtained for his regiment a grant of the death's-head—a skull and cross-bones—and “or glory” to be borne on the appointments. Hence the 17th to this day speak of themselves, and are called by others, the “Death or Glory Boys,” and the “Skull and Cross-bones.” Their clothing was changed from scarlet to blue in 1784, and in 1822 they were transformed into lancers. The title of “Duke of Cambridge's Own” was granted last year to commemorate the fact that his Royal Highness, in the early part of his career, commanded this regiment. A most heroic act was performed by a trooper of the 17th during the American War of Independence. A despatch of great importance was sent off through a country infested by the enemy. The bearer of the despatch was accompanied by Corporal O'Lavery of the 17th, who, from his known courage and experience, had been selected for the duty. Attacked before they had proceeded far, they were both severely wounded. The bearer of the despatch died in a few minutes; but the corporal snatched the despatch from his hands, and, notwithstanding his own serious injuries, rode on till, from loss of blood, he fell from the saddle. Fearing that he might fall into the hands of the enemy, he concealed the document by thrusting it into his wound. The next day he was found by some of his own side. He could not speak, but pointed to his wound, in which, on search being made, the paper was found. The corporal died shortly after, the surgeon declaring that his injury had not been originally mortal, but had been made so by the insertion of the despatch. Lord Rawdon, commanding the portion of the army to which O'Lavery belonged, commemorated the classical heroism of the corporal by a monument erected in the brave soldier's native county—Down. The 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers served much together and are great friends. They call themselves “the twenty-fives.”

The 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st Hussars have not yet had an opportunity of acquiring any fame, for though the 19th has received permission to inscribe “Assaye and Niagara,” and the 20th “Peninsula,” on their appointments, those honours were won by regiments with whom they have as only connection an identity of number. The 19th, 20th, and 21st were raised during the Indian Mutiny, and at first were composed of men so short that they could barely groom their horses. For this reason they obtained in the army the nickname of the “Dumpies.” Now in size, appearance, and efficiency they vie with any of the older regiments.

W. W. KNOLLYS.

THE RIVER TYNE.

SEVERAL of our rivers have had their histories written. Who has not read with delight the "Book of the Thames," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall? Dean Howson and others have lovingly recorded many of the quaint and noble stories that rendered "holy Dee" a renowned river from remotest ages, dating back, as the enthusiastic Welsh genealogists would have us believe, to the great Noachian Deluge. The Derwent of Cumberland, the Usk and Wye of Wales, and the Exe of Devonshire have each found historians in the last few years. But, so far as I am aware, no one has ever written a memoir of the Tyne beyond the dry statistics and history of her trade and manufactures, which, in company with those of Wear and Tees, appeared in a noble volume a few years ago. Yet I venture to say that no river in England is more worthy of a careful descriptive and historic treatment. I am not, of course, in these pages attempting a history of this glorious Northumbrian stream, but merely throwing together a few rough sketches to show what might be done were the subject fully followed up.

Only a few weeks ago, when remarking to a learned friend the fact that each of our rivers, large and small, has some special individual characteristic, making it stand out in some one or other matter strikingly prominent from all its fellows, my friend laughed at me, calling me a river enthusiast, and saying: "No doubt, no doubt. We all know, for example, how coaly the Tyne is. Everyone will agree with you that there is no need to bring coals to Newcastle; that river, at any rate, has a characteristic of its own—the filthiest, smokiest, most disagreeable river, not only in England, but in the universe, I verily believe it is. Why, the very vapour that rises from it blasts the trees along its banks; and the grass, I am told, is withered and dead upon its sides for more than half its course. I speak from some experience. I was there early last spring, and I cannot conceive a drearier sight than the country about Newcastle, except the town itself and its filthy sewer of a river." As if relenting a little, he added: "The trade and manufactures of the Tyne are grand in their way, no doubt; but the smoke and dirt hang such a perpetual pall of depression

over everything else that might appeal to the tastes of the non-trading part of the community, that I imagine no amount of enthusiasm could evoke interest out of such a subject."

Now, I have not transcribed one half of the unjust tirade uttered against this noblest of salmon rivers, which my friend chose to designate as a filthy sewer ! I admit I am a river enthusiast, as he called me ; and would there were a few more of the fraternity, who, if banded together, might cause some practical movement to issue from that mass of evidence on the pollution question, now reposing lifelessly in many expensively compiled parliamentary blue-books. Armed with the facts recorded in those books, and with a little enthusiasm wherewith to burnish the weapons and make keen their edges, what a crusade might be started against the prevalent sordid self-interest, ignorance, and neglect which now combine to cast intolerable burdens upon our rivers, only too often converting large portions of them into a deplorable condition, fouling their bright, life-giving waters until they become turbid, pestilent streams, unlovely to look upon and deadly to drink ! Although the Tyne to this day, as I shall show, holds its own without the help of the much-needed crusade, better perhaps than any other river in the land, I know full well that the views of my learned friend already quoted would be re-echoed by innumerable hasty visitors or railway passengers through Newcastle, who carry away with them a confused idea of a water-way wholly absorbed by its modern trade, and unpleasantly enveloped in noise and smoke. It is not many years since the present Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries advised that the two upper branches of the Tyne, because of the pollutions existing therein, should be blocked against the ascent of salmon. Happily the advice was disregarded ; but its having been given will show how not only hasty visitors, but even those whose business it was closely to examine into the condition of the river, were led, after making their inspection, to conclude that those upper waters had become unfit for the habitation of fish. Fifty, nay a hundred times and more, has it been reiterated to me : "A dirty, uninteresting river is the Tyne." In fact, the Tyne somehow seems to have got a bad name for all save its coal mines and its trade. Of course Tynesiders know the truth about their river. I do not write for them, but for those who know nothing at all about it, beyond a vague idea as to its whereabouts on the map of England and its wealthy trade productions.

Cradled in a district bounteously rich in geological formations, the Tyne is composed of two great branches and innumerable attendant rivulets and tributaries. The two branches rise about forty miles

apart from each other, and unite above Hexham. The southernmost, called South Tyne, has the place of honour, its topmost stream being considered the source or head of the river. It rises in Cumberland, among the fierce, tempestuous mountain heights of Cross Fell, "Throne of the stormy winds," as the wild legend-haunted mountain has well been styled. The northern branch is called the North Tyne. Many of its tiny streamlets stretch up through high moorlands, across the bog-buried pine forests of a now almost treeless region, to the very confines of Scotland, whence they draw their abundant water supply from the dense mists and heavy rain-clouds constantly passing along from the north to descend in torrents over the Cheviot Hills. Far down on the main stream, below where the two head branches unite, another considerable tributary-feeder, the Derwent, comes in from southward, carrying no small amount of water from Durham. One half of the main stream, from Ryton to the sea, belongs, according to riparian rules, to Durham; the Tyne here, as the Derwent, for most of its course, forming the boundary-line between the two counties; but the major part of the waters lie in Northumberland. The Tyne is essentially a Northumbrian river. Its length, from Tyne head to the sea, is sixty-eight miles; if, however, the principal tributaries, North Tyne, Reed, the two Allens, east and west, Devilswater, and Derwent are included, we find a watercourse measuring in all some 200 miles.

The industries and trade of the river are, no doubt, her most prominent features in the present day. Birthplace of the locomotive engine, "coaly Tyne" has, indeed, vast possessions, from source to sea, in the laborious restlessness of mining operations, coal exportations, iron foundries, world-famed gun factories, pottery works, chemical works, and great ship-building yards. A most industrious river, as all will allow, it assuredly is; but, notwithstanding the ill things said of it, and the extraordinary hardships given it to bear on certain spots, the glory of the stream consists in this: unlike its compeers in labour, the Tyne has not yet been, or ever, I trust, shall be, transformed into a mere machine-moving motive power, a burden-bearer of commodities, or a filthy sewer. This is the most distinctive quality of the river as regards its modern history, with all its carrying of ships, steamboats, and barges, its factories and forges, its mill-dams, its underground water-ways, its stream ceaselessly busy at lead mining, coal mining, turning of mill-wheels, printing of newspapers, and I know not what other wonderful works its great hydraulic engineers may have set it to do. Working from its very head streams up among the mountains, down to where it flows into the

sea, it performs innumerable labours, yet, with them all, the Tyne still maintains its natural vitality. Its waters are alive with prime salmon to an extent that none other of our waters can boast in the present day, yet such as they all held in ancient days. The Mersey, the Medway, the Thames, each famed of old for an annual, ever-recurring good store of salmon, no longer possess a single specimen. The common brown trout they may have in some more favoured spots, or chub, dace, roach, barbel, perch, or those less fastidious fishes which, unlike the lordly salmon, content themselves with artificially sluggish and much fouled streams; but anglers, who would care little to sport among such small fry, know Tyne river well. Rod in hand, they who have traversed it throughout its breezy moorlands and meadows, and along its branching tributaries, and have tested for themselves its sporting qualities, know what bright sparkling waters, what grand unsullied deeps, what glorious rapids, in fine, what a fit habitat for countless thousands of trout and salmon, it continues to be, notwithstanding the death-stricken, blackened patches unhappily to be found in some parts, and the tons of poisonous stuffs so ruthlessly cast in at several points; and that uninviting-looking, turbid steamer-and-barge-laden stream the fish have to make their way through, as it rushes sullenly by the mighty cinder-heaps, quays, and smoke-begrimed walls of Newcastle. Nor is this fact regarding piscatory possessions only to be learned from the lips of enthusiastic anglers. Even more definitely it may be read in the pages of grave official records, from the statistics of which we gather that the Tyne yields every year from her bountiful bosom a larger amount of salmon for the food supply of the nation than any two other of our English rivers put together. It is vastly the most productive salmon-farm in England. It is well worth while to cull a little from blue-books to elucidate this. In the official reports published annually by the Home Office, the Severn, in fish productiveness, stands next to the Tyne. Moreover, when comparing them, it must be remembered that the Severn is four times the larger of the two rivers. The catchment basin of the Severn extends over an area of 4,437 square miles, while the catchment basin of the Tyne has an extent of but 1,053 square miles. This, of course, makes the contrast the more striking. The mighty Severn yielded in the last five recorded years, i.e. from 1871 to 1875 inclusive, 65,012 salmon, while during the same period the comparatively diminutive Tyne yielded no fewer than 382,528 fish. This is something to boast of in these days of river degeneracy. I should like well to dilate a little upon the reasons why we find this fish vitality in the Tyne, but space forbids to do more than give the facts.

Having been so often authoritatively told, until at length it became generally adopted as a truism, that the greater the strides made by arts and sciences in developing river-side industries, the more completely must we expect to see the natural life of the rivers succumb and salmon disappear from English waters, it is reassuring to find the actual facts in this case, at the present moment, so emphatically denying the dismal proposition. Amid all the smoke, the noise, the toil, the ceaseless sweat of brow and brain, the countless evidences of that painfully elaborated and most refined inventive energy, the marvellously dexterous application of water as a motive power, and all the other vast mechanical problems thought out for the benefit of the whole world, and first carried into practice in those great workshops which have made the river famous in all lands, surrounded in fine by the most scientific artificial appliances of modern river industries in full operation, and knowing that, added to the works already alluded to, one half of all the chemical products (generally considered the most deadly of manufactures to fish) of the entire kingdom are manufactured on the Tyne, the exuberant salmon life of the river is a strikingly pleasing feature to contemplate. It brings before us, not in a theoretic but in a most practical form, the possibility of salmon living and thriving abundantly as they do here, along with the most enormous wealth-producing river industries to be found anywhere. So much for those two important commercial aspects of the stream.

But has the Tyne no scenic attractions or stirring historic associations of her own? The visitor to Newcastle might, perhaps, think the river has not much to boast in the way of scenery; the smoke hangs heavy at times over the town, making the surroundings, for those in search of nature's loveliness, dismal enough, I grant. Travellers, however, who cross the country by rail to Carlisle can tell another story; they catch glimpses of many bright and even grandly beautiful scenes. But the Tyne deserves a closer acquaintance than can be made from the window of a railway-carriage. Get out, my friend, and walk those storied banks; make up your mind to spend a few weeks in these parts, and I warrant you will speedily agree with me that England possesses no river more worthy of admiration and loving study; no river that can better repay a careful exploration into its varied attractions, whether into its scenic beauties or into its rare sporting qualities—whether into the marvellous mazes of its busy works of to-day, or into the relics of its strange past history, or into the pursuits and characters of the industrious, mining, manufacturing, agricultural labourers, keelmen, sailors, and fishing folks. A rough, brave, hard-working race of men, with tender homely touches in their natures, who seem to have

caught a sort of individuality of their own from the river upon whose banks their hardy, manful lives are lived. Along Tyneside, and up her tributaries, with the bright sun and free air of heaven blowing about you—the only living sounds the drowsy humming of the bees, the twitter of small birds within the bushes, the cawing of the rooks among the trees, the distant barking of some cottage watch-dog, or the far-away voice of the husbandman as he talks to his horses, cheering them on to their work, and, added to all, the rippling music of the river flowing swiftly and clear by your side; the rising trout dimpling it over with tiny wavelets, the occasional splash of the lordly salmon telling you he is there, although it may be you have not permission to make nearer acquaintance with him—still to see him is a pleasure, and in his presence, if you care to do so, you may easily forget all the rough usage the splendid waters daily undergo. Look around; no vestige of smoke or turmoil is in view. Backed by the blue outline of lofty mountains, the pictures now before you are replete with the calm of peaceful plenty and gentle rural beauty; while strangely mingling with the English landscape come memories of Imperial Rome, as you encounter upon uplands and among the fields, or close on the river-side, the constantly recurring, half-unearthed traces of buried towns, and gaze with a sort of indefinable wonder upon the remnants of the great old Roman wall which traverses the whole length of the river. Tyne watershed is filled with Roman memories. Here, where you are standing, the wise and resolute Agricola may have ridden by often, to encounter the wild hordes of the North or to oversee the erection of the earliest Roman fortresses, some of which may still be traced; or the noble presence of the Emperor Hadrian probably stood upon this spot, as, with the practised eye of a great builder, he scanned the plans and issued minute directions for the construction of that very wall you are looking at; or, some three generations later, borne on his litter, the restless, ambitious, dying Severus, with his bad son Caracalla, must have passed back down this very road, from that terrible Caledonian campaign wherein perished so many thousands of the flower of the Roman army. The usurping Carausius, the amiable half-Christian Constantius, and even the great Constantine himself, in their visits to Tyneside, may here have received the plaudits of assembled Roman multitudes. Roman towns and Roman people, for upwards of 300 years, thronged these scenes, filling the broad valley with restless, foreign military life, while from hundreds of Roman altars went up the daily smoke of sacrifices, and libations were poured out before the innumerable gods of the Roman Pantheon. But now all have passed away, and in their place, among the buried towns and broken altars, over meadows

and distant rising grounds, cattle and sheep are grazing, and bright corn fields and ploughed lands lie interspersed with noble mansions, wooded parks, villages, quiet little country churches, and cottage homesteads, each in its circlet of trees. And rich and very comfortable to English eyes is all the spreading landscape, stretching for miles and miles on either side along Tyne river; while ever and anon, as you wander up the streams, you will come upon such shady lanes, such rustic gateways, such stiles and village pathways, such quaint bits of the old wall and tangled, fern-decked hedgerows, draw-wells and pumps, and river-side vignettes, as seem each of them in their fair freshness to be the very counterparts from which the Bewick brothers, more than half-a-century ago, drew those inimitable woodcuts we are all familiar with, and which were every one designed from Tyneside models. These are the surroundings through which you push along the Tyne's lowland valleys. It is not easy to connect such scenes with the restless throbbing of the hydraulic engines, the plutonic roar of the furnace fires, the black, grimy working of the coal mines, the noxious vapours and poison-laden outflow of the alkali works, and the ever-brooding clouds of overhanging smoke, as part and parcel of the same river. Yet so they are. Tyne revels in the admirable blending together of such violent contrasts, and, carrying within her much-enduring waters her noble salmon fisheries, she lives the two lives wondrous well.

To know the river in all its aspects you must follow the streams up to their first beginnings, exchanging the milder softness of the lowlands for the wild and rugged hills, where you may wander for days over solitary moorlands. And bleak enough, and mist-laden often, you will find them, bogs and streams commingling, until, having reached the northern boundary of the Tyne, "as heaven's water falls," the trickling drops of the passing shower, descending on either side of you, proclaim as they run to the left hand that they are bound to the Tweed and Edinburgh, while those to the right pass down through Tyne to Newcastle. You are, in fact, upon "the great divide," as Americans would call it, where the water-partings form the boundary line between Scotland and England. Rife around this tract live tales of daring Scottish raids and Border warfare, full of vivid interest and incident, had we the time to linger among them. But up here, on this northern branch, you are as far from "the source of Tyne," as you are from its final outflow into the sea below Newcastle. Tyne head, as the crow flies, lies some forty miles south of those northern border streams; you can get from here by rail to Alston for Tyne head; but much more interesting and satisfactory for him

who has the time and energy to expend on pedestrian excursions is it to loiter along those upper waters, make acquaintance with the people, hear their Border stories, visit their villages, and explore the innumerable ancient remains, British and Roman, that abound on every side. Lucky man if you have a permit to fish in the waters of these parts, for then you will have good chance of some first-rate sport. From the banks of Reed water you can pay your respects to the Scotch and English battle-field of Otterbourne close by, and see the remnants of several noted Roman stations. The most interesting Roman remains we have lie in the region of those upper waters. Passing down, take leave of the lovely North Tyne, cross the moorland hills to the calm Northumberland lakes, and examine the most marvellous stretch now existing of the Roman wall ; follow its course to Thirwall Castle, on the rattling little Tipalt brook, and join South Tyne, of which Tipalt is a tributary, and the lakes' feeders at Haltwhistle, from whence you may arrange many more days of exciting explorations among the green-fringed highland valleys, the rich woods of Featherstone, the mining districts, and at last the ascent of the mountain, where, upon the giant sides of Cross Fell, the river takes its lofty and fitting beginning.

What a panorama it is to look down upon from the heights of Cross Fell !—a sea of mountains and moorlands, far as the eye can reach, and below them the broad green valley. You cannot see Tyne water very distinctly, for many miles a haze fills the valley, but you know that beneath that haze lie some of all the endless variety that goes to make up the matchless charm of English river scenery ; a charm that appeals not alone to the outward eye, but clings around those many landmarks, with memories of stirring events in England's past history. Within the smoky towns, and among the smiling fields, as we came up, were there not ruined castles, and ivy-covered towers, empty monasteries and temples, each with historic associations of its own, mingling with the remains of Roman towns, and that grand old Roman wall for a background, standing, parts of it, bravely in defiance of all those centuries that have beaten upon it since Hadrian's legions raised it to protect Roman Britain from the Caledonian foe? Up here, at the river's topmost source, on the rugged sides of Cross Fell, and gazing down upon its winding course to where we know, flanked on either side by rocky promontories, once surmounted by altars to the great god Jupiter, it loses itself in the sea ; that lengthened Roman occupation presses most strongly upon your imagination, until you almost seem to see the phantom ghosts of the gallant warriors, clothed again in living flesh and blood, pass and repass about their daily vocations. Those magnificent

world-conquerors, with their wives and children, and household gods, settled down along Tyne river in thousands and thousands, as they settled down along no other river in England. Here, clustering around the wall stations and garrison towns, they built themselves villas, and made themselves homes, approximating as much as might be to Roman homes, during some three or four centuries, much as our officers, soldiers, and civilians now settle themselves over India, taking with them or drawing around them European comforts and civilisation, and dispersing, it is to be hoped, a wholesome leaven among the natives of that great Eastern land, as undoubtedly the ancient Roman occupation dispersed a most wholesome leaven throughout our Western island. India, without the English, would be strange to our thoughts—almost impossible for us to conceive just now—and yet only about 120 years have passed by since the victories of Clive gave the English a footing in India at all approaching that which the Romans held in Britain for upwards of 300 years, from the victorious campaigns of Agricola towards the close of the first century until early in the fifth century, when the legions moved out of the land for ever, their last words to the Britons being the farewell advice that they should maintain valiantly, as a defence against the dreaded Caledonians, that mighty wall before us in the far distance, that then stood some eighteen feet high, with its watch-towers and castles at stated intervals, crossing the country from sea to sea along the northern waters of Tyne and the Eden rivers. Looking down from the mountain, Whitley Castle—the Alionis of the Romans—lies at our feet. Here, close to the source of Tyne, the imperial legions fixed themselves in force, and, gathering their womankind around them, raised ramparts to defend this passage upon the Maiden Way—a road, as all the Roman roads were, finely chosen and skilfully planned, a connecting link between the midland counties and the North. The same road is still used by the miners, and considered the best—indeed, the only safe road—for the conveyance of heavy loads across the boggy turf of these parts. And as you walk along this venerable Maiden Way you may see culverts for carrying off the surface water, carefully formed of stone, lying *in situ* just as the imperial legionaries placed them, and acting still as they have acted for sixteen or seventeen centuries. And below you, right opposite the spot where you are standing, was the midden heap of the station—the accumulated offal and sweepings of some 200 or 300 years. There it has lain for ages untouched by the hand of man, until a few years ago it turned up at last, a most practically valuable “find” for the farmer, who has had it gradually carted off and spread over his fields,

to the great enrichment of his crops. He will tell you that no gathering out of modern stable-yards can compare in quality with this mellow, fertilising stuff, and I have been told the fields dressed with it exceed in luxuriance all the other fields in the neighbourhood. For myself I can assure you that to stand by at the disturbance of one of those old Roman midden heaps—and many of them have been broken up in modern days along the Tyne—and to see the workman's shovel toss aside out of the dark, rich mould bits of broken pottery, leather sandals, worn-out shoes, and various *débris* and signs of the daily household life of those grand old heroes, is an experience not easily to be forgotten, taking you back at once as it does to their social surroundings, and recalling vividly the petty household cares, the long monotony of life so many of them must have lived wearily enough in the bitter separation from loved relatives and native lands. Looking on, we muse over the joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, they must have suffered in the far-away country of ours, altogether "out of the world" as they deemed it, ever coming here reluctantly,—so their historians tell us.

Truly it was not all the brave battles and masterful domination, of which history is so full, that formed the lives of the Romans and their auxiliary cohorts here by Tyne waters. As we stood in the Roman burial place, nigh sheltered sunny Risingham, on the banks of Reed river, a few days before, we seemed to see before us that Roman soldier of the Vangionian cohort and his grief-stricken wife, who, 1,600 years ago, had, on perchance just such a bright morning as this, passed out of the noisy garrison town yonder to the quiet graveyard where we now stood, and here upon this very spot the two parents consigned to her last resting-place in this foreign land their baby-daughter, setting up a stone to mark her grave, and carving on it a rude figure of their heart's treasure, under which the father inscribes: "Blescius Diovicus consecrates this to the gods of the departed souls for his daughter, who lived one year and twenty-one days." Close by at the same place stood a second stone, that brought up before our imaginings the figure of another young Roman soldier, who also, far away from home and kindred, had to bow his manly head in sorrow, as with filial love he erected his memorial over his mother, and inscribed the stone with such simple, tender words that we, reading them across all those sixteen centuries, cannot but love the man who wrote them: "Sacred to the divine manes of Aurelia Lupula, to a mother most affectionate, Dionysius Fortunatus, her son, erects this. May the earth lie light upon you." Let the creeds of those tender-hearted, mourning Roman soldiers have been what they may—and

the two inscriptions point to beliefs of very diverse kinds—the first form has often been found in connection with early Christian burials, the second, of course, never—but let their creeds have been what they may, those few words rudely cut upon the stones by Tyneside carry down to us along the ages that unerring “touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,” sending through our human hearts a thrill of brotherly pity for those unknown troubled souls who have passed beyond the reach of human pity so long ago ! I might give numbers of other as touching examples of memorial stones set up by parents to their children and children to their parents, husbands to wives and wives to husbands, brothers to sisters and sisters to brothers, that have been found at various of the Roman stations by Tyne. Pity it is that stones like these should ever be moved from the spot where Roman hands first placed them ; but unfortunately, if they are to be preserved at all, they must be removed. Hundreds, no doubt, have been lost, broken up for road mending and otherwise destroyed ; and most of those that remain have, in recent years, been carried to museums and private collections. The first stone, the inscription on which I have quoted, is now lodged in Trinity College, Cambridge. Were it not for the careful diligence of the local antiquaries, Dr. Bruce’s magnificent books on the Roman wall, and Hodgson’s Northumbrian history, we should now find it an impossible task to name correctly the Roman towns, and localise the inscribed stones and other Roman remnants that still abide with us. The Roman towns, most of which have preserved more or less distinct traces of their existence, some having considerable portions of their walls still standing, are : Segedunum (Wallsend), Pons Ælii (Newcastle), Condercum (Benwell), Vindobala (Rutchester), Hunnum (Haltom), Cilurnum (Chesters), Procolitia (Carrawburgh), Borcovicus (Housesteads), Vindolana (Chesterholm, or Little Chesters), Æsica (Great Chesters), Magna (Carvoran), Bremenium (High Rochester), Habitancum (Risingham), Corstopitum (Corchester), Alionis (Whitley Castle). There are also the remains of a Roman town at Ebchester, and remains of military stations at North and South Shields, at Jarrow, and other places. The force which constantly garrisoned the Tyne portion of the wall and the adjoining towns and stations may be computed roughly to have amounted to from 6,000 to 8,000 fighting men ; besides an unnumbered host of civilians, women, and children. The troops, although all officered by Italians, were composed of many nationalities. Inscriptions found in profusion testify to the presence of legionary soldiers, along with auxiliary *alæ* of cavalry and cohorts from all parts of Europe. There

were Dacians from the east, Gauls from the west, Batavians from the north, Varduli from the south. There was a cohort of Frisians from Holland, and there were two cohorts of Nervi from Belgium. There was a cohort of Thracians from Roumelia, and a cohort of Dalmatians from the borders of the Hadriatic Sea. There were Moors from Africa, and Hamians from Syria. And of Spanish cavalry there were three Asturian *alæ*. Many inscriptions we have prove that not a few of the above-named troops were permanently localised throughout the entire Roman occupation as the established guardians of these parts; as, for example, the cohort of Batavians, which fought in the battle of the Grampians, under Agricola, have left traces of their occupation of Procolitia (Carrawburgh) for more than three hundred years, to the beginning of the fifth century, when they are recorded in the *Notitia* as being still quartered in this place. The same may be said of the Tungrian cohorts quartered at Borcovicus (Housesteads), and of others. Of course in times of emergency, when the Caledonians threatened the Roman forces in overwhelming numbers, and bore down upon them with indomitable courage, as they often did, the Tyne and Eden troops would have to be largely augmented from the more southern parts of Britain; as also when all was peace up here, and disturbances broke out in other directions, portions of the wall forces would probably be sent south for a time. But as a rule the legions, or portions of legions, the *alæ* and cohorts remained permanently localised, individual soldiers changing as their terms of military service concluded, and they were at liberty to return home.

Whoever undertakes to write the memoir of this river will have to unravel a long and chequered story, and one well worth the telling. The Tyne has indeed witnessed many stately, as well as terrible, passages in England's history. Not only have Roman emperors trod its banks, Saxon kings also have held their courts within the walls of its chief towns, and Danish leaders have sailed up its tide, and from hence have carried fire and sword and fearful desolation through all the country round, extinguishing utterly, for a time, the calm, pure torch of Christian piety that had blessed the land exceedingly, having here doubtless first flickered into being in those early ages of the Roman occupation. Norman conquerors followed, and throughout Northumberland found tougher work to do than perchance they found elsewhere in the whole of England; and roughly and terribly they did their work up here; the fertile lands became a howling wilderness; men, women, and children, driven from their homes, died by hundreds and thousands in the ditches; in their misery and hunger

they would feed greedily on horses and dogs, and at last even prey upon human flesh. Then die, they would if die they must—these men of Saxon, Danish, and Scandinavian blood—sooner than submit to be sold as slaves by their cruel conquerors. If Tyne river could only speak, what horrible records of suffering under Norman rule might be disclosed, which now lie hidden in that deep mournful bosom of the buried past! Northumberland we know lay in ruins long after the Conquest, and Domesday Book has naught to record of possessions here, save a dreary iteration of "Waste, waste, waste!" The ravished country, however, was not without some strong, determined men, who clung to it tenaciously; nor could the fierce Normans hold their own against those wild Northumbrian spirits until A.D. 1080, when the proud conqueror's son set about the task, and reared the New Castle close by, or rather upon the old Roman station of Pons Ælii upon Tyne, using in its construction the very stones that were cut and fashioned by the imperial troops of Rome eight centuries before. And there still stands the New Castle, joint memorial of the Roman Hadrian and the Norman William, now surrounded by the wealthy, busy town to which it has given a name. The grim old donjon keep, firm as in the days when Robert Curthous built it, is a stately marking-post, reared just midway in our island story. Outside, round its black walls, rolls the vast stream of trade, the bustling hurry of present life; within, carefully gathered together, lie the most valuable collection of British Roman antiquities we possess, consisting of altars to many gods, funeral memorials to individuals of many nations, inscribed slabs with historic names thereon, and allusions to many dates and events of deepest interest, broken pillars, capitals, tiles, household belongings of pottery, glass, iron, shoes, trinkets, money, &c.—a vast variety of matters gathered out of the ruins of Tyneside Roman towns. But after Roman, and Saxon, and Dane, and Norman had swept along, leaving their varied traces by the waters of the Tyne, however other parts of England may have more or less rested in quietness, up here, albeit the gleaming light of saintly lives and righteous deeds glowed out bright and calm now and again, the commonest sights and sounds continued to be battle-cries and bloodshed, flaming homesteads and depopulated villages, and devastated fields, that lay often untilled through a whole generation by reason of the anarchy that prevailed through all those centuries of Scottish raids and Border turmoil that followed the Norman Conquest, afflicting Tyneside bitterly down to the reign of George III., when, for the first time, the sheriff of Northumberland was able to execute process through the valleys of Tynedale. Even now, at Newcastle,

when you hear the great bell of St. Nicholas Church ring out an unaccountable peal on the evening preceding the horse and cattle fair, be it known to all whom it may concern that the church is announcing that while the fair lasts, and until, at its conclusion, another peal is heard from the crowned steeple, no inconvenient questions shall be asked of those who come with beasts for sale as to how those beasts came into their possession ; neither shall any man be asked why he presumes to come under the arm of the law by venturing into the good town of Newcastle. In fine, the bell you hear is the "Thief and reaver bell," without which authoritative guarantee being given as an arranged signal of oblivion, for the time, to cattle-lifters, outlaws, and the like, in "the good old times," no fair could possibly have been held in Newcastle, for no horses or cattle could have been procured—all the beasts being ill-gotten, and all who brought them to the fairs being to a man only too well known as outlaws! Happily times are somewhat changed, though the bell still rings for the old custom's sake.

MARK HERON.

TABLE-TALK.

IF there is one stranger of American extraction whose reception, should he ever arrive, might inspire jealousy in the mind of General Grant, it is the Colorado beetle. Already, before he has sent any direct intimation of his coming, the ceremonial which attends the progress of distinguished foreigners is prepared, and the artists who lie in wait to catch the lineaments of greatness have in a spirit of subtle flattery discounted public enthusiasm and rendered us familiar with his appearance in anticipation of his visit. Whether we shall light such fires of welcome as have blazed in Germany remains to be seen. Meantime, it seems likely that public curiosity will not prove to have been vainly stimulated, but that the august stranger, like most of those whose reception at home has been out of keeping with their own estimate of their merits, will take up permanently his abode in our midst. According to a report, which has since received official contradiction, he has already been seen, a gentleman having claimed to have detected him on one of the Dublin quays, which he had reached by means of a rope from a vessel. His unobtrusive appearance in that portion of the United Kingdom best provided with his favourite esculent, would, had the report been true, have spoken for his sagacity as well as his modesty. According to a statement of Mr. Andrew Murray, F.L.S., read before the Horticultural Society, the Colorado beetle is less restricted in its views upon food than is generally believed. Anyhow, it is well to disseminate widely the information that Paris Green mixed with gypsum or flour and dusted over the leaves of the plants it affects, is likely to prevent a too rapid propagation of its larvæ.

ANY anecdote relating to science is always welcome, and especially if it is connected with the Electric Telegraph. Two friends of mine, A and B, were asked to dine with C the other day, but were not quite certain whether it was a bachelor party or otherwise. If Mrs. C. was at home, they would have to appear in evening clothes (which they hated), and B deputed A to discover this. He did so, and telegraphed to B: "You must wear a tail coat." Struck

by the brevity of the communication, the young lady at the telegraph office inquired, "Is that *all*, sir?" Poor A, who is very bashful, was horrified, and hastily added, "*and your other evening clothes.*"

A RECENT utterance of Professor Ruskin at the latest anniversary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is worth study. Commenting upon the report, he declared that the society "had not endeavoured sufficiently to promote affection to animals." It had been "too much in the police courts, and not enough in the field and cottage garden." A similar rebuke might with justice be directed against more than one kindred organisation. That bellicose spirit which we know underlies our civilised exterior finds special manifestation in secretaries of societies, who, in their anxiety to obtain advertisements, are apt to convert into instruments of oppression agencies which were established for purely benevolent purposes. The "sons of harmony," as Hood calls the musicians, are supposed to be exceptionally prone to "coming to cuffs." A like tendency seems to be developed by the professional pursuit of mercy. Had Shakespeare lived now, he would have found cause to qualify his assertion, that "the quality of mercy is not strained." At any rate, its application is sometimes "strained" to very wrong purposes.

SOME day, no doubt, the history of the bicycle will be as interesting, from the historical point of view, as the annals of the old coaching times now are; but in the mean while very little is known of it. Except when a monster meeting of the two-wheeled steeds and their riders takes place, as at Hampton Court the other day, no public notice is taken of these swift and noiseless machines, which can easily cover a hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, and will one day be an arm of "the Service." The practice of "keeping a bicycle" is growing very common among young men of the middle ranks, and is at least as commendable as many of the habits of their superiors. A young Scotchman of my acquaintance, who rejoices in a very well bred animal of this description, with steel backbone, and in splendid condition, rode to Dumfriesshire (from London) on it in a few days last month. All went well with him till he reached his "native heath." The English population had everywhere some acquaintance with the animal, and at the best only stared and uttered the national shibboleth; but as my friend was ascending the last hill, with thoughts full of the beloved village at the top of it in

which he had passed his infancy, and murmuring some pathetic lines from Burns, he met a fellow-countryman driving a cart with a Scotch horse in it. Neither of them had ever seen such a spectacle. The man threw himself out of the vehicle with a wild reference to "Auld Hornie," and fled to the mountains; the horse and cart charged down the hill and smashed the bicycle to smithereens. My friend is alive, and that is all; he plaintively compares his experience with that of Mungo Park, who, after exploring "Afric's wilds" in safety, broke his neck by falling over the drawing-room mat at home. His national feeling prevents him from seeing that his own fate was exactly the reverse of M. P.'s.

Speaking of bicycles, let me extract the following from the *Exchange and Mart* last month:—"48-in. Special Challenge [I suppose the name of the steed], a magnificent machine, made to my order this spring, cycle bearings, Carter's patent brake, &c., &c., cost me £16. Would accept handsome gravestone, to be erected in Lower Norwood Cemetery, in exchange. Short of cash only reason." The way in which he lingers over his beloved bicycle (though I have spared my readers much of it) is really most pathetic, and quite equal to anything ever said (or sung) by Arab on parting with his steed. Nothing but dire necessity would induce him to sell it: "short of cash only reason." He has nothing left to live upon; but evidently wishes to be interred magnificently, and is very particular as to the locality. What strikes one as curious is the extremely limited area of possible exchangers to which he addresses himself. Who has *got* a handsome gravestone in Lower Norwood cemetery to spare, and especially to exchange for a bicycle?

THE sting of a nickname is likely to be extracted when the bearer is content to assume it as a title of honour, and answer it as Prince Hal answered the challenge of Hotspur: "Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name." In this spirit we seem to have accepted the name of a "nation of shopkeepers," thrown at us by Napoleon. Mr. Gladstone has discovered that our care for the main chance dates back to the time of Caxton, and praises the first of English printers for neglecting the example of his foreign masters or rivals, and printing works for which there was a popular demand instead of beautiful editions of the classics. It is possible that Caxton's experience as a mercer taught him to reconcile in his work the tradesman with the artist. It is difficult to imagine, however, that he could count upon any extensive sale for such works as the *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*, which is supposed to be his first

production, and which, under the patronage of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, in whose household he was, he subsequently translated. Outside the court and the monastery, there could have been little taste for works of solid erudition. The great claim of Caxton is that by the translations he executed, or caused to be executed, he contributed to form a public such as could scarcely have existed to his hand.

It is not generally known that two fine Caxtons were recently discovered in a small shop south of the Thames, and were obtained by their first purchaser for the traditional "song."

WHAT things people do advertise! In Hammersmith the other day I saw this announcement: "Cheap Trip. The Christian Mission Hallelujah Railway is one of the quickest, cheapest, and best routes from the Deepest Depths of Sin to the Highest Heights of Glory. Booking Office in the Town Hall next Sunday. T. P. Gray, the Hallelujah Guard, and Beaupré, the Happy Engine Driver, will (D.V.) instruct passengers how to obtain Through Tickets without money and without price." I often wonder whether the class of persons who habitually use the letters D.V. are acquainted with their meaning; if so, they must be very egotistic to imagine their proceedings to be of such profound importance as to necessitate the quotation; if not, they are in the position of the excellent old lady who wrote to say she should come and dine with her daughter on Wednesday, *D. V.*, and on Thursday at all events.

A SCHOONER-RIGGED BOAT, 20 feet long, has been "spoken with" in the Atlantic, and found to contain a man and his wife, bound to Falmouth from the United States. They had been 35 days out, and had had "several gales." So I should think. Imagine a man's being shut up with his wife in a boat 20 feet long for 35 days (it sounds like a rule-of-three sum, but it's much harder) *without* a gale! The newspapers call it a "Daring Adventure," as well they may. One ship that "spoke" them supplied this intrepid pair, I am glad to say, with brandy.

SYLVANUS URBAN.



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MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXV.

VICTOR—PROPOSITI?

THE election was over. All the principal persons with whom we are concerned had come back to town. Keeton had nearly relapsed, for the time at least, into its ordinary condition. The riot, noisy and alarming as it was, had cost no life, not even that of the poor policeman who seemed most in danger. No doubt the seeds of a popular discontent were sown pretty broadly in the place, which will bear thorny growth some future day ; but Keeton just now seems only the sleeper for the reaction after its unwonted excitement. The persons of this story who were concerned in the election might be said to be in somewhat similar condition. They seemed much the same as before ; but the days in Keeton had sown some seeds for them, too, which will probably grow into influence on all their lives.

Lady Limpenny paid a visit to Mrs. Money. She had not seen her friends in Victoria Street since the election, and she was in great curiosity to hear something about it, and about some rumours indirectly connected with it, which had reached her ears. She went early, in order that she might find Mrs. Money alone.

Mrs. Money might be described as alone, so far as visitors were concerned. Only her younger daughter was with her. Lucy was looking very pretty, but pale ; and she had a certain restlessness of manner and quick brilliancy of eyes which Lady Limpenny observed, although usually a woman rather imaginative than actually observant. Lady Limpenny smiled and nodded to herself, as it might seem ; after the fashion of one who congratulates herself on having judged correctly, and who

says to her own soul, "Exactly ; it is just as I thought it would be." But the smile and nod might be taken as partly intended for the general company in this case. Lady Limpenny appeared as if she were willing that Mrs. Money and her daughter should be taken, in an unacknowledged and modest way, into the confidence of her self-congratulations.

Mrs. Money went eagerly forward to welcome her old friend, and was cordially glad to see her, as, indeed, she was usually glad to see most persons. Lucy, as we know, did not greatly care for Lady Limpenny. She had now to submit to a peculiarly tender embrace, which she did with a particularly bad grace, looking all the time away from Lady Limpenny, even while she submitted to be kissed by her. Then she withdrew to a little sofa of her own, and was heard to express a wish that Nola Grey would come soon. On hearing this utterance Lady Limpenny looked round at her, and smiled and nodded again more benignly than ever.

"And so our dear friend Heron is in Parliament," Lady Limpenny said, in her soft, thunderous voice. "He is actually an M.P. ! I am so glad ; and you have all had such delightful adventures ! Your names in the papers ! I read it all with such envy. Yes ; I always longed to be in an adventure and to have my name in the papers. I tried to get Sir James to listen to it, but he does not care for these things. You were all near being killed ! And our friend, the handsome poet—now, do tell me again what his name is—he was lost, and actually supposed to be killed, or taken prisoner, or assaulted, or something of the kind. How delightful ! I should so like to have been with you."

"Oh ! Mr. Blanchet was not much hurt," Lucy said in a rather scornful tone. "He only got into the fight somehow ; I don't know, I'm sure, what brought him there ; and then he went away to London. I think something must have offended him."

Lucy had seen, and had not forgotten or forgiven, the poet's conduct when Mr. Sheppard was brought to the hotel during the riot, and she had not seen his subsequent dash into the strife, and paid but little attention to what was told her about it. But in any case poor Blanchet had long ceased to be a hero of hers. There was a time when he was her idol, and when she tried to believe in all manner of quaint artistic theories because they were his ; and when, if he had expressed an æsthetic opinion that a lady ought to wear a coal-scuttle on her head, Lucy would have fought hard to get her mother's permission to mount the article. It is strange, as the once popular song used to say, how a woman can think the man a bore, she thought

a god before. At least, it is strange, perhaps, that she should make the change so soon ; or, if it be contended that even that is not strange, it will surely be admitted that it is strange she could not contrive or attempt to make the change a little less glaringly apparent. One might have thought that this good little Lucy had already forgotten that she ever looked to Mr. Blanchet with wonder and admiration.

"Mr. Heron says that Mr. Blanchet was in great danger, Lucy, my dear," her mother interposed in remonstrance ; "and Minola Grey speaks very highly of his conduct all the time."

"But why did he disappear in that abrupt sort of way? why didn't he tell anyone where he was going?" the pertinacious Lucy kept on. "We were all alarmed about him, and all for nothing ; and we had quite enough to think about without that."

"But, my dearest darling Lucy, don't you look on a poet as different from ordinary people? I am sure *I* do. I should not like to think of our dear friend—now, *do* tell me again what *is* his name—I shouldn't like to think of his acting just as everyone else would do. Oh, no ; I like a poet to be a poet. I am so passionately fond of poetry ; and I have had to give it all up of late. I dare not read a poem now."

"For your soul's sake, Lady Limpenny?" the irreverent Lucy asked saucily.

"Darling, yes. For my soul's sake, as you say. I was forgetting all my higher duties in life, and all that I owe, dearest, to the future life, in my love for the poetry of that delightful writer—oh, now, what *was* his name?—who wrote that lovely poem in the winter that everybody was talking about. My dear, the doctrines taught in that poem were something awful—I do assure you, awful. No one could read them long and be assured of safety in the higher sphere."

"I think I remember the book," Mrs. Money said ; "I think you lent it to me, Laura ; but it did not strike me as containing any doctrines of a dangerous kind. It did, indeed, protest in powerful accents against the system under which this country is rushing to her destruction."

"I dare not read it, dearest Theresa ; I dare not, indeed ; it would unhinge my mind. But I dare not read any poems now."

Lady Limpenny presently rose to go ; but she paused even in the act of making her adieux, and, taking Lucy's hand in a manner of the tenderest affection, she asked :

"But now, darling, what is this I hear about you? Is it true, this very delightful piece of news—at least, delightful if it *is* true? Do tell me, dearest ; it can't be always kept a secret, you know."

Lucy tried to get her hand away ; the unconscious Lady Limpenny retained it as if she were a privileged lover. Lucy could only look away and try to keep as composed as possible.

"Really, I don't know what you mean, Lady Limpenny. I don't know what the news is ; and so I don't know whether it is delightful or not."

"You very very naughty, sly little thing ! So you won't tell even such an old friend ? Well, your mamma won't be so naughty, I am sure. I'll come in and talk to her to-morrow or next day, when I am quite sure that you are not here. Oh, indeed, I will ! I am sure now it *is* true ; and I offer you my congratulations."

Mrs. Money seemed as if she would try to interpose some protest against Lady Limpenny's conclusions ; but there was no possibility of stopping that lady, or of correcting any apprehensions she might have formed. She gathered her skirts about her and was gone, chattering all the time, before anyone could put in a word of explanation, and firmly convinced that she knew all the truth about everything, and that her way of exhibiting it must have been delightful to everybody.

Her display of knowledge was certainly not pleasing to Lucy Money in this instance. She seemed greatly annoyed, and, when Lady Limpenny had gone, she left the room and hid herself away somewhere. Mr. Money came home almost immediately, and his wife took the opportunity of expressing some of her fears to him about Lady Limpenny's talk and Lucy's way of taking it.

"She's quite put out by it, Money dear, I do assure you. I never saw her so much hurt by anything of the kind before."

"I wish that silly old Laura Limpenny didn't talk in that way," Money said with more earnestness in his manner than the talk of Lady Limpenny might have seemed to be worth. "It annoys Lucy, of course ; and then, what she said here she will say in half a dozen places before the day is over."

"But, Money dear, it can't always be kept a secret. These things always do get talked about. I really don't see what harm it does even if they were."

"No, perhaps not ; in an ordinary case, perhaps not. But somehow I don't like it in this case. I wish nothing had been said. Do you think Lucelet is quite happy, Theresa ?"

"Surely, dear, I should think so—oh, yes, she must be happy, very happy. Of course it is a trial—all girls feel it so, especially when they are brought up so much at home."

Mr. Money seemed unusually grave. He stood and beat time on his chin with his fingers.

"I don't know," he said, "somehow ; but I think everything is not quite right with the little girl. She *is* fond of him?" he asked, turning abruptly to his wife.

"Oh, yes, dear—she adores him."

"Yes? You think so? Well, I am sure I think so too ; I was quite certain of it. Of course she is young, and girls often don't know their own minds a bit—no, confound it, nor boys either, for that matter. I think at one time she used to be fond of that fellow Blanchet ; and now she does not care twopence about him. I say, Theresa, if this should be the same sort of thing?"

"But, my dear, it isn't ; you may be quite sure of that. I can tell you that for certain. Why, only look at her eyes when he is near ! and Lucy has told me again and again that she never thought about Mr. Blanchet in that sort of way."

"Yes, I have watched her, Theresa, as you say, and I have looked at her eyes and all that ; and I did believe, certainly, that it was quite a different thing this time. If I hadn't thought it—my good heavens !—should I have meddled or made in the affair?"

Mr. Money walked uneasily up and down the room once or twice. His wife looked at him anxiously, but she did not quite follow his meaning or appreciate his alarms. She was indeed, at the moment, engaged in thinking whether something could not be done to make the life of poor Mr. Blanchet a little more happy than it seemed at present to be. She was convinced in her heart that Blanchet must be suffering keenly on account of Lucy, and, as the helper of unhappy men, she burned with a wish to do something for him. She had so completely made up her mind that Lucy was having all her desire in life, and, having it, must be satisfied, that all her anxiety on her daughter's behalf seemed to have come to an end, and her cares properly reverted to the outer world.

"Yes, I thought it was all right." Mr. Money suddenly came to a stop in his walk. "I had not the least idea that it was not all right ; but then one doesn't know—at least, I don't—whether it isn't a peculiarity of girls that when you get for them what they want, then, by Jove, they don't want it any more ; and I tell you, Theresa, I have been thinking of this a good deal lately—in the last few days."

There are, perhaps, women who might have been disposed to remark to Mr. Money that anyhow the affair was pretty well all his own doing. There are women who possibly would have given him no better comfort than the reminder that they had not advised him to do the things he had done ; and that, perhaps, if he had sought the advice of his wife a little more, the result might have been more satis-

factory. Mrs. Money had no ideas of the kind. Even if she had known more clearly than she did the meaning of his alarm, it would never have occurred to her to doubt that he had done the very best thing possible under any given circumstances. If things went wrong after that, it must be the fault of the things ; it could not be the fault of Mr. Money.

The talk was interrupted for the present by the arrival of visitors, for this was one of Mrs. Money's days of reception. Presently Lucy herself returned. Mr. Money drew her aside, and asked her one or two casual questions. Then he said suddenly, and fixing his eyes on his daughter, without giving her any time to think of herself or to conceal her feelings :

"Isn't Victor coming here to-day, Lucelet ?"

The eyes of the girl sparkled again as she answered, and his eyes watched her answer :

"Oh, yes, papa dear ; I expect him every moment ; you don't think he is not coming, do you ?"

The smile that sometimes made Mr. Money's rough face look almost handsome came over it as he saw the expression in his daughter's eyes. He took Lucy playfully by the chin.

"I should think he was coming indeed, Lucelet ; I rather think you know more about his movements than I do. So Laura Limpenny has been talking her nonsense !"

Lucy coloured.

"Oh, yes, papa dear. I wish that dreadful woman did not come here ; she talks of such things ; it is humiliating to hear oneself talked about in that way."

"Oh, that's all, is it ? don't you mind her talk, Lucelet ; it can't be helped, anyhow ; and remember that if you were a princess all the gossips of Europe would be talking about you."

Then he left his daughter and went to talk to some one else, somewhat relieved in his mind for the moment. He watched his Lucelet, however, all the time.

Presently he saw her eyes light up and her cheeks colour, and then her eyes droop again ; and she looked wonderfully pretty, he thought,—and so, indeed, might anyone else have thought as well who happened to see her just then. If any one of us looking on might have admired the expression on the pretty girl's crimsoning face, what admiration must he have felt for whom that brightening colour came and those eyes sparkled?—the king for whom—as Lady Castlewood so prettily said—that red flag was displayed ? For Mr. Money knew, before he had seen any new-comer enter the room, that

the visitor whose coming caused all that brightness was the member for the borough of Keeton. Victor Heron had entered the room, and was already talking to Lucy.

Victor, then, had won everything for which he strove, and something too for which he had not striven. He had won a brilliant and an unexpected victory. Never before in the memory of man had the borough of Keeton been represented by a Liberal. There was nothing else of any particular interest going on in politics, and the attention of the country had really been turned for some days very keenly on Keeton. The riot, the family quarrel, the fact that Heron had to fight against family influences, Tory influences, and the red republicans all at once, had made his enterprise seem so dashing that, even if he had lost, he would have got a certain repute by it. But, when it was found that he had positively won, he became the hero of the hour with the public, while with his own party he was a person to be made the very most of, and applauded to the echo. No fear of his not finding men of mark to take up his grievance now.

The adventurous St. Paul had kept his word. Nothing but his intervention could possibly have carried the place for Victor, or kept poor Sheppard out of Parliament. Coming just at the right moment, St. Paul had caught the affections of the fierce democrats, the proletariat with the dash of atheist in it, and had drawn the voters away from Sheppard. Many of them had determined to give their votes rather for the man whom they called their outspoken enemy—the Tory, that is to say—than for the doubtful friend, as every professing Liberal seemed to them to be who could not go all the way with the social revolution and them. St. Paul captivated enough of them to leave Sheppard solely to the support of the thorough Tories, who had no grievance against the ducal family; and the result was that Victor Heron won the election, or had it thus won for him without his knowledge or consent. Not the faintest suspicion of “a put-up thing” existed in any mind. It was perfectly well known in Keeton and elsewhere that Victor Heron had positively refused to have anything to do with St. Paul, and that they had all but quarrelled; and, indeed, the general opinion was that St. Paul had undertaken his candidature for the sake of spoiling Victor’s chance. He fancied, people thought, that the extreme “rads” or “reds” might give their votes to Victor for lack of any stronger Liberal, and he therefore cut in between merely for the sake of destroying the game of the man who would not accept his assistance. A great many people were amused at his folly and his odd miscalculation; and even Money

wondered how he could have been so badly advised, and how he could have failed to see that in what he did he was playing Victor's game and not spoiling it.

Victor Heron, then, has won, and is on the high road to be a political and a social success, and to have his grievance set right now, if he cares about it or has time to think about it any more. It is said that he is to be married to Mr. Money's pretty daughter, who will have a great fortune, people are certain; to say nothing of the fact that Money has no son, and that at his death most of his property will probably go to his rising son-in-law. Truly does young Heron seem to many persons a man who has dropped from the clouds to fall into fortune. A disappointed politician of sixty who started with splendid self-conceit, good abilities, and very fair chances, and with all has come to nothing, draws the moral of his personal failure from the story he hears of Victor Heron's success. "You see, he can do what I never could do," he says; "he can entertain the party. I defy any man to make his way in political life in a country like this if he has not the means to entertain his party, and this fellow will be able to do that with the girl's fortune and what Money must leave him some time."

It is true, then, what the people say—what Lady Limpenny has been so broadly hinting at? It was, then, as Minola Grey supposed? See, she herself has just come in, and is talking with Mr. Money now. She seems full of spirits; at least, she is talking in a very animated way. A lady who is present has already remarked, in a low tone, to another lady, that she thinks Miss Grey talks too much, and is too sarcastic for a young person. Was it as Minola supposed, and did the influence of the moonlight and the walk home *that* night in the park at Keeton prove too much for the inflammable heart of Victor Heron? No; that night had passed over, and although Heron had felt the influence of the place, the hour, and the circumstances, he had not been able to understand his own feelings clearly enough to give them expression in words or in acts. It was when he came in fresh from the excitement of the Keeton riot, and when he saw that Lucy, who with all her love for her father had borne up gallantly against the sight of his hurts, became faint the moment she caught a glimpse of Heron's wounded face, and had to be taken from the room—it was then that the truth was borne in upon Heron for the first time, and he was made aware that Lucy Money loved him. He was almost overwhelmed by the discovery. This was something of which he had never thought. It was all true what he had said to Minola Grey that long-past day in Regent's Park—he had really had a sort

of goddess theory about women. He had lived so much out of the world of fashion, and of what we call life, that he had no chance of having his ideal destroyed. If the few Englishwomen whom he met in a far colony—the wives and daughters of elderly, experienced officials, and such like—were not all that his fancy painted womanhood, he had always the conviction to fall back upon that these were no fair illustrations of the maids or the matrons of merry England at home. He had always thought of a woman as a being whom a man courted and served, and at last, by immense exercise of devotion and merit of all kinds, persuaded to listen while he told her of his deep and reverent love. It had not occurred to him to think that sometimes, even among the maids of merry England, the woman makes the love, and the man only puts up with it. When it flashed upon his mind that Lucy Money loved him, he was like one to whom some wholly new and unexpected conditions of life have suddenly revealed themselves. He felt, in a strange sort of way, stricken humble by the thought that so sweet and good a girl could love him, and wish to trust her life into his hands. Is it any wonder if, in the flush of his shame and his gratitude, he told himself that he was in love with her?

CHAPTER XXVI.

“LUCKLESS LOVE’S INTERPRETER.”

THE event in which so much success had fallen to the share of Victor Heron had not, on the whole, turned out badly for his rival, Mr. Sheppard. The latter had lost the election, it is true, but he had made a certain repute for himself as a Conservative candidate. He was now before the eyes of his party and the country as one who had fought a good fight, who had made sacrifices for his cause, and who therefore ought to be considered when another vacancy brought an opportunity of choosing and supporting a candidate. Mr. Sheppard’s name was in the political playbill, and that was something. After the defeat of Novara, Count Cavour, then only a rising politician, remarked that Piedmont had gained enough to compensate for all her losses in having got the right to hoist the national flag. Mr. Sheppard had got by his defeat the right to hoist the flag of his party, to be one of its bearers, and that was something. He was now looked upon everywhere as a man sure to be seen in Parliament before long.

Mr. Sheppard made arrangements for the carrying on of his

business by other hands than his, and he came to live in London. He took handsome lodgings in a western street, not far from where Victor Heron lived. He was elected a member of a new Conservative club, and apparently he went about the task of getting into society, at least into the political dinner-parties and crowded drawing-rooms of society. In that which he had set out to himself as the great object of his life he was not, as we have seen, by any means despondent. He saw that he had greatly risen in the good opinion of Minola Grey. She had never been so kind and respectful to him as during the contest at Keeton. Always before she had treated him with contempt, which she took no trouble to hide; then, for the first time, she had shown some respect and even regard for him. He settled himself in London, a hopeful and almost a confident man as regarded alike his ambition and his love. He could afford to wait, he said to himself. He cultivated as much as possible the acquaintanceship of Mr. Money and of Victor Heron, whom, it is needless to say, he no longer regarded with any feelings of jealousy. Mr. Money and everyone else admitted that nothing could be more manly and creditable than Sheppard's manner of taking his defeat. Minola seldom heard him spoken of but with respect.

The women are not many on whom the public opinion of those immediately around them has no influence in determining their estimate of a man. Minola began to see that there were qualities in her old lover for which she had not given him credit. This, indeed, she had seen for herself during the contest at Keeton. He had, at all events, a certain manly dignity, even if he was slow and formal. She may, too, have been impressed in certain moods with the strength and patience of his feelings for her. In some melancholy moments she felt a sympathy for him, and found a sort of sad amusement in admitting to herself that she and her old lover were alike in one part of their destiny at all events. But she was sincerely glad to hear that Sheppard was beginning to go out a good deal, and she had a strong hope and conviction that in society he must very soon get over his old feelings for her. All that was natural enough, she thought, when they both lived in the country, and he knew very few women; but here in London he must meet with many girls a thousand times more attractive—so she was honestly convinced—than she could possibly appear even to the most prejudiced eye, and he would soon get over the weakness that exalted a country girl into a heroine and a goddess. He would meet with women who knew the world—the world of politics and of society—who could assist a man in his public career and in his natural ambition, and some one of whom would

doubtless be found to marry him. The thought gave Minola sincere gratification.

Some of this is told a little in anticipation ; for we are, as yet, in the first few weeks that followed the Keeton election. There is one, nay, there are two, of the personages most prominent to our eyes in that contest, of whom we have some account to render before the story resumes its regular march.

Poor Herbert Blanchet found himself a man sadly changed in his own estimate when the subsidence of the riot in the Keeton streets left him stranded high and dry, and still alive. Not only was he alive, but he was absolutely uninjured. The dignity of the slightest wound was not on him to make him interesting. All that commotion that had seemed to him so terrible that his very soul shrank from it, turned out to be, so far as he was concerned, more innocent and harmless than a schoolboy game of wrestling. He had been ridiculous when shrinking from the riot, and he now felt that he must have been ridiculous when by sheer force he mastered his quivering nerves and threw himself literally into it. In the very thick of the battle, and when he came to Heron's aid, he thought he saw an inclination to good-humoured laughter on Heron's face at the sight of him and his weapon. When the riot was over, and the crowd began to disperse, and the Liberal leaders went into the hotel, nobody took any notice of him. He seemed to be of no account in the eyes of anyone. Men whose companion he had been during his share of the campaign in Keeton passed him rapidly by and did not seem to recognise him ; they were all thinking of other things and other persons, clearly. Even Heron, to whose help he had come, did not think it worth his while apparently to make any inquiry about him.

We know, of course, that Heron did find time and thought to ask about the poet ; but the poet did not know this. The thought, however, which most disturbed Blanchet's mind was not that Heron had been ungrateful to him, but that clearly, in the mind of men like Heron, the whole affair was a matter of no moment—an ordinary event at an election, involving an amount of danger such as men encounter in their huntings and their other pastimes of which Blanchet knew little, and not enough to be seriously thought of a moment after it was past. It was, then, for danger such as this that the poet had twice made himself ridiculous in the eyes of Minola Grey. It was for danger like this that he had exposed himself to hear from her the bitterest words that man can hear from woman. In truth, it is not certain that poor Blanchet was really a coward. He had been put suddenly in front of a sort of trial entirely new to him, and his

physical nerves had shrunk from it at first. He had not a virile nature ; he had none of the strong animal spirits which carry so many men through all manner of danger without giving them time to think about it. He had not much, if we may say so, of the English nature in him ; of that cool, strong, unimaginative nature which takes all tasks set to it very much as a matter of course, and goes at them accordingly to win or lose. When Nature was making Herbert Blanchet, there was for some reason or other a little too much of the feminine material put into his composition. We often see these slight mistakes on the part of Nature. We meet with a tall and bearded creature in whom a superabundance of the feminine is always showing itself ; we find some pretty and delicate being in whom the judgment, the inclinations, the way of looking at things, are all unmistakably masculine. Blanchet had not lived a manly life ; he had, indeed, not lived a life that would be wholesome for man or woman. It was not, be it understood, harmful or immoral, as lives are accounted on our somewhat dwarfed and formal principles of social good or harm ; but it was a life without bracing strength of any kind. It was a life of sickly affectations and debauching conceits. It made sham as good as effort. In that sort of life it sufficed to think yourself a great person, and to say to your friends that you were so, and there was no occasion for the long, healthy, noble labour that, with whatever genius, is needed to develop success. It was a life of ghastly groping after originality ; a life in which one became fantastic, not out of superabundant fancy, but of set purpose. The moment an entirely new situation was presented to Blanchet, and he was called upon to act under circumstances not previously thought out and reduced to theatric form, all the shams were suddenly blown away, and the weakly, naked nature was left shivering and shuddering in the rough, unaccustomed air of reality.

Little Mary Blanchet was sitting alone the day after the riot at Keeton. It was drawing on towards evening, and she had her books of manuscript out on the table and was at work at her poems. She was very particular about the copying of her poems ; she began a long poem in a bound volume with ruled leaves, and if, in copying, she made any mistake, even of a word, she put that volume aside and began another. Therefore the one poem at which she was now engaged had already produced several of these manuscript books without itself approaching much nearer to completion. She was seated before the work with her pen in her mouth and her eyes fixed on the ceiling, and was in a little doubt between a rhyme which was of excellent sound but doubtful grammar, and one of which the grammar was all

right, but the sound was open to challenge. Her own sympathies went altogether with the good rhyme, and she was strongly inclined to run the risk of being a little superior for once to those narrow grammatical rules which offend so many poetesses. While thus, like the Achilles of Pope's Homer, "in anguish of suspense delayed," she was told that her brother wished to see her.

Mary sprang up in excitement, let her ink-steeped pen fall on her book, thus reducing a new volume to worthlessness, and, scarcely stopping even for a plaintive murmur, ran out and brought Herbert Blanchet into the room. She was convinced that he must have some important intelligence. Could it be that he had proposed for Minola, been accepted, and had come back to London in all speed to arrange for the wedding? His face, however, did not look like that; it was haggard and miserable, and the poet had evidently not slept the past night. Mary felt her heart sink within her as she looked at him.

Blanchet sat down and passed his hands wildly through his unkempt hair—hair that, however, looked so beautiful, Mary thought.

"Well, my sister," he said, with a gloomy effort at being light and careless of speech, "I have come back, you see."

"What has happened, Herbert dear?" the affrighted old maid asked; and she trembled all over.

"Nothing particular, Mary; only that your brother has made a fool of himself."

Then he smiled in a dismal way, with ghastly lips and livid face; and then he put his hands to his forehead, and burst into tears.

Never was a woman more frightened than poor Mary. She had never seen a man in tears before; she remembered having read and shudderingly admired a line in a poem of Mrs. Hemans's, in which she, Mary Blanchet, and all the world in general were advised not to talk of grief until they had seen the tears of bearded men. Poor Mary always thought that the tears of bearded men must be something very dreadful to see; but she never expected to see them, for she did not think it possible that Englishmen, the only race of men she knew, could shed tears under any provocation. Now she was compelled to look on the tears of a bearded man whom she dearly loved; and she found that Mrs. Hemans's suggestions fell far short of the dreadful reality. She tried all she could to comfort her broken-hearted brother; but comfort is particularly unavailing when one does not even know the source of the trouble. It was some time before poor Blanchet could give his sister any coherent account of his distress. When the story was told, however, it did not seem so hopeless to Mary as she had expected. He had not been refused by Minola;

he had not even proposed to her. She did not attach much importance to the fact that Minola had supposed him—wrongfully, of course—to be a coward. He could easily prove, if indeed he had not done it already, that he was as brave as she, Mary, knew her brother must be. It was wrong of Minola to judge so quickly and so harshly, and very unlike Minola ; but, after all, what did it prove but the deep interest which she took in Herbert ? She was disappointed when she thought he was not all that she had expected. What did that prove but that she had expected great things ? Well, it was not by any means too late to prove that her first expectations were true estimates of Mary's brother.

It is a truth that Herbert Blanchet gradually became encouraged, and almost restored, if not to his good opinion of himself, yet to his hopes. It was wonderful what a person of importance, a wise counsellor, a trusty friend, his sister grew to be in his eyes all at once. How long is it since he thought her an absurd little old maid in whom no person of artistic soul could possibly feel any interest ? How long is it since he fully believed that Minola Grey was kind to her partly out of pity, and partly because it looked picturesque and charming for a handsome young woman to be the patroness and friend of an unattractive elderly woman ? How long is it since he was ashamed of the relationship, and would gladly have given Minola to understand that he considered his sister only a poor little, old-fashioned person, whose pretences at poetry and art had his entire disapproval ? And now he wept upon her faithful bosom, and drew comfort from her flattering but very sincere assurances ; and poured out his feelings over and over again ; and asked her to tell him over and over again this, that, and the other thing that Minola had said ; and found comfort in her talk ; and would rather have been in her company that evening than in the centre of the beloved school, or in the drawing-room of a lady of rank. If poor little Mary could have thought of such a thing as being revenged upon her brother for all his long neglect, his selfish desertion of her, she might have found herself well avenged that night when he clung to her, and hung upon her words, and was only restored to think life worth having by her flatteries and her promises that she would do all for him, and had good hope to make everything come right even yet.

So far as Mary was concerned, she had hardly ever been so happy. It was enough to make her happy at any time to know that she was of importance to her poet-brother. But she had also now from him the confession of his passionate love for her friend. It had always smote a little on Mary's conscience that, in helping her

brother in his scheme about Minola, she was not quite certain whether, after all, the poet really loved Minola as Mary thought Minola deserved to be loved. Now she was satisfied on this point. Herbert had poured out his whole heart to her, and had showed her that his love for Minola was deep, passionate, eternal. It did not occur to Mary to suspect that there could be a woman on earth, even Minola, who was capable of rejecting the love of a man like Herbert Blanchet. That was Mary Blanchet's happiest night thus far in London ; her happiest night thus far in life.

In his misery Blanchet had told the truth. He was really in love with Minola. He had gone in for money and a beautiful wife, and he had lost himself hopelessly in the game. His self-conceit had readily made him believe that the handsome, simple country girl who thought so much of his sister must fall in love with him. It was only by degrees it dawned upon him that there was a clear strength in Minola's character such as he had thought no women ever had. He began to see that she was friendly to him, but otherwise unconcerned ; and that he was fairly in love with her. He began to be ashamed of the pitiful hopes he had formed about her money ; he began to be ashamed of a good deal of his character and career. The genuine extravagance of the delight which he felt when she enabled him to put his poems before the world in such splendid dress, had almost as strange an effect on him as the gift of the bishop's candlesticks on poor Jean Valjean. It shook all his previous theories of life and its philosophy, to find that there was so much of simple generosity in the world ; especially to find it in the heart of a girl over whom his charms and his affectations seemed to have no manner of influence. He found that he had his world to reconstruct. He went home and passed some wretched days. He looked back on his life, its theories, its affectations, its pitiful little vanities, and he wondered how he could ever have thought to make genuine poetry out of such shams of emotion and simulacra of beauty. It would require fairy power indeed to spin such rubbish of straws into gold.

Still, he had some hopes from Mary and her influence over Minola. It had come to that ; his sister now was his chief resource and his star of hope. The artful Mary was not long in bringing her plans to maturity and to proof.

"Minola, dear," she said one evening after Miss Grey had settled down in London again, "do you really never think of getting married?"

"Never, Mary ; why should I, if I don't like?"

"Well, you can't live always alone in this kind of way."

"But I am not living alone in any kind of way."

"Not now ; not exactly now. But I may not live, you know ; I don't feel at all like myself lately ; and I shudder at the idea of your being left alone. I am so much older than you, Minola."

"But, Mary, my dear little poetess, if you think marriage such a good thing, why didn't you marry?"

Mary sighed, and cast at her leader a look of gentle, melancholy reproach.

"Ah ! there were reasons for my not marrying which happily don't exist for you. And then my life would be a wretched one, Minola, but for you. Where are you to get a Minola, dear, when you come to be as old as I am now?"

The prospect of growing old never frightens the young. It is their conviction that, at worst, they will die before that comes about. It was not, therefore, the thought of becoming like Mary Blanchet, that made Minola seem melancholy for the moment. It was the thought of the weariness that life must have for her in any case, young or not. She remained thinking for a second or two, until she became conscious that Mary was waiting for her to say something. Then she tried to get rid of the subject.

"Well, Mary, at all events I need not trouble myself about marriage just at this moment ; I don't want to be like the girl in the old song, who refused the men before they asked her. No one has been asking me lately."

"I know some one," Mary broke out, "who would ask you if he dared. I know some one who loves you—who adores you."

Minola looked round in amazement. It did not occur to her at the moment to think of what or whom poor Mary meant.

Mary rose from her chair and ran to Minola, and threw herself on the ground near her in supplication, with her eyes full of tears.

"It's my brother, Minola ; it's my brother ! He adores you. He would die for you. He will die for you if you won't listen to him. Oh, do listen to him, darling, and make us all happy !"

Minola rose from her chair in such anger as she had seldom known before. She was not even particularly careful how she extricated herself from Mary's clinging grasp.

"Are you speaking seriously, Mary?" she asked, in a low tone, and with determined self-restraint.

"Oh, Minola darling, it's only too serious ! He was here the other day. He is wretched, he is miserable, because he thinks you were angry with him. I thought he would die—I think he will die. He didn't want to tell anyone ; but a sister's eyes can't be deceived. And it's no use, and he so loves you."

Minola could have found it in her heart to curse Love and all his works. This distracting revelation was too much for her. It was utterly unexpected. She had never for a moment thought of this. Herbert Blanchet had always seemed to her a person to help and pity, and sometimes to be angry with and despise. Even if she had been a vain girl, it is not likely that the announcement of his love would have gratified her vanity.

"Did he send you to tell me this, Mary?"

"No, dear," Mary said humbly, losing heart and hope with every moment, as she looked into Minola's face, which was pale, and cold, and almost hard in its expression. "No, dear; but I thought it would be better, perhaps, if I were just to speak to you a little about it first, just to know how you felt, and then I might perhaps encourage him or not, you know; and I thought that might not be so unpleasant, perhaps, Minola."

"You are right, Mary; it is much less unpleasant. But I think I need not give you any further answer, need I?"

Minola's manner was strangely cold and hard. She could not help feeling as if there were something like treachery in this secret arrangement of brother and sister to try to persuade her into a marriage which she would otherwise never have thought of. Both brother and sister seemed for the moment mean in her eyes; and Minola hated meanness.

Mary looked wistfully into her leader's cold, stern face. It must be said for Minola that the coldness and sternness came from disappointment rather than from anger. It seemed to her that her closest friend had betrayed her.

"Is there no hope for him?" Mary asked faintly.

"I wish you would not talk in that foolish way," Minola said coldly. "It is not worthy of you. It ought to be no hope to any man that a girl who does not love him or think about him in any such way should marry him. And if a man is so silly, his sister ought to have better wishes for him. I would not degrade my brother—if I could say I had one and were fond of him—by speaking of him in such a way. I hope your brother has more sense, Mary, and more spirit, than you seem to think."

"He so loves you; he does indeed," Mary feebly pleaded.

"If he really loves me—and I hate to use the word, and I hate to hear it—I am sorry for him, Mary; and I am ashamed of him, and I feel a contempt for him, and that's all. I hate to think of men grovelling in that way, or of women either; but I do think that if

women are such idiots, they, generally at least, have the spirit to hide their folly and not to degrade themselves."

"But, Minola, a man must speak some time, you know, or how can he tell?" Mary argued, plucking up a little spirit on behalf of her misprized brother.

"Your brother might have known perfectly well. He must have known. What word did I ever say to him that could make him think I cared for him? Do you think, if a girl cares for a man, and wants him to know it, she doesn't let him see it? I believe," Minola added in her bitterness, and with a meaning known only to herself, "women have trouble enough to hide their feelings even when they don't want them to be known."

With this word she left the room abruptly, and would hear no more.

So ended poor Mary Blanchet's first attempt to plead the love-cause of her brother.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOUR WOODED?"

THE days were not pleasant for Minola or Mary which followed this disclosure. The two friends for a time did not seem as if they were the same persons; there was a cold constraint between them. Minola soon got over her anger to poor Mary, and was only angry with herself for having spoken harshly to the unhappy old maid; but she could not revive the confidence that had existed between them before. She felt that between them now was something that killed confidence. She tried to speak to her companion in tones and words if possible more kindly and friendly than ever; but the genial heart of friendship which makes mere words into sweet realities was hardly there any more.

Mary Blanchet was not very good at disguising her feelings. Even from Minola, whom she loved, and of whom she stood in some awe, she made little effort to conceal the fact that she felt herself a sufferer. The curse in the dead man's eye, which told so heavily on the Ancient Mariner, was far more bitter, doubtless, than the silent reproach in Mary's eye; but Minola was much oppressed by the latter. She felt as if she had been doing some wrong to Mary and to the cause of friendship and common sisterly womanhood; and,

like all generous natures, she was disposed, when the heat of anger and surprise was over, to throw all the blame on herself, or at least to be troubled with the fear that she must have been to blame. She began to long for a full reconciliation with Mary. She reproached herself with having brought the poetess away from her home and her friends at Keeton; as if poor Mary had any home there, or any friends there or elsewhere except Minola herself.

"I am going to see my brother," Mary Blanchet said one evening, not without a gentle reproach in her voice.

"Yes, Mary? I am glad. You will give him my regards—my very kind regards—will you not?"

"Oh, yes; certainly, if you wish it." This was followed by a little sigh, as if Mary would have said, "I don't think there is much comfort in that, if that is all."

Minola looked up and saw the melancholy little face. She was greatly touched. She thought of their long friendship, going back to the days when she was a little child, and regarded Mary as another Elizabeth Barrett. She remembered her own brother and her love for him, and her heart was pierced by the expression in Mary's face. She went to the poetess and put her arms round her neck, and the poor poetess fairly gave way and was drowned in tears.

"It's so unhappy; it's all so unhappy," sobbed Mary. "I never thought it would come to this. I can't bear to think of him so, and that he should be so wretched; I can't, indeed."

Minola waited for a while to let this grief have way; and, indeed, it must be owned that her own tears were hard enough to restrain. Then, when the passion of the poetess had a little abated, and Minola thought she could listen to reason, she began to reason gently, very gently.

"I know you blame me for this, Mary, my dear old friend, even when you try not to show it. But tell me, Mary, where am I to blame? You know I don't want to marry, and you know I ought not to marry anyone if I don't—if I don't love him, dear. I do not love your brother in that way; and it would be doing him a great wrong if I were to marry him merely because I was fond of you, you foolish, kind old Mary. *He* would only feel offended by such an idea; and quite right. I almost wish I could marry him, dear, for your sake, and for the sake of all the old times and the pleasant days we have had together, and the evenings, and the confidences—all the dear old times! But you would not ask me to do that, Mary? you would not let me do it, if I were inclined?"

Mary sobbed a doubtful assent to this proposition. It is to be

feared she felt in her own heart that she would be glad if her friend would marry her brother on any account.

"You don't know what it is to me," Mary murmured out, "to see him so unhappy."

"But, my dear, that won't last always; he will get over that. I am not so foolish, Mary dear, as to believe that there is anything in me which your brother will not find in twenty other girls."

"But that's because you don't believe he has any strong feelings at all," Mary said reproachfully. "You do him wrong, Minola. You don't mean it, I know; but you do him wrong. He has strong feelings, indeed he has. Don't you think I know?"

Minola might, perhaps, with truth have said that she had no profound reliance on Mary's power of reading character even in the case of her brother; but she did not touch that point.

"I am sure he has strong feelings, Mary; I am sure of it now. I didn't think so once, perhaps—you are quite right in that—but I am sure now that I was mistaken. I have a great regard for your brother; much too great a regard," she added, with a certain bitterness in her tone, "to believe he could waste much of his life in idle regret because a girl like me did not marry him."

"It's all very well for you, Minola," Mary said, raising her head and throwing something like downright anger into her voice; "it's all very well for you, who don't have any of these feelings. You don't care for anyone—in that way, I mean. You don't care for any man. Other people can't have such strong feelings."

Minola broke down. Why she did so, only the benign powers that understand human and especially womanly weaknesses can tell; certainly Minola never could explain. She had gone through ordeals, one might have thought, far worse than this, and kept a serene face and her secret safe. But there was something in this unjust reproach coming from the poor old friend whom she had known so long, and for whom she had persistently done so much, that quite overcame her. The words found out the very heart of her womanhood and her weakness; the place where her emotions had no steel plates of caution ready put on to protect them. Half in tears, half in hysterical laughter, she broke away from Mary.

"Oh, you unjust, silly, foolish old Mary! It's not true a word that you are saying. I am as great a fool as *he*, and as you, and as all the rest, I suppose! Don't I know what such feelings are! Oh, how I wish I didn't!"

Mary looked up in utter amazement.

"Why, Minola darling, it *can't* be——"

"But I tell you it can be and it is, Mary—and now do let me alone for the future. Oh, yes, I *am* in love—up to the roots of my hair, dear, if you like the words—I can't think of any other. There, I have made a fool of myself and humbled myself enough for one day, I think! Now go and see your brother, like a good, dear creature, and leave me to myself for a little. Don't ask me to tell you any more; if I ever do tell you any more, it shan't be now. I hate and despise myself for all this; but it's true, Mary, as true as death, or any other certain thing you like."

Then Minola turned away, and resolutely sat down to the piano and began to play. Mary knew that there was nothing more to be got out of her just then; and, indeed, she was too much overwhelmed by what she had heard to have any clear purpose of extorting more. She made her preparations to go out in silence; but the very manner in which she tied her bonnet-strings gave expression, somehow, to a sound of wonder. She went out with no other good-bye to Minola than was conveyed by a gentle pressure on her shoulder as she passed, meant to express all a world of renewed sympathy, fellowship, and devotion.

It could hardly be said that Mary had yet had breathing-time enough to allow her to begin forming any conjecture as to the person who must needs be involved in Minola's bewildering confidence. The revelation itself filled her mind for a while, to the exclusion of all other thought. But, as she was going along the street, she saw coming towards her a figure which, even with her short sight, she thought she recognised. It was that of a man taller than anyone else she knew, even than her brother, and who had stooping shoulders and a walk of lounging complacency—a walk as of one who rather fancied that all the street belonged to him. When this person came near he raised his hat and made a bow of recognition to Mary, and then the poetess saw that she was not wrong in supposing that it was Mr. St. Paul. He was evidently going in the direction of Minola's lodgings. A sudden thought flashed upon Mary Blanchet's mind.

"Can it be *he*?" she thought. "I should never have supposed such a thing. But he was very attentive to her, certainly; and of course he is a man of high family—not like poor Herbert. But I never should have thought of him."

While Mary went her melancholy and meditative way, Mr. St. Paul arrived at Minola's door, and asked to see her, adding that he came to take leave, and would not keep her long. The servants at Minola's lodgings had an immense awe and veneration for Mr. St.

Paul. When he called there once before and saw Minola, on the day of the unholy compact, Mary, having heard of the visit, could not keep down the pride of her heart, but let out the fact that he was a duke's brother. In that quiet region the brothers of dukes are rare visitors, and it was not likely that the face and form of this one could have been forgotten. Therefore, even if Minola had taken the precaution to say that she would see no one that day, it is very doubtful whether the servants would have understood this general order to apply to a duke's brother. Anyhow, it was intimated to Minola, in tones of some awe, that the gentleman who was a duke's brother wanted very particularly to see her.

Minola was not in spirits for enjoying the visits of dukes, not to say of the brothers of dukes. But she felt that she really owed some thanks to Mr. St. Paul; and she had never seen him since the night of the Keeton riot; and if he was really going away, she did not wish him to go without a word of thanks from her. It may be said, too, that, in spite of all his defects and his odd ways, Minola rather liked him. There was a sort of reckless honesty about him; and his talk was not commonplace. So she agreed to see him, not without a dread that there might still be traces of the tears which had lately been in her eyes. "What does it matter," she asked of herself in scorn of her own weaknesses, "even if he does see? I suppose he knows very well that women are always in tears about something."

"Well, Miss Grey," he said as he came in—and he seemed positively to grow taller in the gathering dusk, like the genie in the story of Bedreddin Hassan—"I haven't seen you since the night of the row at Keeton. Wasn't it capital fun? The poet ran away, I hear; they say he never stopped until he reached London." Mr. St. Paul laughed his usual good-humoured laugh, and he held, as if unconsciously, Minola's hand a moment in his own. His manner was never a love-making one, and Minola hardly noticed this slight familiarity.

"Oh, there was no truth in all that!" she said hastily and not without a half-smile. "Mr. Blanchet did nothing of the kind; although, like me, he does not like noisy crowds."

"Well, I kept my word, you see, Miss Grey. I sent your man in, in spite of them all."

"You did indeed; and I ought to feel very much obliged to you, and I do feel obliged, Mr. St. Paul; although my conscience is still sadly distressed to know if I did anything very wrong in allowing you to do anything of the kind."

"Don't you mind that; it's all right; it was a much more

honest trick than half the dodges by which elections are won, I can assure you. There are always wheels within wheels in these affairs, you know. You were in your rightful place too ; in all these things there is sure to be a petticoat at the bottom. It might as well be you as anyone else—as my sister-in-law, for instance.”

“ And you are going away, Mr. St. Paul ? ”

“ I think so ; yes. If things don’t turn out as I want them to, I shall go away again, I think. I don’t see what I want here ; I have done my duty as a brother, you know, and kept old Sheppard, my brother’s man, out of Keeton.”

“ Are you going back to America ? ”

“ In the end, yes ; I suppose so. But not just for the present. I feel inclined to take a run through Thibet. I am told by some fellows that the yak is the most extraordinary creature ; and the place hasn’t been used up. You see, Miss Grey, I have enough of money one way and another ; and I am inclined to consult my own whims now a little. Come, what are you smiling at ? ”

“ I don’t feel inclined to explain, Mr. St. Paul.”

“ I’ll do it for you—you smile because you think I never did consult any whims but my own ; is not that it ? ”

“ Yes ; if I must give an answer, that was it.”

“ Of course ; I knew it. What I meant was that I don’t intend to bother any more just now about the making of money. But I do particularly want to be allowed to consult the whims of some one besides myself.”

“ Indeed ? ”

“ You say that satirically, I know. You don’t think much of us men, it seems ; at least, you say you don’t.”

“ Do you, Mr. St. Paul ? ”

“ Do I what ? ”

“ Think much of men ? ”

“ Oh, no, by Jove ! If you come to that, I never said I did, nor women either. But we all like to believe, I suppose, that you women think us fine fellows and greatly admire us—that is, when you are young. Anyhow, I don’t mean to discuss the defects of the human race with you just now, Miss Grey. I have come for a different purpose. But won’t you sit down ? ”

She had not asked him to be seated ; and it seemed like a mild rebuke of her lack of hospitality when Mr. St. Paul now handed her a chair. But he had no such meaning. He was positively a little embarrassed, and did not well know for a moment how to get on. Even Minola noticed the fact, and made a good-natured attempt to

help him out of his difficulty, greatly amazed to find that he could have any hesitation about anything.

"You were saying that you want to consult somebody's whims, Mr. St. Paul?"

"Yes, so I was ; that's what I have come about. I should like to be allowed to consult your whims, Miss Grey."

"That's very kind; but I don't know that I have any whim just at present. When there is another election coming off somewhere, then, indeed——"

St. Paul laughed. He was holding a chair. He turned it and balanced it on two of its legs, and then leaned on the top of it with both his hands in such a way that Minola began to be afraid it would give way under his bulky pressure and send him prostrate at her feet. The odd attitude seemed, however, to give him a little more self-possession.

"Look here, Miss Grey; let's come to the point. Will you marry me?"

He now let go the chair and stood upright, looking straight at her, or rather, down upon her.

Minola felt her breath taken away. She actually started.

"That's what I am here for, Miss Grey. To come to the point at once, will you marry me?"

"To come to the point at once, Mr. St. Paul, I will not."

"Why not?" He put his hands into his pockets, and coolly waited for an answer.

"But there are so many reasons——"

"All right ; tell me some of them."

"But really I don't know where to begin."

"Well, just think it over ; I can wait. May I take a seat?"

"Oh, yes ; pray be seated."

He sat quietly near her. His manner was now once more perfectly assured, but, with all his odd roughness, perfectly respectful.

"Now we can talk the matter regularly out, like sensible people," he said.

The situation was new, to say the least of it. Minola began to be a little amused now that she had recovered from the first shock of her embarrassment ; and she saw that with such a wooer it would be far the wisest policy to talk the matter out as he had proposed. So she began to rack her brain, not for reasons against accepting the proposal, but for the reason which ought properly to come first.

"To begin with, Mr. St. Paul, I am not sure that you are in earnest in such an offer."

"Oh, if that's all, I can easily reassure you. I am confoundedly in earnest, Miss Grey! As you say, I have generally been in the habit of pleasing myself more than other people; and the truth is, that nothing on earth would please me now half so much as for you to take me as I offer myself. But I think I shouldn't make half a bad husband, after all; and honestly, do you know, I don't believe you would be sorry in the end?"

"But why do you want to marry me? why not some other woman? why not some one in your own class?"

"My class? Fiddle-de-dee! what's my class? I am a cattle grower from Texas; I am a land speculator from California. If I had been depending on what you call my class, I shouldn't have enough now to give a girl bread and cheese, to say nothing of her milliner's bill. I have plenty of money, thanks to myself. I'm the son of my own works; I'm the son of Marengo, as what's-his-name—Napoleon—said."

"But there are so many women whom you must have met and who would be suited to you so much better——"

"Look here, Miss Grey; cut that! You are the only girl I ever saw—I mean, of course, since I was a boy—that I care a red cent for. There's something about you that other girls don't have. You have no nonsense in you, not a bit! A man need not feel ashamed of caring about you or trying to please you. I saw that long ago; you are a woman to do a man some good. You are not spoiled by society, and all that rot. I suppose you never were in society—what they call society—in your life?"

"No, Mr. St. Paul; I never was. I never was in any house in London but Mr. Money's; I suppose that isn't society?"

"Well, there it is, you see. I like a girl who is not just the same pattern as every other girl. Look here! I don't say that I am madly in love with you in that sentimental way; I suppose that sort of thing does not last at my time of life with a man who has knocked about the world as I have; but I do say that you are the pleasantest woman I know, and the cleverest, and I'm sure the best; and you are the only woman I would marry."

"But I am afraid, Mr. St. Paul, that we like to be loved in that sentimental way, we foolish girls. I don't think I could be quite pleased with anything else; and I am glad you are so candid as to tell me the whole truth." Minola now thought she saw a way of getting good-humouredly out of the affair without seeming to take it too seriously.

"Not a bit of it; you are not that sort; you have too much

sense for nonsense like that. Why, just listen. I was sentimentally in love before I was quite twenty years old—I wonder, what age were you then?—and I was wild to be allowed to marry a poor girl the daughter of the fellow who taught me French. Didn't I get into a nice row at home? and the poor girl, they hunted her out of the place—my people did—as if she and her old father had been mad dogs. I dare say my people were right enough in opposing such a marriage; I dare say I should have been tired of her long ago; but if you want sentimental love and so forth, that was my time for it, and that was what it all came to."

"You are glad now you did not marry her," Minola said; "you will be glad some time that you did not marry me. I will be generous to you, Mr. St. Paul; I will not take you at your word."

"No, no! that's all nonsense; you don't understand. I only told you about that to show you how that sort of sentimental love is nothing at all. I know what I am about now; I know my own mind; it would be time for me, by Jove! Yes; I know my own mind."

"So do I; and I can't accept your offer, Mr. St. Paul."

"But you have not told me a single reason yet——"

"I don't want to marry; I had much rather remain as I am. I am not a great admirer of men in general, and I think I am more likely to be happy living as I do——"

"If you marry me," he said, "you may live in any part of the world you like, and any street you like, and any way you like."

Minola smiled. "How happily you would pass your life," she said, "living in the west centre of London with me and Mary Blanchet!"

"Well, if the wandering fit came on me, and I wanted a rush half across the world, and you did not care to come too, you might please yourself, and remain here with old Mary until I came back. I rather like old Mary; I met her a few moments ago."

"I fear it would not do, Mr. St. Paul."

"You bet it would—I mean, I am quite sure you and I could hit it off admirably, if you'll only give us the chance and let us try."

"But if we tried it, and did not hit it off, what then?"

"I know we should; I know it. And do you know, Miss Grey, I have often thought that you rather liked me—I don't mean the sentimental falling in love, and all that: you are too sensible a girl for that; and I'm not exactly the sort of fellow to make a woman feel in that way—but I often thought that you rather liked me, and liked to talk to me, and did not look at me with horror as if I were a sort of outcast, don't you know?"

Minola saw the great virtue of being frank and outspoken with this strange lover.

"You are quite right, Mr. St. Paul ; I did rather like you, and I do still. I did like to talk with you, and I did not feel any particular alarm when you were good enough to talk to me. I fancied that you liked to talk to me——"

"You couldn't well avoid thinking that," he said with a smile; "for whenever I saw you in the corner of a room I made for you at once. I liked you from the first moment I saw you. Do you remember the day I first saw you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. St. Paul ; perfectly well."

"Come, then; tell me something about it."

"It was at Mrs. Money's one day. I was there in the drawing-room, and you came in with Mr. Money. It is not so long ago that I should forget it." Minola had other memories, too, connected with the day which she did not disclose to Mr. St. Paul, but which brought a faint colour into her cheeks.

"Yes, yes ; that was the day. I had seen one of old Money's daughters—the younger one, the girl that is going to be married to that young fool Heron—and when I came into the drawing-room I thought you were the other daughter ; and I said to myself that, by Jove, Money's elder daughter was worth a dozen of the other, and that I shouldn't be half sorry if she would marry me. I hadn't spoken a word to you then. So, you see, it is not an idea taken up on the spur of the moment."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. St. Paul——"

He made a deprecating gesture. Minola went on:

"And I do feel indeed that you have paid me a compliment, and done me an honour. But will you take me at my word, and believe that indeed, indeed, I never could accept your offer? It is out of the question. Mr. St. Paul—I may speak out with you?—if I were in love with you, I would not marry you——"

"Why not?" he asked almost vehemently, as he confronted her.

"Well, because we are not the sort of people to be married ; we have such different ways, and such different friends——"

"By the way," he struck in, "that reminds me—your speaking about friends—of something I wanted to say ; I am glad I have thought of it before you made up your mind. It's this—I hear you have money, or houses, or something of that kind. Well, don't you see, if you marry me, you can give it all, whatever it is, to old Mary what's-her-name. I don't want a dollar of it ; I have plenty : so just take that into account before you decide."

"Thank you, Mr. St. Paul. I should have expected some generosity from you——"

"It isn't every fellow would do it, take my word for that."

"No, I suppose not; if I gave anyone the chance. But I don't mean to do so, Mr. St. Paul. If I wished to marry I don't really know that I should refuse your offer. I am sure you would be more generous than most men, and I do like you; but, indeed, the thing is out of the question. We have no tastes or habits in common; and you would be tired of me very soon."

"Not a bit of it; we have tastes in common. I don't know any woman who can understand a joke so well as you can; and you don't always suppose everybody is in earnest, as women generally do. Most women are so dreadfully serious—don't you know?—that I find it a trial to talk to them. You are not like that."

"No," said Minola quietly; "I don't insist on people always being in earnest; and so I shan't treat you as if you were in earnest now."

"But I am in earnest; and I tell you what, Miss Grey, you must be in earnest too. I must have a serious, deliberate answer from you. I tell you on my honour, and on my oath, if you will allow me, that you are the only girl in the world I would marry; and I must be treated like a man in earnest, and have a serious answer."

"I have given you my answer already, Mr. St. Paul. I can't say anything more."

"Then you won't have me?" he asked, taking his hat from the table on which he had laid it.

"No, Mr. St. Paul."

"And this is quite serious and for the very last time?—as the children say;" and he held out one hand towards her.

She put her hand frankly into his.

"It is quite serious and for the very very last time."

She felt a strong grip on her hand, so strong that it hurt her keenly for the moment. But she did not wince or make any attempt to draw the hand away. He released it in an instant.

"Well, I'm sorry," he said, "and that's all about it. I had hopes that I might have persuaded you, don't you know?—not that I thought a fine girl like you was likely to be in love with a fellow like me; but that I fancied you could do with me, on the whole, better than with some others. You see, I was not too self-conceited in the matter, Miss Grey. Well, that's all over, and there's an end of it. Good-bye; I dare say I shan't see you soon again. I shall be off

for another run round the world. On the whole, I don't see anything better to do just now."

He was going.

"I am sorry if I have disappointed you ; I am indeed," she said, and held out her hand to him again.

The bold blue eyes showed a gleam of a softer light in them.

"Oh, never mind about me, Miss Grey ; I shall come all right, you needn't fear. I told you, you know, that I had outlived the age when men break their hearts ; and, by Jove, a year ago I should have said I had outlived the age when I could ask any woman on earth to marry me. But I'll come all right ; and I forgive you," he added with a laugh ; "although at my time of life we don't like to make fools of ourselves before women. Good-bye. If you are in London when I come here next, I'll look you up ; and if you want anything done then in the electioneering way, I'm your man——Hullo ! here's old Mary back ; I saw her passing the window. Good morning, Miss Grey ; good morning."

He nodded in his old, familiar, easy way, and was out of the room somehow before Mary Blanchet got into it. Minola hardly saw how he got away. There was an odd moisture in her eyes and a swimming in her head which made it hard for her all at once to fall into talk with little Mary.

(To be continued.)

BASQUE AND OTHER LEGENDS.

THE Basques are an ancient people, the remnant of a race once much more widely spread. They have some strongly marked characteristics of their own ; and a singular language, which attracts by the mystery surrounding it—as the Celtic so long attracted—the speculations of the curious, and which still, most people think, awaits some Latin Zeuss to untie its knot. The traditions of such a race might be expected to have features of peculiar interest : “here,” a recent writer (Mr. Webster¹) remarks, “there is a chance of finding legends in a purer and older form than among any other European people.” If we except some legends published by Francisque Michel, almost nothing seems to have been known of Basque traditions previous to the publication in 1875-76 of M. Cerquand's *Légendes et Récits Populaires du Pays Basque*—a work which that writer is now about to supplement by another of like character. The new collection in English, from which we have just quoted, seems to us to have considerable value on several accounts, as widening the field of comparison in this kind of literature ; as showing what sort of legends are current in Biscay : and still more for what may be called its negative evidence, as indicating to a certain extent what is *not* to be found in the tradition of a people which scholars generally agree to exclude from the family of nations known as Aryan. Some of the stories also offer mythological fragments, and examples of superstitious beliefs, of greater or less value. Yet, after saying so much, one must add that the tales hardly possess the interest and novelty that might have been expected from such a source. Instead of new traditions differing widely from those of the rest of Europe, the great proportion turn out to be very familiar stories, appearing in one form or other in all the well-known European collections. Some, we shall presently see, are borrowed from the French, and even from the fanciful later *Contes des Fées*, in which old simple legends appear in masquerade. Others, as in the section of Mr. Webster's book headed the *Heren-Suge*, or seven-headed serpent, do wear some native features, but vague and ill-

¹ *Basque Legends*. Collected, chiefly in the Labourd, by the Rev. W. Webster. London, 1877.

defined. Lastly, the stories, as stories, lose much (though of course the bulk of the work is conveniently reduced) by being mostly presented in an extremely syncopated form. They are often mere pale outlines of popular tales, while the best of them is a great drop from such narratives as, say, Croker's *Legend of Bottle Hill*, or some of the Norse tales translated by Dr. Dasent.

We may pass on to say a word or two on a few of the more interesting of the legends themselves. The antiquity and the curious migrations of popular tales are illustrated here, as in all similar collections. One finds stories about destiny which have all but certainly travelled to Biscay from the banks of the Ganges or Indus; "Juan Dekos" is, if we adopt the editor's ingenious conjecture, a Basque transformation of Jean d'Ecosse, a tale which he considers to have travelled to Biscay from these Islands, by way of France; in another place occurs the ancient Cinderella story, told by Strabo of Queen Rhodopis of Egypt. The Basque version bears about it many tokens of its French origin, especially in the heroine's names, *Ass's-skin* and *Braf-le-mandoufle*. The former is of course a translation of *Peau-d'Ane*, which seems to designate one and the same personage with *Cendrillon*; and "*Braf-le-mandoufle*" is explained to mean "*Beaten-with-the-slipper*," the last part of the compound being corrupted from *Pantoufle*. Charles Perrault's "*pantoufle de verre*" is by some supposed to be itself a corruption of "*pantoufle de vair*"—so that the slipper would not be glass at all, but *vair* or squirrel fur, once much worn, but now familiar chiefly as an heraldic charge. However this may be, popular tradition does, no doubt, often strangely alter names, especially proper names, and confound distinct personages and incidents. For example, *Gregorius on the Rock*, whose history was a favourite mediæval tale, becomes the "*Crivoliu*" of the 85th of the Signora Laura Gonzenbach's *Sicilian Legends*; and the honest Romans of the Borgo or Trastevere talk of Bernini's elephant in the Piazza della Minerva, which they confound with the Wolf of the Capitol, as "*the porco that nursed the two little emperors*."¹ The same people, who yet retain a veneration for the Latin language, and in many cases would seem to suppose themselves to understand it, say about some very obscure matter, "*It is more difficult than the*

¹ The saying, however, perhaps indicates the existence of a double legend of the foundation of Rome, a swine playing in one account the part of the wolf in the other. A boar or swine figures in the legendary accounts of the foundation of more cities than one—as in the story of the origin of Virunum, in Noricum, given by Suidas. See an article of unusual value and interest on *Bell's Sonnets in the Roman Dialect* in the *Fortnightly Review* for 1874.

head of David with the Sibyl." Here the allusion is to the opening verse of the *Dies Iræ*. That remarkable hymn begins,

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say —

as Roscommon translated it. But *teste* (a witness) seems to the Trasteverini to be plainly one word with *testa*, and hence their not unnatural bewilderment at this reference to the Psalmist's head. We may add one other noteworthy instance in which, as in the Basque Cinderella tale, we may clearly trace the history of tradition by the internal evidence it presents. Most people have heard of that famous Teutonic joker, Eulenspiegel, Tyll Howleglass, whose once nimble bones, as Mr. Carlyle called them, are said to have lain at rest in Möllen churchyard, near Lubeck, since the year 1350. One would hardly expect to find Tyll turning up in Ireland; yet the present writer has found pretty clear traces of him in the traditions of the county of Limerick, where he figures as one Ulas, whose Confession—like that of his prototype—is yet a favourite tale; and forty years ago Mr. Thoms pointed out that the same waggish knave was the original of the *Old Espeel* of other traditions current in the same neighbourhood. The explanation is however not far to seek; for these tales circulate in a part of Ireland where a number of German settlers from the Palatinate were imported, who, as commonly happens in such cases, brought their native traditions with them. According to one of the tales of these "Palatines" given by Mr. Thoms, there was once a man who was married to a woman whom he suspected of being a witch. Determined to satisfy his mind on the point, he began counting all his money before her, and in answer to her enquiry as to what he meant to do with so much money, he said that he had long wished to turn sorcerer, and was about to pay old Nanny Brethow to teach him. His spouse replied that he might save his purse, since *she* could instruct him as well as old Nanny. At midnight she bade him follow her into the garden. They stood opposite to each other, his left leg touching hers, and the wife, who had the pitchfork in her left hand, held it aloft and said, "I deny all things holy, and what is before me I strike." With these words she struck the fork into the ground. She then handed it to her husband, and bade him do just what she had done. "Am I to say the same words?" he asked. "Yes, the very same."

He held up the fork, and exclaiming, "I acknowledge all things holy, and what is before me I strike," he stuck the fork into her head, and killed her.¹ Now, this very tale is told in the Odenwald of Hesse yet. It was, however, to the midden that the witch brought her husband, and she said,

"Here stand I this midden on,
And Jesus Christ I do disown"——

"And I strike dead the Devil's own"

said he, striking her down at the impious words,² never to rise again.

We need not dwell on such Basque tales as "The Serpent in the Wood," which is but a truncated version of the Agenaise *Peau-d'Ane*, as given by M. Bladé in his *Contes Populaires recueillis en Agenais*, published two years ago; or "Errua the Madman," which appears in Grimm (The Giant and the Brave Little Tailor) and in many a collection beside. So in the story of "The Tartaro and Petit Perroquet" we have the giant crying out, "My son smells the smell of a Christian a league off," as in the familiar English nursery story. The incident is also found in Irish, Russian, and Saxon popular tales. "Ich rieche Menschenfleisch!" the Devil cries out, in one of the Austrian *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, published at Vienna in 1864 by Vernaleken, who notes that there was an ancient pagan belief as to the smell of human flesh. The name Petit Perroquet, and the Petit Yorge (George) of a legend immediately following, sufficiently mark the French origin of these two stories. In "Acheria the Fox," Reynard promises to tell a Biscayan ferryman three truths if he will ferry him over the river. The man agrees, and the fox solemnly says, "People say that maize bread is as good as wheaten bread. That is a falsehood. Wheaten bread is better. That is one truth." The second truth was that the day is clearer than the night; though on a bright night people will say, It is just as clear as the day. He told the third truth as the boat was nearing the bank. The ferryman's trowsers, the fox said, were bad, but they would get worse unless he got more from others than *he* intended to give him. So saying, he sprang ashore. It is probable that Oriental beards have been set a-wagging by this apologue also. It occurs in the Greek spiritual romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, written by Saint John Damascenus

¹ *Lays and Legends of Various Nations: Ireland.* By William J. Thoms. London, 1834.

² "Ich stehe hier auf diesem Mist,
Und verläugne unsern Herrn Jesus Christ."
—"Und ich schlag' todt was des Teufels ist."

—*Hessische Sagen.* By J. W. Wolf. Göttingen and Leipzig, 1853, No. 105.
VOL. CCXLI. NO. 1761.

in the eighth century, and appears in many well-known European collections of later date. It is usually however a nightingale, or some other bird, which bargains to impart the secrets as the price of its release. Lydgate gives an English version of the tale, under the title of *The Chorle and the Byrd*.

Mr. Webster has six tales about the Basa-Jaun, the Basa-Andre, and the Lamiñak, three kinds of beings who often figure in Basque stories, but about whom the information is scanty and vague. The first is "a kind of satyr, or faun, a wood-sprite," and the Basa-Andre is a Wood-Woman. There is a valuable study of the kindred Forest-Spirits of the North-European peoples in two recent German volumes,¹ and by the light afforded by them we may safely recognise in the Basa-Jaun one of the Tree-Men or Wild-Men of various old mythologies. The Basa-Andre is his wife; and in lonely mountain districts she is occasionally seen by the wondering countryman combing out her hair with a comb of gold. She would thus appear to be sometimes confounded with the Mermaid, and, in point of fact, there are legends of the sea-women of other countries in which those beings play a part in some cases taken by the women of the forest. Such are the stories where the Mermaid appears as revealing some medicinal secret to men. The Meddygon Myddvai, renowned in Welsh popular tradition, learned their leechcraft of their mermaid mother; and the Scottish Mermaid told a cure for consumption in the words,

Wad they but drink nettles in March
And muggins² in May,
Sae mony braw maidens
Wadna gang till clay.

Now, in many German legends it is the Tree-Woman who freely communicates, or is ensnared into telling, the remedy against some disease. Once in time of pestilence the *Holzfräulein* came out of the forest and said,

Esst Bimellen und Baldrian,
So geht euch die Pest nicht an.
Valerian eat and burnet-root;
So shall the sickness reach you not.

The Tree-Dwarf in the Grisons however was of a less communicative nature. When the plague was raging there, and sweeping off the population in great numbers, it was noted that no Tree-Women or Tree-Mannikins died, and the country people came to the conclusion that the Wild-People must know a remedy. This a man resolved to

¹ *Ancient Forest and Field Worships illustrated from North-European Traditions.* By Wilhelm Mannhardt. Berlin, 1875-77.

² Mugwort, *Artemisia vulgaris*.

learn by a trick from a Tree-Dwarf whom he well knew to daily repair to a certain hollow stone, displaying his hairy ugliness in the sunshine. Filling the hollow with good Valtellina wine, the countryman drew to a distance and hid himself. He had not waited long when he saw the little Wild Man come up to the favourite spot. He showed the greatest tokens of astonishment when he found the stone filled with a strange sparkling stuff; looked at it long with his head on one side, and finally raised his fore finger and cried, "No, you overreach not me!" (*Nein, du überkommst mich nicht*). For all that, he bent his pug nose over the wine, and at last tasted it. The end of it was that he drained all the liquor in the hollow of the stone, and gradually got mellow and talkative. When he began to chatter, out came the countryman from his hiding-place, and asked what was good against the plague. "I know it well," the Mannikin said, "Boar-wort¹ and Pimpernel; but," he added knowingly, "I'm not going to tell it you." People after this began to use the boar-wort and the burnet, and nobody else died of the pestilence. It is easier to understand why the Tree-People should have the knowledge of the virtues of plant and tree than why such knowledge should be attributed to the Mermaid.

The Basque *Lamiñak* are connected by Mr. Webster, and by some of his reviewers, with the "Fairies." But the latter vague euphuism, which would seem to have primarily been used for the Spirits of the Dead, covers various kinds of spiritual beings in modern popular belief—water-spirits, forest-spirits, fire-demons, and many more. To ourselves it seems probable that the *Lamiñak*, whose dwellings are subterranean, and who appear of diminutive size, and as the possessors of hidden treasure, answer to the German earth-dwarfs and the Irish *Lugchorpáin*, now *Lupracháin*, literally "Little-bodies."

The Biscayan story of "The Pretty but Idle Girl," which turns on the heroine's remembering a witch's name, is a distorted version of Grimm's "Rumpelstilzchen" and Chambers's Whuppity Stoorie:—

Little kens my dame at hame
That Whuppity Stoorie is my name.

The present writer has heard the same tale, or part of it, in Donegal, where a woman spinning within a rock is overheard crooning to herself, "The woman of the house little knows that my name's Triúpaigh-Traipigh." There is a tradition more ancient in form of King Olaf of Norway and the Giant, where the latter personage replaces the witch of the other stories. He had built a wonderful church for Olaf, but the condition was that he should have for payment the sun and

¹ Either southernwood or carline thistle.

moon, or the King himself; and the monarch, as the time drew near for the completion of the contract, was greatly troubled in mind. Wandering disconsolate over hill and dale, he suddenly heard a child crying within a hill, and a giantess soothing it with the words, Hush! Hush! To-morrow WIND-AND-WEATHER, your father, will come home, and bring with him the sun and the moon, or St. Olaf himself. "Delighted with this discovery (for with the name of the evil spirit one can destroy his power), Olaf turned and went home. The work was finished, even to the point of the spire. Then said Olaf, 'Wind-and-Weather! you have set the spire awry.' At the word, down fell the giant with a horrible crash from the roof-ridge of the church, and broke into a great many pieces, and every piece a flint stone."¹ Here the name of the giant plainly shows his elemental character; and Whup-pity Stoorie, too, may have been originally but a personification of wind and storm, for Chambers sagaciously conjectured that the name is connected with "the notion that fairies were always in the whirls of dust [stoor] occasioned by the wind on roads and in streets."²

These are but two out of many instances in which evidence of the original mythological basis of popular tales survives in the names which occur in them. A Tyrolese farmer was once coming home from Imster market over the Pillerberg. He had got into the Bannwald, when, as he plodded along, the yoke of the oxen which he had sold hanging over his shoulder, he heard on a sudden some loud, strange voice from the midst of the forest crying out, "Yoke-carrier, Yoke-carrier, say to Stumpycat that Highbark is dead!" Then all was still again. Greatly alarmed, the man hurried on, and on at length reaching his own house he told his strange adventure to his wife and the servant maid who sat opposite. When he got to the words, "Sag der Stutzkatze die Hochrinde sei todt," up leaped the maid, screaming "My mother! My mother!" and rushed out into the forest. She was not seen after; but the news soon spread that Stutzkatze had now taken up her abode in the Bannwald, and was sedulously following the business of her late mother, stealing children and devouring them. This is a typical example of a numerous class of legends in most of which the *dramatis personæ* are cats:—

Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!
Tell Madam Momfort
That Mally Dixon's dead

is the message in a well-known English nursery tale. There seems

¹ Cited by Kelly from Grimm. *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore* (London, 1863), pp. 26-28.

² *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (edition of 1870), p. 74, note.

to be little doubt that Mannhardt's interpretation of these stories—which is mainly based on the character of the names in them—is correct; and that, in many cases at least, they originally related to Tree-spirits. Alpenburg, who gives the Tyrolese tale narrated above, has another, which, if authentic, goes far to establish this conclusion. Two men, whose business led them through the skirts of the ancient haunted forest of Urgenthal, *wherein some trees had lately been felled*, heard from a thicket an imperious voice, "Tell Stumpyfir that Roughbark is felled and dead." They told what they heard to a certain farmer, who, as it happened, had once found in the wood a little female child, its body all covered from head to foot with hair, had brought it home, and had afterwards made of the young Wood-Woman a servant, the best in the forest. This girl heard in the next room the words of the two men, fell at once to loudly lamenting, rushed out into the wild, and never was seen again.

There is a Basque story in which a poor fellow accepts wealth on condition of his telling the age of the Devil by a certain day. By his wife's advice the man crawls first into a barrel of honey and then into a barrel of feathers, and when the Devil appears he goes round him on all fours. The astonished demon cries that he is now such and such an age, but he never saw a beast like this before. There is a well-known Irish story related to this, where, however, a wizened changeling in the place of a cottager's healthy child is astonished by the brewing of beer from eggshells:—

Though I am as old as the oldest tree,
A brewery of eggshells I never before did see.

When Wuotan's Wild Host, also, leaves one of the hounds behind, an unwelcome guest in some German cottage, it can only be got rid of by the same brew. It watches it intently, and muttering at last,

Though now I am as old as the old Bohemian wold,
Yet the like of this, I ween, in my life I ne'er have seen,

it shuffles out of the door. Mr. Webster's book includes another tale, "The Witches at the Sabbat," in part of which may be made out the old story of the Two Hunchbacks, one of whom obliges the Good People, and is by them cured of his deformity, while the other, having the ill-luck to offend them, gets his friend's hump in addition to his own. The legend occurs in many parts of Western Europe,¹ and, what is stranger, it may be recognised in one of Mr. Mitford's

¹ A Picard version is to be found in *Mélusine* (an excellent new French periodical devoted to folk-lore) for March 5.

"Tales of Old Japan," where, however, wens take the place of the humps. "Laur-Cantons" is a Basque variation of the old tale, the basis of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, and occurring also in the Decameron, of a husband who loses a foolish wager, and turns away his wife through an adroit knave getting possession of her trinkets, and producing them as evidence of her infidelity. "The Duped Priest," again, where a priest is tricked into believing in a flock of sheep beneath the water, and finally shoved in to seek them, is a fragmentary version of another old and favourite story, which in a Latin metrical dress, and under the name of Unibos, appears in Germany in the eleventh or twelfth century, and occurs in Ireland in two forms, one of which, "Little Fairly," is given by Lover. The last section of these Basque legends contains the "Religious Tales." One of the more remarkable is "The Saintly Orphan Girl," an example of a singular class of narratives which apparently have for their purpose to reconcile the inevitable fulfilment of destiny with the mercy of God.

Several legends have a plainly mythological basis, and this the editor attempts in some places to interpret. Such an investigation is in general really a difficult matter, needing much more caution and patience than the interpretation of myths like that of Hermes, say, or Achilles, or Hestia, which we have in a form between two and three thousand years old. To have a chance of being successful, the inquiry needs to be conducted from several starting-points, and especially by the aid of extended comparison, and of philology. The method of Mr. Webster, who does not avail himself of these instruments, may be illustrated from a passage where, speaking of the incident of a bride and bridegroom dressing each other, as they are said to do in one of the tales, he asks, "Could anything tell more quaintly of the marriage of the sun and dawn?—the sun decking the morning clouds with his light and beauty, and they again robing him in their soft and tender colouring." So he has no hesitation in seeing a solar allegory (for he does not agree in the view of M. Bréal that a myth is an explanation) in the Tartaro, "a huge one-eyed giant, occasionally a cannibal," who constitutes one of the distinctive features of Basque tradition. "The Cyclops myth," he says, "is an occidental and not an oriental one, and is more strictly localised than almost any other. This may be accounted for by saying that the sun's great fiery eye is rather that of the setting than of the rising sun; that the red-hot stake is the ruddy mountain peak, or the tall fir trunk, seen against the western horizon, and illumined by his descending rays." And he goes on to remark that Sicily, "the most

easterly habitation of the Basques within historic times," is also the abode of the Cyclops of Theocritus and Ovid; and to suggest that the Italic races in Magna Græcia and Sicily may have borrowed from the Basques their special form of this legend. Now the reader is tempted to exclaim—as Henri Quatre did of King Agesilaus of Sparta—that he has heard of this sun-eye before. Wilhelm Grimm was the first, we believe, to so understand the blazing orb in the Cyclops' forehead, and to see in these giants a whole nation of suns. But great progress has been made in the interpretation of myths since Grimm's *Sage von Polyphem* was written, and the more recent learned and laborious German scholar already referred to above shows weighty reason for distrusting this explanation of the myth in question. Mannhardt's view is that the *Kyklōps* was primarily a being of the whirlwind and the thunderstorm (the names of the three Cyclopes in Hesiod—*Brontes*, *Steropes*, and *Arges*—connect them with electrical phenomena);¹ that this personification is close akin to that of the whirlwind in some myths and legends as a *Fiery Wheel*; and that light is thrown on the Greek myth by the modern German belief, reported by Schönwerth from the Upper Palatinate, that if a man casts a knife into the whirlwind he may *cut out the eye* of the demon who sits within it, and stop the storm. As the Hellenic *Kyklōps* came to be connected with the fire-god *Hephaistos*, the flaming forehead-eye appears in ordinary European tradition as a characteristic of fire-demons; and we get an obvious reason for the association of a race of giant fire-smiths with Sicily—Dante's Island of Fire, *l'Isola del Fuoco*. Curiously enough, the legend of the Cyclops was found a few years ago by Dr. Pitre, surviving in Sicily yet. For the name "*Tartaro*," applied to the one-eyed giant in Biscay, Mr. Webster follows M. Cerquand in suggesting an etymology from the French *Tartare*, *Tartar*. If we ourselves were allowed what schoolboys call a "*shot*," we should say that *Tartar* is a Romance form of *Tartarus*, as *Orco* (*Ogre*) is a Romance form of *Orcus*; and that both names simply associate the fire-giants with the fiery infernum. It is just possible (though there is another explanation) that the mountain in which the *Tartaro* dwells was originally a *volcano*—a name, by the way, coming from an Italian fire-god—and his ravenous appetite has probably an elemental significance also. "*Brigit of the great appetite*" is the title of an Irish fire goddess in an ancient satirical tale.

Though Mr. Webster fails, as it seems to us, to rightly interpret what fragments of mythology survive in these stories, we cannot help

¹ From *βροντή*, thunder; *στρεπτή*, lightning; *ἀργής*, flashing brightly.

thinking that an interpretation might be ventured on in certain cases without much risk of error. In the story, for example, called "Malbrouk," its hero steals a Cow with Golden Horns from the care of a malevolent guardian of the giant or monster type. Now, apart from the frequent personification of the horned moon as a cow, as in the story of Io, a clue does seem to be given to the original significance of the theft in the Basque tale by its subsequent episode where the same young thief steals "a moon which lighted for seven leagues round." Conjecture, then, would not, we think, go very wide of the mark if it made the Thief in this instance that ancient cow-stealer Hermes, the Cow the moon, its guardian or owner the counterpart of the giant Argos, and a wonderful Violin, which also figures in the tale, the same element as its master, the personified Wind. The Greek Wind-God was, the reader may remember, the inventor of the lyre. Mr. Webster himself notes the resemblance of Malbrouk to Hermes. The theft of the cow with the golden horns by "a certain avaricious knave called Mercury, whose skill in music was surpassing," forms the subject of one of the histories of the *Gesta Romanorum*.

One is tempted to recognise some faint traces of an ancient moon-cultus in Biscay. At least, Strabo (lib. iii.) records that the Celtiberians and neighbouring tribes were said to sacrifice at night to a nameless god at every full moon, before their doors, each household giving up the night to dancing and festival. The name for God, again, in Basque, *Jaungoicoa*—concerning which there is just now a ferly stour among Basque scholars—has been thought to mean "the Lord-Moon" or "Lord of the Moon,"¹ though this seems to be as doubtful as the theory that the same word, and not the name of Saint Gengulphus, has enriched the English vocabulary with another oath. On ancient coins of the locality a horse is figured, and Mr. Webster is, perhaps, quite right in connecting this animal with the White Mare which appears in some of his stories. Now it is at least a suggestion worth considering, whether the White Mare is not one and the same mythological being with the White Cow mentioned above. In one place the Mare brings a saucepanful of water which possesses the quality of making the hero's head and hands *shine* after being washed in it. It deserves remark that a recent French work on Mythology in Art includes a representation, from a coin or medal, of Diana Lucifera seated on a galloping horse and carrying a torch.²

¹ See the letters of Prince Bonaparte and M. Vinson in the *Academy* for February and March 1877.

² *La Mythologie dans l'Art Ancien et Moderne*. Par René Ménard. Paris, 1877, p. 300.

There are many other suggestive matters in Mr. Webster's book. We find references in all appearance to forgotten customs, such as indignities offered to the corpse of an insolvent debtor; or cutting a strip of skin off a man's back as a penalty for the non-fulfilment of a contract; or riding at a diamond ring hung from a bell as a test of horsemanship. In one story a thoroughly Oriental feature occurs, where a ship captain, meeting a large serpent, refrains from hurting it, saying, "God has given thy life to thee; live, then" (p. 100). The editor's remarks, too, on the characteristics of the *contes dévots*, and their suitability for the simple people among whom they circulate, would be very worthy of quotation. But all these points we must pass by, and devote the remaining space to a brief notice of three out of many examples of Biscayan superstition.

(I.) The Talking Spittle. In the tale of "The Lady Pigeon and Her Comb" its heroine spits before the door of her room, bidding the spittle answer for her in her absence. Now, in Ireland at least, a child is often described as the very *spit* of his father; the magpie is said to have been born of the Devil's spittle; boys in the north of England spit their saul (soul), as they say, by way of solemn asseveration;¹ and spitting is an approved charm against the Evil Eye, and ill-luck of all kinds.² It is not hard, it seems to us, to discern the notion of a *vis generativa* running through all these beliefs, and in such an association is perhaps to be sought the key to the anti-fascination powers of spitting. For other practices intended to protect from malignant influences point in the same direction. It would seem that a squinting or hunchbacked person, or a madman, was assumed to be in some way under the influence of evil spirits; that a white or piebald horse, as well as the pied magpie—the Devil's bird—was also associated with such spirits, and that they were supposed to be about ladders, and to be present when one sneezed. The popular mind may regard the spiritual presence in different ways. Commonly its assumed purpose is viewed as malignant, and to avert the threatened harm people in some parts of England spit when they pass under a ladder, or see a single magpie, or meet a squinting man,

¹ According to the Abbé L. Boniface, as cited in *Mémoires* for May 5, boys have the same custom in the Département du Nord.

² It was so in the time of Persius:—

Ecce avia aut metuens Divum matertera cunis
Exemit puerum, frontemque atque uda labella
Infami digito et lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita. (Sat. II.)

Old women in Ireland yet spit on a new-born infant, and say in Irish, "God preserve you, my child."

as did the Greek when he met a madman or epileptic—one, that is, assumed to be possessed by a spirit. In France, when you meet a hunchback, you must pass him so as to have him on your right (a form of the belief in the virtue of turning sun-wise, *deisiol*, so common in Celtic countries, which appears in a Chinese Life of Buddha, derived at a very ancient date from Indian sources), turn softly round, and, unknown to him, touch his hump. Should you meet *three bossus*, it is as well to know, there will surely be rain before night. In the same country, and also in central England, you must spit when you meet a piebald horse, and keep silence "until you meet a white one." But there is another safeguard beside the unpleasant one in question, and its character is pretty well indicated in the line of Persius (naming together both the *infamis digitus* and the *saliva lustralis*) which we have italicized on the previous page. The Roscommon countryman, according to Sir William Wilde, places his thumb and fingers in a peculiar position when he passes the *lios* (ancient earthen fort) or other well-known haunt of the Good People. King Francis I. of Naples, Mr. Tylor somewhere notes, had the habit of putting his hand in his pocket for a like purpose when his eye encountered some sinister gaze in the crowd of his subjects. And in France, instead of spitting when going under a ladder, you must lay hold with one hand on the index finger of the other. But there are usages which suggest the existence of a belief that the spiritual presence may be the occasion, not of harm, but of good to the person concerned. Sneezing was undoubtedly viewed as an indication of such presence, and the modern Zulu says when he sneezes, "Spirits of our people, give me cattle."¹ So in Ireland the ancestral spirits are not forgotten in the saying used when taking snuff, "God's blessing with your soul, and the souls of the seven generations (seacht sinní) that left you; your father, and your mother, and with your own soul in the last day." It is for the sake of such prayers that many pious people there keep a snuff-box; and is it in part for the same reason that snuff was originally provided at wakes? As the Kafir, in the saying quoted above, seems to recognise in a sneeze the occasion of obtaining a benefit from his Spirits, so in Northamptonshire and elsewhere the saying about sneezing is, "Once, a wish; twice, a kiss; three times, a journey to go;" and French people have a corresponding superstition, save that there the third sneeze indicates a letter. In Italy people cry to a married woman sneezing, "*Figlio máschio*."² In France, again, one has this significant privilege of

¹ Callaway, *Religious System of the Amazulu*. Part I., p. 64.

² Mr. R. G. Haliburton in *Temple Bar* for 1875, p. 346.

wishing in many of the cases referred to above, when passing under a ladder, or meeting a hunchback, or a piebald horse. In England you must wish when you meet the piebald, and few rustic mothers do not share the belief, recorded by Archbishop Whately in his "Miscellaneous Remains," that the rider of such a beast can, by virtue of it, prescribe a cure for the whooping-cough. To what has been said above of beliefs associated with the notion of the presence of spirits we must add two other remarkable Irish "survivals"—if we may employ that modern counterpart of the Latin *superstitio*. In the county of Limerick, when one has an extraordinary run of luck at cards, people will say to him, "*Your own people are near you.*" Modern savages make the closest connexion between a man's name, or even a portrait of him, and his spirit. In Ireland it would seem that the ancestral spirits of an absent person were conceived to affect, by some secret influence, the conversation of a company where his name is pronounced, for in Galway, when people are talking about some absent person, and he unexpectedly arrives, instead of the Roman "*Lupus in fabula*," or the French "Speak of the wolf and you see his tail," or the German, "Paint the devil on the wall and he straightway appears," or the English, "Speak of the devil," &c., people say, *Is duine uasal gan bréag é*, "He's a gentleman, without a lie." Now a gentleman is "a man that has a grandfather," one, that is, who has ancestral spirits.¹

(II.) The Basques have a belief in a certain diabolical Toad sitting by the church porch, which, according to Mr. Webster, appears in De l'Ancre. This may very well be, though the folio of "le terrible conseiller," as Michel calls him, lies open before us, entitled "A View of the Inconstancy of Bad Angels and Demons, wherein is fully treated of Sorcerers and Sorcery, by Pierre de Lancre, Councillor to the King at the Parliament of Bordeaux. At Paris, with Nicholas Buon, Street of Saint Jacques, at the sign of Saint Claude and the Wild Man. MDCXIII. With Privilege of the King"; and we have gone through it without finding an explicit reference. The notion is, however, to be found existing in later times and nearer home. Would you know an unfailing way of becoming a witch? "Let a man," says the late Mr. Hawker, in his "Footprints of Former Men in Far

¹ The instances of living English, Irish, and French superstition given in this paper have been derived almost without exception (where no authority is named) from oral sources.

The ancestral spirits would seem to be assumed to be also present when people yawn. If two people chance to yawn at the same time, they are related (county of Cork, also Limerick).

Cornwall" (Lond. 1870), "go to the chancel to sacrament, and let him hide and bring away the bread from the hands of the priest; then, next midnight let him take it and carry it round the church, widdershins, that is, from south to north, crossing by east three times: the third time there will meet him a big, ugly, venomous toad, gaping and gasping," it will receive the bread, breathe thrice "upon the man, and he will be made a strong witch for evermore."

(III.) In the Pays Basque, according to one of the stories, the Devil makes his chalice of the parings of nails cut on Sunday. In Northamptonshire a child is still told that if he cut his nails on a Sunday he will have ill luck or he will thief something before the week is out.

There are superstitions which analogy would warrant us in looking for among the Biscayans which do not occur in these legends. Of the Furious Host, for example, there does not appear to be a trace in them. Yet no belief is more widely spread in Europe—in Germany the Wüthendes Heer, in France the Mesnie Furieuse, in England Arthur's Chase, in Ireland the Slúagh Sídh (the Host of the Immortal Spirits, the Dead), in mediæval Spain the Huesta Antigua, in modern Greece the chase led by Charon—and the superstition, we may suspect, would not be found to be wholly absent in Biscay.

These discursive notes on popular lore generally, and more particularly on popular tales, may be appropriately brought to a close by a reference to the curious variations of the endings employed by the story-tellers of different countries. The Basque narrators of Mr. Webster's stories generally dismiss their *dramatis personæ* with the words: "And if they lived well, they died well also." The artless Sicilian narratives of Pitрэ conclude with the words:

Idda arristau filici e cuntenti,
E ccà nuàtri senza nenti.

"She (or they) remains happy and contented, and here are we without anything"; or, "here are we picking our teeth"; or,

Favola scritta, favola ditta,
Diciti la vostra, ca la mia è ditta:

"Story written, story told; tell me yours, for mine is told." The present writer, when a boy, often heard children in York end a tale with the words:

I went into the garden, and found a brass farden;
The farden was bended, and my story's ended.

In Ireland the legends related by the turf fire with so jovial an

abandon end variously. Often the narrator, telling of the union of the Bear of Orange and his faithful wife at last, and how they lived happy ever after, adds emphatically: "But if they didn't, *that we may*." Written Irish stories sometimes end with *Críoch agus Ámén* (the End and Amen). In Northamptonshire the speaker will turn abruptly on one of the auditory and cry: "You killed Chapman's cow." "Yes, I know *yew* did it," is the knowing reply. In Ireland, also, the Connaught story-teller, after winding the narrative up to a point of thrilling interest, suddenly turns on some open-mouthed crone, and giving her a rap on the shoulder, cries out, "You're hit! Máire! you're hit!" The poor old cailleach jumps from her stool as if shot, and there is great laughter in the company. The "Popular Tales" before referred to, "collected in the Agenais" by M. Jean-François Bladé (Paris, 1874), some of which, such as *L'Ome a las Dens Roujos* (the Man with the Red Teeth) and *Pel-d'Ase* (Peau-d'Ane), are among the very best examples of genuine popular tradition, generally end with the following precious *niaiserie*:

E cric, cric,
Moun counte es finit;
E cric, crac,
Moun counte es acabat.
Passi per moun prat,
Ambe uno cuillèro de fabos que m'an dounat.

And cric, cric,
My tale is ended;
And cric, crac,
My tale is done;
And here fare I through my meadow,
All with a present of beans on a spoon.

DAVID FITZGERALD.

A VISIT TO THE CHIEF SECOCÆNI.

TOWARDS the end of March, I had occasion to visit the Basutu chief Secocœni, in his native stronghold beyond the Loolu Berg, a range to the north-east of Pretoria, about 250 miles away ; and as this journey was typical of travelling in the wilds of South Africa, an account of it may prove interesting.

It is perhaps necessary to explain, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with South African politics, that Secocœni is the chieftain who has been at war with the late Transvaal Republic, and who drove back its forces, capturing some 7000 head of cattle. It is from this raid that the present state of affairs has arisen ; so that this obscure chief, with his 7000 warriors, has materially affected the future destinies of South Africa. Negotiations of peace had been set on foot, and it was in connection with these delicate matters that the journey came to be undertaken.

"Going to Secocœni at this time of year ! Ah !" said one gentleman. "Well, look here. I sent five natives through that country in this same month (March) last year ; out of those five, three died of the fever, and the other two just got through with their lives. I only tell you, you know, so that you may take precautions. This is a bad fever year." However, fever or no fever, we had to go. As it was necessary to travel rapidly, we could only take four riding horses, three for ourselves and the fourth for a Zulu named "Lankiboy," who also led a pack-horse, and carried an enormous "knob-kerry" or shillelagh stuck in his button-hole, as though it were a wedding bouquet.

Behind our saddles were fastened our saddle-bags, containing a change of clothing, and in front we strapped a rug and a mackintosh. Our commissariat consisted of four tins of potted ham, and our medicine chest of six dozen bottles of quinine, some Cockle's pills, and a roll of sticking plaster, which, with a revolver and hunting knife or two, completed our equipment.

We knew little save that our destination lay due east, so due east

we steered. After riding for about twenty miles, and crossing the Mahaliesburg range, stretching away north for hundreds of miles, we came to a Boer's house, where we off-saddled to feed our horses. It must be understood that the Boers were the one certain difficulty, and one of the possible dangers, to be encountered on our road, for at no time are they a pleasant people to deal with, and just now they are remarkably unpleasant towards Englishmen.

For instance, at this first house, we managed to get some forage for our horses, before our scowling host found out who we were, but not a bit could we get to eat. "Have you no bread, myn Heer?" "We have no bread to spare." "Have you any eggs?" "We have no eggs." "Can you let us have some milk?" "Susan, have you got any milk to give these carles (fellows)?" Finally, we succeeded in buying three cups of milk for a shilling, "as a favour," and that is all we got from sunrise to sunset.

Riding, on empty stomachs, for another sixty miles over the plains, we came to a Boer's house where we had to sleep. Just before we reached the door I noticed what I have often seen since, a lot of graves in a row, with heaps of stones piled over them. It appears that these people do not care about being buried in consecrated ground, their only anxiety being to be put in a coffin, and they are generally laid to rest just in front of their doors. There is neither railing nor headstone, and no trees or flowers, those green emblematic garments with which civilised people clothe the bareness of their dead; and I remember once seeing several graves within two or three yards of the public road, so that in a year or so the waggons will be rumbling over the heads of those who lie beneath.

When you ride up to a Boer's house, the etiquette is to wait until some member of the family asks you to off-saddle, and then you must go in and shake hands with everyone, a most disagreeable custom. None of the women—who are about as ugly a lot as the world can produce, being all of an exaggerated Dutch build, and very heavy and fat—rise to meet one, they just hold out their hands. This house was a fair specimen of the sort of habitation indulged in by the higher class of Boer. The main room was about 18 feet square, with that kind of door which allows the upper half to open whilst the lower remains shut, such as is used in stables in England. The flooring is made of cow-dung, into which peach stones are trodden at the threshold, in order to prevent its wearing away. The furniture consists of a deal table and some chairs, rather neatly made of strips of hide fastened to a wooden frame. There is no ceiling, but only beams, to which are fastened strips of

"billtong," or game's flesh, dried in the sun. Out of this room open one or two more, in which the whole family sleep, without much attempt at privacy.

Sitting about the room were two or three young unwholesome-looking mothers, without stockings, and nursing howling babies; in the corner, on a chair, made twice as large as any of the others, reposed the mother of the family, a woman of the most enormous bulk, whose object in life seemed to be to catch and crush the moths as they flew past (I saw her kill eight in three minutes), and to take vast quantities of snuff. The whole house was pervaded by a sickly odour, like that of a vault, whilst the grime and filth of it baffles description. And this was the place we had to eat in and sleep in. However, there was no help for it; the only thing to do was to light one's pipe, and smoke. After an hour or so, supper was put upon the table, consisting of a bowl-full of boiled bones, a small stack of boiled mealie cobs, and, be it added, some good bread and butter. The eating arrangements of these people are certainly very trying. The other day we had to eat our dinner in a Boer's house, with a reeking ox-hide, just torn from the animal, lying on the floor beside us, together with portions of the poor beast's head whose flesh we were eating. However, on this occasion we were spared the ox-hide, and, being very hungry, managed to put up with the other discomforts. After a long grace our suppers were served out to us. I remember I got an enormous bone with but little flesh on it, which, if I may form an opinion from its great size and from a rapid anatomical survey, must have been the tibia of an ox. A young Boer sat opposite to me—a wonderful fellow. He got through twelve whole mealie cobs (a fair feed for a horse) whilst I was eating half a one. His method was peculiar, and shows what practice can do. He shoved a mealie cob into his mouth, gave it a bite and a wrench, just like one of those patent American threshing machines, brought the cob out perfectly clear of grain, and took another. After the supper was over we had another long grace ending with: "Boor spijze en drunk de Heer ik dank" (For food and drink the Lord I thank).

After supper we went outside in order to escape the feet-washing ceremony (all in the same water) which this "simple pastoral people" indulge in, and which they expect the barbarous "uitlander" (stranger) to enter into with enthusiasm. When we came back we found that the women—who, by-the-by, do not eat till the men have finished—had done their meal, and gone to bed, having first made us up a luxurious couch on the floor, consisting of a filthy feather-bed and an equally

filthy blanket. My heart misgave me when I looked at that bed. It may have been fancy, but once or twice I thought it moved. However, there was no choice, unless we chose to sit up all night; so in we got, looking for all the world like three big sun-burned dolls put to bed by some little girl. I, as the youngest, blew out the light, and then!—from every side *they* came. Up one's arms, up one's legs, down one's back they scampered, till life became a burden. Sleep was impossible; one could only lie awake and calculate the bites per minute, and the quantity of blood one would lose before daybreak. Cold as it was, I would have turned out and slept in the veldt, only my rug was over my two companions as well as myself, so I could not take it. I have slept in a good many different places, and in very fairly uncomfortable places, but I never had such a night before.

At the first grey dawn of morning the old "frau" came stumbling out of the bedroom, and sat down without ceremony in her big chair. Waiting till she thought that we had reached a sufficiently advanced stage in our toilette—and her idea of what that was must have been a strange one—she shouted out to her daughters, in a voice like that of a speaking trumpet, that they could "com," and in they all came. Very glad were we when we had paid our bill and were in the saddle once more, riding through the cold morning mist that lay in masses on all the ridges of the hills like snow on mountains.

It was needful to start early, for we had more than sixty miles to cover, and our ponies had done a good journey the day before. The work that one can get out of these ponies is marvellous. There was my pony, "Mettle," who had my eleven stone to carry, to say nothing of the saddle, heavy saddle-bags, and a roll of rugs, who came in at the end of his journey as fresh as paint. We cantered easily over the great high-veldt prairies, now and then passing clumps of trees, outposts of the bush-veldt. These enormous plains, notwithstanding their dreary vastness, have a wild beauty of their own. The grass is what is called sour grass, and has a peculiar blue tinge, but stock do not like it so well as the low-veldt grass, which is sweeter, and fattens them more quickly, though it does not put them in such good fettle. The rock here is all white sandstone, and thinly overlaps an enormous bed of coal, cropping up from beneath the water-washed surface. At this time of year there are very few beasts or birds of any sort to be seen, though in the winter the veldt is one moving mass of "trek" or migratory game.

Our destination that day was Botsabelo, the most important mission-station, and one of the very few successful ones, in South-eastern

Africa. As we neared it, the country gradually broke into hills of peculiar and beautiful formation, which rendered the last two hours of our ride, in the dark, through an unknown country, rather a difficult job. However, we stumbled through streams, and over boulders, and about nine o'clock were lucky enough to come right upon the station, where we were most kindly received by Dr. Merensky. The station itself stands on the brow of a hill surrounded by gardens and orchards; beneath it lie slope and mountain, stream and valley, over which are dotted numbers of kraals, to say nothing of three or four substantial houses occupied by the assistant missionary and German artisans. Near Dr. Merensky's house stands the church, by far the best I have seen in the Transvaal, and there is also a store with some well-built workshops around it. All the neighbouring country belongs to the station, which is, in fact, like a small independent State, 40,000 acres in extent. On a hill-top overshadowing the station, are placed the fortifications, consisting of thick walls running in a circle with upstanding towers, in which stand one or two cannon; but it all reminds one more of an old Norman keep, with its village clustered in its protecting shadow, than of a modern mission establishment.

Dr. Merensky commenced his labours in Secocœni's country, but was forced to fly from thence by night, with his wife and new-born baby, to escape being murdered by that chieftain's orders, who, like most Kafir potentates, has an intense aversion to missionaries. Twelve years ago he established this station, and, gathering his scattered converts around him, defied Secocœni to drive him thence. Twice that chief has sent out a force to sweep him away, and murder his people, and twice they have come and looked, and, like false Sextus, turned back again. The Boers, too, have more than once threatened to destroy him, for it is unpleasant to them to have so intelligent a witness in their midst, but they have never dared to try. The place is really impregnable to Basutus and Boers; Zulus might carry it, with their grand steady rush, but it would be at a terrible sacrifice of life. In fact, Dr. Merensky has been forced by the pressure of circumstances to teach his men the use of a rifle, as well as the truths of Christianity; to trust in God, but also to "keep their powder dry." At a few minutes' notice he can turn out 200 well-armed natives, ready for offence or defence; and the existence of such a stronghold is of great advantage to the few English in the neighbourhood, for the Boers know well that should they attack them they would draw down the vengeance of Dr. Merensky's formidable body of Christian soldiers.

We only passed one night at Botsabelo, and next morning went

on to Middleburg or Nazareth, which is an hour's ride from the station. Here, too, we met with a warm welcome from the handful of English residents, but we were eager to push on as rapidly as possible, for our kind friends told us that it would be impossible to proceed to Secocœni's on horseback, because of the deadly nature of the country for horses. So we had to hire an ox-waggon, which they provisioned for us, and, much to our disgust (as we were pressed for time), we had to fall back on that dilatory method of travelling.

We decided that we would take the three oldest and least valuable horses with us, in order to proceed with them from Fort Weeber, which was our next point, to Secocœni's town, whither waggons could not reach. Few English readers are aware that there is a mysterious disease among horses in South Africa, peculiar to the country, called "horse-sickness." During the autumn season it carries off thousands of horses annually, though some are good and others bad years—a bad fever year being generally a bad horse-sickness year also, and *vice versâ*. A curious feature about it is, that as the veldt gets "tamed," that is, fed off by domesticated animals, the sickness gradually disappears. No cure has as yet been discovered for it, and very few horses pull through—perhaps, five per cent. These are called "salted horses," and are very valuable; as, although they are not proof against the disease, they are not so liable to take it. A salted horse may be known by the peculiar looseness and roughness of his skin, and also by a certain unmistakable air of depression, as though he felt that the responsibilities of life pressed very heavily upon him. He is like a man who has dearly bought his experience; he can never forget the terrible lesson taught in the buying.

On the fourth day from our start we left Middleburg, and, taking a north-east course from this outpost of civilisation, overtook the waggon, and camped, after a twenty miles trek, just on the edge of the bush-veldt. We had two young Boers to drive our waggons—terrible louts, with gaping mouths just like cod-fishes'. However, they understood how to drive a waggon, and whilst one of them drove, the other would sit for hours, with a vacant stare on his face, thinking. It is a solemn fact that, from the time we left Middleburg till the time we returned, neither of those fellows touched water, that is, to wash themselves. Boers never do. The only luxury in the shape of comforts of the toilette which they allowed themselves was a comb with a brass back, carefully tied to the roof of the waggon with two strips of ox-hide thick enough to have held a hundredweight of lead. I don't think they ever used it—it was too

great a luxury for general use—but they would occasionally untie it and look at it. Our own outfit in the waggon was necessarily scanty, consisting of a few iron pots and plates, a kettle, some green blankets, a lantern, and an old anti-friction grease-can used for water, which gave it a fine flavour of waggon-wheels. We also had a “cartle,” or wooden frame, across which were stretched strips of hide fitted into the waggon about two feet above the floor, intended to sleep on; but the less said about that the better.

After we left the great high-veldt plains, over which the fresh breeze was sweeping, we dropped down into a beautiful bush-clad valley with mountains on either side. It was like making a sudden descent into the tropics. Not a breath of wind stirred the trees, and the sun shone with a steady, burning heat. Scarcely a sound broke the silence, save the murmur of the river we crossed and recrossed, the occasional pipe of a bird, and the melancholy cry, half sigh, half bark, of an old baboon, who was swinging himself along, indignant at our presence.

If the sights and sounds were beautiful, the sun was hot, and the road fearful, and we were indeed glad when we reached “Whitehead’s Cobalt Mine,” and were most kindly received by the gentlemen who superintend the works. The house used to belong to some Boer, who had deserted the place, but left behind him a beautiful orchard of orange and peach trees. The place is very feverish and unhealthy, and the white ants so troublesome that everything has to be stowed in sardine tins full of ashes.

On our way from the house we went to see the cobalt mine, which is on a hill-side a mile away. It has only been established about three years, and has existed hitherto under the greatest difficulties as regards labour, transport, machinery, danger from surrounding native tribes, &c.; but it has already, the proprietor informed me, reduced the price of cobalt—the blue dye used to colour such things as the willow-pattern plates—by one-half in the English market, bringing it down from somewhere about £140 to £80 a ton. We were very much astonished to see the amount of work which had been done, as we expected to find a pit such as the Kafirs work for copper, but instead of that there was a large slanting shaft quite a hundred yards long, to say nothing of various openings out of it following branch leads of ore. There is also a vertical shaft 100 feet deep, through which the ore comes up, and by which one can ascend and descend in a bucket. After we emerged from this awful hole, we went into another, a drive running straight into the mountain for more than 300 feet, following a vein of black oxide of cobalt, which is much

more valuable than the ore; and though the vein is rarely more than a foot in thickness, it pays very well. Leaving the mine, we rode on past some old Kafir copper-workings—circular pits—which must have been abandoned, to judge from their appearance, a hundred years ago, till we came to the banks of the great “Oli-fants’,” or “Elephants’” river. This magnificent stream, though it is unnavigable owing to frequent rapids, has stretches miles long, down which two men-of-war could steam side by side, and after its junction with the Elands’ River it grows larger and larger till, pursuing a north-east course, it at length falls into the mighty Limpopo. It is a very majestic but somewhat sluggish stream, and its water is not very good. You cannot see the river till you are right upon it, owing to the great trees with which its steep banks are fringed, and in the early morning it is quite hidden from bank to bank by a dense mass of billows of white mist, indescribably strange to look upon.

But, beautiful as is this country, it is most unhealthy for man and beast. The close odour, the long creeping lines of mist, the rich rank vegetation, the steady heat of day and night, all say one word, “fever,” and fever of the most virulent type. The traveller through this sort of country is conscious of a latent fear lest he should some day begin to feel hot when he ought to be cold, and cold when he ought to be hot, and so be stricken down, to rise prematurely old, or perhaps to die, and be buried in a lonely grave covered with stones to keep off the jackals. We were travelling in the very worst fever-month, March, when the summer vegetation is commencing to rot, and throw off its poisonous steam. What saved us here and afterwards, at Secocœni’s, was our temperate living, hard exercise, and plenty of quinine, and tobacco, smoked.

All the country through which we were passing is good game-veldt, but we saw very little and killed nothing. This was chiefly owing to the fact that we did not dare go out of hearing of the waggon-wheels, for fear of getting lost in the bush, and being starved to death, a thing very easily done. A few years back this veldt swarmed with big game, with elephants and giraffes, and they are even now occasionally seen. We managed now and again to get a glimpse of some of the beautiful “Impala” buck, or of a small lot of blue wilderbeestes vanishing between the trees, like a troop of wild horses. There are still plenty of lions about, but we did not hear any, whether it was that they had gone to the high-veldt after the cattle, or that they do not roar so much in summer, I do not know. Perhaps it is as well that we did not, for the roar of a lion is very

generally followed by what the Dutch call a "skrech." After roaring once or twice to wake the cattle up, and make them generally uneasy, the lion stations himself about twenty yards to windward of the waggon! The oxen get wind of him and promptly "skrech," that is, break their reins and run madly into the veldt. This is just what the lion wants, for now he can pick out a fat ox and quietly approach him, from the other side, till he is within springing distance. He then jumps upon him, crushes his neck with one bite, and eats him at his leisure.

And so we trekked on through the sunrise, through the burning mid-day and glowing sunsets, steering by the sun and making our own road; now through tambouki grass higher than the oxen, and now through dense bush, till at length, one day, we said good-bye to the Olifants' just where the Elands' River flows into it, and turned our faces eastward. This course soon brought us on to higher ground and away from the mimosa, which loves the low, hot valleys, into the region of the sugar bush, which thrives upon the hill-sides. This sugar bush is a very handsome and peculiar plant, with soft thick leaves, standing about twenty feet high. It bears a brush-like flower, each of which in the Cape Colony contains half a teaspoonful of delicious honey; but, curiously enough, though in other respects the tree is precisely similar, this is not the case in the Transvaal or Natal. At the proper season the Cape farmers go out with buckets and shake the flowers till they have collected sufficient honey to last them for the winter, a honey much more fragrant than that made by bees.

After a long ride over the open, which must once have been thickly populated, to judge from the number of remains of kraals, we came at length to Fort Weeber. The fort is very badly situated in the hollow of a plain, and so surrounded by fine hills that it is entirely commanded. It consists of a single sod wall about two feet thick and five high, capped with loose stones, whilst at two of the corners stand, on raised platforms, a six-pounder and a three-pounder Whitworth gun. Inside the wall are built rows of mud huts, which are occupied by the garrison, leaving an open square, in the midst of which is placed the magazine. We found the garrison in a wretched condition. They have not received any pay except Government "good-fors" (promissory notes, generally known as "good-for-nothings"), so they are in a state of abject poverty; whilst they were completely cut off as far as regards offensive operations, by the death, from horse-sickness, of eighty-two of the ninety horses they owned. However, the officers and garrison gave us a very grand reception. As we rode up, they fired a salute of twelve guns, and then, after we had dismounted and been

received by the officers, we were taken through a lane made by the garrison drawn up in a double line, and, just as we got to the middle, "bang" went the eighty rifles over our heads. Then an address was read (the volunteers are great people for addresses), but a more practical welcome soon followed in the shape of a good dinner.

Next morning we started, a party of seven, including the interpreter, to ride over the Loolu Berg to Secocœni's, a distance of about thirty-eight miles. Poor unfortunates, we little knew what was before us when we rode gaily away!

For the first five miles we passed through the most curious granite formation, a succession of small hills entirely composed of rounded boulders of granite, weighing from five to 1000 tons, and looking exactly like piles of gigantic snowballs hurled together by some mighty hand. The granite formation prevails in all this part of the country, and individual boulders sometimes take very curious shapes; for instance, in the bush-veldt we passed a great column towering high above the trees, composed of six boulders getting smaller and smaller from the base up, and each accurately balanced on the one beneath it. Then we crossed the range of hills which overlooks the fort, and passing Secocœni's old kraal where he used to live before he retreated to his fastnesses, we arrived at a great alluvial valley nine miles broad, on the other side of which rises the Loolu. It was on this plain that the only real fight between the volunteers and Secocœni's men took place, when the former managed to get between the Basutus and the hills, and shot them down like game, killing over 200 men. Leaving the battle-field, where the skeletons still lie, a little to our right, we crossed the plain and came to the foot of the Loolu, all along the base of which stand neat villages inhabited by Secocœni's people. Some of these villages have been burnt by the volunteers, and the remainder are entirely deserted, their inhabitants having built fresh huts among the rocks in almost inaccessible places. The appearance of these white huts peeping out all over the black rocks was very curious, and reminded one of the Swiss chalets.

By the stream that runs along past the villages we off-saddled, as both ourselves and our horses were nearly exhausted by the burning heat; but as there was not much time to lose, after a short rest we started off again, and rode on over a bed of magnetic iron lying on the ground in great lumps of almost pure metal, until we came to a stretch of what looked remarkably like gold-bearing quartz, and then to a limestone formation: but the whole country is evidently rich beyond measure in minerals. All this time we were passing through scenery

inexpressibly wild and grand, and when we had arrived at the highest spot of the pass, it reached a climax of savage beauty. About forty miles in front of us towered up another magnificent range of blue-tinged mountains known as the Blue Berg, whilst all around us rose great bush-clad hills, opening away in every direction towards gorgeous-coloured valleys. The scene was so grand and solemn that I do not think it lies in the power of words to describe it.

Here we had to dismount to descend a most fearful precipitous path consisting of boulders piled together in the wildest confusion, from one to another of which we had to jump, driving the horses before us. Half-way down we off-saddled to rest ourselves, and as we did so we noticed that the gall was running from one of the horses' noses. We knew too well what was the matter, and so left him there to die during the night. This horse was by far the finest we had with us, and his owner used to boast that the poor beast had often carried him, a heavy man, from his house to Pretoria, a distance of nearly 90 miles, in one day. He was also a "salted" horse. It is a curious thing that the sickness generally kills the best horses first.

After a short rest we started on again, and at the end of another hour reached the bottom of the pass. From thence we rode along a gully, that alternately narrowed and widened, till at length it brought us right on to Secocœni's beautiful, fever-stricken home.

All three of us had seen a good deal of scenery in different parts of the world, and one of the party was intimately acquainted with the finest spots in South Africa, but we were forced to admit that we had never seen anything half so lovely as Secocœni's valley. We had seen grander views, indeed the scene from the top of the pass was grander, but never anything that so nearly approached perfection in detail. Beautiful it was, beautiful beyond measure, but it was the sort of beauty under whose veil are hidden fever and death. And so we pushed on, through the still hot eventide, till at length we came to the gates of the town, where we found "Makurupiji," Secocœni's "mouth" or prime minister, who had evidently been informed of our coming by his spies, waiting to receive us.

Conducted by this grandee, we went on past the chief's kraals, down to the town, whence flocked men, women, and children, to look on the white lords; all in a primitive state of dress, consisting of a strip of skin tied round the middle, and the women with their hair powdered with some preparation of iron, which gave it a metallic blue tinge.

At length we stopped just opposite a beautiful fortified kopje perforated by secret caves where the ammunition of the tribe is

hidden. No stranger is allowed to enter these caves, or even to ascend the kopje, though they do not object to one's inspecting some of the other fortifications. Dismounting from our wearied horses, we passed through a cattle kraal and came into the presence of "Swasi," Secocoeni's uncle, a fat old fellow who was busily engaged in braying a skin. Nearly every male Basutu one meets, be he high or low, is braying a hide of some sort, either by rubbing or by masticating it. It is a curious sight to come across some twenty of these fellows, every one of them twisting or chewing away.

Swasi was a sort of master of the household; his duty it was to receive strangers and see that they were properly looked after; so, after shaking hands with us furiously (he was a wonderful fellow to shake hands), he conducted us to our hut. It stood in a good-sized courtyard beautifully paved with a sort of concrete of limestone which looked very clean and white, and surrounded by a hedge of reeds and sticks tightly tied together, inside which ran a slightly raised bench, also made of limestone. The hut itself was neatly thatched, the thatch projecting several feet, so as to form a covering to a narrow verandah that ran all round it. Inside it was commodious, and ornamented after the Egyptian style with straight and spiral lines, painted on with some kind of red ochre, and floored with a polished substance. Certainly, these huts are as much superior to those of the Zulus as those who dwell in them are inferior to that grand race. What the Basutus gain in art and handiness they lose in manliness and gentlemanly feeling.

We had just laid ourselves down on the grass mats in the courtyard—for it was too hot to go into the hut—thoroughly exhausted with our day's work, when in came two men, each of them dragging a fine indigenous sheep. They were accompanied by Makurupiji, who brought us a message from Secocoeni to the effect that he, the chief, sent to greet us, the great chiefs; that he sent us also a morsel to eat, lest we should be hungry in his house. It was but a morsel—it should have been an ox, for great chiefs should eat much meat—but he himself was pinched with hunger, his belt was drawn very tight by the Boers. He was poor, and so his gift was poor; still, he would see if to-morrow he could find a beast that had something besides the skin on its bones, that he might offer it to us. After this magniloquent address the poor animals were trundled out by the other gate to have their throats cut.

After getting some supper and taking our quinine, we turned in and slept that night in the best way that the heat would let us, rising next morning with the vain hope of getting a bathe. Of all the discom-

forts we experienced at Secocœni's, the scarcity and badness of the water was the worst. Bad water when you are in a hotbed of fever is a terrible privation. And so we had to go unwashed, with the exception of having a little water poured over our hands out of gourds. We must have presented a curious sight at breakfast that morning. Before us knelt a sturdy Kafir, holding a stick in each hand, on which were respectively speared a leg and a side of mutton, from which we cut off great hunks with our hunting-knives, and, taking them in our fingers, devoured them like beasts of prey. If we got a bit we did not like, our mode of disposing of it was simple and effective. We threw it to one of the natives standing round us, among whom was the heir apparent, who promptly gobbled it up.

Breakfast finished, a message came from Secocœni asking for spirits to drink. But we were not to be taken in in this way, for we knew well that if we sent the chief spirits we should get no business done that day, and we did not care to run the risk of fever by stopping longer than we could help; so we sent back a message to the effect that business must come first and spirits afterwards. The head men, who brought this message, said that they could perfectly understand our objection as far as Secocœni and ourselves were concerned, since we had to talk, but as they had only to sit still and listen there could be no possible objection to their having something to drink. This argument was ingenious, but we did not see the force of it, as our stock of spirits, which we had brought more for medicine than anything else, was very limited. Still, we were obliged to promise them a "tot" after the talking was over, in order to keep them civil.

Our message had the desired effect, for presently Secocœni sent to say that it was now time to talk, and that his head men would lead us to him. So we started up, accompanied by "Makurupiji," "Swasi," and "Galook," the general of his forces, a fat fellow with a face exactly like a pig. The sun beat down with such tremendous force that, though we had only three-quarters of a mile to walk, we felt quite tired by the time we reached the chief's kraals. Passing through several cattle kraals, we came to a shed under which sat the heir apparent dressed in a gorgeous blanket with his court around him. Leaving him, we entered an inner cattle kraal, where, in one corner, stood a large, roughly-built shed, under the shade of which squatted over a hundred of the head men of the tribe, gathered together by Secocœni to "witness."

Opening out of this kraal was the chief's private enclosure, where stood his huts. As we drew near, Secocœni, who had inspired such

terror into the bold Burghers of the Republic, the chief of seven thousand warriors, the husband of sixty-four wives, the father of a hundred children, rose from the ox-hide on which he was seated, under the shade of a tree, and came to the gate to meet us. And a queer sight this potentate was as he stood there shaking hands through the gate. Of middle size, about forty-five years of age, rather fat, with a flat nose and small, twinkling, black eyes, he presented an entirely hideous and semi-repulsive appearance. His dress consisted of a cotton blanket over which was thrown a tiger-skin kaross, and on his head was stuck an enormous old white felt hat, such as the Boers wear, and known as a "wilderbeeste chaser."

After we had been duly introduced, he retreated to his ox-hide, and we went and squatted down among the head men. Secocœni took no active part in the proceedings that followed; he sat in his enclosure and occasionally shouted out some instructions to Maku-rupiji, who was literally his "mouth," speaking for him and making use of the pronoun "I." During the four hours or so that we were there Secocœni never stopped chewing an intoxicating green leaf very much resembling that of the pomegranate, of which he occasionally sent us some.

After the business of the Commission had come to an end, and some of our party started on their homeward journey, we were detained by Secocœni, who wished to see us privately. He sent for us to his private enclosure, and we sat down on his ox-hide with him and one or two head men. It was very curious to see this wily old savage shoving a handful of leaves into his mouth, and giving his head a shake, and then making some shrewd remark which went straight to the bottom of whatever question was in hand. At length we bade Secocœni good-bye, having promised to deliver all his respectful messages to our chief, and, thoroughly wearied, arrived at our own hut. Tired as we were, we thought it would be better to start for the Fort at once, rather than risk the fever for another night. So we made up our minds to a long moonlight ride, and, saddling up, got out of Secocœni's town about 3.30 P.M., having looked our last on this beautiful fever-trap, which only wants water scenery to make it absolutely perfect. Half-way up, we saw the poor horse we had left sick the day before, lying dead, with dry foam all round his mouth, and half his skin taken off by some passing Basutu. A couple of hundred yards farther on, we found another dying, left by the party who had started before us. It was in truth a valley of the shadow of death. Luckily our horses lasted us back to the Fort, but one died there, and the other two are dead since.

Beautiful as was the scene by day, in the light of the full moon it was yet more surpassingly lovely. It was solemn, weird. Every valley became a mysterious deep, and every hill, stone, and tree shone with that cold pale lustre which the moon alone can throw. Silence reigned, the silence of the dead, broken only once or twice by the wild whistling challenge of one of Secocœni's warriors as he came bounding down the rocks, to see who we were that passed. The effect of the fires by the huts, perched among the rocks at the entrance to the pass, was very strange and beautiful, reminding one of the midnight fires of the Gnomes in the fairy tales.

And so we rode on, hour after hour, through the night, till we well-nigh fell asleep in our saddles, and at length, about two o'clock in the morning, we reached the waggons to find the young Boers fast asleep in our bed. We kicked them out, and, after swallowing some biscuits, tumbled in ourselves for the few hours' rest which we so sadly needed.

On the following morning, Thursday, two of the party bade farewell to our hosts at the Fort and started on one of the quickest possible treks, leaving our companion to proceed across country to the fort established by President Burgers, or "Porocororo," as the Basutus call him, at Steelport.

We returned to Middleburg by an entirely different route from that by which we came, guided by our trustworthy friends the two volunteers. Leaving the valley of the Olifants, to our right, we trekked along the high-veldt, and thus avoided all the fever country. Roughly speaking, we had about 120 miles of country to get over to reach Middleburg, and we determined to do this in three days and two nights, so as to get in on the Saturday night, as we were much pressed for time. Now, according to English ideas, it is no great thing to travel 120 miles in three days; but it is six days' journey in an ox-waggon over bad country, and we were going to do it in half that time by doubling the speed.

Of course, to do this we had to trek night and day. For instance, on the first day we inspanned at 10.30 A.M. and trekked till within an hour of sundown; at sundown we inspanned, and with one outspan trekked till sunrise; outspanned for two hours, and on again, being seventeen and a half hours under the yoke out of the twenty-four, and covering fifty-five miles. Of course, one cannot do this sort of travelling for more than two or three days without killing the oxen; as it was, towards the end, as soon as the yokes were lifted off, the poor beasts dropped down as though they were shot, and most of them went lame. Another great disadvantage is that one

suffers very much from want of sleep. The jolting of the springless machine as it lumbered over rocks a foot high and through deep spruits or streams, brought our heads down with such a fearful jar on the saddle-bags that we used for pillows, that all sleep was soon knocked out of them ; or, even if we were lucky enough to be crossing a stretch of tolerably smooth ground, there was a swaying motion that rubbed one's face up and down till the skin was nearly worn through, polishing the saddle-bags to such an extent that we might almost have used them for looking-glasses as well as pillows.

At Secocœni's kraal we had engaged two boys to carry our packs as far as the Fort, who, on their arrival were so well satisfied with the way in which we treated them that they requested to be allowed to proceed with us. These young barbarians, who went respectively by the names of "Nojoke" and "Scowl," as being the nearest approach in English to their Sisutu names, were the greatest possible source of amusement to us, with their curious ways. I never saw such fellows to sleep ; it is a positive fact that Nojoke used frequently to take his rest coiled up like a boa-constrictor in a box at the end of the waggon, in which box stood three iron pots with their sharp legs sticking up. On those legs he peacefully slumbered when the waggon was going over ground that prohibited our even stopping in it. "Scowl" was not a nice boy to look at, for his naked back was simply cut to pieces and covered with huge weals, of which everybody, doubtless, thought we were the cause. On inquiring how he came to get such a tremendous thrashing, it turned out that these Basutus have a custom of sending young men of a certain age out in couples, each armed with a good "sjambock" (a whip cut from the hide of the sea-cow), to thrash one another till one gives in, and that it was in one of these encounters that the intelligent Scowl got so lacerated, but, as he remarked with a grin, "*My back is nothing, the chiefs should see that of the other boy.*"

We spent one night at Middleburg, and next morning, bidding adieu to our kind English friends, started for Pretoria, taking care to end our first day's journey at a house where an Englishman lived, so as to ensure a clean shake-down. Here we discovered that the horse I was riding (the sole survivor of the five we had started with) had got the sickness, and so we had to leave him and hire another. This horse, by the by, recovered, which is the only instance of an animal's conquering the disease which has yet come under my observation. We hired this horse from a Boer, who, charged us exactly three times the proper price, and then preached us a

sermon quite a quarter of an hour long on his hospitality, his kindness of heart, and his willingness to help strangers. I must tell you that, just as we were going to sleep the night before, a stranger had come and asked for a shake-down, which was given to him in the same room. We had risen before day-break, and my companion was expatiating to me, in clear and forcible language, on the hypocrisy and scoundrelism of this Boer, when suddenly a sleepy voice out of the darkness murmured thickly, "I say, stranger, guess you shouldn't lose your temper; guess that 'ere Boer is acting after the manner of human natur'." And then the owner of the voice turned over and went to sleep again.

We had over sixty miles to ride that day, and it must have been about eight o'clock at night, on the sixteenth day of our journey, when we reached Pretoria and rode straight up to our camp, where we were greeted as those who had come out of the jaws of death. I am sure that some of our friends must have felt a little disappointed at seeing us arrive healthy and fat, without a sign of fever, after all their melancholy predictions. It would not have been "human natur'" if they had not. When we got to the camp, I called out to Masooku, my boy, to come and take the horses. Next moment I heard a rush and a scuttle in the tent like the scrimmage in a rabbit-burrow when one puts in the ferrets, and Masooku shouted out in Zulu, "He has come back! by Chaka's head, I swear it! It is his voice, his own voice that calls me; my father's, my chief's!" And then, afterwards, he took me and showed how he had kept everything secure in my tent, and said solemnly in his broken English: "I very glad you come back, sir; I no like to live without you, Inkose." Poor Masooku! he had been dreadfully disappointed at not being allowed to come with me. "Surely," he said, "where my chief goes, there I should go too." There is something very touching in the affection these fellows bear one.

And so ended one of the hardest and most interesting journeys imaginable—a journey in which the risk only added to the pleasure. Still, I should not care to make it again at the same time of year.

H. R. H.

ALARCON.

IT is sunset in a warm summer evening of August 1621. The departing light floods the upturned faces of the spectators, seated on the rude benches of the Teatro del Principe, the first theatre of Madrid. But the stage is nothing more than a courtyard, *corral*, in the street called *Principe*, the pit or *pátio* is nothing more than wooden forms in the open air, the boxes are nothing more than the windows of the house to which the courtyard belongs. There is no chance of rain on this warm August evening, but a kind of light awning is always ready for protection against inclement skies. The scenic accessories are of the most primitive character conceivable. In this Teatro del Principe it is much the same as it was in Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe. There our forefathers knew the *locale* of Desdemona's murder, and that of the loves and deaths of Romeo and Juliet, by a big board in the background labelled "Venice," or "Verona."

A comedy is being played in the Teatro del Principe, such a piece however as we should not call a comedy nowadays. A Spanish comedy of the seventeenth century was a narrative of events, mournful or ludicrous, occurring to private persons. When a king was introduced, the play was called a tragedy. A tragi-comedy was the name given to a drama in which the hero or first *galan* died. A comedy was then the generic name for any dramatic fable. Tragic and comic plays, historical plays, and plays *de capa y espada*, mythic plays, and plays *de costumbres*, poems in dialogue, and such elaborate compositions as *La Moza de Cantaro* and *La Villana de Vallecas*, all, provided they contained three acts, were called comedies. A piece containing but one act was an *auto*, as the *auto sacramental* or passion play.

The particular comedy played this August evening, more than two centuries and a half ago, has a noble end, a well-disposed plot, a mine of eloquence, and excellent leading characters. Its subject is that of the wise Preacher who tried all things, and found that all things were vanity. Its venue is the court, in which school this truth is learnt the soonest; its time the middle of the

15th century, when the prince Don Enrique had power in Spain, a very woman in the wonderful inconstancy of his will. Garci-Ruiz de Alarcon, a youth unknown, and poor, has come to Madrid to find an enemy. He sees him talking to a lady of ideal beauty, her name Anarda. They fight, and Garci-Ruiz is about to kill Don Juan, when the latter invokes the aid of the Virgin. "I will not be discourteous to that lady," says his adversary. "Rise!" This piece of polite piety finds great favour among the *mosquetéros*, those stern censors by whose voice a play lived or died. Anarda causes Garci-Ruiz to be detained—a device of nascent love—and he is brought before Don Enrique, son of the king Don Juan II., of Castile. He explains to that prince the cause of his quarrel. Don Juan had given him the lie—an insult which men consider most shameful, because falsehood is most common; Garci-Ruiz had attacked him. The duel was interrupted, and they do not see each other again till they meet on the banks of the Manzanares. The prince, pleased with this nobility of character of Garci-Ruiz, makes him his friend. In the meantime, Mauricio, a despised suitor of Anarda, is patrolling about her balcony. He is sent away by Ines, her servant. Garci-Ruiz takes his place, enveloped and irreconizable in his cloak, and hears his rival summarily dismissed by Anarda, who mistakes Garci-Ruiz for Mauricio. "Shall we kill him?" says the squire of Mauricio, who has just appeared on the scene and heard Anarda's last words. "No," returns his master; "let him live, since he is not loved." So ends the first act.

The second act introduces the spectator to the Alcazar of Madrid. Garci-Ruiz is now high in the prince's favour. He accompanies him on a night expedition to the lady of the royal love. That lady is Anarda. While he is watching, he is attacked by Mauricio, whom he wounds. The prince has a satisfactory interview with his mistress, but reproaches Garci-Ruiz for wounding his rival. "Unhappy that I am," soliloquizes the prince's friend, "a favourite must, like an astrologer, be able to interpret all the aspects of his prince! I risk my life to please him, and he is offended. In one day I have loved and lost Anarda. So runs the world!" He resolves to quit Madrid, and informs Anarda of his resolution. Anarda combats it, tells him she hates Mauricio, and asks him to solicit the prince, who is too high for any honourable aspiration on her part, to choose a husband for her from among his best friends. Garci-Ruiz understands her, is in heaven, and the second act closes.

The third act shows the prince's displeasure at Anarda's message. He commands the recipient of his short-lived favour to quit Madrid.

Before he goes he has an interview with Julia, Anarda's friend. She persuades him that Anarda is really in love with the prince, but that there is a woman, if he had only eyes to see, as fair as she, and who loves him far better. Garci-Ruiz is at last made to comprehend that that woman is Julia. After several devices of hers to lower her friend's character in the eyes of Garci-Ruiz, the prince commands her to marry Don Juan, and Anarda to marry Mauricio. On the remonstrances of Garci-Ruiz, the prince Enrique offers his friendship or the woman he loves to that cavalier. Garci-Ruiz chooses the latter, taking Anarda in preference to all chances of worldly aggrandisement. By this time the eyes of the spectators are somewhat wearied under their lowered sombrero, the only covering between them and heaven, for it has been a long comedy. But when the father of the bride asks pardon according to Spanish custom for its imperfections, then from steps and railings, from windows and garrets, from every seat and standing-place, but especially the seats of the *mosquetéros*, those arbiters of the *pátio*, bursts forth, amidst noisy clapping of hands and stamping of feet, one long, loud, unanimous cry of admiration and applause. Was not the author Alarcon, and the play "The Favours of this World"?

"The Favours of this World" is considered by Spanish critics one of the best, if not the best, of our author's comedies. Therefore this short analysis of the plot has been given. But its chief excellence lies in the diction. It is the words of Alarcon's plays rather than their construction which have made his name famous. Of these and their eloquence instances will be produced hereafter.

Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza was a man born under an unlucky star. What little good fortune should have fallen to his share was suffered for him by others vicariously. His best plays were attributed to his rivals. In the prologue to the edition of the second part of his works published in Barcelona, the author himself complains, in terms of modest simplicity worthy of all praise, that many of his children had been affiliated on other parents. "The reader must know," he says, "that the eight comedies of my first part, and the twelve of this second, are all mine, although some of them have served to feather other birds. This is the fault of the printers, who assign them to whomsoever they will, not of the authors to whom they are so assigned, whose greatest carelessness gives more lustre than my greatest care. I speak, therefore, more for their honour than for mine, for it is unjust that their reputation should suffer from my errors and ignorance."

It seems strange that Corneille, one of the *cornejas* who, as
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Alarcon said, was feathered with his plumes, should have at first attributed *La Sospechosa Verdad* to Lope de Vega. A wider reading of Spanish comedy would have shown him that its style was far more nearly allied to that of Moreto than to that of the "prince of poets." Moreto attached himself, like our author, in preference to moral themes, and in both there is the same severity of treatment. Nothing could show better the difference of Lope and Alarcon than their respective treatment of scandal in "The Reward of Good Speaking," and "Walls hear." In the first the *motivo* is nearly lost in a mass of comic incident; in the second the dominant melody of the theme is supported by every variation and *fioritura* of morals introduced.

The carelessness of his contemporaries and the man's own modesty have left us little biographical knowledge of him whose name is now written on the walls of the world with those of Lope, Calderon, Rojas, and Moreto. He seems to have been born in Tasco, a province of Mexico, but we know not in what year, nor of what family, though it was illustrious probably, from the internal evidence of his name. He practised the law in Spain in 1611; about 1628 was a species of Commissioner of the Indian Council, and died in 1639. Such are the bare dry bones of his biography, with no sinews or flesh to come upon them, nor any skin to cover them above, over which, in all probability, no breath from the four winds will ever breathe, that they may live.

Alarcon, like Æsop and Socrates, united a rare mind with an ungainly exterior. An unfortunate hump on his back, for which Nature, following her favourite fashion, had compensated with a protuberance in his stomach, gave employment to his rivals' wit. But his writings teem with moral examples as well as intellectual entertainment. He has mixed the useful with the pleasant, and would, were he more known, gain golden opinions from all sorts of people, and from all ages, by delighting his reader if wit can delight him, and at the same time improving him if he is to be improved. In the "Suspicious Truth," a young man endowed by nature and art with many engaging advantages of mind and body, negatives them nearly all with a monstrous habit of lying by wholesale till he makes even "Truth suspicious" in his lips, without any other profit or motive than the simple gratification of his pet passion. If, in the net which, through his folly, is gradually woven round him in the development of the plot, one part becomes unravelled, he quickly knits it up again by his favourite craft; if one knot is undone by the devices of his friends, he is sure to reconstruct twenty in its place, and at last he is so hopelessly entangled as to lose for ever the lady whose love

throughout the comedy he has constantly desired, and would have gained but for his greater love of leasing.

In the composition entitled "Walls hear," in which the tender Don Juan de Mendoza, bearing as he does two of his names, may perhaps be taken for Alarcon himself, the moral failing stigmatised is that of evil-speaking; and it is to be noticed that, as in the comedy just quoted, so in this, the habit is not arising out of a malicious but solely a careless character—in both cases that lust of speaking is the object of censure, which, sooner than not indulge itself, would malign the innocent without profit, as it would desecrate truth without reward. The hero of this play loses his love by evil-speaking and slandering, as the hero of the last lost his by lying.

It seems scarcely credible that his "Suspicious Truth" should have been retranslated from "Le menteur" and played to an applauding audience in Spain who had not the slightest conception that the author was their countryman. That want of reputation which is the result of true merit was certainly the lot of Alarcon in a measure brimming over. Neither Schlegel, Bouterwek, nor Sismondi, in their light fantasias on the somewhat deep and wide theme of Spanish literature, have ever mentioned his name—the name of perhaps the greatest poet and dramatist, not excepting Calderon, of that Spanish literature of which these gentlemen professed to treat. There is a story in Æsop of a boy who, with his hand distended with raisins in a narrow-mouthed jar, suffered the pangs of unsatisfied gluttony sooner than allow a few raisins to fall from between his fingers. It is as well, perhaps, to treat a little subject correctly as a large one incorrectly. To form an idea of an author of comedies, it is not sufficient to have read two or perhaps three, and then without more to construct a system. It is true you gain a reputation for vast reading, but what kind of reading was it which induced Schlegel to call the "Misanthrope" a dissertation in dialogue leading to no result, with a dragging plot, and the "Tartufe" no comedy with the exception of a scene here and there?

"Unlike Calderon and Lope, Alarcon seldom copies himself; unlike Moreto, who imitated Molina, he never copies another." Such is the opinion of a Spanish critic of high authority. More than half his comedies are *de costumbres* or *de caractère*. They contain a code of practical philosophy, in which the Mexican dramatist teaches us what to do and what to leave undone—our duties to ourselves and to our neighbours. To prevent our surprise at successful villainy, he wrote "All is Luck." In "Industry and Fortune" he shows how the former may conquer or neutralise the latter. He warns us, as we

have already seen, that prosperity lasts but for a time, and that sorrow and happiness grow up side by side on the field of this earth, in "The World's Favours." Still, to prevent our desponding, we may read "Never an Ill without a Good." Models of many virtues rise before us in the protagonists of "How to gain Friends," and "The Lord of the Stars," and in those two noble rivals in "Look before you Marry." "Crime seeks Punishment" and "He who goes Ill Ends in Ill" tell their own stories of the consequences of vice and guilt. There are a few comedies "of cloak and sword," in which intrigue has marked Alarcon for her own. In these we have the usual night scenes and balcony-watched duels, sprinkled with the language of Gongora. Gongorism is, however, so rare that its presence in the first part of "The Weaver of Segovia" is an additional evidence that that comedy was never written by Alarcon. A couple of horses are here described thus:—

He rode into the arena mounted on an Andalusian thunderbolt, a monster of fire, at one time a lance, at another a cloud: the blinded spectators considered him a hippogriff! The sun hastened to his setting. He enjoyed the privileges of a bird in the air. His tail was a serpent, his mane silver filigree, his breast a mountain; in all respects he was like a pearl. The wind desired to be no more the wind, but such a charger. Next the Moor came, dancing to the sound of a military clangour, on the legs of a Greek palfrey—one alabaster—like a swan swimming over the ground. The mare was a jasmine.

This is extremely like nonsense, but it is by no means an exaggerated representation of the Gongorism of that period. Compare with it a little song of a discarded lover in a piece which beyond all doubt is Alarcon's very own, "The Proof of Promises":—

My pretty mistress, for whom I weep without avail, since the more I worship the more I despair of conquering that demureness which is your beauty's rival! In you I see Nature's custom changed. That which pleases all else displeases you, prayer makes you less pitiful, weeping makes you more hard, love turns you into stone!

Divine beauty made you; I know it but too well, for I worship you as divine; but why should such perfection break down Nature's statutes?

If I have been the slave of your loveliness—if I honour you, myself dishonoured, and love you, myself unloved—what law allows you to hate me also?

Had not "The Suspicious Truth" been written, Molière might never have been known. Such, at least, is the opinion of a critic of some weight, of Voltaire. In the midst of a time which delighted in adventure, romance, and *turlupinades*, Corneille dared to bring morality on the stage. It is possible he had never done this had he not read "La Sospechosa Verdad," of which we know his "Menteur" is little more or less than a translation. Had Molière not seen this piece, he would perhaps never have been struck with the great

superiority of this *genre* of drama over others, and so, by devoting himself to it solely, earned for himself an immortality.

It is curious, as has been before mentioned, that Corneille thought himself indebted to Lope for his original, though written only about twenty years before, while Voltaire says it is uncertain whether Lope or Rojas was its author. Poor Alarcon ! As Corneille had gone to Seneca for all that was excellent in his "Medea," to Guillen de Castro for all that was grand in his "Cid," so he came to an unknown fountain for all that was entertaining in his "Menteur," following Horace's precept, who gives permission to poets and painters of daring all things. "Whether it be a robbery or a loan I care not," says the great Peter. "They are our enemies ; it is permitted to spoil them, and I shall do it again." He kept his word in "La Suite du Menteur," from the "Amar sin saber à quien" of Lope, which, from the fickleness of public favour, though with an intrigue more interesting than that of "Le Menteur," met with but little success. It has been said that "Le Menteur" is little else than a translation. The chief differences between it and Alarcon's comedy are differences of adaptation. For example, Don Garcia locates his lies in Peru and the Indies ; Dorante, his French antitype, has made himself feared like a thunderbolt in the wars in Germany, and so on. The differences are precisely those between the stage "adaptations" of the present day and their French originals.

We turn with sorrow to a fungous growth of literature, a huge mass of envenomed ribaldry, which grew and flourished on the bodily deformities, to which we have before alluded, of Alarcon.

Far from keeping silence on this subject, grateful to God who had made them otherwise, the writers of his day, alas ! even the best of them, pursued the luckless poet with the most virulent and caustic diatribes. "Deformity," says Bacon, "is on the matter an advantage to rising." It may have been so with Alarcon, for his friends never allowed him for a moment to forget his humps. Don Juan Fernandez, otherwise unknown, has left it on record in verse that the enormous swellings on either side of this unfortunate man rendered it impossible to say whether he was approaching or retrograding. The play of words

De donde te corco-vienes
O a donde te corco-vas.

cannot be well reproduced in English.

In the National Library at Madrid are some twenty *seguidillas* in MS., in which Alarcon is made to promise to Lope de Vega, "the master of poets," not to make any more verses, under pain of a

whipping. He is then compelled to compose some farewell lines against himself. In them he says : " I will not yield to any hump-back living, for I have a hump on my shoulder and another on my breast. *Jesus ! what is it with me ?*" This is the refrain of his song. " They appear like the panniers of a false pilgrim. A friend met me and said : ' I can't see whether you come backwards or forwards.' Ladies divert themselves with me as with a doubloon stamped on both sides. Between hill and hill peeps out my face over the horizon of my humps. *Jesus ! what is it with me ?* I seem to myself a tortoise, the mould of a bullet-maker, and show a basin on each side of me in which to shave myself. I am the active and passive voice in one ; I teach grammar with my two humps. I bear about my life in a little loaf, as a girl her breakfast between her frock and her apron. *Jesus ! what is it with me ?* I am like two bowls of clay out of which I drink. My person is a Janus, buttocks before and a rupture behind ; that which should be behind before, and my stomach at the back of my neck. I am a good swimmer, as I always have a couple of gourds with me. When I leave my house I fear some one will call for music. *Jesus ! what is it with me ?* These two cymbals of mine please the people. One put cupping-glasses on my shoulders and breast, and removing them the little humps rose. My face is an owl's face, my body that of a frog. *Jesus ! what is it with me*, that all men hold me as their sport ? They say I am an ostrich, because I can digest the iron of their hisses for my verses. Come, Lope de Vega, and grant me a talent like yours."

In a *letrilla* attributed to Quevedo, but as likely to have been written by Gongora, Alarcon is called a last for fools, a sheaf of parentheses, a collection of knots, a saddle turned up before and behind. He has a face reminding one of a dirge, and yet presumes to sing hallelujahs (verses for the royal festival, which Alarcon had been appointed to write, *hinc illæ lacrymæ !*) He is a knave with a chignon (moño) of bunches, and has his breast raised like false witness ; a bugbear for the devil himself ; a doll made up of rags ; a dwarf camel on tiptoe ; a head of garlic with the restlessness of a squirrel ; whose length is that of a spur-rowel ; who, with the help of high-heeled shoes, may measure himself with a weevil ; who, half hidden in a little hat, presumes to compare himself with another species of vermin. His father was never a ploughman who drove straight furrows, but a *picador*, delighting in curvets ; his soul inhabits an alcove apart from the outer world. He is a paragraph, a comma, a *tilde* (-) ; he is the child of a bearded chilblain, a Don Crab, an Ash Wednesday (*Miercoles Corvillo*, on which day men bow them-

selves); he is a lettered cubit; a graduate in the sixth part of a yard, he keeps the town covered with red chalk like a sheep. He is the figure of 5 but the value of zero; the shape of a knuckle bone; a bag of bones, and the bell of a hermitage. But the fear of "Ohe, jam satis!" prevents a continuation of this catalogue of invectives.

Alarcon could and would certainly have replied with seven times heated diatribes to *brocards* such as those which were hurled against him on all sides, had not usage permitted and somewhat blunted the edge of these weapons of the *genre poissard*. *Décimas* and epigrams flavoured with all the delicacy of Aristophanes, *vejámenes*, or goads, as the Spaniards call them, were cast against him by such men as Gongora, Montalban, Guevara, Centeno, and a host of others, many of them his friends, if two of a trade can ever agree. It is strange what a wreath of imagery his distorted figure called up—and those certain verses of his which were written for the royal festival: a cause of invectives which is more easily understood. These are said on all hands, though apparently without a grain of truth, of so little value is public consent, to have been plagiarisms. Alarcon had jewels enough of his own without borrowing from his neighbours. He was in this respect much sinned against, as we have already seen, but without sin. However, for these he is called a tailor rather than a poet; he he is a maker of patchwork, and it is cruel to abuse him for verses which are the work of so many. He is a crow covered with peacock's feathers. His verses are of various plumage, but all marked "humpbacked," and so on.

Hard words, however, seem to have met with considerable discount in his time, and nobody even now takes them at their full value. Alarcon himself indulges in a somewhat free preface to his works, addressed to what he is pleased to call "The Rabble." "It is to you I address myself, oh savage beast! for the nobility know how to behave themselves better than I can tell them." The preface is preceded by a letter to the most excellent Señor Don Ramiro Felipe de Guzman, duke, marquis, count, chancellor, treasurer, captain, &c. &c., (the superscription alone occupying a dozen lines), his patron. It is painful to think of the humiliation the mind of Alarcon must have undergone in composing this letter of adulation for his daily bread, but it is one which most wise men seem to have been saddled with, and which induced even the pure-souled Addison to say in one of his prefaces, that the portrait of the gripping and illiterate Duke of Marlborough would be of more value to mankind than all the moral treatises clustered together under the title of "The Spectator." "It is to you I speak," continues Alarcon, "O savage

beast ! Here are my comedies; treat them according to your wont, not as is just, but as your whims move you. They regard you with contempt and without fear as having already passed the peril of your hisses, and can now be in danger only from infection in your dens. If they displease you, I shall delight myself with the conviction that they are good; if they please you, I shall console myself with the idea that being bad they have at least cost you money." He would be a hardy writer who should address the public of to-day in such words as these. They are not, however, without a parallel. About the same time Desmarets wrote at the head of his comedy, "*Les Visionnaires*," the following quatrain :—

Ce n'est pour toi que j'écris,
Indocte et stupide vulgaire;
J'écris pour les nobles esprits, —
Je serais marri de te plaire.

This is short, sweet, and to the point. But it is a question, or perhaps beyond a question, whether the comedy was, if played after it, a success.

If the works of an author are any criterion of his disposition, which, however, it is pretty certain they are not, Alarcon must have had a heart exceedingly well-tempered. The deformed man was not, in Bacon's language, "even with nature." The champion of sincerity in "*La Verdad Sospechosa*," and of honest speaking in "*Las Paredes oyen*," he at one time insists on the sacred nature of a promise, as in "*Ganar Amigos*," at another he shows the noblest example of a friend, as in the "*Exámen de Maridos*," and at all he exhibits sentiments of delicacy, generosity, and honour. His thoughts are great, his plans well concocted, his versification smooth, facile, sonorous, without affectation, a rare quality in his days, and lustrous in the white robes of simplicity and nature. Assertion is little without proof. The beauty and excellence of the words he chooses, and their harmony, can only be appreciated by one acquainted with his native tongue, but evidences abound in all his plays of the other items of our panegyric.

In "*Ganar Amigos*," Don Fernando has killed the brother of Don Fadrique—justice is on his track, he asks assistance from the latter, who offers it him without knowing to whom he offers it. Don Fadrique afterwards finds out he has promised shelter to his brother's murderer, but he keeps his word; and when Fernando, surprised at this magnanimity, says, "The earth on which you stand shall serve my mouth as an altar," he answers, "Sir, arise ! No thanks for what I do for myself, more than for you. Have I not given you my word? I obliged you when I gave it, but in keeping it I oblige you not, but

pay my own obligation, and none obliges by simple payment. Therefore, I said to you, 'Do not excuse yourself' for without any excuse of your injury, above all mitigation of your offence, it is incumbent on me to keep my word." Afterwards, Fadrique fights with Fernando, and conquers him, and when Fernando prefers death to disclosing his lady's secret, Fadrique exclaims :

Rise, then, rare example of bravery and honour ! unsullied mirror of true nobility ! Live ! Heaven forbid a blind vengeance of mine should quench the light which your valour spreads around you. I am satisfied ; for though you know you killed my brother, you know also I conquered and could have killed you ; but that in forgiving you I have conquered myself. None know that you killed my brother, therefore I am not bound in honour—— (This Spanish honour, this shadow of a shade, invariably comes in to spoil the best pieces of the Spanish dramatists. It is a question whether Alarcon had not too great a mind to bow down to it, and only put it in to propitiate the vulgar)—in honour to kill you. If, however, the matter ever become known, then my honour must be satisfied with your death. So long as it is not, you are not only pardoned, but I shall be obliged to you if you will consider me as your friend.

Fernando. I offer you my hand in sign of an eternal amity.

Fadrique. Go ! Since he whom I loved more than myself is no more, I thank my lot which, in depriving me of a brother, has presented me with such a friend.

In the "Verdad Sospechosa," Don Beltran, the father of the hero, Don Garcia, administers to him a rebuke on his favourite vice—

Beltran. Are you a gentleman ?

Garcia. I take myself to be your son.

Beltran. And is that enough, think you ?

Garcia. Yes.

Beltran. A mistake. To be a gentleman is to act as one. What makes houses noble ? The noble deeds of their founders.

Garcia. Actions give nobility, but birth also gives it without them.

Beltran. As one who is born without honour may gain it, may not one born with honour lose it ?

Garcia. Truly.

Beltran. Then if you act dishonourably you are no longer a gentleman, though my son. Old blood is nought against evil habits. Is your sword long enough to punish all the people of Salamanca, who call you with one accord a liar ? How can you be a slave to a vice so destitute both of pleasure and of profit ? Covetousness exults in the power of money ; gluttony in the food's sweet savour ; gaming in the hope of gain ; the robber in his booty ; the murderer in his revenge. Every vice has some pleasant fruit but lying, which meets only with infamy and contempt.

Combined with these moral heights of our dramatist, there is a low ground of witty repartee and comic situation, if not as keen as that of Tirso, at least more delicate. Don Garcia describes to his servant Tristan a bloody fight, the chief particulars of which existed, like those of an encounter with men in buckram suits referred to by

Falstaff, in imagination only. After his adversary has been wounded in every way, his life being miraculously preserved by an *Agnus Dei* which he wore above his heart, the unfortunate one is taken home on a litter. This accounts for Tristan not having seen him for the last two days.

Tristan. What an extraordinary adventure ! And the man is at death's door, then ?

Garcia. Obviously, seeing he larded the earth with his brains.

Tristan. Poor fellow ! But stay—surely that is he coming now.

[*Garcia* remains astounded and speechless.]

Tristan. And you would tell me these little tittle-tattles ? Me ! the secretary of your soul.

In the “*Exámen de Maridos*” *Doña Ines* inquires of her steward *Beltran* the characters of her suitors.

Beltran. Here is a letter, my lady, from Don Juan de Vivero.

Ines. A short one, by my faith. “If sorrows move you, I die.” The “die” is a little common, but it has the salt of conciseness. Now, your news about him.

Beltran. A gentleman of family and fortune. At one time inclined to gamble to such an extent as to pawn his paternal hereditaments to keep him in ready money. Reformed.

Ines. He who has gambled will gamble. You may lower the desire, but you can't extinguish it. The next.

Beltran. Don Guzman, a young——

Ines. Stay, let us read his letter. “So long as the largest planet in swift whirl shines upon this globe, and so long as his pyramidal rays illumine my glassy eyes——” The man must be mad, or a poet. Strike him out, and put “past cure” opposite his name. Now the next.

Beltran. Don Gomez, a counsellor with the cross of Calatrava. Mature in reason and in years.

Ines. I like the matured reason, but the matured years in a husband don't please me quite so well.

Beltran. Don Hurtado de Mendoza. Clever——

Ines. And conceited.

Beltran. Poor, but has expectations.

Ines. Hopes of the death of another. That's a matter out of his power of calculation. He may die before him whose death he desires.

Beltran. Seeks a place.

Ines. Bah ! Shall my husband go about a beggar ?

Beltran. Has but one defect.

Ines. What ?

Beltran. A bad temper.

Ines. That spoils all.

Beltran. But this is soon over. Like steel, a spark and all is cold again.

Ines. Ah ! but suppose he were to throw me out of window in the first heat ; of what use would the calmness of repentance be then ?

Beltran. Shall I draw a line through him ?

Ines. Yes. I want a husband I may always love, not one I must always fear.

Beltran. Don Guillen, a man of good shape and courage. Has a law-suit.

Ines. A law-suit. Poor wretch!

Beltran. But says he has right on his side.

Ines. Of course; they all do.

Beltran. Is a fair poet.

Ines. Good, if he hasn't to make his living by it.

Beltran. Sings well.

Ines. Good in a bachelor, if he does it without too much asking, and will leave off when you want him.

Beltran. What shall we say of him?

Ines. Wait, and see if he gains his law-suit.

Beltran. Don Juan, an Andalusian. Rich, of no business, but fond of women.

Ines. A failing which time and experience will cure. He must marry and become tame under the yoke.

Beltran. He is already a widower.

Ines. Out with him immediately. He who marries twice has learnt how to become a widower, or is a fool.

Beltran. Count Carlos, a man of honour, noble, rich, gallant, good-tempered, and adorned with every grace.

Ines. He has but one fault.

Beltran. And that is?

Ines. I don't like him.

Beltran. Only the Marquis Don Fadrique remains. You asked me to inquire about the defects that you were told of. They are all true.

Ines. All true?

Beltran. Every one.

Ines. Then blot him out. But, no! what use blotting him out of the book, when I cannot blot him out of my heart!

Alarcon has a defect common to his compatriots. He shows, with other Spanish poets, that want of melancholy abstraction which created a Hamlet and a Faust. These children of north winds and mist and pine trees seem impossible conceptions under the clear warm sunny skies of Castille and Andalusia. Love and honour are the two chords of his lyre, continually moved by the breath of passion, answering each other in notes of exuberant and excessive sound. No lover's heart is there, but an Ætna or a fiery furnace. The object of his adoration is no mere mortal woman, "not too good for human nature's daily food," but she is a seraph, a goddess; her favours are a heaven, her hate a purgatory, her indifference a hell. Nay, even in the ordinary forms of Spanish talk, is not the lady of whom you purchase a yard of glazed calico her grace? and do you not kiss her feet on leaving her august presence? This exaggeration, which is a *cosa de España* and of its essence, Alarcon, however, falls into less by far than other writers. There is not that amount of bloodshed which

went far towards the favour in which Calderon was held; for the Spanish people love a play like "Titus Andronicus," or a five-act tragedy at the Victoria, full of knives, guns, daggers, and all instruments of death. A proverb says they want everybody to die—*hasta los apuntadores*—even to the prompter. Still Alarcon could subdue his hand to the blood which is the life, or the death, when it was necessary to work in that colour; witness the weaver, Pedro Alonso, who is suspiciously like the Karl Mohr of Schiller's "Robbers"; witness the "Antichrist," a play in which there is a long theological discussion between the protagonist and Elias, and which is more of an *auto sacramental* than a *comedia*. Its conclusion is curious. The Antichrist becomes enamoured of a young girl, Sofia. In the last scene a beautiful being is brought to him, richly adorned, her walk intoxicating, her eyes fire. But she is not Sofia, though with Sofia's outward and visible grace. She is a demon! The Antichrist causes her to sit by his side. The other odalisques are mad with jealousy. Then comes the prophet Elias, and explains to the Antichrist that he is embracing an empty shadow. "You lie, false prophet," and he orders him to be led to instant execution. But a *deus ex machinâ* arrives in the person of an angel with a flaming sword, who brings the real Sofia and a host of Christians to the rescue. The Antichrist falls, Sofia places her foot on the nape of his neck, and announces the end of persecution and the eternal kingdom of Christianity.

The great fault in Alarcon's pieces, from a mechanical point of view, is the little variety of scenery. He seems like a careful manager, anxious to utilise old properties and save the expense of new, but it was the fault of his epoch. In our days it is just the contrary; any amount of change of scene, mechanical contrivances, flies, flats, and floats, which would do honour to the Wizard of the North,—but as to moral end, philosophical analysis, thoughtful substance, and poetical expression—too often realms of unoccupied space. Alarcon's verses are written chiefly in the metre of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Nearly all Spanish plays are, it is well known, composed in a poetical form. All his women are praiseworthy—they present, like Shakespeare's, types. They are more varied at least, if not more tender, than those of Lope. The sprightly Leonora of "Change for the Better" is far different from the devoted Theodora of the "Weaver;" the amiable Flor of "How to Gain Friends," and the coquette Ines in the "Trial of Husbands," are unlike as the sunshine and the polar star. What a famous apology for women is placed in the mouth of one of his servants—not mere echoes of their masters, as in many Spanish pieces—in "All is Luck!"

What is it we most condemn in women? Inconstancy!—Why we ourselves teach it to them. Love of money!—Let him who is without this fault cast the first stone. Being easily won!—But how if men became tired of wooing in a week? Hard to be won!—Are they not taught by us to be cautious? We hate them for being difficult, we despise them if they are easy. But if men are women's masters, and if without women all pleasures lose their savour, an evil festival be theirs who abuse or injure so fair an animal, and his also whoever says not Amen! to this my prayer.

In the "Chastisement of Friendship" there is a charming character labelled Aurora. She, and her lover Philip, in a dialogue of witching beauty, discover to each other their mutual love. This selection, leaving, it is to be hoped, a last sweet taste in the mouth of the reader, must conclude a notice, already perhaps too long, of a dramatic poet, who has enriched the world with at least twenty pieces of almost equal interest and excellence.

Dionysius (a short preface is necessary to the full understanding of our selection), tyrant of Syracuse, is in love with his niece Aurora, and persuades Philip, one of his courtiers, to obtain a secret interview with her and plead his passion. Aurora rebukes Philip ostensibly on the ground of honour and propriety, really through a rising love for himself, of which she is however hardly conscious. Philip comes a second time; he has sworn to gain what she refused to his master; his love at the most, he says, can but cost him his life. In the mean time Aurora has evolved out of a species of self-communion the knowledge of her own passion for Philip, and it is her object through the following dialogue to make him declare himself. "His pleading of another's love," she soliloquises, "interpreted his own":—

Philip. I am come a second time, fair Aurora, as an unfortunate messenger. The King is all powerful. Forgive me if I offend you in saying so. For he who errs from obedience is not without excuse for his error.

Aurora. Philip! I know not what to answer.

Philip. It is a sufficient answer to see you are no longer angry.

Aurora. It is no crime to love; it is a natural flattery which pleases all. If I cannot return his love, I may at least be grateful. So be not surprised if, though angry the first time, I have on reflection learnt it is no crime to love, since love is a natural flattery which pleases all.

The words repeated by Aurora are those used by Philip in an earlier part of the play.

Philip (aside). Alas! I am undone.

Aurora. But why do I take this trouble to excuse myself for doing that which you come here expressly to make me do? Tell his Majesty——

Philip (aside). Ah!

Aurora. That I am highly honoured by——

Philip. What do you say?

Aurora. You are moved, it seems.

Philip. (*Aside:* I can't conceal my jealousy.) Not at all, my lady. (*Aside:* It is my death.) I was so pleased with the good news I am to bear to his Majesty.

Aurora. (*Aside:* So you change colour with pleasure. Not a bit of it! I'll make you confess it on the rack, if you won't by other means.) Tell him, then, since you are so deeply interested in his welfare, that I will hear him this very night plead his own cause.

Philip. (*Aside:* I cannot dissemble. I must leave her without speaking, or I fear my words will quit my lips and flow out as tears from my eyes.) [*Going.*]

Aurora. Do you leave me thus? Stay, I didn't mean what I said just now.

Philip. You didn't mean—

Aurora. Say nothing to the king. I was only pretending—

Philip. Pretending!

Aurora. You don't seem to be so interested in his Majesty as you were just now. Why, you should weep.

Philip. You are not displeased to see me happy?

Aurora. A woman is never displeased when she has attained her object.

Philip. What was your object, then?

Aurora. Simply the knowledge of a secret which you thought to hide from me.

Philip. What secret?

Aurora. One your eyes have told me in spite of your mouth.

Philip. What have you seen in my eyes which was not on my lips?

Aurora. Sorrow for the king's success.

Philip. But if my eyes have more credit with you than my lips, why did you answer falsely the lies of my mouth, instead of listening to the language of my eyes?

Aurora. I have read your eyes correctly, then?

Philip. Would you like me to say "Yes?"

Aurora. Can you answer "No?"

Philip. I will say what you please.

Aurora. Will you let me be the first to declare myself?

Philip. You are trying me. How can I hope to deceive you?

Aurora. You have little confidence in your courage.

Philip. But who is worthy of you?

Aurora. He whom I ask, if he will insist on my being the first to ask if I am worthy of him.

Philip. So we may speak plainly then. Oh! dear Aurora, I adore you.

Aurora. Thank heaven! we've got there at last.

Philip (*on his knees*). From the very first moment I saw you, &c. &c.

But the play does not end well. Philip, afraid of the king, who threatens to employ force in his amour, discloses everything to Aurora's father. By a series of circumstances the king is deposed and Aurora's father reigns in his stead. Philip comes for his reward—the hand of his daughter. "No," says the new monarch, "you deceived your master. You revealed what you swore to keep secret. You are an unfaithful vassal. Off into exile! I am the king!"

It is the half absurd, half melancholy *dénouement* of this piece which justifies its title of "The Chastisement of Friendship."

JAMES MEW.

ON GIANTS.

ONE of the most interesting studies for the physiologist is that of endeavouring to determine the laws in virtue of which the so-called "freaks of Nature" are produced. The popular opinion regarding the production of curiosities and abnormalities in living beings unhesitatingly points to a belief that Dame Nature, in some fit of capriciousness, occasionally gives the rein to her fancy, with the result of producing some creature which differs widely from its nearest kin, and which becomes a true *lusus nature*, presenting a subject for the wonder and awe of the ignorant, and for the somewhat more reverent investigation of the man of science. A little consideration, however, shows us that from a better acquaintance with the conditions of life, we may very reasonably refuse to believe in any such ideas of the "sports" of Nature. So far from abnormalities in animals and plants being produced as the result of undetermined "freaks" on the part of Nature, these unwonted conditions can be shown to result from the operation of laws as binding and as inexorable in their sway as those which rule the physical universe at large. We may not, it is true, be always equal to the elucidation of every problem which may be presented to us in the way of explaining the unusual working of the laws of life and growth; but the imperfection of our knowledge affords no argument against a firm belief in the idea that the reign of law is both universal and well-directed. Pope's dictum, that

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see,

expresses after all the true sentiment of the scientific observer when engaged in considering some curiosity which, to the ordinary mind, simply suggests an incongruity of the most typical kind. By the man of science, the case is regarded as one wherein some law of normal development has been infringed, and in which the operation of some other and secondary law has prevailed to bring about the development of the so-called "freak of Nature." The belief in fabu-

lous creatures may be traced to the implicit reliance placed of old in the capriciousness of Nature. If Nature made double-headed monsters, and joined normally separate individuals in closest union, why could she not produce creatures half men and half fish, and even more startling forms? And, as every student of mythology may imagine, the belief in the development of centaurs and like beings formed a natural sequence of a blind reliance on the power of Nature to produce creatures of any form, and of the most wondrous kind. That this belief in the capricious spirit of Nature persisted in comparatively recent times may be proved by anyone who will take the trouble to investigate the opinions that were held in the 16th and 17th centuries regarding the production of "fossils." The discovery of petrified animals and plants in the rock-systems of the earth was regarded by the primitive geologists as affording the clearest evidence of the miraculous in the history of creation. The mediæval philosophers taught that fossils were mere "freaks of Nature," and the products of what they termed an unknown formative instinct or power—the "*nisus formativus*" and "*vis plastica*" of the old writers; whilst there were not wanting certain sage speculators who gravely declared their belief that the influence of the heavenly bodies had much to do with the production of these fossilised remains. We now explain the history of fossil organisms, as every one knows, in a much more natural and simpler fashion; and, regarding the production of true abnormalities in living plants and animals, it may be noted that science is fast revolutionising the old ideas of their origin, by substituting for a belief in the vague and mysterious, the knowledge of the operation or violation of natural laws.

From the earliest times, man has taken a deep interest in the marvellous, and especially in that aspect which relates to the production of abnormal beings of his own kind. References in ancient literature to the existence of giants and dwarfs are by no means rare, and even in the records of the sacred historians we find mention made of beings of abnormal stature, since we are informed that "there were giants in the earth" in patriarchal times. Henrion, a Member of the French Academy of Sciences, published in 1718 a work in which he argued for the great decrease in stature and physical conformation generally which had taken place in the human race between the Creation and the advent of the Christian era. In this curious treatise, the learned but somewhat credulous author informs us that Adam was 123 feet 9 inches in height, whilst Eve's stature is asserted to have been 118 feet 9 inches and 9 lines. The exactitude of the Academician's calculations forms a noticeable point in the recital; whilst no less remarkable is his assertion of the inexplicable degeneracy

which the race seems to have undergone within a comparatively short period. Noah, we are told, attained a height of only 27 feet; Abraham was barely 20 feet in stature; whilst Moses is alleged to have measured only 13 feet in height. Henrlon takes care to add that in his opinion the advent of the Christian era prevented the continuous decrease which had hitherto prevailed, and records his thankfulness that humanity was not permitted to become represented by infinitesimal or microscopic specks. The ancient and mediæval accounts of human giants are intermingled with much that is problematic, and in some cases absolutely fabulous. We are assured, however, that the height of Funnam, a Scotch giant who lived in the time of Pope Eugene II.—this pontiff's death having occurred in the year 827—was 11 feet; whilst in 1509 there were discovered at Rouen the remains of the Chevalier Rinçon, whose skull was alleged to have been capable of holding a bushel of wheat, whilst the length of his shin-bone is stated at 4 feet. In 1705, the skeleton of a hero named Bucart was disinterred at Valence, the remains measuring some 22 feet in length. These cases of huge development may very appropriately be capped by the Sicilian story of a human skeleton which was gravely maintained to measure 300 feet in length; whilst, with the apparent object of giving additional veracity to the recital, this giant's walking-stick was alleged to have also been found, the length of this appendage being given at 30 feet.

We must naturally allow much for the credulity of the age in which these and similar instances of human giants were not only related, but also believed in. But again we find that ignorance of natural objects, and the then infantile stage of natural science, may together be credited with inducing an implicit faith in such legends. Sir Hans Sloane, of British Museum celebrity, was one of the first to express his opinion that the remains described as those of human beings of immense stature, were not those of men, but of some huge extinct animals; Sir Hans' ideas being met, in the spirit of the age, with a fierce opposition of a pseudo-religious kind. He was charged, through the expression of his opinions, with impugning the authenticity of the Scriptures, and with heresies of like kind. But those who thus had their beliefs "nail'd wi' Scriptur'" were rather disconcerted a little later by the announcement that Cuvier, through the exercise of his talents in the investigation of fossil remains, had declared the remains of the supposed human giants to be those of extinct animals, which were no doubt also giants in their way, especially when compared with then existing representatives. Thus fossil sloths and elephants of large size had been doing duty for giants of the

human race, and the teeth of human giants, which used to be so conspicuously displayed in museums, were relegated to their proper sphere under the description of the armature of elephant's jaws.

The consideration of some of the best-authenticated cases of mankind having attained in modern times a very large stature may be fitly prefaced by a brief account of several groups of lower animals in which individuals are known to occasionally exhibit gigantic proportions, since such a study of comparative development will assist us in obtaining some clear ideas regarding the prevalence of giants in lower life. In some of the lowest groups of the animal series, giant species, or members of species which are ordinarily of small size, may sometimes be developed. Most readers know something of the zoophytes—those curious plant-like animals, which are so frequently cast up on our shores, and which may be obtained in great quantities by dredging all round our coasts. These organisms ordinarily measure a few inches in length, but certainly the largest of them must shrink into insignificance when compared with the giant zoophyte obtained by the dredge of the "Challenger" off the coast of Japan, and again off Honolulu. This organism measures 7 feet 4 inches in height, its stem has a diameter of half-an-inch, and the mouths and tentacles of some of its included animals measure 9 inches across. This truly is an example of a veritable giant-race; and it forms not the least curious feature of such a being to consider that we are thus presented with an example of a literal animal tree, consisting of numerous animal forms, which, however, unlike the vast majority of their neighbours, grow up in the strange similitude of a plant.

Passing by, with a mere mention, the instances of some giant sea-worms, some of which—such as the *Nemertes* of the zoologist—may attain a length of forty feet or more, we may note certain extraordinary and instructive cases of large developments amongst molluscous animals. Shells may vary greatly in size, as the visitor to any large museum may observe, but probably the largest known shells are those of the Giant Clams (*Tridacna gigantea*) of the Indian Ocean, the shells of which may measure a yard and a half in length, and weigh 500lbs. The contained animal may attain a weight of 20lbs., and forms a description of oyster of tough but palatable kind. In the church of St. Sulpice at Paris, large specimens of these shells are to be seen, the valves being used for fonts. Unquestionably, however, the cuttlefishes constitute a group, around which our interest must centre in regard to the huge development of many of these forms, and to the curious historical and legendary aspects with which the question has become invested. The student of classical lore will

be at no loss for instances of giant developments of cuttlefishes, since Pliny and other writers give full accounts of some monsters which were alleged to exist in these early days, and to cause fear and terror to reign supreme in more than one maritime state. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, relates the history of one "polypus," or cuttlefish, which exhibited a singular liking for salted tunnies, since it was said to emerge at night from the sea, and carry off its booty from the curers' stores. Another cuttlefish is described as having haunted the coasts of Spain, and devastated the fisheries. This creature was finally captured, and, as the incident is told by Pliny, the body weighed 700lbs., the arms surrounding the head measuring ten yards in length. Ælian, whose period dates from A.D. 220 to 250, relates the history of a cuttle, which resembled Pliny's monster in its affinity for cured fish, since it also made raids on the fish-curers' stores, and obtained its booty by crushing the barrels in which the preserved meats were contained.

The naturalists of the Renaissance were certainly not behind their classic predecessors in their recitals of giant cuttlefishes, and it becomes exceedingly difficult, or even impossible, to separate out the real from the fabulous in dealing with the records of some of the mediæval writers. The legends of Northern Europe, for example, have long credited the Northern Seas with affording refuge to a large monster of cuttlefish-nature, to which the name of the "Kraken" has been applied. A worthy but credulous ecclesiastic, Eric Pontoppidan by name, and bishop of Bergen by office, propagated—no doubt with the best intentions, and with a firm belief in his recitals—many astonishing ideas and theories regarding the existence of the Kraken. In his "*Natural History of Norway*," published about 1754, he tells us that this Kraken was "liker an island than a beast," and suggests that the appearance of the animal, as it lay almost submerged in the water, lured unwary mariners to a dreadful fate, these persons landing on a moving mass instead of on a firm island. Such an incident is paralleled in the "*Arabian Nights*," in which it is related, if we remember aright, that Sinbad the Sailor and his companions attempted to hold a picnic on the back of a whale, under the mistaken idea that the cetacean was solid land. Floating islands and sea-monsters figure largely in Pontoppidan's work, but we cannot be inclined to deal hardly with the learned bishop, since he was animated as we must believe, and as he himself tells us, by "a desire to extend the popular knowledge of the glorious works of a beneficent Creator."

Another writer and churchman, Oläus Magnus, in his "*Historia*

de Gentibus Septentrionalibus," dating from 1555, also relates many curious tales of the Kraken and other gigantic forms ; and in the case of the latter writer, it is even more difficult than in the study of Pontoppidan's works to separate facts from fiction. But of all the mediæval writers who drew largely upon imagination, Denys de Montfort was probably the most notable. This writer had infinitely less excuse than his contemporaries for perpetuating errors, since he was one of the assistants in the Natural History Museum of Paris, and thus claimed title to possess scientific knowledge and accuracy. Notwithstanding his scientific pretensions, however, De Montfort, in his "*Histoire Naturelle Générale et Particulière des Mollusques*," propagated many ideas of erroneous, not to say ludicrous, kind, regarding the occurrence and power of giant cuttlefishes. Thus, he boldly asserts the existence of a giant "poulpe" or octopus, which, as demonstrated by a most sensational engraving, he alleged to be capable of destroying ships wholesale, by dragging them beneath the waves with its arms. A three-masted barque of considerable dimensions is thus represented as being devastated by a "poulpe" of giant size, although it is related that the crew managed to escape destruction by severing the monster's arms with hatchets. Nor was De Montfort contented with this endeavour to deceive his readers. Report says that this worthy declared his intention to make the poulpe destroy a whole fleet, if the story of his one entangled ship was accepted ; and report appears to have spoken truly in this instance, since, in the second volume of the work referred to, he informs his readers that six French men-of war, captured by Admiral Rodney on April 12, 1782, were engulfed by giant cuttlefishes, along with four British ships which acted as convoy to the prizes. The actual facts of the latter incident, as officially recorded, show De Montfort's assertions to be utterly false. The six prizes arrived safely at Jamaica, but on their subsequent voyage to England were greatly damaged by a violent storm, in which it is needless to remark the "colossal poulpes" of De Montfort played no part.

As a last example of a tale of giant cuttlefishes, in which elements of discrepancy and exaggeration are plainly discernible, we may select the recital alleged by De Montfort to have been obtained from the lips of Captain Jean Magnus Dens, a worthy navigator who hailed from Dunkirk, and who made voyages to the Chinese Seas. Being becalmed on one occasion in mid-ocean, Captain Dens, like an energetic master mariner, set his crew to work to scrape and paint the sides of his ship. During the performance of this operation, a giant cuttlefish was alleged to have risen from the depths close to the

side of the vessel, and to have carried off two of the sailors, whilst it seized a third with one of its arms ; the startled crew, however, by aid of hatchets and prayers to St. Thomas, their tutelary saint, succeeded in releasing their comrade by cutting off the intruding member. The length of the arm thus severed is stated by De Montfort at 25 feet, whilst its thickness is said to have equalled that of Dens' mizen-yard, its suckers being as big as saucepan lids. Probably Dens did actually encounter a cuttlefish, and it is possible he may have engaged in battle with it. The sequel will show that this supposition is both warranted and reasonable ; but, on the other hand, there can be little doubt that great allowance must be made for De Montfort's proclivities for exaggeration, and a considerable reduction in the size of the aggressive poulpe may be safely bargained for.

It is fortunate that in scientific records, written or compiled by men whose character as observers and as faithful recorders of what they saw is above suspicion, we possess evidence to show that giants of the cuttlefish race do unquestionably occur in various seas ; whilst, as will presently be related, the examination, within the few past years, of the remains of several huge cuttlefish-forms has placed their occurrence within the domain of sober zoological fact. For example, Peron, a celebrated French naturalist and explorer, relates, in his "*Voyage of Discovery*," that he saw in the year 1801, off Van Diemen's Land, a cuttlefish which possessed a body of the size of a barrel ; the length of the arms being estimated at 6 or 7 feet, and their largest diameter at 6 or 7 inches. Quoy and Gaimard, whose reputation as observers and travellers of a past generation is world-wide, assert that in the Atlantic they fell in with the mutilated remains of a gigantic squid or calamary—a kind of cuttlefish represented in our own seas by specimens attaining a maximum length of $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet or so—the original weight of this specimen being roughly estimated at 200 lbs. The learned Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, relates that many years ago a large calamary was cast upon the Danish coast, the length of this specimen being set down at 21 feet, the tentacles adding an additional 18 feet to the latter measurement. In 1854 Steenstrup met with a second case of like kind in the shape of a large cuttle which was thrown ashore on the coast of Jutland ; the length of this specimen being at least fully equal to that of the previous instance.

A singular and interesting incident in the voyage of the French war-steamer "*Alecton*" was afforded by the discovery, on the 30th November 1861, of a giant calamary, between Madeira and Teneriffe. The body of this specimen was said to attain a length of 16 or 17

feet, minus the arms. The animal was met with floating listlessly on the surface of the sea, and, as became a gallant sailor, Commander Bouyer, of the "Alepton," gave the cephalopod battle; the harpoons, however, tore through the soft flesh of the animal, whilst the bullets fired at it simply imbedded themselves in the mass without doing much apparent damage to the creature. The crew of the "Alepton" succeeded in passing a noose around the tail-fin of the monster—this fin being shaped somewhat like an arrow-head—so that the rope was firmly retained by the fin, and considerable pressure could be thus made on the animal's body by pulling at the rope. Unfortunately, the softness of the body, together with its dead weight, defeated the intentions of the crew, for they succeeded in pulling on board the tail-fin and tip of the body, leaving the maimed giant, minus his tail, to disappear in the deep. The portion thus captured weighed about 40 lbs., and the French consul at Teneriffe, in his report of the matter sent to the French Academy of Sciences, relates that he inspected the captured portion two days after the occurrence.

Some of the most interesting cases in which huge cephalopods have been met with, however, are recorded in the narratives of British science. On the 25th of April 1875 a large cuttlefish was met with basking on the surface of the sea of Boffin Island, Connemara, by the crew of a "corragh," this latter being a boat constructed of hoops and tarred canvas, and somewhat resembling the "coracle" of early days. The fishermen, knowing the value of cuttle-fish bait, attacked the animal, and, after a hard chase, lopped off several arms, together with the head, the body being allowed to sink. It is due to the intelligence and care of Sergeant O'Connor, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, that portions of the tentacles and the beak were transmitted to Dublin for preservation in the museum of the Royal Dublin Society, and from the description of these valuable relics by Mr. More, assistant naturalist in the above museum, we extract the following particulars. This specimen, like all other species of squids, had ten arms, two of these, named tentacles, being very much longer than the others, and possessing suckers at their extremities only. "A good part of both tentacles, one short arm, and the great beak entire," says Mr. More, "have reached Dublin, and there remains very little doubt that we have now to deal with a second example of the famous *Architeuthis dux* of Steenstrup;" this latter being the appellation that the Danish naturalist gave to the specimen which, as already remarked, was cast ashore on Jutland in 1854. The following particulars are given of the dimensions of the Irish specimen:—"Tentacles 30 feet long when fresh (14 and 17 feet can still

be made up from the pickled pieces). A few distant, small, and nearly sessile (unstalked) suckers occur at long intervals along the inner surface of the peduncle," or stalk of the tentacle. The expanded termination of the suckers, "measuring 2 feet 9 inches in its present shrunken state, is occupied in the centre of the palm by two rows of large stalked suckers nearly 1 inch in diameter, 14 in each row; an alternating row of 14 smaller suckers (half an inch in diameter) occupies the margin on each side of the palm . . . These outer suckers are each armed with a denticulated (or toothed) bony ring of some 28 teeth, pointing inwards. . . . The short arm is quite spoiled for examination; all the horny rings are gone, and the suckers themselves are scarcely represented. This arm measured 8 feet in length and 15 inches round the base when fresh. The beak has a strong, wide tooth about the middle of the edge of the inner mandible (or jaw), and a much narrower notch on the outer mandible on each side. The head and eyes were unfortunately lost." We have thus sufficient details afforded even by the imperfect and cursory examination of these remains, to assure us that a cuttlefish, which might well be termed a veritable giant of its kind when compared with its ordinary neighbours, was actually captured and despoiled. At Dingle, in Kerry, some 200 years ago, a gigantic cuttlefish was stranded. This latter is described as having been 19 feet in total length, whilst the size of the animal is stated to have equalled that of a large horse.

In October 1873 two fishermen met with a large cuttlefish which was floating quietly near the eastern extremity of Belle Isle, Conception Bay, about nine miles from St. John's, Newfoundland. Thinking the floating mass was the remains of a wreck, the men grappled it with a boathook, the formerly inert mass at once waking up into life, and appearing as a huge cuttlefish, which threw its two long arms across the boat, these arms, however, being at once severed with an axe. The animal then moved off into deep water, ejecting in its retreat a quantity of the inky fluid which these creatures elaborate by way of a protective secretion, capable of being quickly diffused in the surrounding water, and of thus serving as a cloak of darkness under which escape may be effected. A portion of one of the amputated arms is preserved in the museum at St. John's; and Professor Verrill, of Yale College, U.S., estimates, as approximate and comparative measurements, the length of the body at 10 feet, its diameter at 2 feet 5 inches, whilst the length of the long tentacles is set down at 32 feet, and that of the head at 2 feet. Another specimen was captured in Logie Bay, Newfoundland, in November 1874, a photograph of the head and arms having been taken of this cuttlefish. From the

representation of this cuttlefish we may gain an idea of its gigantic size; and the actual measurements fully confirm the opinion formed regarding its great dimensions. The body exceeded 7 feet in length, the tail-fin was 22 inches broad, the two long tentacles were each 24 feet in length, the eight short arms were each 6 feet long and 10 inches in circumference at the base; whilst the number of suckers was computed at 1,100, and the great eyes measured 4 inches in diameter. Professor Verrill has also given details of the stranding of another giant of this class at Grand Bank, Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, in December 1874, this locality being apparently specially favoured in respect of its cuttlefish visitors: the abundance of cod and other fishes adapted for cuttlefish dietary affording a ready explanation of the latter fact. The total length of this last visitor to the Newfoundland shores is given at 40 feet, the long arms making about 26 feet of this measurement, whilst the largest suckers were about 1 inch in diameter.

It would thus appear to be not only a settled fact that cuttlefish giants are actually developed, but that these monsters belong to new and distinct species, and may therefore be regarded, in the opinion of many naturalists, as presenting us with literal races of giants. It must not be forgotten that the dimensions of ordinary cuttlefishes could have afforded no grounds for the supposition that such gigantic beings actually existed; and the discovery of the monsters in question formed, therefore, the only and surest test of the correctness of those opinions which held that a substratum of probability and truth lay concealed beneath the exaggerated tales of the older naturalists, and of the mariners of bygone days.

From the cuttlefishes to the true fishes is a transition of an easy nature both in a popular and in a zoological sense. Amongst the fishes very large individuals are developed in a normal and natural fashion—such dimensions as 20 or even 30 feet in length being common in many sharks. But with other groups of fishes, gigantic individuals belonging to species the members of which are ordinarily of small dimensions are frequently developed, these latter instances being typical cases of giants arising from amongst their normal-sized brethren. For example, amongst the flat fishes specimens of very large size are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. The turbot, possessing an average weight of 6 or 7 lbs., has been known to weigh 70 lbs., whilst the halibut, which attains an ordinary length of 4 or 5 feet, has been found to measure 7 feet in length. A specimen of this fish was captured on the coast of Caithness in February 1877, which measured 7 feet in length, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth, and 1 foot in

thickness, its weight being 231 lbs. Even the familiar cod may attain very large proportions. At Lochiel Head, on the west coast of Scotland, says a correspondent of the "*Oban Times*," a large cod was recently captured, the length of the fish being 9 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and its circumference 3 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One can well understand the truth of the remark appended to the statement, that some of the oldest fishermen declared that they had never seen such a monster taken before. The conger eels may sometimes be developed to a size in which they approach the dimensions of very large snakes, whilst those elongated fishes, the "tape" or "ribbon fishes," attain a normal length of 10, 11, or even 13 feet : and the writer has recently put on record a case in which a specimen attained the enormous length of 60 feet.

Reptiles frequently attain large dimensions, but more commonly as a result of normal growth than of spontaneous and unusual development ; and some extinct birds, such as the *dinornis* of New Zealand, must have exceeded their neighbours in size to as great an extent as the reported human giants of old overtopped their nearest relations. This is particularly the case with one species of *dinornis*, the leg bones of which, found in a fossil state, are described by Owen as being equal to those of the elephant in size, whilst the total height of the bird must have exceeded ten feet. Extinct species of sloths and armadillos bear a similar relation to their living neighbours. The Irish elk of recent deposits overtops the stateliest living deer ; and the extinct mammoth, in respect of its size and bulk, might fairly rank first amongst the elephant kind.

Man, as the head of the animal series, presents us with not a few interesting examples of large or even extraordinary physical development, whilst the subject of human overgrowth assumes an additional interest in the light of an inquiry into the peculiarities of character which attach themselves to rarities in the shape of giants of the human race. Of such tall persons it is noticeable that by far the greater number belong to the male sex. Giantesses, in fact, are but rarely met with in proportion to the number of giants of whom due record has been preserved. In the reign of Edward III., Long More, or Mores, an Irish giant, attained the height of 6 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Queen Elizabeth had a Flemish porter who attained the height of 7 feet 6 inches ; this height being exceeded by John Middleton, or the "Child of Hale," as he was called, who was born in 1578, and who measured 9 feet 3 inches. C. Munster, a yeoman of the Hanoverian Guard, who died in 1676, attained a height of 8 feet 6 inches ; Cajanus, the Swedish giant, who was exhibited in London in 1742, attained a

height of 9 feet. The most celebrated of living giants are the famous Captain Bates, a native of Kentucky, who attains a height of 8 feet; his wife, *née* Miss Anna Swan, who was born in Nova Scotia, also measuring 8 feet in height. Many of our readers will remember the exhibition of the two latter persons a few years ago in London. Chang-wu-gon, the Chinese giant, is also still alive; this tall Celestial measures 7 feet 9 inches in stature.

The details of giant-life exhibit many curious features. Contrary to expectation, and against the spirit of the old legends, our modern giants are, for the most part, persons of a singularly mild disposition, and exhibit, as a rule, the most amiable of tempers. Nature in this respect, indeed, appears to preserve a wonderful and admirable balance of power in imbuing persons of great physical development with an equable temperament; whilst the dwarfs and pigmies of our race are usually inclined to exhibit a disposition the reverse of benevolent or mild. Probably the only giants of past days concerning whom details of a thoroughly authentic character have been preserved are Patrick Cotter, *alias* Patrick Cotter O'Brien, and Charles Byrne, both individuals hailing from the sister island. Curiously enough, there is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, the skeleton of a third Irishman, named Magrath, whose case attained some notoriety in consequence of a Doctor Campbell's statement, in his work entitled "A Philosophical Survey of Ireland," that Magrath's growth was caused by Bishop Berkeley's experiment of feeding the lad. There exists little or no foundation for this statement, which probably arose from the fact that Magrath, having at the age of 16 attained a stature of over 6 feet, and being poorly fed, presented a fit case for the exercise of the kindly bishop's charity. He accordingly caused Magrath to receive a liberal diet for about a month, this treatment restoring the overgrown lad to health. At his death Magrath measured 7 feet 8 inches.

In the "British Magazine" for 1783, the death of Charles Byrne, one of the giants just mentioned, is duly chronicled. From this source we learn that Byrne measured exactly 8 feet in height in August 1780; whilst "in 1782 his stature had gained two inches, and when dead his full length was 8 feet 4 inches." His death, sad to relate, is alleged to have been caused by excessive drinking, "to which," says the writer in the "British Magazine," "he was always addicted, but more particularly since his late loss of all his property, which he had simply invested in a single bank-note of £700. In his last moments," continues the narrator, "he requested that his

remains might be thrown into the sea, in order that his bones might be removed far out of the reach of the *chirurgical fraternity*; in consequence of which," we are further informed, "the body was put on board a vessel, conveyed to the Downs, and sunk in twenty fathoms water." Byrne died, it is necessary to add, in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, at the age of twenty-two. The statement that the remains of the giant were buried at sea is quite erroneous, since, after all, the "*chirurgical fraternity*," represented by the famous John Hunter, contrived, after much trouble and the expenditure of a considerable sum of money—stated at £500—to obtain possession of the body, and the visitor to the magnificent Museum in Lincoln's-inn-Fields may have the pleasure of beholding the skeleton of the once famous Byrne occupying a place of honour in the osteological department. It is interesting to note that Byrne appeared on the stage in 1782, at the Haymarket Theatre, in the summer pantomime of "*Harlequin Teague, or the Giant's Causeway*"—a title strongly suggestive of Byrne's prominence in the production.

The history of Patrick Cotter, who was born at Kinsale in 1761, shows that giants are by no means exempted from the cares and worries which beset ordinary existence. His parents were poor persons, of ordinary stature; and his father leased him for exhibition to a showman at eighteen years of age, for a period of three years, at the rate of £50 per annum. Arriving at Bristol, Cotter demanded some extra remuneration for himself; and the showman being disinclined to grant his request, Cotter refused to allow himself to be exhibited, with the result of being incarcerated as a debtor. His case, however, being made known to some benevolent person, Cotter was liberated, by the contract between his father and the showman being declared to be illegal; and, proceeding thereafter to exhibit on his own account, he realised the sum of £30 in three days.

Cotter adopted the name of O'Brien in order to strengthen the fiction, set forth in the bills, that he was "a lineal descendant of the old puissant King Brien Boreau," and that he possessed, "in person and appearance, all the similitude of that great and grand potentate." His height was stated at "near nine feet," although a memorial tablet in the Trenchard Street Roman Catholic Chapel, Bristol, informs us more truly that his stature only exceeded "eight feet three inches." Cotter died at Clifton on September 8, 1804, having realised a modest competence by exhibiting himself, and having secured, we are told, the respect of the entire community by his well-regulated conduct. Like his countryman Byrne, Cotter was exceedingly anxious that his remains should not fall into the hands

of the anatomists, and gave directions that his grave should be built in with bricks and secured with iron bars.

As we write, the newspapers contain the intelligence of the death of the "Buckinghamshire Giant," a person named William Stevens, who merited his appellation of giant rather from his immense weight than from his unusual stature. He died at the end of March, 1877, at the age of 49 years, at the "Five Arrows," Waddesdon, near Aylesbury. He went to reside at this tavern some four years ago, at which time he weighed 18 stones. The account relates that from that time his life was spent in eating and drinking, and in exhibiting his increasing weight to interested observers. At his death he weighed 35 stones, and measured 6 feet 8 inches in height. Most readers will express surprise that the fatal issue was so long delayed in this rather melancholy case, in which an abnormality in physical development had operated decidedly to the prejudice and injury of the unfortunate subject. The case in point well illustrates, in fact, what the reporter terms the "extraordinary taste" of a section of the public in seeking for the abnormal through a sense of mere, and certainly not strictly commendable, curiosity. And, despite the interest with which the physiologist must regard such cases, it cannot be denied that they present a reverse aspect which offers by no means pleasant food for reflection to the student of poor humanity at large.

ANDREW WILSON.

NAPLES: ITS "FONDACI," ITS BRIGANDAGE, AND ITS "CAMORRA."

I ATTEMPTED the other day to give in these pages such an account of the *Mafia* and the *Mafiosi* of Sicily as should enable an English reader to form some fairly accurate notion of a state of society as different from anything that exists, or indeed that has ever existed in these realms, as are the ways and customs of savage tribes. And I now purpose to do as much for Naples, its *Camorra* and *Camorristi*.

In England our largest cities are those in which the results of an advanced civilisation seem to be found in the most notable proportion ; and people are apt hence to be impressed with an idea that in the natural course of things the biggest city will be the most civilised. But the rule, if any such rule can be supposed to exist at all, is very signally reversed in the case of Naples. Naples is by very far the largest city of Italy, with its population of nearly half a million ; but in point of civilisation, whether the leading elements of the complex idea so named be sought in moral or in physical characteristics, Naples must beyond all question be held to stand at the bottom of the list. That Milan and Naples should be two cities belonging to the same country, and inhabited by men of the same nationality, is truly surprising, and must strike any observer as a somewhat disheartening measure of the amount of uphill work to be done before Italy can to any good purpose be spoken of as an amalgamate and homogeneous whole. The fact is, that in Italy one travels from civilisation to barbarism, as one goes from the north southwards. Each stage of the way brings the traveller among a less educated, less well governed, less well-to-do, less thrifty, more ignorant, more idle, more dirty, more shiftless population.

Naples has been said by someone to be a paradise inhabited by devils ; and some other observer, Mr. Forsyth, I believe, remarks that, if it be so, they are assuredly very merry devils. And he adds : " Even the lowest class enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy—a delicious climate, high spirits, a facility of

satisfying every appetite, and a conscience which gives no pain. Here," he continues, "tatters are not misery, for the climate requires little covering; filth is not misery to those who are born to it; and a few fingerings of macaroni can wind up the rattling machine for the day." This passage, from the pen of one who is no mean observer, and which is quoted in Murray's hand-book as specially calculated to give the arriving stranger an accurate idea of the people he has come amongst, is a curious instance of the degree in which travellers may be deceived by assuming that what meets their eyes, or the surface of the scene presented to them, may be accepted as a genuine sample of the life and civilisation around them. "Even the lowest class enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy!" How little the writer knew what he was talking about, and how little the holiday visitor to Naples, to whom this rose-coloured account is presented by the guide-book as genuine information respecting the population among which he is sojourning, dreams of the truth, will be seen by the following statements made by an observer of a very different calibre; one well-known to the present writer, and for the conscientious accuracy of whose descriptions he can venture to pledge his own faith. The statements in question, it should be observed, have not been compiled from information more or less carefully gathered from other observers, official or non-official, but are the result of personal examination on the spot, and give facts which the relator of them witnessed with his own eyes.

"The population *among* which the visitor is sojourning," I wrote in the last sentence, but the phrase is scarcely a correct one; "*above* which he is sojourning" would describe more accurately the state of the case. The populations in question—tens of thousands of them—are batted down beneath the surface life which the visitor sees. They are under foot. Like the soil from which these swarming thousands spring, and to which they speedily return in quickly consumed generations, the social subsoil is honeycombed! like that also, it is *volcanic*. There are eruptive and explosive forces beneath—absolutely, physically beneath the feet of those strolling in the laughing sunshine among the "merry devils" above, even as there are beneath the vineyard-clothed slopes of Vesuvius.

"To understand aright the truth of this matter," says the observer I have referred to, "it is absolutely necessary to go and see with one's own eyes the places the poorest families inhabit, and the manner of their lives. The people in question form an enormous population, which is divided into various categories, each of which has characteristics, customs, and miseries of its own. The 'fondaci,' as they are

called, in which these people live are the abodes of a class so miserable, that the women of the people, when quarrelling and insulting each other, throw in their teeth the appellation '*funnachera*!' inhabitant of the 'fondaci,' as the deadliest insult that can be uttered. These 'fondaci' have mostly a passage, without any door communicating with the street, and a little yard, both in a horrible state of filth, which lead to a vast number of habitations, far worse than dog-kennels, all of which, and more especially those below, are without air or light, and reeking with damp. In these dens thousands of persons dwell, so brutified by misery, that they are more like animals than men. In these horrible places, which it is almost impossible to enter by reason of the stench produced by filth accumulated immemorially, there is generally nothing to be seen but a heap of straw destined to serve as the bed of an entire family, males and females all heaped together. As to any necessary accommodation, there is no question of anything of the sort; the street and the yard suffice for the purpose." Instances have been cited to me, in which these women have not known their own names, or the number or names of their children!

In two or three of the "fondaci" visited, the women ply the miserable trade of making matting or mending straw chairs. In the others one sees nobody at work of any kind, but only naked and unoccupied spectres. In many of the "fondaci" I saw women sauntering about the yards with nothing on them but a shift, which was falling from them in tatters. From no one of these places is there absent some horrible den of the most abject and loathsome prostitution. The worst of these "fondaci" are in the wards called "Pendino," of the "Port," and of the "Market." They have all of them some name—"Barrattari," "Tentella," "St. Crispin," "Scannasorci" (kill-rat), "Divino Amore" (the Divine Love!), "Abate," "Crocefisso," "Degli Schiavi," etc.

There is another separate and well-defined class known at Naples as the "Spagari," or makers of string, workers in hemp. Many of the caverns in which these people lived were shut up by the authorities when the cholera was raging at Naples. But the observer to whom I have referred writes thus:—"Yesterday I found one of the so-called *grottoes* of the 'spagari.' The entrance does not announce the horrors that are found within. The place is like the catacombs of St. Januarius, save that it is smaller and more horrible. One has to carry a light; and only here and there, at long distances, there are apertures opening, two into the Francavilla gardens, the others into damp yards. All this cavern is thickly strewed with beds, a little

more distant one from the other than in a hospital. For the most part they are big beds, capable of containing several persons. It is impossible to describe the misery and the filthiness of the place. The darksome kennels, the horrible cavern and its brutalised inhabitants, all seem to accord with each other and to form a world apart which can go on no otherwise than it does. There is, however, a certain scale of better and worse among the inhabitants. Near the few windows where some ray of light enters the degree of misery is a trifle less. But in the further remoteness, where no light comes, where it is impossible to move without a light, the dreadful misery is beyond the power of words to describe. And it is singular to observe that, even here, those who are a little better off look down upon the more completely wretched. In the grot in question twenty-five families, about one hundred persons, live. In the immediate vicinity of the windows the rent paid is ten lire a month. Where there is no light it goes down to twenty-five sous. The inhabitants of this place have not so much the appearance of wretchedness as of being absolutely brutalised. When the sun shines they all crawl out, like ants, and stretch themselves in the sun.

"All the population of the place thronged about me," says my observer, "begging for pity, complaining that they were obliged to remain there without light, without air, and without any medical assistance. When they are ill they are utterly abandoned, and die or get carried to the hospital. Often the cavern is flooded by the rain. I have been assured that no priest ever thinks of penetrating these horrible abodes of misery and despair." This, it must be owned, is very unlike what everybody testifies as to the conduct of the clergy of the Church of Rome elsewhere. Save at Naples, I never heard of any haunt of human misery so foul, so repulsive, so dangerous, that the Roman Catholic priest did not find his way and carry his ministrations thither. It is, I am assured, not so at Naples. The miserable thousands who thus live and breed below the surface at Naples seem to be utterly abandoned by the ministers of religion as well as by all others!

"I visited another place," says the same observer, "a vault below the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, with walls which shut in the sides, and form thus a strange place of refuge. Many persons were there, working at making twine, mostly the daughters of foremen of the craft, who did not sleep there. The terrible and most piteous misery of this place moved me to the very bottom of my heart. There was a poor widow of little over thirty, who had traces still of what once had been good looks, and who had five children, of whom the eldest was

twelve and the youngest three. All of them were handsome. Once this family had been in comfortable circumstances, for the father had been a workman who received good wages; but he had been killed by lifting a weight too great for his strength. His widow, who had been a 'spagara' in her youth, had returned to her old trade, by which she gained fivepence a day, except when the weather is so cold that she cannot move nimbly enough her stiffened fingers, and thus fails to complete a full day's work. The children turn the wheels for other women, and thus gain each of them a halfpenny, with which they buy dried chestnuts, and thus support themselves till the evening, when the ten sous earned by the mother are received, and they procure some other food. They all sleep in a corner of this place on a few dried leaves. They do not dream even of having any covering to throw over them. At night they huddle up in a heap together, one on the other, and tremble with cold. Light they have none. The woman showed me the rags which covered them, gnawed in many places by the mice and rats, which in the dead of the night run over their bodies. Then the terrified children scream and cry; and the mother, beating with a stone against the wall, strives to frighten away the rats which she cannot see. That woman," says the visitor to this terrible place, in conclusion, "must be good and honest, for the thought that most tormented her was the future of her children. She fears that the eldest, now twelve years old, can hardly fail very shortly to become a criminal."

The miserable beings, who thus live in a condition which is simply a disgrace as well as an ever-present danger to this huge over-grown city, do not, as it would seem, furnish the material from which the bands of brigands, which infest the Neapolitan districts as badly as those of Sicily, are formed and recruited. The abounding ranks of town criminals draw their recruits, no doubt, from the "fondaci" and the "grottoes," and the vaults; but it may be supposed that the half-starved and hectic population of such places do not possess either the physical vigour or the courageous energy needed for the life and calling of a brigand. The Neapolitan brigand—by the word Neapolitan it will be understood the kingdom and not the city is here intended—the Neapolitan brigand is a man of the country. And the causes which produce Sicilian brigandage are not altogether the same with those that give rise to the same phenomenon in the Neapolitan provinces. In the latter, hopeless wretchedness would seem to be the predisposing cause. The Neapolitan brigand has not the same seductive career before him that his fellow on the other side of the Straits may promise himself. The frequent demand for the services of the

latter as an assassin, whose assistance is required to support the claims and social status of "gentlemen," has the effect of elevating his position, not only in the eyes of the world in which he lives, but in his own, almost to the level of one of the mediæval "condottieri," or captains of free lances. But the Neapolitan brigand is but a highway robber, who pursues his vocation in gangs. And there appears to be sufficient ground for coming to the conclusion that want and misery are the causes of the adoption of a criminal life by most of them. Those who thus shoulder the rifle, and take to the woods and the mountains, are doubtless not more destitute and miserable than thousands of their fellow peasants. But of course different temperaments are differently acted upon by the same circumstances. The more timid and more easily cowed man continues to endure the death in life of constant half starvation, and to till, with the small remaining strength he has, the fields he was born on, till he is laid beneath the surface of them. The bolder spirit, he in whom the power of reaction and resentment is most strong, becomes a brigand. Save in that the doing of deeds of blood brutalises, there is little reason to think that the wretch who takes to the mountain is a worse man at all than he who remains in the field. Both are devout followers of a religion which not only has as little moralising effect or capability as Thuggee, but is actively mischievous in providing for the total extinction of all natural sentiment of right and wrong. Both are ignorant of all things save the animal requirements of their daily lives.

Here are a few notes as to the manner of life led by the Neapolitan peasant, taken mainly from returns made to Parliament at different times ; for if nothing has been *done* for the healing of these social evils, there has been an immense quantity of talking about them. Some parts of the practice of Parliamentary institutions has been found difficult of imitation by the Italians, but the art of getting rid of any difficult and disagreeable matter by naming a commission to inquire into it has been learned with the utmost perfection. A report presented in 1863, as the result of personal inquiry into the social condition of the Neapolitan provinces, tells us that the explanation of brigandage must be sought in the predisposing causes, and specially in the social condition and economic circumstances of the peasantry, which are found to be worst exactly in those districts where brigandage is the most common. The proportion between the two phenomena is found to be constant. Thus, in the Abruzzi—the northernmost provinces of the former kingdom of Naples—brigandage has become very much less prevalent, from no other cause whatever than that the

starving peasant has there the opportunity of going to find work on the not too distant Roman Campagna. He brings back fever with him, if he does not, as is frequently the case, leave his bones on those fatal fields ; but he finds bread there ! And this possibility, this yearly emigration to the deadly Campagna, has sufficed to keep the Abruzzi free from brigandage.

The fact that the life of a herdsman, or shepherd more probably, on the Roman Campagna is sought for and accepted as a boon, and as a means for escaping from greater evils and from the home life offered them by their own province, is a sufficiently eloquent testimony to the misery of the latter to those who have any knowledge, however vague, of the conditions of the former mode of existence. The fact is, that in their homes the steady, persistent, and hard labour of a long day—for the peasants of these mountain provinces are not characterised by the laziness which is to so remarkable a degree the bane of more fortunately circumstanced districts of Italy ; and the Abruzzi labourer employed as a navvy in works far from his native mountains has often been found a most efficient labourer—the severe labour, I say, of a long day in the fields not only is insufficient to give them anything but dry bread to eat, but gives them *that* of a quality which the same Parliamentary Commission reports to be “such as a dog would not eat,” and of this wretched aliment an insufficient quantity.

Another member of the Commission testifies his astonishment at finding in the populous cities of the Neapolitan provinces two classes of persons only—the proprietors of the soil, and the utterly destitute cultivators of it ; the “galantuomini,” as the former class are called, with a revoltingly significant cynicism, and the “cafoni,” as the miserable serfs are termed by themselves and by their masters. And the hatred between the two classes is described as profound, as, indeed, how should it be otherwise ! “It is,” exclaims a member of the same Commission, “a continuation of the middle ages beneath our eyes !” “It is with astonishment,” as another very able inquirer writes, who has examined these social abysses conscientiously and with an earnest determination to labour for their amelioration—Professor Villari, who is well known among ourselves as the author of the best existing life of Savonarola—“It is with astonishment that the stranger observes in these southern provinces many large cities inhabited by the families of a few rich proprietors, for the most part connected together by intermarriages, and a multitude of peasants possessing nothing. With the exception of one or two Government officials, there are no other classes of citizens. The country is without

inhabitants. The tillers of it form the populations of the cities. There is no town industry ; there is no citizen class ; there is no public opinion to act as a restraint on those proprietors, who are the absolute masters of that multitude which depends on them for bread, and which, if abandoned by them, has absolutely no means of existence."

The same author remarks elsewhere, with a profound perception of the conditions under which social phenomena exist, that it must not be forgotten that when a society has assumed a certain direction, it is no longer in the power of a few generous and good men to alter it. An atmosphere is formed which all breathe ; interests strongly bound up together are created which violently and powerfully resist all change. Nor is it an unfrequent case to see those very classes in whose interest it is proposed to institute a change, resist it from ignorance and from mistrust, and make common cause with their tyrants against those who would fain be their benefactors. It is a phenomenon which occurs every day, and it is necessary to remember it. Nor must the inquirer forget to take into account the results, still continuing their evil social influences in those vast but remote provinces, which arise from the fact that the condition of things described was desired, and fostered for many generations, by the late Bourbon Government, " which reduced this class antagonism to a system, and made it the base and foundation of its power and authority." A little consideration of the necessary results of such a system will not fail to suggest to the inquirer " the moral and social disorder," as Signor Villari says, that must be the consequences of it. He speaks further of having had various cases brought to his knowledge in which persons of the ruling caste had shot down peasants, and had had no difficulty in arranging the matter with the Government (the late Bourbon Government, of course, is meant), which in truth did all that in it lay to foment the hatred of class against class. It was, indeed, as Signor Villari remarks, the negation of God and of all morality !

Now it will be seen at once that brigandage, which has arisen out of, and is maintained by, such a state of things as this, must be much easier to deal with than the brigandage of Sicily. Of course the evil cannot be extirpated without such large and deep-reaching social reforms as must necessarily be of slow and gradual operation. But it would not be difficult to indicate the direction in which improvement must be sought. Obligatory lay education ; a judiciously managed promotion and encouragement in certain districts of emigration, from which the people are by no means averse, and a well planned poor law and system of poor relief, would do much towards the desired end.

The main difficulty attending the latter measure would arise from the all but impossibility of preventing the workhouse treatment from being superior to that to which its inmates were accustomed in their homes. Much also might doubtless be done by a system of loans from the State to proprietors for the purpose of improving their lands, and introducing a better, more productive, and at the same time more costly, system of cultivation. But it is absolutely necessary in the mean time that the existing brigandage should be repressed with an earnest intention and determination which no Italian Government has hitherto shown in dealing with it. At present the deterring effect of punishment may be said not to have been tried at all! When a brigand band comes to a fair fight with the forces of the Government, one or two of the gang may be killed, and it is probable that the lives of one or two of the soldiers will also be sacrificed. But, except under such circumstances, no punishment is in truth and in fact inflicted on the captured brigand. I am not alluding now to difficulty of conviction. That is of more special application to Sicily. The brigand with half a score of murders on his record is duly convicted, and condemned to imprisonment, perhaps for life. But nothing is more certain than that such a sentence has *no* deterrent effect whatever. In the first place the brigand has no belief—and he is abundantly justified in having no belief—in the perpetuity, or even in the very long duration, of his incarceration. And in the second place, if he were perfectly well assured that he should be kept in prison for the remainder of his life, the prospect would in no wise seem very terrible to him. To estimate, to realise, to feel the terrors of such a prospect, a very considerable degree of the power of imagination is needed. But of this the Neapolitan brigand has not the slightest spark. He has been leading a very hard and fatiguing life, suffering much from weather and homelessness, hunted by the troops from one covert to another, often in imminent danger of starvation, and he is tired of it. To be housed and lodged in decent comfort for a while, to sleep in tranquil security, undisturbed by the necessity of being ready to spring to his feet to defend his life at any moment, to be supplied without thought or care on his part with food which is luxurious and abundant in comparison to the Neapolitan peasant's fare to which he has been accustomed, seems to him a by no means undesirable opportunity of rest. It has no terrors for him, no deterring force *whatever*.

There is only one threat that society could hold out to him that would have—*death*. Nature has taken care that he should understand the terrors of that! And he would be very strongly deterred from doing

that which would, with considerable probability, expose him to them. But this the Italian Government will not inflict. The present Government, while crimes of bloodshed are multiplying around it in a truly alarming proportion, is eagerly forcing on the country a bill for the formal abolition of the punishment of death; the only object of which would be to give the criminal classes a yet more comfortable assurance than they have already, that they run no danger to their own skins in giving the rein to their instincts of vindictiveness and brutality. The only object—for as to effecting any other change in present practice it is quite needless, the penalty of death being *never* inflicted. It is asserted that the “feeling of the country” is too strong against the infliction of capital punishment. But there was, only the other day, a curious indication of the inexactitude of such an assertion. A man, guilty of a murder perpetrated under circumstances of especial brutality, *was* sentenced to death (there is not the smallest chance of the sentence being carried into effect); and the large number of people of the lower classes who thronged the court on hearing the sentence broke out into vehement applause and the most violent demonstrations of satisfaction. But the truth is that “the feeling of the public” is not the guide by which legislators should shape their decisions in such matters. Unquestionably there are cases in which it is unwise, and sometimes even impracticable, to enforce legislation in strong opposition to the wishes and convictions of the great majority of the population. But the case in question by no means belongs to any such category. Italy, in truth, has not yet acquired the capability of uttering or in any way manifesting any real expression of the opinion of the country on any subject whatever. It is a capability only acquired by very much more advanced communities, and needs not only organs educated to the expression of opinion, but ears—so to speak—trained to the task of hearing such utterances without error.

There is one other punishment which would in its degree have a deterrent effect on criminals of the class in question—flogging. But the “feeling of the country”—that is to say, of a few doctrinaires with pet theories, backed by the outcry of the brawling city populations, who dislike anything that tends to exercise the coercive power of law—would be equally against any such form of punishment.

Now, from what has been said of the state of the lowest social stratum in the city of Naples, it will be easily understood that the now famous “Camorra” would readily spring up and flourish in such a state of things. The “Camorra,” as a systematised institution, is nearly, if not entirely, confined to the city of Naples. It is a mistake to suppose that any organised society of the name, or for the pur-

poses served by it, has ever existed. It is in this respect like its congener the "Mafia" in Sicily. Like the "Mafiosi," the "Camorristi" are those whose audacity, whose unscrupulousness, whose overbearing insolence, and whose address enable them to impose on and tyrannise over their fellow-citizens. Though any dangerous amount of resistance to its behests, and specially any treason to its recognised laws on the part of those immediately subject to them, might probably be punished by the knife, the "Camorra" is not so intimately or so frequently connected with deeds of violence and murder as the Sicilian "Mafia." That even unconscious rebellion against its unwritten code may, however, sometimes meet with capital punishment, may be gathered from a curious instance which occurred within the present writer's knowledge, some years ago now, and when the Bourbon Government was still outraging mankind.

There was an American gentleman visiting Naples who, like other strangers, had had his pocket-handkerchief frequently stolen from his pocket. Being bent on finding some remedy for this evil, which he knew well it was in vain to seek from any of the agents of the Government, he ingeniously sewed a large and strong fishhook into his coat pocket in such fashion that any hand rapidly withdrawn from it was sure to be hooked. And he caught his thief accordingly. The fishhook did its duty; the American felt the tug at his coat tail, and turning as quick as lightning seized and held the pickpocket by the wrist. He was very proud of the exploit; and we all began to think of sewing fishhooks into our pockets. But when that American, within a week [after success, was killed one night in the street by a knife artistically driven to its hilt into his heart, we changed our minds!

For my own part, after losing some three or four silk handkerchiefs, I adopted the plan of carrying a very cheap cotton one; and my pocket was no more picked. And this I suppose was considered to come fairly within the rights of property; for I continued to walk the streets of Naples despised probably, but unmurdered!

The fundamental conception of the "Camorra" seems to rest on a careful and well-considered application of the French dictum, "*Dans le siècle où nous sommes, on ne donne rien pour rien*," to the whole body politic, and to every detail of human life. If it is in my power to benefit you in any way directly or indirectly, it is right that you should pay for it. A further position, which enormously increases the field of action, is by strict process of logic evolved from the first. If it is in my power to injure you, and I abstain from doing so, I in fact confer a benefit on you by so abstaining, and it is right that I should be paid for *that*!

You recommend a servant. The value of your recommendation is calculated by the amount to be given in the service in question, and you must be paid by the person recommended accordingly. You are aware that a servant has been employed, or is about to be employed, on the strength of a false character. You abstain from giving the employer any intimation of the fact, and are entitled to recompense calculated as above. Or you are aware of some fact which would prevent the man from being employed, or are in a social position which would enable you to destroy his chance of obtaining employment, and abstain from exercising your power; payment calculated on the same basis must be made. It will be seen that the application of the principle admits of almost indefinite extension. For example, it would be almost if not quite impossible for any person to keep a stall, say, in a vegetable market or a fish market, if all the other stall-holders were determined to treat the individual in question as a black sheep, and impede him or her from exercising the trade in question by all possible means. If, therefore, I and my friends can by a word cause all the people using the market in question so to behave towards you, it is I who by abstaining from saying that word enable you to get your living, and I must be paid accordingly. A very small and easily following development of the considerations governing the position will show that a person who depends on my word for the possibility of earning his living, cannot afford to disregard my wishes in any little matter respecting which I may manifest them to him.

Still the poor fish or vegetable stall-keeper—to continue the use of the example cited—does not fail to profit in some degree by the “Camorra,” which compels him to pay for leave to live, as above described. If I permit—or abstain from preventing—A. B. to hold a stall in the market, he must pay me for the premium. But the amount of the payment in all justice must depend on the value of the profits derived from the stall in question. It becomes my interest, therefore, that such profits shall be as large as may be. But Prince Montimagnifici's house steward, who makes an enormous profit by robbing the Prince right and left, knows very well that a word of mine could cause that great man's valet to open his master's eyes to that circumstance, and must therefore, besides paying me for not so acting on the valet, take care that the cook goes for his fish or his vegetables to the stall in question.

Here is another case in which a stranger at Naples was introduced in an amusing manner to the mysterious “Camorra.” The stranger, a young Italian from the north, had ordered a suit of clothes. The

tailor delayed so long in sending them, that some unfortunate alteration in the position of the customer made him fear that when at last the clothes should be brought home he would not have the means of paying for them. In this embarrassment the young man confides his trouble to a Neapolitan friend. The latter, having heard the case, says that he thinks there will be no difficulty in arranging the matter, and will see to it. An hour later he came back and said, "Now all you have to do is to tell the tailor that he has made you wait so long, you can wait no more; the things must be sent within the twenty-four hours or the clothes will not be received. I know they can't be finished in the time." This counsel was acted on. The clothes were not sent. The stranger was freed from his bargain. A day or two afterwards, however, his Neapolitan friend returned. "Well, it was all right about the clothes?" "Oh, yes, all right! The fellow never sent them. I am so much obliged to you." "Well!" "Oh! I must make my old suit last a little longer, that's all!" "But . . . you would have had to pay a hundred and twenty francs!" "Yes, I suppose so." "Well, then, hand over my share!" "Your share?" "Yes, to be sure; you owe me forty francs!" . . . And in a word, the friend in need being a *capo-camorrista*, the money had to be paid, and the northerner was made to understand that at Naples, at least, *dans le siècle où nous sommes, on ne donne rien pour rien!* This is another of the thousand modes of action of the "Camorra."

Here is another. Being at an hotel at Naples—one of the first in the city, we will say—you desire to visit the celebrated San Carlo Theatre. You take up the paper, and see that the advertised price of the stalls is, say, eight francs. You go to the box office, ask for a stall, and are told that there are none to be had—all sold! You return to your inn and mention your disappointment. Whereupon you are told that the porter can get you a ticket, but that the price will be ten francs. If you make judicious inquiries, you will learn that this also is "camorra."

The English public will, perhaps, have not quite forgotten the case of Mr. Hind, the English flower-grower at Naples, who sold better and cheaper flowers than his rivals in the trade—how he was murdered—how great the difficulty of discovering any clue to the perpetrator of the crime—how almost impossible, when he was discovered, to obtain his conviction, or justice of any sort. All this again was due to "camorra."

It is not too much to say that the whole social life of Naples, from top to bottom, is honeycombed by "camorra." It is everywhere, and *Camorristi* in dress coats and white kid gloves, who are well

known to be such, abound, and walk the streets with no less insolent a swagger, or rather, with a more assured insolence of manner, because of that knowledge. Like the trunk of the elephant, the "Camorra" is equally fitted to grapple with the biggest things and persons, and to deal with the lowest and smallest. There is not a wretched prisoner in the swarming gaols of Naples who does not save some portion of his scanty allowance of food, destined to be turned into money for the benefit of some *Camorrista* somewhat higher in the grade of social scoundrelism and universal pillage than himself.

The largest and most important municipal institutions are as amenable to the laws of the unseen, but everywhere-felt, tyrants as the miserable wretches in the *fondaci* or the less miserable population of the gaols. There exists at Naples a magnificent "Albergo dei Poveri," asylum for paupers. It is an enormous building in a superb position on a hill above the city. It is almost impossible to have been at Naples without having observed it. The funds belonging to it are very large indeed. The condition of the most miserable classes of the vast city—of those who live in the *fondaci* and the "grottoes"—has been described. Surely some of this profound and hopeless misery at least is relieved by the ample means which charity has provided for the purpose? But it will be found, if the exceeding difficulties in the way of obtaining any trustworthy information on the subject be overcome, that the inmates of the *Albergo dei Poveri*—there are, I believe, two thousand of them—do not come from those classes at all. They will be found to belong to a considerably higher grade in the social scale—the children of gentlemen's servants, of small traders, and the like. In short, they are children placed there by favour, the price of which favour has been paid in every case to some *Camorrista* or other, in some form or other. This, however, is but one of the modes in which this enormous charity is made to afford pabulum for the all-devouring maw of the "Camorra." The children are very badly kept. A penny squeezed daily out of the food of each of them would amount to some seventy-three thousand francs a year—a goodly sum for "camorra." But the extraordinary care of the managers of this vast establishment for the education of the inmates may be estimated from the fact that thirty-two music masters are provided for their instruction in that ingenuous art, which, it is to be hoped, is found to "soften their manners and not let them be fierce." In a word, the "Camorra" is the undisputed manager, master, and proprietor of the establishment.

The first thing, probably, that will strike an Englishman in reading

of this horrible and atrocious system is that it could exist only among a population of cowards ; as, indeed, may be said of the existence of all bullies. It is true. But it may be urged that the constant consciousness of walking through life under the unseen menace of a dagger waiting for you round every corner of every wall is apt to have this property in common with conscience, that it makes cowards of us all. Ordinary fortitude is brave only against seen dangers, which may be met and struggled with. But the "Camorra" reposes on the well-understood constant presence of the unseen dagger. It may be observed further that such a population as the inhabitants of the *fondaci* and the "grottoes" has been shown to be, are far too miserable, too depressed, too much starved to be otherwise than cowards. It is quite an absolute matter of course that they should be so ; and it is upon the oppression of these classes that the "Camorra" has its first and bottommost foundation. It is a specialty of this hideous cancer, that, as all social good things come from above downwards, so this works from below upwards in the social scale, and has for its special tendency to draw the denizens of higher social levels, with constant indraught, into the ever-extending meshes of its influence, and to assimilate the morality of the highest to that generated by the misery of the lowest.

Probably, therefore, Signor Villari, the patriotic observer whom I have so often quoted, is right in the opinion he expresses, that the only hope of remedy for an evil which makes Naples not only a mass of social rottenness, fatal to itself, but also a very pregnant source of danger to Italy generally, must be sought in such measures as may have the effect of gradually improving and finally removing the immense and horrible mass of extreme misery, brutishness, and ignorance which lies rotting and festering at the foundation of the Neapolitan social system.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

HANS HOLBEIN AT HIS EASEL.

HANS HOLBEIN is in art what Sir Richard Steele is in literature : he is a scapegrace. Perhaps, over a bottle of Rhenish wine, the bluff and genial German, whose full blue eye still smiles upon us from his portraits with all its old freshness and vivacity, may have been one of the pleasantest of men; and that seems to have been his reputation at Augsburg, at Basle, and in London. His red hat, his long grey coat, and his jovial face were as well known in the streets and taverns of Augsburg and Basle as the figure of Ben Jonson was known at the Mermaid, or as that of Dryden in his black velvet suit was known in the coffee-houses of Covent Garden. He was the first or almost the first of the race of Bohemians, and he was a Bohemian heart and soul.

You can see that by a glance at his portraits. The most striking and apparently the most characteristic of these is that which hangs in the museum at Basle. It is a sketch of Holbein at five-and-twenty. The figure is tall and stately, the forehead is broad and high, the brow projects slightly over the eyes,—a proof, if any proof were needed, of those strongly developed powers of observation which made Holbein the keenest and most characteristic portrait-painter of his time. His eye sees everything and sees through everything. It sparkles with good humour, although there is a slight suggestion of sarcasm in its glance, and that suggestion is deepened by the expression of irony which plays about his mouth. The lips are full, and there is about the whole face an expression of frankness and audacity that marked the character of the man all through his life.

This expression comes out still more distinctly in the miniature in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh, taken probably at the height of Holbein's fame in London. This miniature is the portrait of a man apparently about five-and-forty. The smooth nut-brown hair of five-and-twenty is now sprinkled with grey; the round chin is covered with a short thick-set beard, the neck is like a bull's, but the eye is still the same. It is an eye that still takes in everything, an eye that still betokens the rare powers of observation and the calm self-confidence of the man who was equally at home in a pot-

house or a palace. It is said that Holbein at this time was distinguished in his dress by silk and velvet, and by one of those Flanders hats with a plume which his own portrait of Henry the Eighth has handed down to us with so much grace and vigour. But the portrait does not give us Holbein in his full dress, in the dress which startled the quiet people of Basle when Holbein was on his way to take the portrait of that youthful Duchess of Milan who, when Henry offered her his hand, and as much of his heart as he had to offer after a third marriage and a third divorce, said to Sir Henry Wotton, "Alas! what am I to say to the King of England? He does me too much honour, and if I only had two heads, one of them should certainly be at his Highness's service." "Silk and velvet!" said one of Holbein's friends in the streets of Basle; "I recollect when he went to the tap for a pint of wine!" This portrait of the Duke of Buccleugh's gives us Holbein without his silk and velvet. He is apparently fresh from his easel, in his working dress, a plain black stuff with a skullcap, and his pencil in his hand. The face is the face of a man who knows what life is in the rough, who takes it, however, as it comes, makes the best of it, and enjoys it with the relish of a rich and hardy constitution.

But there is not the slightest touch of domesticity about the man. You have only to look at his portrait once to see that, if Holbein and his wife quarrelled now and then, the fault was not all on the side of his wife, although she may not have been all that an artist's wife ought to be. When illustrating the "Book of Folly," Holbein, finding on one page the name of its author, sketched Erasmus on the margin, sitting in his study, and sketched him so cleverly that Erasmus, looking through the proofs, at once recognised his portrait, laughed at the joke, and exclaimed, with a sly hit at Luther, "Ah! if Erasmus still looked like this, he too might yet take a wife." Turning over the page with a laugh, Erasmus found by the side of a couplet from Horace:—

Me pinguem et nitidum, bene curata cute vises,
Cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum,

a sketch of a wild-looking fellow sitting at a well-spread board, drinking a goblet of wine, with one of his arms around the neck of a sluttish-looking girl. The author was equal with the artist. He wrote under the sketch, "Holbein," and that sketch seems to have hit off Holbein as characteristically as Holbein had, on the previous page, hit off Erasmus, in his long robe and his high hat, poring over a black-letter folio or a recently found Greek MS.

It is said by some of Holbein's biographers that the satire in this sketch is too coarse. Perhaps it is. But Holbein adopted the sketch; it was published as it stands in the "Book of Folly," and it is too much in keeping with the traditions of Holbein, and with his portraits themselves, to be put aside to-day. There is genius and good fellowship in every line of his face. But Holbein, with all his genius and good fellowship, was one of the last men in the world to fit into any system of domestic life, except perhaps that of the Epicureans, and even the Epicureans might have found it hard to fit him into theirs.

Holbein, in this respect, stands in marked contrast to his contemporary and rival—Albert Dürer. Dürer was a grave, religious man, with a lofty idea of duty as a man and a citizen, a man of domestic habits and cultivated tastes, a man without a single vice, except perhaps a passion for play, and even that passion was kept well in check after his return from Venice. The only virtue Holbein possessed was that of good nature—a virtue which is said to be in itself a vice. Perhaps in his heart Holbein loved art as much as the thoughtful and passionless recluse of Nuremburg, aimed as high, and worked as hard. But art with Dürer was religion. It was only part of Holbein's life, and Holbein, with all his intensity and industry, was always ready at a moment's notice to throw down his chalks or his graver, to put on his grey cloak and his red hat, and to sit under the limes for an hour with a friend and a pint of wine. He was a Bohemian all the days of his life, a vagabond and a wanderer upon the earth, seldom knowing where to turn for a sovereign; and even when at the court of Henry the Eighth, receiving a salary which was equal to the income of most of the squires in the commission of the peace, he was generally over head and ears in debt. He died in a foreign land, far from his wife and children, leaving nothing for their provision but his paint-brushes and his palette, and nothing for the illegitimate children he had in London but his saddle-horse and its bridle. Dürer was buried in the cemetery of St. John with all the honours that his countrymen could show to one of the greatest of German artists, and his grave is to this day a pilgrimage for every lover of art in Germany. His statue stands in the great square of Nuremburg, his house is public property, and every scrap of paper that his pencil has touched is treasured as a holy relic. Of Holbein there is no memorial, not even a stone with his name upon it, and antiquaries dispute still as to the date of his death. He is supposed, and supposed I think with good reason, to have died of the plague in 1543, and to have been buried with the burial of a dog in one of

the plague pits of Whitechapel ; but a few years after his death one of the most distinguished and enthusiastic of his admirers, the Earl of Arundel, could not discover the slightest trace of a man to whose genius, next to that of Albert Dürer's, Germany still owes no slight part of its character for art.

Yet if, instead of distinguishing the man from the artist, we distinguish the artist from the man, I do not think there can be two opinions as to which ought to take the first position—Holbein or Dürer.

Dürer, of course, in his own line is incomparable. He was incomparable as a designer, as an engraver, and as a painter of Saints, Madonnas, and Saviours. But Dürer is an idealist ; Holbein is a realist. Dürer's imagination in its range and vigour was inferior only to Dante's ; it loved in its loftiest flights to dwell on the trifles that give life and colour to its visions. Holbein had simply no imagination at all ; and you may look through his works without finding any traces of the faculty which shines through every conception of his rival. He created nothing. His Christ is taken from Dürer, all his Saints are taken from Dürer ; and when he wished to paint the Holy Mother and her Child without reproducing the forms which Dürer had made his own, he simply called his wife into his studio and sketched with her the first of his own boys, who happened to be playing at his mother's knee. St. Anne is the portrait of his own mother. The influence of Dürer is to be traced in most of his wall paintings, in his Apostles, and in many of his pictures of Death. The suggestion for many of the scenes in his Dance of Death is to be found in Burgkmair. His Last Supper is taken from Leonardo da Vinci, and his Triumphal Procession on the façade at Lucerne from Mantegna. Holbein has left nothing like Dürer's pictures of the Passion, or those of the Revelation of St. John, and he could not have painted either of them to save his life without the inspiration of Dürer.

But Holbein made up for his lack of imagination by his powers of observation. These were of the highest order, and he knew how to use them. Observation is not perhaps the highest gift an artist can have, and it forms but a poor compensation for imaginative powers like those which inspired the visions of the Apocalypse and the Passion ; but Holbein's powers of observation were combined with such a keen perception of character, and with so much practical skill, that we shall probably see a dozen Dürers before we see another Holbein.

Dürer's superiority to Holbein lay in two things, and in two things only, I believe—in his knowledge of anatomy and in his moral purity. Dürer's fancy, in its wildest flights, is as pure as Milton's ;

Holbein's is often as foul as Smollett's, and he knew nothing at all of anatomy. But Dürer had one fault as an artist. He was not an international man. Holbein was, and the consequence is that to-day his works are everywhere. You come across them in every palace of Europe. They are in the gallery of the Louvre, at Munich, at Florence, at Venice, at Frankfort; and there is hardly an old manor-house in England that does not contain its Holbein. No collection of historical portraits is complete without its cluster of Holbeins, even if the genuine portraits have to be eked out with a few spurious daubs that were painted twenty years after Holbein's death; and without Holbein one of the most interesting periods of English history would be a blank, or worse than a blank—a history of Papal pretensions and Protestant schisms, of international and religious feuds, and of the barrenest of all controversies, theological controversy—controversy upon original sin, upon the mystery of grace, of predestination, and of justification, upon the question whether the mass is a sacrifice or the commemoration of a sacrifice, whether the power assumed by the Pope and the Bishops had any foundation in Scripture, whether the worship of images is authorised by Scripture, or whether it is sacrilege to smash a saint.

Holbein's life covers the period of the Reformation and the period of those great geographical discoveries which stimulated the intellect of Europe as it had never been stimulated before and as it has never been stimulated since. He was born in 1495, the year in which Columbus returned to Spain with the spoils of the New World, was received by Ferdinand and Isabella like a general returning from the conquest of a kingdom, and entered Valladolid in triumph amid the acclamations of a nation which then held the proudest position in Europe. He died in 1543, and in those forty-eight years he had witnessed the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, the achievements of Vasco de Gama, the exploration of the Pacific, the establishment of a vast empire of European merchants in Arabia, along the coasts of Malabar, and in India, the diversion of all those streams of commerce which had lined the shores of the Adriatic, of the Ægean, and of the Mediterranean with marts, temples, and palaces that are still, even in their decay and ruin, the admiration of the world; the overthrow of the Papal authority in all the northern parts of Europe, and the translation of the Bible into a language understood of the people who have since taken the lead in all that distinguishes modern from mediæval Europe in arts, arms, literature, and science. But when Holbein was born there was not the slightest sign that the world was on the eve of one of the greatest revolutions in history. The Pope ruled Europe with a rod of iron; and, although

the Pope was a profligate priest whose hands were dyed in every vice and crime, his authority was unassailed and apparently unassailable. Perhaps a few scholars here and there still remembered the protest that Wycliffe had made against the Papal supremacy, against the vices of the clergy, and against the traffic in indulgences. The memory of Huss was still cherished by a handful of hardy and ignorant mountaineers in Bohemia. But neither the name of Huss nor the name of Wycliffe was anything more than a recollection. It was not an inspiration. The princes and rulers of Europe hated the Bishop of Rome because he was the most exacting of tax-gatherers, and the people hated his cardinals and priests because their lives were a satire upon all the precepts of the religion which they were commissioned to preach. But there was no one, apparently, with the courage or the learning to combat the errors or to denounce the vices of the Church. Savonarola might have done it; but Savonarola had been sent to the stake before his voice had been heard north of the Alps. Erasmus was in the first bloom of his splendid manhood; but Erasmus was private secretary to the Bishop of Cambray, and as devout a Catholic as a man of his wit and learning could be. Luther and Zwingli were still at school thumbing a Latin grammar; Bucer was in his nurse's arms; neither Calvin nor Knox had been born; and Tyndale was flying hawks in the Vale of Gloucester. Wolsey, a parish priest, was in the stocks in Somersetshire; and Cromwell was perhaps birdsnesting in the lanes around Putney Heath, without a thought of the part he was to play as "the Hammer of the Monks" in one of the greatest of English revolutions. The only copy of the Bible that had then been printed was the Latin Vulgate, and that was so rare and costly that it was a present for princes. But this edition of the Bible had found its way into some of the monasteries, and especially into those of the Augustines, probably at that time the purest and most thoughtful of the Roman Catholic orders. Luther found it in the Augustine convent at Erfurt; Melancthon found it at Tübingen; and when Erasmus in 1516 published his first edition of the Greek Testament, that work was soon in the hands of every priest and monk who knew Greek enough to read it. Perhaps there were not many of these, for at that time the mass of priests knew little Latin and less Greek. But Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon, Coverdale, and Tyndale could read Greek almost as well as Erasmus, and they read it to such effect that when in 1517 the question arose as to the sale of indulgences, they were able to confound the ablest of the legates and vicars-general of Rome by appealing to the word and to the testimony.

Holbein threw himself into the life, thought, and politics of his day with all the vigour of his nature. He was, in fact, one of the Reformers, and did yeoman's service in the cause. Perhaps the Reformers themselves, or those whom we look upon as emphatically the Reformers, might not always care to confess the fact, or to recognise the man who went to the tap for wine as one of themselves. But that does not alter the fact that Holbein was the second Luther of the Reformation. Look at his cartoon representing the sale of Indulgences! It is Luther's sermon in miniature, and more suggestive than a dozen sermons; and the spirit which marks this cartoon distinguishes equally his illustrations in the "Book of Folly," his pictures of Death, and that brilliant series of woodcuts which carried the name of Holbein as an artist all through Europe. You can trace the German and the Protestant in every touch of his pencil. In his picture of the Temptation of Joseph, for instance, the lilies of France are embroidered on the couch of Potiphar's wife; and touches of this kind occur again and again, showing the zest with which he entered into the spirit of the time. He represents devils waiting for the Pope's soul, and all his sketches of priests are full of suggestions of hypocrisy, covetousness, stupidity, and profligacy. Perhaps, however, the best proof of his sympathy with the Reformation is to be found in the fact that he was selected to design the title-page of Luther's first translation of the New Testament, afterwards to illustrate Coverdale's translation of the Bible into English, and, when this translation was ordered to be printed and placed in every church throughout the British Isles, to design and engrave the portrait of Henry the Eighth as the Supreme Head of the English Church.

This was Holbein's work at Basle, illustrating books; almost his sole work, that and wall-painting, with an altar-piece now and then like the Last Supper, or the Betrothal of St. Catherine with the Infant Christ, and that superb specimen of his skill in the church near Solothurn, the Virgin between St. Ursus and St. Martin. He is said to have worked for the silversmiths and to have designed for the glass-stainers, to have painted the walls of many private houses, as well as those of the Rath-haus; and among his decorative work is the façade of a house in the Eisengasse, painted from top to bottom "in the fashion of the rich architectural backgrounds which at a later time distinguished the pictures of Paul Veronese." He painted portraits at Augsburg, and he painted portraits, again, in London. But at Basle very few portraits from his easel are in existence, and none worth speaking of except those of Froben, Bonifacius Amerbach, and Erasmus. Basle at that time was the headquarters of the Re-

naissance. All the works of Erasmus, of Ecolampadius, of Luther, of Melancthon, and the rest of the Reformers, were printed and published there, with most of the editions of Roman writers, and the translations from Greek authors that were then in circulation. It was in the time of Holbein a city of scholars, of artists, and of printers. Erasmus called it the most comfortable seat of the muses. "There is no one," he says, in one of his letters, "who does not know Latin and who does not know Greek. Most of them know Hebrew. One is a distinguished historian, another a zealous theologian, a third an experienced mathematician. One pursues the study of antiquity, another of law. Where else do we find anything like this? I at least, until now, have not had the happiness to lead such an agreeable life." The Frobens, the Petris, and the Wolffs had their printing-offices at Basle, and Holbein was attracted to the city because it presented so many opportunities to a man of his skill to make an easy and a sure income in the ornamentation of books and in making designs for woodcuts.

The Reformation came, and the Reformation, the work in a great measure of Basle, was the ruin of art. It put an end to all orders for altar-pieces, for Madonnas, for Saints, and even for those wall-paintings which, in Germany as in Italy, gave artists of the highest genius an opportunity to show the world what they could do at their best. "I paint, and paint with all diligence," said Dürer, "but nothing comes of it, and I mean therefore to fall back upon my engraving. Had I done so sooner, I should have been richer by some thousand florins at this day." But Holbein could not do this, for the printers of Basle, like Actæon, were devoured by their own dogs. They had published so many works against idolatry and superstition, and against art as the handmaid of superstition, that they dare not themselves now publish a copy of the Scriptures with the Virgin and her Child. The classics were tabooed by the Reformers as profane, and Holbein soon found that if he was to live by his pencil he must take up his quarters where art held a very different position from that which it held in Basle. In the year in which Dürer completed his panels with SS. Peter and John, SS. Mark and Paul, and threw aside his brush, with that unfinished head of the Saviour upon his easel, Holbein turned his back upon Germany, crossed the English Channel with a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More from Erasmus, and the great colourist of the North was lost to German art for ever.

This was in the year 1526, and Sir Thomas More was then at the height of his greatness—Chancellor of the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—"England's only genius," and the closest

personal friend of the King. It is said that Henry was on such familiar terms with his Chancellor that he was in the habit of taking the royal barge from Whitehall stairs, rowing down the Thames to the Chelsea meadows, where More lived with his family and his books, lunching or dining with him *en famille*, and afterwards walking up and down his gardens with his arm around his neck, talking of theology, geometry, and music; or, if it was a bright moonlight evening, spelling out the mysteries of the stars, or perhaps sitting down by the fire-side to listen to a freshly-written page of "Utopia," with its arguments in favour of freedom of conscience. Henry had the reputation at that time of being the most polished and chivalrous knight in Europe, and his Court was the home of all the muses, of science, of painting, of architecture, and of *belles lettres*. He had an Italian architect in his service—John of Padua—and if money could have tempted Raffaele to cross the Alps, the Cartoons, which form one of the chief glories of the Vatican, would have adorned the State apartments of Windsor and Whitehall. Neither Raffaele nor Titian was to be lured from the sunny skies of Italy; but Raffaele painted a St. George for the Defender of the Faith, and that St. George formed the nucleus of the gallery which Henry was so fond of showing to his visitors. He set the example of collecting works of art in this country, and the choicest present that you could make him was a picture, a statue, a piece of tapestry, or a beautifully-chased suit of armour to dazzle the eyes of the knights and ladies of his Court at the tournaments which formed such a conspicuous feature in the life of his Court. An artist like Holbein was to Henry what a tall grenadier was to Frederick of Prussia: he was the best present you could offer him; and Sir Thomas More, knowing this, took Holbein into his household, set him to work to paint a collection of portraits, and then displaying them in his hall, invited the King to an entertainment. Henry admired the pictures, asked after the artist, and was introduced to him there and then. Sir Thomas More offered the pictures to his Highness; but, as Henry said, when he had the artist he did not require the pictures. An apartment was at once fitted up in the palace for Holbein; he was quartered on the civil list for 200 florins a year, and was known henceforth as the King's painter.

That, however, was a title which in the time of Holbein implied a great deal more than it implied in the time of Vandyke, or than it might be supposed to imply now; for a Court painter had then to do everything that could be done with a brush; to paint everything that required painting—a wall, a coat of arms, a shield, a portrait, or a

battle-piece, a scene like that in the Valley of the Cloth of Gold, the Battle of the Spurs, or the Expedition to Boulogne ; and Holbein, like most of the distinguished painters of his time, was a man of infinite variety and readiness. He could turn his hand to everything : could paint a portrait or decorate a wall, design a gateway like that at Wilton, or take a sketch of the Duchess of Milan or Anne of Cleves, for Henry to fall in love with, paint an altar-piece, or illustrate the " Book of Folly ;" emboss in wax for the beauties of the Court, or colour a coat of arms for the knights of the Tournament ; design a drinking-cup for Jane Seymour, or a sword-hilt for the King ; or on an emergency take up his graving-knife and cut his own designs for " Utopia," or a new edition of the Bible. Holbein gets credit for a great deal more than he did or than he could have done, the credit for work done at Basle, for instance, before he knew the place ; the credit for work done years after he left the city, the credit for work done here in England as late as 1554 ; and now and then the credit for work done even in 1579. But making every allowance for this, it is plain that Holbein's hands must have been sufficiently full of work during the time he spent in England. His portraits are everywhere ; in every palace, in every gallery, and in nearly every country-house of historical note. There is and always has been a great demand for portraits in this country, and this was particularly the case in the reign of the Tudors. There was a demand for portraits then when there was a demand for nothing else, and Holbein's genius was the true genius for a portrait-painter.

He was pre-eminently truthful. He had a stern rule to be true to nature whatever the consequences might be, and to that rule he adhered all through life. It was the rule of Dürer, but Holbein was truer to the rule than Dürer himself was. Once, and once only, he departed from it—in the case of Anne of Cleves. He is said to have idealised Anne at the suggestion of Cromwell, in order to promote the Protestant cause. But if he did, all I can say is that Henry had some excuse to plead for his divorce, and that we have in Holbein's portrait an ample explanation of Anne's resignation when she was packed off bag and baggage to the palace at Richmond to await the formalities of a divorce. The portrait is the portrait of a woman whom even Vandyke could not have made presentable as the successor of Jane Seymour and Anne Boleyn. It is the portrait of a woman without a single grace of feature or expression ; and if Holbein flattered her, the original must have been all that Henry said she was. The surprise to me is that Holbein did not lose his head with Cromwell. But Henry seems to have held his portrait-painter in more estimation

than most of the men of his craft were held at that time. "You have not to do with Hans," said the King to a nobleman who went to complain that Holbein had kicked him out of his studio when he was painting the portrait of a lady; "you have not to do with Hans, but with me. Of seven peasants I can make seven Earls, but of seven Earls I cannot make one Hans Holbein." And Holbein after that never flattered anyone with his brush. Even Oliver Cromwell need not have troubled himself about his warts if he had sat to Harry's painter. The warts would have been the principal things in his portrait. His face would have been known by its warts. All his character would have been distinguished by them, all his astuteness, resolution, and courage. Vandyke painted men and women as they wished to be, as he saw them at his own dinner-table, all grace, vivacity, and dignity. Titian painted them as they ought to be—all beauty, truth, and chivalry. It was Holbein's distinction to paint them as they are, to condense into a single expression all the characteristic emotions of their soul and all the history of their lives, to show them as they were in contradistinction from what they wished to be. "He makes faces," said Piazzetta, standing before the Meier Madonna, "where we only make masks." And it is this fact which gives Holbein's portraits all their value. They are not portraits. They are the men themselves—the men with their history written in their faces, the men with all their associations, with all their vices, and with all the traits of character which redeemed those vices. Raffaello is the only man who approaches Holbein in truth; and Raffaello's portraits combine the utmost individual distinctness with the most delicate taste. Dürer paints portraits, as he paints everything else, with exquisite skill. But you can see Dürer in everything. He is like Sheridan in his comedies. All his characters talk alike, and all talk like Sheridan. Holbein is like Shakespeare. He is as full of variety as Nature herself. He takes his men and women from every class, and paints them all exactly as he sees them—the king in his robes, the statesman with public care upon his brow, the beauty in her tresses, the sportsman with his falcon on his wrist, the scholar with his book and MSS. on his desk, and the fool with his cap and bells. You can always tell Holbein by the truth and life of his portraits, by his grand style and masterly drawing. Look at Henry. Every line in his face reveals the king, cold, heartless, haughty, accustomed to rule, and to rule, when necessary, with a rod of iron; a man, as More said, who would send his best friend to the block if his head could gain him one castle in France. The dramatic power of the picture is marvellous; and yet that is only one of its charac-

teristics. The whole history of Henry's reign is condensed into that painting, and Henry seems to have been particularly proud of it. The study for Henry's head is in the Cabinet of Engravings at Munich. It is on yellowish red paper, in black chalk with a mixture of red, and the effect is said to be more imposing than it was in the cartoon. In the study Henry's face is taken at three-quarters; but in the cartoon we have the King in Holbein's favourite position, with his countenance as much as possible in the full light. This is the case with Cromwell's portrait. He is drawn in his robes of state, with his fur collar, his pen and his papers, and a richly-bound book lying on his table. His head rests on a strong bull-like throat, and his large nose, thin compressed lips, piercing eyes, and cold expression mark the Bismarck of the Reformation. Anne Boleyn is handed down to us in all the beauty in which she presented herself to the citizens of London upon her marriage with the King, in her golden baldachin with ringing silver bells, arrayed in a white robe, with her thick hair flowing over her shoulders, and a diadem of gold and diamonds on her brow. The King's Astronomer holds a pair of compasses in one hand, and his ruler, his protractor, his scissors, his hammer, and his polyhedron hang on the wall or lie upon the table. Erasmus sits at his desk, pen in hand, meditating a sentence of his "*Adagia*." The goldsmith is in his leathern apron, the merchant in his counting-house, with a freshly opened letter on his table, and with his invoices and orders fastened on the wall. This is one of the characteristics of Holbein's work. It is instinct with life. Everything is in action, and generally in action that is at once apparent to the eye. He gives life and freshness to a portrait sometimes by the slightest touch of colour, and the brilliancy of his colour is rivalled by nothing but its own delicacy. He is said to have touched his works till not a touch remained discernible, and in the Berlin collection of sketches we get a glimpse into the very atelier of his mind. That collection is full of rough drafts, studies of figures, studies of hands, studies of children for Madonna pictures, studies of ornaments, armour, birds, and bits of scenery. The representation of the plague-stricken beggars in the picture of St. Elizabeth and St. Barbara is so true to nature that Professor Virchow has traced in their portraits leprosy in both its forms, exactly as it appears in Norway at the present day, although medical history is lacking in the slightest scientific explanation of the disease; and you cannot look through a collection of Holbein's portraits in any gallery without noticing that in all of them the complexion varies with the utmost delicacy, according to the sex, age, and class. Hardly two complexions are alike in their tint; and there is the same

variety in the form and movement of the hands. The hands, in Holbein, are always characteristic; and you may generally test the authenticity of a portrait by that. His hands are a study in themselves, for hardly any two sets of hands agree. Those of Erasmus and Jane Seymour are peculiarly beautiful, and the Spanish work of the cuff from which the Queen's emerge is brought out as clearly and distinctly as the ring on the hand of the scholar.

Yet Holbein did not torment people with long sittings. The ordinary German plan of that day was to make a correct drawing from the life and to paint from that. This was Dürer's plan. His sketches in chalk of the people he met at the Court at Augsburg and painted in the palace still exist; and the Windsor sketches prove that Holbein acted on the same plan. The heads are drawn on paper with charcoal and coloured chalks; sometimes traced over with the brush, and occasionally by a slight shading of Indian ink. Almost all the heads are on the same scale as the painting, and some of them are pricked with pin-holes as if they had been used for tracing. The more delicate part of the work is in many cases rubbed off, and the harmony of the original colouring is spoilt. But it is manifest that, except in very few cases, these sketches were intended only as studies for pictures; they were not complete works in themselves, and the shading and colouring were probably done after the sitting. It was so in the case of the Duchess of Modena's portrait, and I have no doubt it was so in all. That portrait of the Duchess was taken in a single sitting of two or three hours, and finished by the artist afterwards, and many of the Windsor sheets contain memoranda upon the colour of the hair or beard, upon the materials of the dress, and upon the accessories proper to the portrait, books, mathematical or musical instruments, arms, or the trinkets of a boudoir. Holbein's eye took everything in at a glance with the fidelity and completeness of a photograph, and these sketches seem to have been afterwards sufficient for the painting. They were occasionally made to do duty for the paintings themselves, with the aid of a coat of varnish and colour. One of the portraits of Erasmus in the museum at Basle is apparently the original sketch on parchment pasted upon an oak panel; and Mr. Baring had a portrait of Holbein's taken upon paper in this way, spread upon wood, with the hands and dress added, and a crayon thus, with a little varnish and paint, turned into an oil painting! Holbein at first drew upon plain paper. All his sketches of Sir Thomas More were taken upon a white ground. But afterwards he seems to have spread a sort of salmon-coloured wash over his sheet before he set to work with his chalks, and these flesh-tints

distinguish almost all the sketches in the Windsor portfolio, the most interesting and characteristic collection of Holbein's works now left. These drawings are principally known to the public by Bartolozzi's engravings; but the engravings, although very beautiful in their way, give a better idea of Bartolozzi than they do of Holbein; and it would be a graceful act on the part of the Queen for her to permit them to be sent into the country, as the Turner sketches recently were, for the inspection and study of those who have no means of studying them in the portfolios at Windsor. It is impossible for any engraver to do complete justice to these crayons, partly because no engraving can reproduce the touches of colour which give life and freshness to the original, and partly because many of them are so worn by time and friction that little is left except the Indian ink touches. The colour is gone in many places, and the shading is hardly distinguishable. Yet even in their present state the sketches are marvellous works of art, fit for a royal collection; and the probability seems to be, from the finish which marks many of them, that they were intended to be transferred to panels and used as the groundwork of the painting. The whole character is hit off in two or three bold touches, and the sketch of the Duchess of Modena, now at Arundel Castle, although the work of less than three hours, is perhaps the most perfect portrait ever painted even by Holbein. There is nothing hasty or slipshod about his work; it is perfect in its finish. Yet the labour by which this perfection is attained is, as all true labour ought to be, only distinguishable when you come to look into the details of a picture with a glass, and to see how carefully, and apparently how lovingly, every detail is wrought. Take the picture of the Ambassadors, for instance, at Longford Castle, the most important of Holbein's works in England; or still better, perhaps, that of Georg Gyze, one of the merchants of the Steelyard. This picture is now at Berlin. It is the portrait of a merchant seated at a table in his office. He is dressed in a red coat, and wears a black cap and overcoat; a glass of flowers stands on his table, and he holds a letter in his hand. "Every accessory is perfected with a fine perfection: the carnations in the glass vase by his side, the ball of gold chased with blue enamel suspended on the wall, the books, the steelyard, the papers on the table, the seal-ring with its quartered bearings—all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel. But every change of shades is felt, every rich and rubied line of petal followed, every subdued gleam in the soft blue of the enamel and bending of the gold, touched with a hand whose patience

of regard creates rather than paints. The jewel itself was not so precious as the rays of enduring light which form it beneath that errorless hand. The man himself, what he was, not more ; but to all conceivable proof of sight, in all aspect of life or thought, not less. He sits alone in his accustomed room, his common work laid out before him ; he is conscious of no presence, assumes no dignity, bears no sudden or superficial look of care or interest, lives only as he lived—but for ever. It is inexhaustible ; every detail of it wins, retains, rewards the attention with a continually-increasing sense of wonderfulness." These are Mr. Ruskin's words, and they might stand as a description of the Ambassadors, of the Whitehall frescoes, or of the Windsor sketches, as well as for the Steelyard merchant. They are true of all Holbein's work, for he saw everything and reproduced everything. There was nothing desultory in Holbein's nature. He never grew weary of his work, never laid it aside to begin something fresh. His interest in what he began never ceased till it was finished, and thus every sketch, every painting from his hand is marked by the earnestness, care, and spirit which distinguish all work done under the inspiration of the hour or while the imagination is still warm and clear.

There is a tradition that Holbein painted with his left hand, but there is, I believe, no authority for this, except an engraving of Vorsterman's. Holbein, in his portrait in the Arundel collection, holds his brush in his right hand, and this is the case also in the Duke of Buccleugh's miniature. That ought to be conclusive evidence upon a point of this kind ; but it is quite possible, of course, that Holbein may have practised with both hands and painted occasionally with his left hand to show his mastery of his tools. Artists are very often martyrs to traditions of this kind, and Holbein was one of those men about whom men invent stories. One of these inventions is that which represents him as a man who could neither read nor write. There is one fact which gives an air of plausibility to this tradition—the fact that not a single letter of Holbein's to his wife, family, or friends is extant. But the best proof that Holbein was not illiterate is to be found in his illustrations of the "Book of Folly," of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and of other works of that description. These were not the work of an illiterate man. They were the work of an artist who had read the works of the greatest scholars of his time, read them with thought and discrimination, and entered into the spirit of the writers with a critical appreciation which is distinguishable in every touch of his pencil. It is possible, of course, that Holbein may have been able to achieve all these triumphs of

art by some sort of magic after poring in blank ignorance over pages which, upon this hypothesis, were to him mere abracadabra. But this theory makes a greater demand upon our imagination than the natural explanation that he possessed at least sufficient knowledge of Latin to spell out the pages he was called upon to illustrate ; and it involves a strange incongruity to suppose that the man whose pencil has adorned all the palaces of Europe with works of the highest art, who was an architect as well as an artist, who could enter in an appreciative spirit into the speculations and fancies of men like Erasmus and More, was, after all, so ignorant in literary matters that he could only contrive to mark his pictures with his monogram "H. H.," and to scrawl a few hieroglyphics on the back of his sketches to assist his memory in painting. Perhaps it may be said that he triumphed over still greater difficulties in painting the Dance of Death without knowing anything of anatomy ; and that, of course, is the fact. But in this instance he contrived to conceal his ignorance by a close study of form, and by the exercise of those powers of observation which with him atoned so often for lack of scientific knowledge.

Tradition, justly or unjustly, has hopelessly ruined Holbein's personal character, and if it were not that his works themselves remain, it would long ago have left him without a reputation worth preserving even as an artist. But his portraits remain, and those portraits, even by themselves, form one of the most precious heirlooms of English and German art; heirlooms that invest with interest even the personal character of a man who had no character at all except as a Bohemian, and make Holbein as interesting, with all his faults, as Dürer or Leonardo da Vinci.

CHARLES PEBODY

would satisfy all parties, and *could* do no harm." I am afraid it would not satisfy all parties, and especially those most concerned. For, quite apart from the theory of absolution, no woman could ever persuade herself to confess anything to one of her own sex, and if she could, the other one could never keep the secret.

THE accidents which in the course of a summer season happen to men visiting spots of romantic interest or beauty amount to a not inconsiderable death-rate. Already, in the present season, Mr. Adderley, son of the President of the Board of Trade, and Dr. Bryce, the eminent geologist, have lost their lives in Scotland alone, and from Switzerland and other points come news of similar calamities. It is, of course, hopeless to preach caution to youth, or to attempt to check or to regulate that enterprise and love of adventure which have made England what she is. I feel often disposed, *à propos* of such matters, to quote Coleridge's magnificent illustration, that 'Experience, like the stern-lights of a ship, casts light only on the track that has been past.' I should be glad, however, to recommend youth going on excursions to cultivate the quickness of apprehension and readiness of mind in which the civilised man is not seldom far behind the savage. In a case of accident of this kind, in which I was to a certain extent concerned, a man was contemplating, in perfect safety, a cataract from the summit, when a sudden gust of wind down the ravine caught his hat and whirled it off his head. He made an effort to clutch it, lost his balance, and in a moment was lying a mangled corpse at the bottom; whilst a companion was so shocked at the spectacle, that months elapsed before he recovered his mental balance. Now, a man who fitted himself for an excursion by slight training would be prepared for a chance like this, and would have more control over those automatic movements which, while intended for human safety, lead in exceptional cases to human destruction.

AMONG many odd proposals for centenary commemorations, the drollest is a scheme for celebrating, by a congress of Celtic scholars, to be held at Truro or Penzance, the demise in 1778 of Doll Pentreath. Ignorance concerning this old lady is pardonable, seeing that her sole claim to distinction consists in the fact that she was the last person able to speak the now extinct Cornish tongue. Three hundred years ago Cornish was beginning to disappear as a spoken language, and Carew, in 1602, mentions, in his "Survey of Cornwall," that many of the inhabitants can speak no word of it. A fate similar to that undergone by the Cornish tongue is now being experienced by the Breton, in many respects a kindred

dialect. I remember, two or three years ago, speaking in La Vendée to a Breton sailor, who told me that three generations of his family were alive—his father, who spoke Breton, and no French; himself, who spoke Breton and French; and his son, who spoke French, and no Breton. Some interesting remains in the Cornish language are preserved. These are principally in manuscript, though a selection from the Cornish Miracle-plays and Interludes has been published. The tombstone of Dolly Pentreath may still be seen in Cornwall, with an inscription in the language with which her name has been thus lastingly and strangely associated.

AT one of our great hospitals the other day a "crack" surgeon was lecturing in the theatre. He had begun a scientific anecdote to which he perceived that one member at least of his audience was not paying due attention. The heat of the room was great, and the poor young man may possibly have sat up half the previous night engaged in study, but the "crack" surgeon was naturally annoyed. He kept his eye upon Mr. S., and determined to be down upon him in half a minute. He continued the scientific anecdote. "This person, as I said, was bitten by a dog which was suspected of being rabid— Mr. S., are you favouring me with your attention? Then, what did I say last?" Mr. S. had but a hazy view of what the crack doctor had been saying from the beginning, and he had only about half his wits about him to meet the emergency. His fellow-students, however, began to prompt him. "You were saying, sir, that the gentleman was bitten by a dog, whom he suspected of being a rabbit."

THAT fondness for sport on the part of Englishmen which has incurred the reproach of foreign nations, and elicited the sneer of Heine, that the sight of natural beauty awakes in the young Englishman no impulse but that of slaughter, has been accompanied hitherto by a dislike to useless destruction, and by a protection accorded to wild animals during certain seasons, in which defenders of field-sports have found their vindication. This extenuation we shall not long be able to plead. A feeling of humiliation is aroused in reading how the practice has spread of killing fish in our streams and along our sea-coast by means of dynamite. Destruction so wanton will soon defeat the ends of those who bring it about, and will lead to what can only be regarded as a national calamity. Fish, like other animals, have means of communicating their impressions, and are not without power of observation. They will learn that special dangers attend special routes, and the great annual exodus of certain classes of fish will in time be diverted along other

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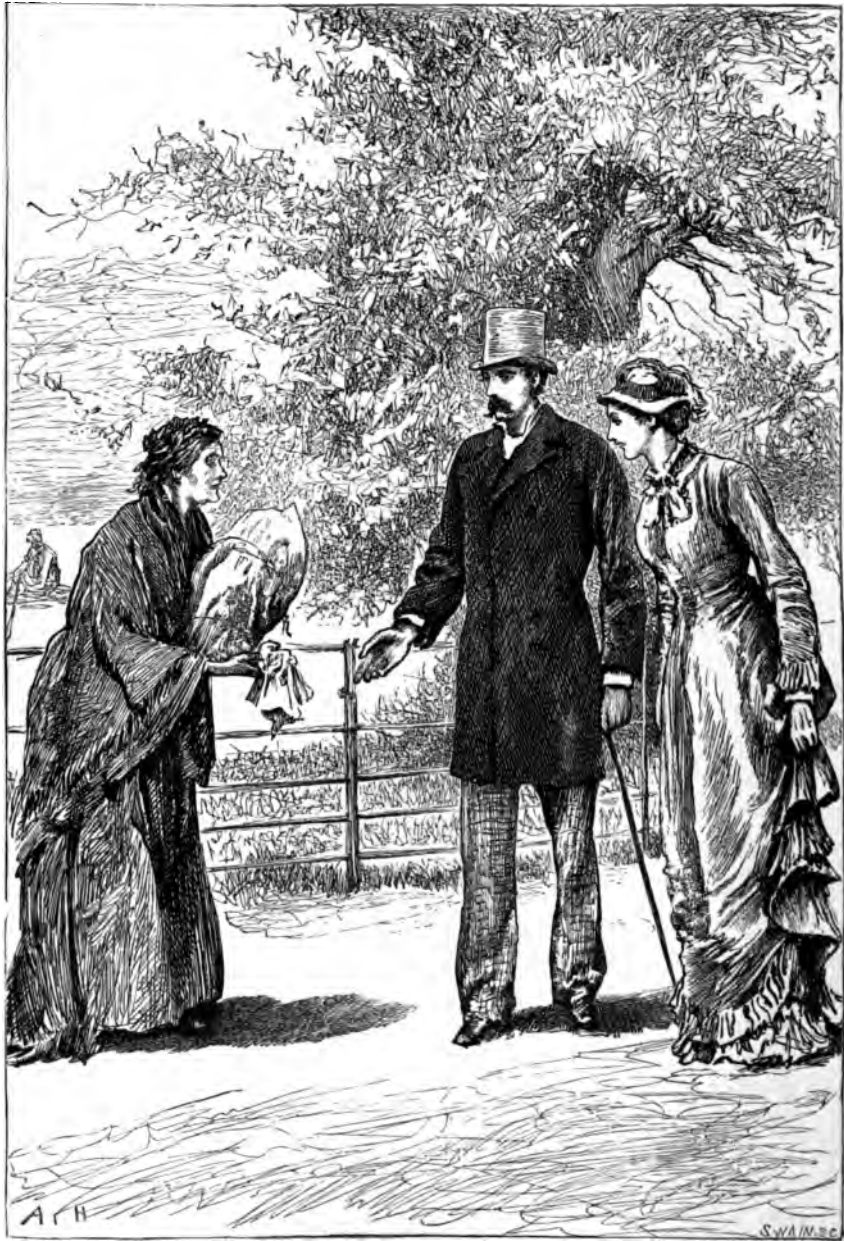
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channels. We have already driven away with guns half the species of birds England could once boast ; we have, by poisoning our rivers, reduced to a fraction of its former proportion our supply of fish. If some measure is not passed to check the destructive greed of those who include all classes and ages of fish in one common fate, our rivers will be tenantless and our fishing grounds deserted. No cheerful prospect this for a country that cannot yield cereals enough for half its own consumption !

THE unveiling at Wantage, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, of a statue to King Alfred, is in itself a matter of interest which cannot well be passed over without notice in *The Gentleman's*. Its chief value from a sentimental standpoint is, that it seems to give something like a definite sanction to a portion of past history, and affords a vantage-ground from which modern criticism may be combated. After having had reluctantly to surrender faith in King Arthur and the Round Table, I feel an absolute wrong in being asked to forego King Alfred and the cakes, and am disposed to cry plague on these historical critics who will leave untouched nothing that is picturesque or attractive in past history. Let them have their way, and treat as mythical what pious Asser chronicled and sceptical Hume accepted, and I shall have to give up next my belief in King Richard and Blondel, and may have to undergo examination as to the reasons for my faith in Whittington. Gay doings have, however, been seen at Wantage—formerly Wanading—which was a royal town in the days of Alfred. Some travellers on the Great Western line will surely, now, find time to stop and see a statue to a king who might claim to escape the fate allotted all monarchs in the wonderful satire of Quevedo. A visitor to the infernal regions, in this grim piece of humour, was shown the portion of Hades assigned to monarchs. Expressing an opinion that its inmates appeared to be few, he drew from his guide the indignant response that “ they were all who had ever reigned.” I light upon a letter on the subject of King Alfred, addressed to Mr. Urban, which appears in the number of *The Gentleman's* for December 1800. In this the writer, evidently a Scotchman, manages, in expressing his admiration for Alfred, to air his national prejudices. He states accordingly that “ The King, the glory of his age and country, civilised England from barbarism and devastation in the short space of thirty years.” He then adds, “ In five hundred years the legislators of Ireland have not performed the task of reformation on their savage countrymen.” As a red rag to a bull, was an Irishman to a Scotchman in the beginning of this century.

SYLVANUS URBAN.



"It's the handkerchief, sir, the lady dropped."

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1877.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MEMBER FOR KEETON.

"THE member for Keeton!" How strange it seemed to Minola that Victor Heron should thus have come to be connected in the mind of everyone with the old home of her youth! On the day, not to be forgotten by her, when she saw him for the first time at Mr. Money's door, who could have thought that such a thing as that was likely to come to pass? Ah, who could have thought that other things yet more deeply concerning her were likely to come to pass? We may be all excused if sometimes under the pressure of some peculiar pain, or in the exaltation of some peculiar joy, we tell ourselves that there is a special fate in the things that concern us, and that the Destinies have our lives expressly in their care to gladden or to punish us. It is something of a consolation apparently to think that this trial, which we find it hard to bear, is not such as falls to the chance lot of ordinary mortals, but is set out by some special destiny for us alone. To Minola there seemed something fateful in the way in which Victor Heron had been so often and strangely made to cross her path. "The member for Keeton!"—and she had, it would seem, made him member for Keeton. In her brighter moments she was sometimes amazed and amused to think of the extraordinary part she had been made to play in the political affairs of her native town. If she had been inclined to vanity, she might have found some consolation for any disappointment of her own in the homage that had been paid to her by such different admirers. But it gave her neither pride nor pleasure to know that some men admired her whom she could not

admire in turn. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" was the thought that often filled her; and she cordially applied it to herself as well as to others. In truth, her secret love would in any case have kept her pure of vanity. Her pain gave her sympathy and made her strong.

Meanwhile the months went on, and she saw little or nothing of the member for Keeton—her member in a double sense: the representative of her borough, and returned by herself. The time of the honourable gentleman was now pretty fully engaged. He had no free hours left for strolls in Regent's Park, even if he had been at all inclined to go in that direction. He found himself more and more closely occupied by day and night. Victor Heron was successful in a double sense; he was a political and a social success. He had spoken in the House of Commons, and he had, by universal acknowledgment, made a hit. There is hardly any other success so delightful, so rich in immediate effect, left in our modern English life. His manner was fresh, easy, and animated, with now and then a stronger dash of something that went as near to eloquence as our House of Commons will endure in these days. He knew his subject—a question of foreign policy—thoroughly, and he was never dry or heavy. Then he became a social success as well, and at once. He was invited everywhere. He was envied for many things: for his political chances, for his prospects as one who would probably be able to "entertain his party," and for the prospective possession of the very pretty girl who was seen so often with him, who was known to be the owner of a large fortune, and whom he was, everybody said, about to marry.

Heron never knew what an important person he had become until he saw the difference which his altered position made in the number and kind of the letters which he found on his table every morning. They lay there in piles; letters on all manner of political, social, industrial, educational questions; letters from inventors, from theorists, from men—oh, how many of these there were!—from men with grievances; not a few from women with grievances. He soon found that even to look into half the questions of this kind which he was besought to investigate for himself would take up his whole time every day and night, making no allowance for food or sleep. At first, remembering his own grievance, he used to make a desperate effort to grapple with this huge bulk of complaint. Then he called in the aid of a secretary, and tried in this way to accomplish the task, and to be member for the aggrieved generally. But even this had to be given up. A staff of secretaries would have been necessary to get through the mere reading and answering of letters in

cases with which, when he had mastered their details, he usually found that he could do absolutely nothing. This was in itself a disappointment and a pain to our young Quixote. He found that the task of redressing all or half the supposed human wrong that thrust itself querulously upon his notice would have been beyond his power, even though his summers to such length of years should come as those of the many-wintered crow himself.

He was approaching, and with every prospect of success, the great business which had brought him back to England. He had given notice of a motion to call the attention of the House of Commons to the whole subject connected with his administration of the St. Xavier's Settlements, and to move a resolution on it; and he had obtained a day for the debate, and a very animated and interesting discussion was expected. It had been hinted to him that if he merely wanted another appointment, and a much better one, the Government would be only too delighted to avail themselves of his services, and it was gently suggested that there never was any intention to visit his former administration with any censure whatever. But Victor remained, it is needless to say, absolutely deaf to all such suggestions as this. He desired to vindicate a principle, he said, and not to satisfy any personal interest. It is needless, perhaps, also to say that the suggestion was made to him in the most cautious and unofficial way. It was made by a mediator, who, if Heron had shown any disposition to accept it, would soon have put him in the way of receiving an official offer, but who the moment it was declined was able to speak of it as a personal suggestion or conjecture, only offered in the beaten way of friendship, and binding nobody to anything.

All this made a change in the position of Mr. Heron since the time, not so long ago, when he came to London almost unknown, and for a while haunted vainly the ante-chambers of great officials, and could not even get to speech of them. Victor was modest enough, and often thought with a kind of wonder and humiliation of the chance he once so nearly ran of sinking down to be the mere possessor of a grievance, or one possessed by it, going round the world of London pestering people with the tale of a wrong in which they felt no manner of interest. He could not but feel proud and happy at some moments when he thought of the change a short time had brought about for him. He was well aware that he owed three-fourths of his success to the advice and the energy of Mr. Money. If he had not stepped out on the balcony of the Louvre Hotel in Paris that memorable night, he might never have met Mr. Money, and

things might have been so different. In all his pride and his gratitude, were there ever moments when he was inclined to wish that he had not stepped out on that balcony, and that things had been different?

Was our young Quixote ungrateful or hard to satisfy? was he morbidly discontented, or mean, or intolerably fickle, or absurdly self-conceited? No; he was not any of these things. Yet it is certain that he was not happy. He had won success; he seemed likely to win much more, and he was already looking back many a time, and with genuine bitterness of regret, to the bright days when he appeared to be all a failure. Except in moments of excitement, Victor Heron was unhappy. He made his moments of excitement as many as he could, and he dreaded when they were over. He dreaded to be alone; and even that was not the worst, for there was society which gave him more pain than any solitude. When he came home of nights he sometimes sat in his chair and leaned his chin on his hand, and remained there for an hour thinking. Anyone who had seen him at such times would have wisely said that the late hours of the House of Commons were telling heavily on him already, he looked so haggard.

He was indeed in a miserable dilemma, if that could by any possibility be called a dilemma which seemed to have no alternative or second way to it or out of it. He had made a fearful mistake, and found it out too late. In an impulse of gratitude, regard, surprise, generous humiliation, he had believed himself in love with Lucy Money—when he saw beyond mistake that she was in love with him. For a moment that light seemed to surround her in which a man sees the chosen one—the only one, the loved. The moment he saw that the sweet, good girl was in love with him, it seemed as if Heaven, and gratitude, and fate ordered him to marry her, and for the hour it was easy for him to believe that he loved her. Nor did the glamour pass away all at once. For some time yet he continued to believe that he had all he desired in life; that he loved and was happy, and had indeed found measureless content. There may have been even then a sense of unsatisfied craving in his heart, as of something missing which he had once hoped to find and possess. But he shut all such vague emotions down, and pressed the lid of what he told himself were his real convictions strongly down upon them. He told himself that he was happy. It has come far on the way towards unhappiness when a young man has to tell himself that he is happy in the woman he is to marry. Victor Heron caught himself arguing the question sometimes, and started and turned his thoughts another way, as some

good person might have done in older days if he found a diabolical temptation inducing him to blaspheme a saint or question his own faith.

The horizon only began to grow darker as his knowledge of himself and his state of mind grew clearer. Then there followed an interval during which he felt like one conscience-stricken. It seemed to him that, in admitting to himself what he felt, he was doing a wrong to poor Lucy which no kindness and no devotion on his part could atone for. Now came fits of devoted attention to her, when the poor little maid thought that never had there been lover like hers, and her soul floated softly in a golden haze of affection and gratitude. Then came what we may call the common-sense and worldly mood, when Victor Heron strove to get himself to regard his engagement as an ordinary young man of sense would doubtless have regarded it. He told himself that, after all, he ought to be one of the happiest of men ; that he was going to have a charming young wife, as sweet a woman as any in the world. He remembered how Coleridge had said that a Desdemona is the wife that in his heart every man would like to have. He argued with himself about the impossibility of having everything exactly as one would appoint it for himself ; and he sometimes marvelled how so sweet a girl as Lucy ever could have cared about him. On the whole he reasoned with himself as a sensitive and unworldly young man like him might be supposed to do, who has in a moment of impulse committed himself to a responsibility which he cannot any longer even wish to avoid. In truth, it was his grievance and not himself that was to blame. His grievance had so possessed and absorbed him that he had not had time or thought for anything else. He had never asked of his heart what it would have until the hour for such a question had gone by. There was left to him one general frank resolve, to do his duty and make the very best of everything, and make, above all, those happy whose happiness in any way depended on him. After all, perhaps, marriage is not very often undertaken in much better spirit. A man's life, he had always heard from wise people, lies for the most part outside home and love.

But the member for Keeton kept clear of Minola Grey. He did so rather in obedience to an undefined instinct than to any deliberate resolve. He had not searched into his own feelings—rather, indeed, he had resolutely kept from all such search. But he avoided Minola Grey. Their sudden and sincere friendship had suddenly come to an end somehow. He thought that for some reason she had lately been displeased with him, and on the whole he was not sorry. It was better

so. He heard of her a great deal from Lucy and from others, but he saw her very seldom.

One afternoon, early, Minola set out to pay a visit to Lucy Money. Lucy had written her a reproachful letter because she had not come more often lately, and insisting that she must see "dear, darling Nola *at once, at once,*" because of something most particular on which she wanted her advice "so much, oh, so much!" Minola had not great faith, perhaps, in the importance of the matter in hand, but she went promptly to see her friend. When she got to the house in Victoria Street she was shown at once into the drawing-room, and sat down, expecting every moment to hear the light step of Lucelet. But Lucelet had gone out for a short time, and had only left instructions that if Miss Grey came she was to be shown into the drawing-room without a word, lest she might go away if she were told in the first instance that she, Lucy, was not at home. While Minola was waiting, the member for Keeton called; and the member for Keeton now was hardly supposed to ask any question, but to go and come in the house as though it were his own. If Lucy was not at home, some other member of the family was likely to be, and, if anyone was there, it was assumed that Mr. Heron would come in and talk, and wait.

Minola sat down to the piano to beguile the time, and began to sing and play to herself in her soft, pure, low tones. She sang the song of the lover's farewell to Northmaven, and to the maid who was to look over the wild waves in vain for the skiff of him who came not again—the song from "The Pirate," which she had herself adapted to the music of an old ballad. When Victor approached the drawing-room, and heard the sound of the piano, he thought at first that Lucy was the performer, and he paused a moment to listen, without interrupting her. But as the voice reached his ears, he knew its tones and he knew the song, and remembered when he had heard it last—when he had heard it first. The blood rushed into his face, and he literally started back. His sensitive lips trembled; his hands caught at his moustache in his old way when something excited or embarrassed him; and a sound almost like a groan involuntarily broke from him. Oh, how unhappy, how wretched he felt that moment! and how like some one guilty of a crime or a deceit, merely because of the pain that he could not conceal from himself any more! At first he drew back and was about to go away. But he recovered himself, and asked of himself what possible excuse he could give to Lucy when she heard that he had actually been in the house, as she must hear from the servants, and that he had gone away without seeing her.

He assumed that Lucy was in the drawing-room with Minola, and at that very moment they might come out and see him retreating as if he were a detected robber. He felt ashamed now of the sudden, absurd instinct of flight, and the ignoble, guilty suggestions it brought with it. "In Heaven's name," he thought, "why should I back out? Why should I not see Miss Grey or anybody else? Am I a fool or a boy?" He went on and crossed the threshold; and then for the first time he saw that Miss Grey was alone. It was too late to retreat, even though she was alone, for she had heard his footsteps, and stopped her song and rose from the piano, and waited to receive him.

"Oh—Miss Grey—I hope you are well!" was the remarkable observation with which Victor began.

"Quite well, thank you," was the appropriate reply.

There was much embarrassment on both sides. Naturally the man was the more embarrassed of the two. On him fell in all duty the responsibility of conducting the conversation. Yet, having got thus far, he did not seem inclined to try any farther.

"I thought I should find Lucy in," Minola said, since it seemed clear that she must say something, or let silence settle down upon them.

"I thought she would be here too," he said. "I suppose she has gone out."

This was so obvious an inference that it hardly called for addition or supplement of any kind. Minola said, "I suppose so," and that attempt appeared likely to come to an end.

"I hope you like the House of Commons," Minola began again.

"Oh, yes, certainly; very much; that is, I like it very well indeed. Have you never gone to hear a debate?"

"No, never."

"You must go. Oh, yes, you ought to go! You could go some night with Miss Money."

"With Lucy?"

"Yes, with Lucy I mean, of course."

He spoke in a sort of irritated way, very unlike the old manner of the chivalrous man with a grievance.

"I should like to go very much," Minola said; "I should like to hear you speak."

"Oh, I shan't speak often; I shan't speak, perhaps, more than once again; I don't care to be one of the talkers; I haven't the gift to make much of that sort of thing."

"I heard that you were a great success."

"Who told you so?" He put the question with some of his old directness, but not with the kind of boyish friendliness that used to make his simple straightforwardness seem sweet and genial. Now his tone sounded almost harsh. Minola began to think that his manners were not improving in his parliamentary career. Is it possible, she thought, that success is already spoiling him?

"Several persons told me," she answered quietly; "and I read it in the papers. I am fond of reading the papers."

"Several persons told you so? Who were they?"

"Well, let me see——" Minola became all the more composed and mistress of herself in proportion as his manner seemed to grow more brusque and odd. "Mr. Money told me, for one; and of course Lucy told me; but she is prejudiced, and counts for nothing; and Mr. Sheppard told me."

"Do you see him often—Sheppard?"

"Not very often."

"When is he trying for Parliament again?"

"I don't know."

"But you wish him success, surely?"

"I shall wish him success if it does him any good, or makes him at all happy—or improves him in any way," Miss Misanthrope said demurely.

"You think it does not always improve people to be in the House of Commons?" Victor said, with a somewhat forced smile.

"Not always, perhaps; but I have had so little opportunity of judging."

There was a moment of silence.

"I don't think I can wait any longer," Victor said. "Are you waiting to see Lucy, Miss Grey?"

If Minola had spoken out the plain truth, she would have said that if he was going to wait she was not, and that if he was going away she would stay. Perhaps, if he had spoken out the plain truth, he for his part would have said much the same thing. As he was evidently going, she said—

"Yes, I shall stay until she comes in; I shall take up a book and read; she will not be very long away, I should think."

"Will you be kind enough to tell her that I was here, and waited for her some time?"

"Certainly; with pleasure."

He seemed to be going, and yet he did not go; in truth, he was only thinking whether he ought to shake hands with her in ordinary

friendly fashion, or whether he had better make a bow, and so take himself off. Not a matter of great moment, it might appear, and yet it was enough to torment Heron just then. If he seemed cold and distant and unfriendly, would not Miss Grey wonder at his manner, and perhaps think him rude and uncivil; or think him changed, and begin to conjecture what the reason of the change might be? If he showed himself friendly in the old way, would she become also friendly in the old way? and would not that perhaps be rather more of an ordeal than he could safely bear? But as he glanced towards her he thought he saw a look of surprise on her face, and this settled the matter. He could not allow her to think him cold or rude; and why should he not try to show himself as a friend?

Minola was seated, and had already taken up a book. He went up to her and held out his hand. Then he noticed for the first time how pale she was looking.

"Good-morning, Miss Grey," he said; "I am sorry I have to go so soon; it seems so long since we exchanged a word."

With this happily-chosen speech he came to a pause.

A faint colour came over the paleness of her face.

"You have become a public man now," she said, with desperate ease, "and your time is occupied. But we shall meet sometimes, I hope. I shall be always delighted."

There are incidents of martyrdom, perhaps, with which it is less difficult for the sufferer to deal than it was for Minola to assume the expression of smiling friendly ease that accompanied these words. Even as she spoke them she was thinking of how often she had warmly disputed the truth of Thackeray's constant assertion, that women are all skilled by nature in hypocrisy. She felt that she was then playing the hypocrite with a skill which she would once have believed it impossible for her to attain, and with a skill, too, which once she would have despised herself for possessing.

"Do you still walk in Regent's Park sometimes?" he asked.

"Yes, very often."

"I have not been there this long time."

"Oh, no; you have no time for that sort of thing now, I am glad to think. That is for idlers."

Meanwhile the ceremony of shaking hands had been duly executed. Victor was going, when his eyes fell on the book she had in her hand. He stopped again.

"That is Blanchet's volume of poems, isn't it?" he asked.

"Is it? Oh, yes, of course it is! I had only just taken it up, and I hadn't noticed." She coloured a little, a very little. She was

somewhat embarrassed by his discovery of the fact that she had not known what book she held in her hand.

"Do you know, Miss Grey, that I always feel some remorse of conscience about that book? It was a shame that you should have been allowed to pay all that money; you ought to have allowed some one to share the cost with you at least."

"But I explained to you at the time all about that; I could not allow my Mary Blanchet to be indebted to anyone but me for any kindness. There was some selfishness in that, I know; but I could not help the feeling. And in any case I am sure Mary would have been wretched at the idea of anyone doing it but me. So it was not all selfishness on my part."

"The idea of your doing anything selfish! I don't believe you ever thought of yourself in all your life. Well, you were very generous to poor Blanchet; I hope at least he will not prove himself ungrateful."

"Oh, I don't want him to be grateful! I dare say he would be as grateful as anyone else—any other man, I mean, of course—if I wanted him to be."

Victor smiled the most natural and genuine smile he had yet shown during their conversation.

"Now you want to become the Miss Misanthrope again," he said. "But it doesn't deceive us who know you, Miss Grey. It was I who called you Miss Misanthrope, wasn't it—who suggested the name, I mean?"

"Yes, I believe it was; I am very well content with the name, and I think myself fairly entitled to bear it."

"Not you," he said. "I knew it didn't apply then, and I know it far better now."

"But to be a Miss Misanthrope isn't to be a criminal."

"No; but you couldn't be a misanthrope, unless in some time when there was no possibility left of trying to prove that you loved the human race."

"Which, however, I can assure you I do not."

"All the same, you try to help people. Well, good-morning."

"Here is Lucy," said Minola, looking up; "I am so glad you did not go at once."

Lucy ran into the room dressed as she had just come in from the carriage. She rushed at Minola and embraced her.

"So you were not going to wait for me?" she said breathless, and pointing to the hat which Victor held in his hand. "Yes, I know you were impatient, like all men, and you were for darting away, only

dear Nola kept you and would not let you go ! Now that was so kind of you, Nola."

"But, dear, I can't take the compliment or the thanks ; it was no doing of mine ; Mr. Heron was just going, only that you came in time and stopped him."

"I did not know when you were coming back, or whether you were coming at all," Victor said, "or I shouldn't have thought of going away ; but I really have lots of things to do."

"Well, I am glad to hear that you were growing impatient," Lucy said with a smile, "for it looks as if you missed me, Victor ; and I like you to miss me when I am away. It was Theresa who would have me to go out with her ; and she said that there was some committee or something, and that you could not be here to-day, Victor—somebody told her."

Lucy looked very pretty. There was a light of surprise and gratification on her face because of the unexpected coming of Victor, which almost supplied the place of the expression that high intelligence can lend. Minola looked at her with sincere admiration, and could not wonder that she had found a lover even in a man who might be supposed to seek naturally for a level of intellectual companionship higher than hers. But Victor was for the moment silent, nor did he and Minola speak to each other again until Victor rose to go, saying he had only looked in to see Lucy for a moment, and that he had an appointment.

"You are coming to dinner?" Lucy asked, with a colour of anxiety and hope on her pretty face.

He shook his head.

"I am afraid not," he said ; "I fancy your father and I must put up with a hasty dinner got anyhow this evening, Lucy."

He was bowing to Miss Grey, and about to go, when Lucy said—

"Have you two been quarrelling, might I ask? Victor, do you generally take leave of Nola in that cool sort of way? Why, you used to be such friends."

"I am sure I hope we are 'such friends' still," Minola began, with a strenuous effort to be at ease.

"As good friends as ever," Victor rather awkwardly added.

"Then, why don't you shake hands?" inquired the pertinacious little Lucy. "Give me thy hand, terrestrial—so," she said, seizing one of Victor's hands in hers, and continuing one of the Shakespearian quotations which she had caught up from Minola, and was rather proud to display. "Give me thy hand, celestial—yes, Nola darling, you deserve to be called celestial, I think—give me thy hand,

celestial—so ;” and with pretty and gracious compulsion she drew Minola and Victor together, and placed Minola’s hand in his and made them clasp.

The friendly clasp was over in a moment. But in that short moment the eyes of Minola and of Victor met unavoidably, suddenly, for the first time that day, and then were as suddenly withdrawn ; and each knew for the first time, and now to the full, what a misfortune had fallen on them all ; and Lucy looked from one face to the other, and felt her heart stand still.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LOUNGE IN THE PARK.

IT is true that this man and woman knew by one single meeting of the eyes that secret which he had never known before, and which she had never dreamed of. But each, as we have seen, was fatally prepared for the discovery. Each had for some time—one of the two for a long time—been brooding over the thought which represented one-half of the secret. Each heart was prepared to receive the impression of the other. The two natures were ready to affect each other as two substances are—as flint and steel are, as the burning-glass and the darkened paper. If anyone could have asked Minola Grey whether she thought Victor Heron loved her, she would have answered, if she thought such a question worth answering at all, that he did not ; that he never had cared about her except perhaps as a friend. If Victor were asked whether he thought Minola cared about him, he would have answered, in all good faith, that he believed of late she rather disliked him than otherwise. Yet it is certain that each learned the secret of the other in the same moment as each glance betrayed its own secret. Come what would, from that moment these two were isolated from all others by their common knowledge of the truth.

That was a trying hour for Minola which she spent in Victoria Street after Heron had gone. It was not perhaps less trying for Lucy ; but Minola did not then know that. Fortunately for both of them, Lucy and her mother had an engagement that evening which made it impossible for Mrs. Money to press Minola to stay long with them. It was lucky, too, that visitors came in, and that while Minola was there she and Lucy were not left alone. If Minola had been less distracted than she was, she must have seen how very different Lucy’s

manner was from that which was usual to her ; and how she was in alternation of wild, flighty spirits, and strange, shy, shrinking despondency. But in truth Minola's soul was all engrossed in the terror of the discovery she had made, and the necessity of hiding it, of burying it, at all risks. She was so little used to concealment or suspicion of any kind that it never occurred to her to think that perhaps Lucy might have seen what she had seen. Had the two girls been left alone for a moment, some revelation, some explanation, must perhaps have come. But contrary to her usual way Lucy did not try to get her friend into a separate corner or a separate room with her, and Minola was only filled by the one desire to get decently away, out of the house, and into the open air. She felt like some one shamed and guilty, like some treacherous, deceitful friend who had no right to stand beneath that roof any more. There were moments when the whole horizon of her hope seemed bounded by the moment when she could once more be in the open street, and free of the house which had always given her so kind a welcome.

Victor Heron walked slowly along Victoria Street. The day was warm and sunny ; the spring was growing rapidly towards summer. Even the sombre lines of Victoria Street were cheered and gladdened by the bright and youthful beauty of the season and of the day. The sense and sight of all this spring loveliness, tantalising often even to happy dwellers in the town, because it told them of the delights of the country they could not reach just then, sent a new pang into the heart of the distracted Heron. He had some appointments to keep, some persons to see, but he was unable to think of anything then but himself and his misfortune. He sauntered slowly with dragging steps, almost like an invalid, into St. James's Park, and sat down there and looked on the ground, and appeared for the time to be engrossed in drawing lines on the dust of the walk beneath him with the point of his cane.

He knew it all now. For some time back he had known only too well the state of his own feelings. He had known it although he shrank, as far as he could, from any search into his heart to find what stirred it so, holding it a sort of treason to his engagement and to the girl who loved him to ask any question of himself which must be a secret from her. But despite of this it had become known to him only too well that he had made a terrible mistake so far as his own fate was concerned. Yet what was that compared with what he now knew? This morning his course was clear. He had nothing greatly to repent of. He believed that he could not possibly have had the woman he loved and would have chosen ; it was not much of

a sacrifice to marry the sweet girl who loved him, certainly not wisely, but far too well. But now he had the misery of knowing that it was only his own fatal and stupid blindness that had stood in the first instance between the girl he loved and him. She too was to be a sacrifice. There were three unhappy creatures linked together in a cruel bond of misfortune, which might never have been forged for them but for his astounding folly and darkness. There was no way out of it now but with misery to all. He was so tortured by the thought of the unhappiness he had brought on others that he had hardly yet a sense of mere regret for the happiness that might have been his. It was but after some period of distracted emotion that he began to be able to think of this.

Sudden and wholly unexpected as the discovery of the morning had been, there was no shadow of a doubt left on his mind as to its genuineness. It was an instant—a flash of bewildered, pathetic light in a girl's eye that drooped and turned away in the very glance, and he was as certain that Minola Grey and he stood isolated from all the world by a reciprocal and hopeless love as he was that the sun was now shining on his pain. He had little experience in love-making, but he knew this. All now seemed clear to him. Every strange word, or mood, or look of Minola which had puzzled him in other days was made clear to him now. Words and looks that he positively had forgotten came back, living and burning, on his memory. All was now made consistent, like a well-written tale, like a harmony. Yes ; he might have been happy. She would have loved him. She was the only being on earth in whose company he had always felt that he could be quite himself, and all that was best in him seemed to grow without effort. She would have loved him ! He would have had in her a companion to share every mood, and feeling, and hope. To her intellect he could have looked up as well as to her heart. Good heavens ! how did he fail to know all that before ? When he found that involuntarily there was growing up in him a love for every place in which he knew that she walked ; when the sound of her footfall brought a joy with it ; when the voice of her singing made his heart thrill—how could he have failed even for a moment to know that it all meant, not friendship, but love ?

She knows it all now, he kept thinking. He knew by the expression in her eyes that he had betrayed his secret as she had betrayed hers. Her life, too, was spoiled. And poor Lucy—the affectionate, innocent girl whose unsuspecting little freak of playful, childish confidence had of itself brought about all this discovery—was there to be no feeling, no pity for her ? The very thought of

the simplicity with which Lucy had brought their hands together was a new pain. She seemed so innocent, and he seemed so treacherous. In his misery he grievously exaggerated his own fault, and thought of his impulsive error as if it were a treason and a crime.

What fatality sent him into that place to remain there so long? Why did he not shake off all the brooding that was so futile, at least until his hours of work were over, and he was free to brood and be miserable alone? What has a busy man, for whom all sorts of persons and affairs are waiting, to do with sentimental regrets and the lamentations of a ruined lover—at least, what has he to do with them in the daytime? He was sitting there in a broad walk, near the little lake; and the seat he sat on was just near a turn of the walk, so that any promenader might come on him unthinking, and recognise him before he had time either to rise and go away or to compose himself into attitude and demeanour less likely to attract attention. Poor Victor thought nothing of all this. He had forgotten for the time all business, and appointments, and constituents, and only knew what had happened that morning, and that he was very unhappy and had made others so. But, if he committed a breach of duty as a public man in thus idling away his time, his error did not go unpunished, for a step came near him, and he looked up, and he saw Minola Grey. He had just been saying to himself again and again, as one who is stamping a resolve down into his mind—"Come what will, let anyone suspect what he likes, I must not see her any more." He was thinking with a certain grim satisfaction of the probability of his soon getting some colonial appointment, and of the quickness with which he would leave England; and when he could not help asking himself how poor little Lucy would like such exile from her family and her friends, he answered firmly that anything would be better than the chance of seeing Minola Grey. And now he looked up and Minola Grey was there before him, and saw him.

He had stayed too long in that place. For Minola, leaving Lucy with a heart bursting to be relieved from the restraint that was on it, had remembered just as she was in the street that if she went any way in the direction of the House of Commons she might very possibly meet Victor Heron, or at least Mr. Money. So she turned away, and made up her mind to go through the Park and out into Waterloo Place, and home to the west centre by that way.

She was close upon Victor before she saw him, and they saw each other at the same moment. So much change had been made for both of them by that one glance from each in the morning, that it did not seem possible to Minola to make any attempt at mere

acquaintanceship and casual conversation any more. She had no time to think ; she did not well know what she was doing ; but she was passing Heron without a single word, or more than a scared and startled look.

An instant before, Victor had made up his mind that, come what would, he must not meet her any more. Yet, by a strange inconsistency, he was made angry by her attempt to pass him without a word. He resented it as though it were a casting of deliberate scorn on him. For the moment he almost looked on Minola as one might look on an accomplice who turns away from his friend in some hour of trial.

He leaped from his seat and went towards her, and prevented her from going any farther.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" he asked.

She stopped and looked down, and tried to seem composed. A woman seldom so loses her sense of the proprieties of things as not to keep in mind the fact that there are people likely to pass by and take account of unusual demeanour. Minola saw, too, that Victor Heron was not in a mood to remember that or anything else just then, and that for his sake and hers she must give some way to his humour. She was trying to compose herself to this, when he repeated his question.

"What shall I say, Mr. Heron?" she asked gently, and in a tone of subdued remonstrance. "I don't see any use in anything I can say ; it is all so very unhappy."

It was strange how they both assumed the reality of the discovery that each had made. It was curious how each assumed that in the other's mind was a clear understanding of the meaning of every word. There was no supposed need of explanation. Between two natures alike so candid there was not the faintest attempt at any fencing off the reality.

Victor turned the way she was going and walked by her side. She had no power to prevent him, and was only somewhat relieved to find that they were going on.

There was silence for a moment or two ; then Victor spoke.

"We are very unfortunate," he said ; and there seemed to Minola something almost terrible in the simple acknowledgment of companionship involved in the little monosyllable "we."

"We are, indeed," she said, accepting the companionship as an acknowledged reality.

"It was all my fault," he said ; "I was a fool—a blind and foolish idiot. I only wish that I alone had to suffer for it. I do, indeed."

"I am sure you do," Minola said. She knew him too well to doubt that it must be an added pain to him, things being as they were, that she should feel for him as he felt for her.

"You blame me for all this, Miss Grey?"

"Oh, no! I don't blame anyone; yes, I blame myself, but only for allowing anyone to know—it would not have been so bad, only for that." She stopped; she feared she had said too much.

"How long have you known of this?" Victor asked. He walked slowly by her side, and looked, not at her, but down at the dusty path. It was curious how both spoke without any distinct reference to the matter of which they talked. All that was assumed between them. Between them now, as between the brother and sister in Goethe's tragedy, was to be the simple truth. That was the necessity of their condition.

"This long time; I don't know how long, but very long," she answered. There was something peculiarly pathetic in the simple humility of her answer.

A groan came from Victor. A long time—and he had never known anything or thought of anything until lately, but rushed headlong on like a blind fool.

"Then all might have been well if I hadn't been a fool and a madman!" He struck the point of his walking-cane fiercely, at the ground, as if he were stabbing at some enemy—himself, perhaps.

Minola plucked up heart to say something, which she thought she ought to say.

"I don't know, Mr. Heron; I am afraid it would not have been much better—somebody would have had to suffer. There is—there is Lucy, you know; we must not forget her."

"Yes, yes," he said, "we must not forget her; it is not any fault of hers."

"Oh, no!"

"But when you knew this," he said, suddenly looking into Minola's face for the first time during this curious promenade, "why did you go on as if you never could like anyone in the world? How was I to know? Good God! it never occurred to me to think that a woman like you could care for a man like me—in that sort of way. Do you remember when I told you one day, long ago, that I had a goddess-theory about women? Do you remember my saying anything like that to you one day?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Heron, quite well!"

"That was true enough," he said, with a sort of smile. "I did

think of women like that. I thought of you as if you were a goddess, Miss Grey ; and I did not believe it possible that such a woman as you could care about me. I was quite grateful when I found that poor little Lucy was foolish enough to think about me ; I was, indeed. But why did you play at being a hater of men and all that ? Why did you deceive me ? You should not have stooped to any such follies. I knew you didn't really hate men or hate anybody ; I knew you were a great deal too good for that ; but I did believe you were not a girl to care about any of us, in that way."

"I am sorry for any affectation of any kind ; I don't suppose any good ever came of it ; but I did believe that my feelings were like that, at one time."

"But when you found that they weren't, then why did you keep up such a pretence any more ?" He remonstrated in the earnest way of one who believes that he has been heavily wronged.

"I will tell you—I will tell you all the truth. I suppose we ought not to speak in this way at all ; I suppose it is like a treason to Lucy, and to all our friends ; I feel now almost like a traitor. But this is only for once, Mr. Heron, and to settle all ; and perhaps we shall both be better, and see our way the clearer for having said this—although I came into this place only because I was afraid that if I went the other way I might meet you—and see how things happen !"

She felt ashamed to go on ; it was as if they were culprits. He, too, felt humbled to think that she should have had to try to avoid him.

"Well," he said, "you may as well speak out now the whole truth, and let us know once for all ; I wish we had been a little more outspoken before this, both of us."

For the moment, in his pain, he seemed to forget that only he could have spoken out, and that he had not known truly what he would have until it was too late.

"No, it would have been of no use," Minola said simply ; "at least, somebody would have had to suffer. The truth is this, Mr. Heron : Lucy told me long ago all that she felt, poor child. She trusted all her secret to me ; what could I do after that, but try at least to keep my own ? You do not suppose I was to go round the world—our little world, I mean—as the girl who was in love, and whom nobody cared about ?" There was a natural touch of the "Miss Misanthrope" in Minola as she spoke these words.

"Then this was why you seemed to dislike people, because of that ?"

"I didn't see anything else to do."

They walked on a few steps in silence.

"It's all hopeless now," Victor said.

"Hopeless as far as that goes, but not hopeless otherwise for you, Mr. Heron. You will be very happy some time."

He turned upon her almost angrily.

"Do you call that happy," he asked, "to be married to a woman I don't love, and to know that I might have married the woman I do love, and to know that it is all my own fault, and that I have done as much wrong and brought as much unhappiness to one as to the other? Do you think that is a prospect for a man to look out to, and be happy? I wish to Heaven I had been killed in any of these trumpery affairs out there!" He tossed his head impatiently and contemptuously, as indicating the St. Xavier's Settlements, and the slight esteem in which he held his colonial career now. "I wish to God I had been killed there and forgotten before I ever saw her face or yours!"

The intensity of his tone when he spoke the word "forgotten" might have served as an indication of his character, for one of the passionate dreams of his youth and his manhood had been that his name should be remembered somehow, as that of a man who had done good work in the service of England. It may be that if he had had less of that sort of manly ambition he might have better understood how to see his way in the more familiar trials of character. That ambition had supplied for him the place of the dreams of love, and of loving women, and of romance, and all the rest of it; and when the new feelings—new to him—came at last, he did not understand them as a commonplace young man would have been sure to do.

Minola listened to him quietly, and let him speak all he cared to say just then. She answered after a while:

"Oh, no, Mr. Heron, I don't mean that! I don't mean that you could help feeling this for a while. But you will grow reconciled after a little time; and you know how Lucy deserves to be loved—anyone must love her, I think; and then you will have a career and success; and the lives of men are so full and so active, and you have so many things to think of; while we——"

She stopped. She did not care to utter the immemorial lament, the ever true, ever pathetic, pitiful lament, over the narrowness of woman's life, that was wailing in her heart at that moment—on that bright spring day in pleasant St. James's Park.

But the words touched Victor profoundly. He turned away from thoughts of self to her.

"It's true," he said; "I suppose we have the best of it always;

I was thinking of the shame that all this is to me. You don't feel that ; you have done wrong to no one."

"I don't know," Minola answered sadly ; "I think I am doing wrong in speaking of all this to you ; I think I must have done some wrong when that can come to be possible, and when it seems the best thing left to do. I am Lucy's friend ; she trusted all her secret to me—and now——"

"There is nothing to be done," Heron said moodily. As if it were possible to think of anything that could be done !

"Nothing, except to make the best of what is ; and for you to make her happy, and to be a success ; and to go back to the House of Commons now ;" she tried to speak in a firm and cheery tone.

"I can't even ask you to remember me——"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Heron ! why not ? If you think it likely that I should forget how kind you were and what a friend, then ask me to remember you by all means. I shall remember you whether you ask me or not."

"And you," he asked, looking round at her, "do you ask me to remember you ?"

"No ; you will remember me, I know—why should you not ? We shall have to meet again sometimes, I suppose, and why should we not be friends ?"

He understood her this time. She was making a determined effort to replace their relation to each other on the basis of friendship. She had said all she meant to say about other feelings, and how they came to be felt in vain. He respected her decision, as indeed he now respected all she said or did. Up to that time they had both spoken with a certain shamefacedness and contrition, as if both alike were conscious of degradation in their strange and chance confidence. From the time when she spoke these words they both became calmer, and looked around with less sense of humiliation.

A hurrying step was heard behind them. Victor stopped and turned round. "How is it with me when every noise appals me ?" How is it with us when we start at a hurried step on the path behind us ? This was a very harmless intruder. It was a poor woman who had picked up something, with which she was hastening after Minola. As Victor stopped and she came up with him first, she spoke to him in good-natured breathlessness—

"It's the handkerchief, sir, the lady dropped—your good lady ; I saw it on the walk, and I said to my husband, It belongs to the

gentleman or his wife." She handed the kerchief to Victor, delighted to have been of any service to anyone.

Minola heard the well-meant words as well as Victor. She could not keep the colour from her cheeks; but she took the kerchief and was able to thank the poor woman in coherent words, and even with a bright smile.

They only walked a few yards on together. At the first turning to which they came Minola stopped.

"Good-bye, Mr. Heron; I am going this way." She did not give her hand.

"Good-bye," he said; and then came towards her and held out his hand. She put hers in his; there was a formal farewell—no pressure which either might feel; they did not allow their eyes to meet this time. Then he went his way and she went hers, neither at the moment knowing or thinking whither the ways led; and that was all, and all was over.

CHAPTER XXX.

"LEAN'D HER BREAST UP TILL A THORN."

MR. MONEY and Victor Heron walked home that night together from the House of Commons. It was more than half an hour after midnight when they left the House, but both considered themselves getting off rather well so early as that, and neither loved going to bed at prudent and wholesome hours. Victor walked with Money to the door of the Victoria Street house, and then Money asked him to come in that they might talk a little. "There are two or three things I want to talk about," he said, "and we are sure to have a quiet hour now." Victor was willing, and Money brought him up to his study, where a fire was looking very cheery, although the spring was a little advanced, and there were cigars and other preparations for making a quiet hour pass agreeably.

"I like this time of night," Money said, "because one is sure to be let alone. There can't be any people wanting to see one now; and there are no newspapers and no letters, and all the house is in bed. This is about the only time of the day when I really feel that I am my own master. Come, take a cigar; there's Apollinaris and anything you like."

Victor sat down and began to smoke, and they fell to talking for

a while about things in the House, and the debate on Victor's great question, which was soon to come off.

"By the way," Money said suddenly, "and before I forget, I saw our friend, your rival, to-day—Sheppard, you know; and he had something to say to me that I want to ask your opinion about, although perhaps it ought to be a sort of secret as yet. What would you think of him as a husband for our friend Miss Grey?"

Victor almost started. He looked up so suddenly that Money followed unconsciously the direction of his eyes, fancying perhaps he had seen some unexpected sight.

"Did you think you heard some one stirring?" Money asked.

"No, I didn't. Well, about Sheppard?"

"What would you think of him, I was saying, as a husband for Minola Grey?"

Heron blew several straight puffs of smoke from his cigar before he answered. When he did speak his answer was not encouraging. "Absurd," was the remark he made.

Money smiled.

"Well, I should have thought so too, perhaps; but I believe there is something to be said for the idea after all. This man Sheppard came to me in rather a frank and straightforward way to-day, and asked me straight out to give him the help of my influence in persuading Miss Grey. He did propose for her before. Did you know that?"

"No, I did not."

"Nor I, although I dare say my women-folk did. Oh, yes, he told me candidly that he had proposed for her not only once but twice, or more often perhaps!"

"Yes; and she—what did she say?" Victor seemed to have some difficulty about his cigar; apparently it required tremendous puffing to keep it alight.

"That's a bad cigar, I think, you have got hold of; an odd thing, too, in that box. Throw it away; have another."

"No, thanks; this is all right. Well, what did she say?"

"Well, of course, you know, we may easily infer what she said when, after his having pressed her in that sort of way, she is not Mrs. Sheppard yet."

"Oh!" A kind of groan broke from Victor at the bare idea of Minola being Mrs. Sheppard. "I can't imagine how any man can persecute a girl in that way," he went on indignantly. "I think he ought to be kicked; if I were the brother of a girl like that I would kick him, by Jove!"

"Yes, just so, and perhaps the girl would not thank her brother in the least for his kindly intervention. My dear fellow, have you never heard that in such things nineteen naysays make one grant? It's all very well for you good-looking fellows, with a sort of conquering, careless air about you, who find the girls only too glad when you ask them—it's all very well for you to talk about not persecuting girls. But a man like Sheppard must press his case a little or he will have no chance at all. He isn't by any means a bad-looking fellow either, but he has not the way that takes women; he must be content to ask, perhaps, and ask again. I have a good deal of sympathy for fellows like Sheppard."

"Well, but what does he want? He has asked Miss Grey, and she refused him—I should think so; what does he want now?"

"To ask again and not to be refused, I suppose."

"But what can you do for him?"

"He thinks that if I were to see the thing as he does, and to speak to Miss Grey about it, and advise her to think it over as favourably as she could, it might perhaps have some influence on her. You see, it's all very well just now while she is young, but she must grow tired some time or other of the kind of lonely life she leads, and she will not make new friends, and we are all in a manner breaking up. Theresa will be married very soon, and then Lucelet of course; and when the girls are married, I think sometimes of leaving England, Victor, my boy."

This was said with an air of carelessness, but, at the same time, Mr. Money closely watched Heron's face to see how he took the announcement. Victor certainly did look surprised.

"What on earth do you think of doing that for?"

"Well, you know my interests in a money way are much more in other countries than in this. In Russia, for instance, I have found people in authority to appreciate the things I do in a way that the people here never did. As long as the girls remained unmarried, of course, I should never have thought of that; but now, thank God, they are both going to be married in the happiest way, and my wife does not care for this country any more than I do, and one could often see one's children—a journey is nothing in our days—and on the whole I don't think I am much longer for England if things go as I expect. But there's time enough to talk about that," and he seemed a little relieved for having got even so far. "The thing I wanted to speak to you about now is this business of our friend Sheppard. You don't like the idea?"

"The thing seems to me absurd and preposterous. He is a

slow, formal, dull sort of Philistine, and to marry him to such a girl—good heavens ! how could you think of it ?”

Victor Heron jumped up in his usual excitable way, and began to walk up and down the room.

“Look here,” he said, stopping suddenly, “how should you like the idea of your own daughter—either of your daughters—being married to a man she cared nothing about, and had refused again and again ? Put it in that light.”

“But, my good fellow, a girl like that must marry some one. She can’t help herself. She is handsome and clever, and she has some money, and fellows will get around her, and the more generous she is the more easily she will be imposed upon. That fellow Blanchet has been trying hard to get her to fall in love with him. I’d rather trust her happiness a thousand times to a man like Sheppard than to a fellow like that. And, do you know ?—our friend St. Paul actually fell in love with her—downright in love—and wanted her to marry him, and offered as a proof of his sincerity that she should begin by handing over every sixpence she has to little Mary Blanchet.”

Heron flung himself down in his seat again, to give due ear to this revelation.

“How do you know ?” he asked.

“St. Paul himself came and told me ; he said she was the only girl he ever could have cared about, and that he would have given her money enough to make ducks and drakes of in any benevolent projects she liked. Confess, Heron, that there must have been something tempting in that—at least, there would have been to most girls. St. Paul, after all, is the son of a duke and the brother of a duke, and a clever girl might have hoped to cure him of all his nonsense, and bring him to terms with his people again, and get him back into society, and get herself there along with him. I tell you what—my wife is a terrible Radical and all that, and yet I am not by any means certain that if such an offer had been made to one of our girls a year or so back she would not have been delighted at the chance. But our friend Minola would not hear of it.”

This was trying news to Victor. He knew only too well, because only too late, why Minola refused every love offer that could be made.

“According to all established ideas,” Money said, “the girl ought to have been in love with some one else ; but that is not so, I suppose, in this case. It seems that she knew no one in Keeton but this poor Sheppard. He tells me that she told him she was in love with nobody but a man in a book—that was while she was in Keeton ;

and here in London she only knew just the two or three fellows we have now been talking about ; and so far as I can see she has refused them everyone in turn. There's positively no one left but you, Victor, and I suppose you never proposed for her ?" Mr. Money laughed good-humouredly.

"No," Victor replied, "I never proposed for her."

"The right man has not come along, I suppose ; but the question is, will he ever come ?"

"Suppose he never comes ?" Victor said, with sudden energy and jumping from his seat again. "Suppose he never comes, what then ? It would be a thousand times better for a girl like that to live alone—yes, and die alone—than to marry a man she did not love, and to have to drag through life with that sort of man or with any man she did not care for in the right way. She is too good for him ; she is too good for anyone, for that matter ; but to marry him would be a shame. Don't have anything to do with it, Money ! Think of your own daughter. How would you like to have Lucy married to a man she did not care for ?"

"That would not be the worst," Money said. "There might be much worse than that. It might be Lucelet's chance—thank God, it isn't—not to be able to love anyone in that sort of way, and yet she might marry some good fellow, and make him a good little wife, and be happy in the end. No ; it isn't that I should dread for Lucelet so much. It would be her marrying a man who did not really and truly love her."

Money said all this in a thoughtful, almost dreamy sort of way, holding his cigar in his hand the while. He spoke as one might speak of a danger which exists no longer, but of which he can hardly think even yet without a certain drear impression ; and he ended with a sigh of relief.

"She is saved from that, my boy, thanks to you," he said, and he stretched out his hand to Heron, who was near him at the moment, pacing up and down in his still unquelled excitement.

Heron felt his heart torn with pain and shame. He hardly knew how to take that outstretched hand. He seemed as if he were driven along to say, "It's not true ; I don't deserve your confidence, and you and your daughter ought to hate me." What might have come of the impulse no one can know, for just at that moment the attention of Mr. Money was suddenly drawn away.

"I have certainly heard some one stirring outside the door there," he said ; "odd, that. I thought everyone was in bed long ago. Stop a moment, Heron ; I will go and see."

He went to the door and opened it. Heron was hardly even listening to his words.

"Why, it's Lucelet!" Money exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here, you little creature, at this time of night? Look here, Victor, here's a little eaves-dropper."

He came into the room, bringing with him the palpitating and rather affrighted little Lucy. She blushed crimson red at being thus caught, and finding that Victor was with her father.

"Oh, no, papa—for shame to say such a thing! I was not eaves-dropping; I was only listening to be sure that you were alone. At first I thought you were; and then I heard you talking, and I did not know who was with you, and I listened just for one moment, in order to be sure."

"You did not think it was Victor who was with me, I dare say?"

"No; at least, I didn't think so at first."

Lucy still looked embarrassed and alarmed. It must be owned that Victor Heron did not seem quite at his ease. Money was considerably amazed, for he had never had a visitation of this kind before.

"Take a seat with us, Lucy," Victor said at last, "since you have paid us a visit." He handed her a chair. She looked at him timidly and only said, "Thank you, Victor," but did not sit down. Her father put his hands on her shoulders and scrutinised her with a manner of good-humoured authority.

"So you have not been in bed at all, Lucelet? But that isn't anything very new—for you to sit up too late. But what did you want, pray, in this part of the building at this hour? Think of the possible shock to our nerves, you foolish young person. Suppose we had fancied we saw a ghost and expired of fright?"

Lucy smiled a rather wan smile.

"I wanted to speak to you, papa, and I thought I would sit up until you came in—it wouldn't be very late, perhaps; and then I heard you come, and I was not quite certain if you were alone, and after a while I came down to try."

"Was it such very important business, Lucelet, that it would not keep until to-morrow? and must it be told to me in solemn seclusion and at the dearest hour of night?"

"I thought I should like to see you by yourself, and when you were not likely to be disturbed——"

"Likely to be disturbed by anyone but yourself, you mean, I suppose, Lucelet?"

Lucelet somehow had no mirth in her to-night. She still looked scared and uneasy, and unlike herself.

"You have been to the House, Victor?" she said, as if she would turn the conversation away from herself.

Before Victor could answer, Money struck in—

"Confess, Lucelet," he said, with something like gravity of tone, "that you expected Victor here; and that that was the reason why you came stealing down to our midnight conference?"

She shook her head.

"No, indeed, dear; it was not that. I did not expect to find Victor here."

"And I ought not to be here," Victor said, "at such an hour as this. You want to talk to your papa, Lucy, and I must not interrupt you." He seemed as if about to go.

"Oh, it's nothing!" Money said. "Can't it be told before Victor, Lucelet—or can't it wait just a little? We were talking of something that would greatly interest you, I know, when you came in; and since you have given us the benefit of your company at a time when you ought to be in bed, I don't object at all to taking you into our council. Do you, Victor?"

"Oh, no, if Lucy would not rather speak to you now alone. I can come in to-morrow, and we can speak of the other matter——"

"I think when Lucelet hears what it is, she will not be inclined to put it off for any business of her own. It is about Miss Grey, Lucelet."

Lucy looked up with a start, and the colour rushed again into the face that was so pale a moment before.

"About Nola? You have something to say about Nola?"

"Yes, we have. Will you come into council, Lucelet?"

"I don't know—if you wish, yes; what is it about?"

"No, no; it would be cruelty," said Victor resolutely. "It is clear that Lucy is too tired for much consultation; and as she has stayed up for a particular purpose, she ought not to be interfered with. No, thank you, Money; I'll not stay now. It's quite time for me to go."

Lucy made no attempt to induce him to stay. Money looked at her and then at Victor in some surprise.

"Good-night, Lucy," Victor said.

"Good-night, Victor." She put her little cold and tremulous hand into his, and she looked up at him. There was such an expression in her eyes as made Victor's heart thrill with pain. Their eyes met for a moment, and her look was full of unhappiness. There was no complaint in it; there was no angry protest against man, or fate, or heaven, or anything; only such settled unhappiness as one might have thought that young and pretty face could never be made to show.

As she looked into his face, and her hand was still held in his, a tear began to gather in the child-like soft eyes, and the little lips began to quiver. She withdrew her hand quickly but not ungently.

Victor was going; Money rose to accompany him to the door, but Victor saw Lucy put her hand upon her father's arm as if to detain him; and he at once insisted that Money must not leave his room. As Heron went out and closed the door behind him, he heard Money say to his daughter—

“Why, Lucelet, my dear, what is this all about?”

Victor hastened away lest he might hear any more. He felt miserably unhappy. He felt conscience-stricken, although it might have puzzled a casuist to say where there could be found anything to blame in any part of his conduct in which Lucy was concerned. It is much to be feared, however, that in real life only those feel the stings of conscience much who have done little to deserve the torture. In the realms of poetry and art, indeed, conscience may “call her furies forth to shake the sounding scourge and hissing snake,” and may show “what lesson may be read beside a sinner's restless bed.” But in ordinary life the sounding scourge is usually only for the sensitive skin of the man or woman who is always trying to do right, and the regular sinner sleeps a sleep of infantile depth and sweetness. For Victor Heron, although it was not certain that poor Lucy's melancholy eyes had anything to do with him at all, there was little sleep that night. “Conscience, anticipating time,” in the lines from which we have just quoted, “already rues the unacted crime.” In Heron's case, conscience rued a wrong which it never had been in Heron's heart to do.

(To be continued.)

THE GORILLA AND OTHER APES.

ABOUT twenty-five centuries ago, a voyager called Hanno is said to have sailed from Carthage, between the Pillars of Hercules—that is, through the Straits of Gibraltar—along the shores of Africa. “Passing the Streams of Fire,” says the narrator, “we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island, like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women, with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called “Gorillas.” But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices; and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three women, who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we flayed them, and conveyed the skins to Carthage; for we did not sail any farther, as provisions began to fail.”¹

In the opinion of many naturalists, the wild men of this story were the anthropoid or man-like apes which are now called gorillas, re-discovered recently by Du Chaillu. The region inhabited by the gorillas is a well-wooded country, “extending about a thousand miles from the Gulf of Guinea southward,” says Gosse; “and as the gorilla is not found beyond these limits, so we may pretty conclusively infer that the extreme point of Hanno was somewhere in this region.” I must confess these inferences seem to me somewhat open to question, and the account of Hanno’s voyage only interesting in its relation to the gorilla, as having suggested the name now given to this race of apes. It is not probable that Hanno sailed much farther than Sierra Leone; according to Rennell, the island where the “wild men” were seen, was the small island lying close by Sherbro, some seventy miles south of Sierra Leone. To have reached the gorilla district after doubling Cape Verd—which is itself a point considerably south of the most southerly city founded by Hanno—he would have had to voyage a distance exceeding that of Cape Verd from Carthage.

¹ Hanno’s *Periplus*—the voyage of Hanno, chief of the Carthaginians, round the parts of Libya, beyond the pillars of Hercules, the narrative of which he posted up in the Temple of Kronos.

Nothing in the account suggests that the portion of the voyage, after the colonising was completed, had so great a range. The behaviour of the "wild men," again, does not correspond with the known habits of the gorilla. The idea suggested is that of a species of anthropoid ape far inferior to the gorilla in strength, courage, and ferocity.

The next accounts which have been regarded as relating to the gorilla are those given by Portuguese voyagers. These narratives have been received with considerable doubt, because in some parts they seem manifestly fabulous. Thus the pictures representing apes show also huge flying dragons with a crocodile's head ; and we have no reason for believing that bat-like creatures like the pterodactyls of the greensand existed in Africa or elsewhere so late as the time of the Portuguese voyages of discovery. Purchas, in his history of Andrew Battell, speaks of "a kinde of great apes, if they might so bee termed, of the height of a man, but twice as bigge in feature of their limmes, with strength proportionable, hairie all over, otherwise altogether like men and women in their whole bodily shape, except that their legges had no calves." This description accords well with the peculiarities of gorillas, and may be regarded as the first genuine account of these animals. Battell's contemporaries called the apes so described Pongoes. It is probable that in selecting the name Pongo for the young female gorilla lately at the Westminster Aquarium, the proprietors of this interesting creature showed a more accurate judgment of the meaning of Purchas's narrative than Du Chaillu showed of Hanno's account, in calling the great anthropoid ape of the Gulf of Guinea a gorilla.

I propose here briefly to sketch the peculiarities of the four apes which approach nearest in form to man—the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, and the gibbon ; and then, though not dealing generally with the question of our relationship to these non-speaking (and, in some respects, perhaps, "unspeakable") animals, to touch on some points connected with this question, and to point out some errors which are very commonly entertained on the subject.

It may be well, in the first place, to point out that the terms "ape," "baboon," and "monkey" are no longer used as they were by the older naturalists. Formerly the term "ape" was limited to tailless simians having no cheek-pouches, and the same number of teeth as man ; the term "baboon" to short-tailed simians with dog-shaped heads ; and the term "monkey," unless used generically, to the long-tailed species. This was the usage suggested by Ray and adopted systematically thirty or forty years ago. But it is no longer followed, though no uniform classification has been substituted for the old arrangement. Thus Mivart divides the apes into two classes—

calling the first the *Simiadae*, or Old World apes; and the second the *Cebidae*, or New World apes. He subdivides the *Simiadae* into (1) the *Siminae*, including the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, and gibbon; (2) the *Semnopithecinae*; and (3) the *Cynopithecinae*, neither of which subdivisions will occupy much of our attention here, save as respects the third subdivision of the *Cynopithecæ*, viz., the *Cynocephali*, which includes the baboons. The other great division, the *Cebidae*, or New World apes, are for the most part very unlike the Old World apes. None of them approach the gorilla or orang-outang in size; most of them are long-tailed; and the number and arrangement of the teeth is different. The feature, however, which most naturalists have selected as the characteristic distinction between the apes of the Old World and of the New World is the position of the nostrils. The former are called *Catarrhine*, a word signifying that the nostrils are directed downwards; the latter are called *Platyrrhine*, or broad-nosed. The nostrils of all the Old World apes are separated by a narrow cartilaginous plate or septum, whereas the septum of the New World apes is broad. After the apes come, according to Mivart's classification, the half-apes or lemuroids.

I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that Mivart in describing the lemuroids as the second sub-order of a great order of animals, the *Primates*, speaks of man as (zoologically speaking) belonging to the first sub-order. So that, in point of fact, the two sub-orders are the *Anthropoids*, including the *Anthropos* (man), and the *Lemuroids*, including the lemur.

The classification here indicated will serve our present purpose very well. But the reader is reminded that, as already mentioned, naturalists do not adopt at present any uniform system of classification. Moreover, the term *Simiadae* is usually employed—and will be employed here—to represent the entire simian race, *i.e.* both the *Simiadae* and the *Cebidae* of Mivart's classification.

And now, turning to the *Anthropoid* apes, we find ourselves at the outset confronted by the question, Which of the four apes, the gorilla, the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, or the gibbon, is to be regarded as nearest to man in intelligence? So far as bodily configuration is concerned our opinion would vary according to the particular feature which we selected for consideration. But it will probably be admitted that intelligence should be the characteristic by which our opinions should be guided.

The gibbon may be dismissed at once, though, as will presently appear, there are some features in which this ape resembles man more closely than either the gorilla, the orang-outang, or the chimpanzee.

The gorilla must, I fear, be summarily ejected from the position

of honour to which he has been raised by many naturalists. Though the gorilla is a much larger animal than the chimpanzee, his brain barely equals the chimpanzee's in mass. It is also less fully developed in front. In fact, Gratiolet asserts that of all the broad-chested apes, the gorilla is—so far as brain character is concerned—the lowest and most degraded. He regards the gorilla's brain as only a more advanced form of that of the brutal baboons, while the orang's brain is the culminating form of the gibbon type, and the chimpanzee's the culminating form of the macaque type. This does not dispose of the difficulty very satisfactorily, however, because it remains to be shown whether the gibbon type and the macaque type are superior as types to the baboon types. But it may suffice to remark that the baboons are all brutal and ferocious, whereas the gibbons are comparatively gentle animals, and the macaques docile and even playful. It may be questioned whether brutality and ferocity should be regarded as necessarily removing the gorilla farther from man ; because it is certain that the races of man which approach nearest to the anthropoid apes, with which races the comparison should assuredly be made, are characterised by these very qualities, brutality and ferocity. Intelligence must be otherwise gauged. Probably the average proportion of the brain's weight to that of the entire body, and the complexity of the structure of the brain, would afford the best means of deciding the question. But, unfortunately, we have very unsatisfactory evidence on these points. The naturalists who have expressed opinions, based on such evidence as has been obtained, seem to overlook the poverty of the evidence. Knowing as we do how greatly the human brain varies in size and complexity, not only in different races, but in different individuals of the same race, it appears unsatisfactory in the extreme to regard the average of the brains of each simian species hitherto examined as presenting the true average cerebral capacity for each species.

Still it seems tolerably clear that the choice as to the race of apes which must be regarded as first in intelligence, and therefore as on the whole the most manlike, rests between the orang-outang and the chimpanzee. "In the world of science, as in that of politics," said Professor Rolleston in 1862, "France and England have occasionally differed as to their choice between rival candidates for royalty. If either hereditary claims or personal merits affect at all the right of succession, beyond a question the gorilla is but a pretender, and one or other of the two (other) candidates the true prince. There is a graceful as well as an ungraceful way of withdrawing from a false position, and the British public will adopt the graceful course by

accepting forthwith and henceforth the French candidate"—the orang-outang. If this was intended as prophecy it has not been fulfilled by the event, for the gorilla is still regarded by most British naturalists as the ape which comes on the whole nearest to man ; but probably, in saying "the British public will adopt the graceful course" in accepting the orang-outang as "the king of the Simiadae," Professor Rolleston meant only that that course would be graceful if adopted.

Before the discovery of the gorilla, the chimpanzee was usually regarded as next to man in the scale of the animal creation. It was Cuvier who first maintained the claim of the orang-outang to this position. Cuvier's opinion was based on the greater development of the orang-outang's brain, and the height of its forehead. But these marks of superiority belong to the orang only when young. The adult orang seems to be inferior, or at least not superior, to the chimpanzee as respects cerebral formation, and in other respects seems less to resemble man. The proportions of his body, his long arms, high shoulders, deformed neck, and imperfect ears are opposed to its claims to be regarded as manlike. In all these respects, save one, the chimpanzee seems to be greatly its superior. (The ear of the chimpanzee is large, and not placed as with us : that of the gorilla is much more like man's.)

As to the intelligence exhibited in the conduct of the chimpanzee and orang-outang, various opinions may be formed according to the various circumstances under which the animals are observed. The following has been quoted in evidence of the superiority of the chimpanzee in this respect:—"About fifty years ago, a young chimpanzee and an orang-outang of about the same age were exhibited together at the Egyptian Hall. The chimpanzee, though in a declining state of health, and rendered peevish and irritable by bodily suffering, exhibited much superior marks of intelligence to his companion ; he was active, quick, and observant of everything that passed around him ; no new visitor entered the apartment in which he was kept, and no one left it, without attracting his attention. The orang-outang, on the contrary, exhibited a melancholy and a disregard of passing occurrences almost amounting to apathy ; and, though in the enjoyment of better health, was evidently much inferior to his companion in quickness and observation. On one occasion, when the animals were dining on potatoes and boiled chicken, and surrounded as usual with a large party of visitors, the orang-outang allowed her plate to be taken without exhibiting the least apparent concern ; not so, however, the chimpanzee. We took advan-

tage of an opportunity when his head was turned (to observe a person coming in) to secrete his plate also. For a few seconds he looked round to see what had become of it, but, not finding it, began to pout and fret exactly like a spoiled child, and perceiving a young lady, who happened to be standing near him, laughing, perhaps suspecting her to be the delinquent, he flew at her in the greatest rage, and would probably have bitten her had she not got beyond his reach. Upon having his plate restored, he took care to prevent the repetition of the joke by holding it firmly with one hand, while he fed himself with the other."

This story can hardly be regarded as deciding the question in favour of the chimpanzee. Many animals, admittedly far inferior to the lowest order of monkeys in intelligence, show watchfulness over their food, and as much ill-temper when deprived of it, and as much anxiety to recover it, as this chimpanzee did. A hundred cases in point might readily be cited.¹

Perhaps the soundest opinion respecting the relative position of the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang-outang with reference to man, is that which places the gorilla nearest to the lower tribes of man now inhabiting Africa, the chimpanzee approximating, but not so closely, to higher African tribes, and the orang-outang approximating, but still less closely, to Asian tribes. It appears to me that, whatever weight naturalists may attach to those details in which the gorilla and the chimpanzee are more removed from man than the orang, no one who takes a *general* view of these three races of anthropoid apes can hesitate to regard the gorilla as that which, on the whole, approaches nearest to man; but it is to a much lower race of man that the gorilla approximates, so that the chimpanzee and the orang-outang may fairly be regarded as higher in the scale of animal life.

If we consider young specimens of the three animals, which is, on the whole, the safest way of forming an opinion, we are unmistakably led, in my judgment, to such a conclusion. I have seen three or

¹ I may mention one which occurred within my own experience. A mastiff of mine, some years ago, was eating from a plate full of broken meat. It was his custom to bury the large pieces when there was more than he could get through. While he was burying a large piece, a cat ran off with a small fragment. The moment he returned to the plate he missed this, and, seeing no one else near the plate, he, in his own way, accused a little daughter of mine (some two or three years old) of the theft. Looking fiercely at her he growled his suspicions, and would not suffer her to escape from the corner where his plate stood until I dragged him away by his chain. Nor did he for some time forget the wrong which he supposed she had done him, but always growled when she came near his house.

four young chimpanzees, two young orangs, and the young gorilla lately exhibited at the Aquarium (where she could be directly compared with the chimpanzee), and I cannot hesitate to pronounce Pongo altogether the most human of the three. A young chimpanzee reminds one rather of an old man than of a child, and the same may be said of young orangs; but the young gorilla unmistakably reminds one of the young negro. Repeatedly, while watching Pongo, I was reminded of the looks and behaviour of young negroes whom I had seen in America, though not able in every case to fix definitely on the feature of resemblance which recalled the negro to my mind. (The reader is, doubtless, familiar with half-remembered traits such as those I refer to—traits, for instance, such as assure you that a person belongs to some county or district, though you may be unable to say what feature, expression, or gesture suggests the idea.) One circumstance may be specially noted, not only as frequently recurring, but as illustrating the traits on which the resemblance of the gorilla (when young, at any rate) to the negro depends. A negro turns his eyes where a Caucasian would turn his head. The peculiarity is probably a relic of savage life; for the savage, whether engaged in war or in the chase, avoids, as far as possible, every movement of body or limb. Pongo looks in this way. When she thus cast her black eyes sideways at an object I found myself reminded irresistibly of the ways of watchful negro waiters at an American hotel. Certainly there is little in the movements of the chimpanzee to remind one of any kind of human child. He is impish; but not the most impish child of any race or tribe ever had ways, I should suppose, resembling his.

The four anthropoid apes, full grown and in their native wilds, differ greatly from each other in character. It may be well to consider their various traits, endeavouring to ascertain how far diversities existing among them may be traced to the conditions under which the four orders subsist.

The gorilla occupies a well-wooded country extending along the coast of Africa from the Gulf of Guinea southwards across the equator. When full grown he is equal to a man in height, but much more powerfully built. "Of specimens shot by Du Chaillu," says Rymer Jones, "the largest male seems to have been at least six feet two in height; so that, making allowance for the shortness of the lower limbs, the dimensions of a full-grown male may be said to equal those of a man of eight or nine feet high, and it is only in their length that the lower limbs are disproportionate to the gigantic trunk. In the thickness and solidity of their bones, and in the

strength of their muscles, these limbs are quite in keeping with the rest of the body. When upright, the gorilla's arms reach to his knees ; the hind hands are wide, and of amazing size and power ; the great toe or thumb measures six inches in circumference ; the palms and soles, and the naked part of the face, are of an intense black colour, as is also the breast. The other parts are thickly clothed with hair of an iron grey, except the head, on which it is reddish brown, and the arms, where it is long and nearly black. The female is wholly tinged with red."

Du Chaillu gives the following account of the aspect of the gorilla in his native woods :—"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along in a silence which made even a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with a tremendous barking roar ; then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently stood before us an immense gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on all-fours ; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep-grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me some night-mare vision ; thus stood before us the king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us ; he stood there and beat his breasts with his large fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum (which is their mode of bidding defiance), meantime giving vent to roar after roar."

The gorilla is a fruit-eater, but as fierce as the most carnivorous animals. He is said to show an enraged enmity against men, probably because he has found them not only hostile to himself, but successful in securing the fruits which the gorilla loves, for he shows a similar hatred to the elephant, which also seeks these fruits. We are told that when the gorilla "sees the elephant busy with his trunk among the twigs, he instantly regards this as an infraction of the laws of property, and, dropping silently down to the bough, he suddenly brings his club smartly down on the sensitive finger of the elephant's proboscis, and drives off the alarmed animal trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain." His enmity to man is more terribly manifested. "The young athletic negroes in their ivory-haunts," says Gosse, "well know the prowess of the gorilla. He does not, like the lion, sullenly retreat on seeing them, but swings himself rapidly down to the lower branches, courting the conflict, and clutches the nearest of his enemies. The hideous aspect of his visage (his green eyes flashing with rage) is heightened by the thick and prominent brows being

drawn spasmodically up and down, with the hair erect, causing a horrible and fiendish scowl. Weapons are torn from their possessor's grasp, gun-barrels bent and crushed in by the powerful hands and vice-like teeth of the enraged brute. More horrid still, however, is the sudden and unexpected fate which is often inflicted by him. Two negroes will be walking through one of the woodland paths unsuspecting of evil, when in an instant one misses his companion, or turns to see him drawn up in the air with a convulsed choking cry, and in a few minutes dropped to the ground, a strangled corpse. The terrified survivor gazes up, and meets the grin and glare of the fiendish giant, who, watching his opportunity, had suddenly put down his immense hind hand, caught the wretch by the neck with resistless power, and dropped him only when he ceased to struggle."

The chimpanzee inhabits the region from Sierra Leone to the southern confines of Angola, possibly as far as Cape Negro, so that his domain includes within it that of the gorilla. He attains almost the same height as the gorilla when full grown, but is far less powerfully built. In fact, in general proportions the chimpanzee approaches man more nearly than does any other animal. His body is covered with long black coarse hair, thickest on the head, shoulders, and back, and rather thin on the breast and belly. The face is dark brown and naked, as are the ears, except that long black whiskers adorn the animal's cheeks. The hair on the forearms is directed towards the elbows, as is the case with all the anthropoid apes, and with man himself. This hair forms, where it meets the hair from the upper arm, a small ruff about the elbow joint. The chimpanzees live in society in the woods, constructing huts from the branches and foliage of trees to protect themselves against the sun and heavy rains. It is said by some travellers that the chimpanzee walks upright in its native woods, but this is doubtful; though certainly the formation of the toes better fits them to stand upright than either the gorilla or the orang. They arm themselves with clubs, and unite to defend themselves against the attacks of wild beasts, "compelling," it is said, "even the elephant himself to abandon the districts in which they reside." We learn that "it is dangerous for men to enter their forests, unless in companies and well armed; women in particular are often said to be carried away by these animals, and one negress is reported to have lived among them for the space of three years, during which time they treated her with uniform kindness, but always prevented any attempt on her part to escape. When the negroes leave a fire in the woods, it is said that the chimpanzees will gather round and warm

themselves at the blaze, but they have not sufficient intelligence to keep it alive by fresh supplies of fuel."

The orang-outang inhabits Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and other islands of the Indian coast. He attains a greater height than the gorilla, but, though very powerful and active, would probably not be a match for the gorilla in a single combat. His arms are by comparison as well as actually much longer. Whereas the gorilla's reach only to the knees, the arms of the orang-outang almost reach the ground when the animal is standing upright. The orang does not often assume an upright attitude, however. "It seldom attempts to walk on the hind feet alone, and when it does the hands are invariably employed for the purpose of steadying its tottering equilibrium, touching the ground lightly on each side as it proceeds, and by this means recovering the lost balance of the body." The gorilla uses his hands differently. He can scarcely be said to walk on all-fours, because he does not place the inside of the hand on the ground, but walks on the knuckles, evidently trying to keep the forepart of the body as high as possible. "The muzzle is somewhat long, the mouth ill-shaped, the lips thin and protuberant; the ears are very small, the chin scarcely recognisable, and the nose only to be recognised by the nostrils. The face, ears, and inside of the hands of the orang are naked and of a brick-red colour; the foreparts are also but thinly covered with hair; but the head, shoulders, back, and extremities are thickly clothed with long hair of dark wine-red colour, directed forwards on the crown of the head and upwards towards the elbows on the fore-arms."

The orang-outang changes remarkably in character and appearance as he approaches full growth. "Though exhibiting in early youth a rotundity of the cranium and a height of forehead altogether peculiar, and accompanied at the same time with a gentleness of disposition and a gravity of manners which contrast strongly with the petulant and irascible temper of the lower orders of quadrumanous mammals, the orang-outang in its adult state is even remarkable for the flatness of its retiring forehead, the great development of the superorbital and occipital crests, the prominence of its jaws, the remarkable size of its canine teeth, and the whole form of the skull, which from the globular shape of the human head, as in the young specimen, assumes all the forms and characters belonging to that of a large carnivorous animal. The extraordinary contrasts thus presented in the form of the skull at different epochs of the same animal's life were long considered as the characters of distinct species; nor was it till intermediate forms were obtained, exhibiting in some

degree the peculiarities of both extremes, that they were finally recognised as distinguishing different periods of growth only."

Unlike the gorilla, which attacks man with peculiar malignity, and the chimpanzee, which when in large troops assails those who approach its retreats, the orang, even in its adult state, seems not to be dangerous unless attacked. Even then he does not always show great ferocity. The two following anecdotes illustrate well its character. The first is from the pen of Dr. Abel Clarke (fifth volume of the "*Asiatic Researches*"); the other is from Wallace's interesting work, "*The Malay Archipelago*." An orang-outang fully seven feet high was discovered by the company of a merchant ship, at a place called Ramboon, on the north-west coast of Sumatra, on a spot where there were few trees and little cultivated ground. "It was evident that he had come from a distance, for his legs were covered with mud up to the knees, and the natives were unacquainted with him. On the approach of the boat's crew he came down from the tree in which he was discovered, and made for a clump at some distance; exhibiting, as he moved, the appearance of a tall man-like figure, covered with shining brown hair, walking erect, with a waddling gait, but sometimes accelerating his motion with his hands, and occasionally impelling himself forward with the bough of a tree. His motion on the ground was evidently not his natural mode of progression, for, even when assisted by his hands and the bough, it was slow and vacillating; it was necessary to see him among the trees to estimate his strength and agility. On being driven to a small clump, he gained by one spring a very lofty branch and bounded from one branch to another with the swiftness of a common monkey, his progress being as rapid as that of a swift horse. After receiving five balls his exertions relaxed, and, reclining exhausted against a branch, he vomited a quantity of blood. The ammunition of the hunters being by this time exhausted, they were obliged to fell the tree in order to obtain him; but what was their surprise to see him, as the tree was falling, effect his retreat to another, with seemingly undiminished vigour! In fact, they were obliged to cut down all the trees before they could force him to combat his enemies on the ground, and when finally overpowered by numbers, and nearly in a dying state, he seized a spear made of supple wood, which would have withstood the strength of the stoutest man, and broke it like a reed. It was stated, by those who aided in his death, that the human-like expression of his countenance and his piteous manner of placing his hands over his wounds, distressed their feelings so as almost to make them question the nature of the act they were committing. He

was seven feet high, with a broad expanded chest and narrow waist. His chin was fringed with a beard that curled neatly on each side, and formed an ornamental rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. His arms were long even in proportion to his height, but his legs were much shorter. Upon the whole he was a wonderful beast to behold, and there was more about him to excite amazement than fear. His hair was smooth and glossy, and his whole appearance showed him to be in the full vigour of his youth and strength." On the whole, the narrative seems to suggest a remark similar to one applied by Washington Irving to the followers of Ojeda and their treatment of the (so-called) Indians of South America, "we confess we feel a momentary doubt whether the arbitrary appellation of 'brute' is always applied to the right party."

The other story also presents man as at least as brutal as the orang concerned in the event. "A few miles down the river," says Wallace, "there is a Dyak house, and the inhabitants saw a large orang feeding on the young shoots of a palm by the river side. On being alarmed he retreated towards the jungle which was close by, and a number of the men, armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body; but the orang seized it in his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless; but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and choppers. The man remained ill for a long time and never fully recovered the use of his arm."

The term gibbon includes several varieties of tailless, long-armed, catarrhine apes. The largest variety, called the siamang, need alone be described here.

The siamang inhabits Sumatra. It presents several points of resemblance to the orang-outang, but is also in several respects strongly distinguished from that animal. The arms are longer even than the orang's, and the peculiar use which the orang makes of his long arms is more strikingly shown in the progression of the long-armed siamang, for the body inclining slightly forward, when the animal is on level ground the long arms are used somewhat like crutches, and they advance by jerks resembling the hobbling of a lame man whom fear compels to make an extraordinary effort. The skull is small, and much more depressed than that of the orang or chimpanzee. The face is naked and black, straggling red hairs

marking the eyebrows. The eyes are deeply sunk, a peculiarity which, by the way, seems characteristic of arboreal creatures generally;¹ the nose broad and flat, with wide-open nostrils; the cheeks sunk under high cheekbones; the chin almost rudimentary. "The hair over the whole body is thick, long, and of a glossy black colour, much closer on the shoulders, back, and limbs than on the belly, which, particularly in the females, is nearly naked. The ears are entirely concealed by the hair of the head; they are naked, and, like all the other naked parts, of a deep black colour. Beneath the chin there is a large, bare sack, of a lax and oily appearance, which is distended with air when the animal cries, and in that state resembles an enormous goitre. It is similar to that possessed by the orang-outang, and undoubtedly assists in swelling the volume of the voice, and producing those astounding cries which, according to Duvancelle's account, may be heard at the distance of several miles." This, however, may be doubted, for M. Duvancelle himself remarks of the wouwou, that, "though deprived of the guttural sack so remarkable in the siamang, its cry is very nearly the same; so that it would appear that this organ does not produce the effect of increasing the sound usually attributed to it, or else that it must be replaced in the wouwou by some analogous formation."

The habits of the siamang are interesting, especially in their bearing on the relationship between the various orders of anthropoid apes and man; for, though the gibbon is unquestionably the lowest of the four orders of the anthropoid apes in intelligence, it possesses some characteristics which bring it nearer to man (so far as they are concerned) than any of its congeners. The chief authorities respecting the ways of the siamang are the French naturalists Diard and Duvancelle, and the late Sir Stamford Raffles.

The siamangs generally assemble in large troops "conducted, it is said, by a chief, whom the Malays believe to be invulnerable, pro-

¹ It may be suggested, in passing, that the association which has been commonly noticed between prominent eyeballs and command of language (phrenologists place the organ of language, in their unscientific phraseology, behind the eyeballs) may be related in some degree to the circumstance that in gradually emerging from the condition of an arboreal creature the anthropoid ape would not only cease to derive advantage from sunken eyes, but would be benefited by the possession of more prominent eyeballs. The increasing prominence of the eyeballs would thus be a change directly associated with the gradual advance of the animal to a condition in which, associating into larger and larger companies and becoming more and more dependent on mutual assistance and discipline, they would require the use of a gradually extending series of vocal signs to indicate their wants and wishes to each other.

bably because he is more agile, powerful, and difficult to capture than the rest." "Thus united," proceeds M. Duvancelle (in a letter addressed to Cuvier), "the siamangs salute the rising and the setting sun with the most terrific cries" (like sun worshippers), "which may be heard at the distance of many miles, and which, when near, stun when they do not frighten. This is the morning call of the mountain Malays; but to the inhabitants of the town, who are unaccustomed to it, it is an unsupportable annoyance. By way of compensation, the siamangs keep a profound silence during the day, unless when interrupted in their repose or their sleep. They are slow and heavy in their gait, wanting confidence when they climb and agility when they leap, so that they may be easily caught when they can be surprised. But nature, in depriving them of the means of readily escaping danger, has endowed them with a vigilance which rarely fails them; and if they hear a noise which is unusual to them, even at the distance of a mile, fright seizes them and they immediately take flight. When surprised on the ground, however, they may be captured without resistance, either overwhelmed with fear or conscious of their weakness and the impossibility of escaping. At first, indeed, they endeavour to avoid their pursuers by flight, and it is then that their want of skill in this exercise becomes most apparent."

"However numerous the troop may be, if one is wounded it is immediately abandoned by the rest, unless, indeed, it happen to be a young one. Then the mother, who either carries it or follows close behind, stops, falls with it, and, uttering the most frightful cries, precipitates herself upon the common enemy with open mouth and arms extended. But it is manifest that these animals are not made for combat; they neither know how to deal nor to shun a blow. Nor is their maternal affection displayed only in moments of danger. The care which the females bestow upon their offspring is so tender and even refined, that one would be almost tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational rather than an instinctive process. It is a curious and interesting spectacle, which a little precaution has sometimes enabled me to witness, to see these females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their outcries, wipe and dry them, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness a time and attention that in many cases the children of our own species might well envy. The Malays related a fact to me, which I doubted at first, but which I consider to be in a great measure confirmed by my own subsequent observations. It is that the young siamangs, whilst yet too weak to go alone, are always carried by individuals of their own sex, by their fathers if they are males, and by their mothers if females.

I have also been assured that these animals frequently become the prey of the tiger, from the same species of fascination which serpents are said to exercise over birds, squirrels, and other small animals. Servitude, however long, seems to have no effect in modifying the characteristic defects of this ape—his stupidity, sluggishness, and awkwardness. It is true that a few days suffice to make him as gentle and contented as he was before wild and distrustful; but, constitutionally timid, he never acquires the familiarity of other apes, and even his submission appears to be rather the result of extreme apathy than of any degree of confidence or affection. He is almost equally insensible to good or bad treatment; gratitude and revenge are equally strange to him."

We have next to consider certain points connected with the theory of the relationship between man and the anthropoid apes. It is hardly necessary for me to say, perhaps, that in thus dealing with a subject requiring for its independent investigation the life-long study of departments of science which are outside those in which I have taken special interest, I am not pretending to advance my opinion as of weight in matters as yet undetermined by zoologists. But it has always seemed to me, that when those who have made special study of a subject collect and publish the result of their researches, and a body of evidence is thus made available to the general body scientific, the facts can be advantageously considered by students of other branches of science, so only that, in leaving for a while their own subject, they do not depart from the true scientific method, and that they are specially careful to distinguish what has been really ascertained from what is only surmised with a greater or less degree of probability.

In the first place, then, I would call attention to some very common mistakes respecting the Darwinian theory of the Descent of Man. I do not refer here to ordinary misconceptions respecting the theory of natural selection. To say the truth, those who have not passed beyond *this* stage of error, those who still confound the theory of natural selection with the Lamarckian and other theories (or rather hypotheses¹) of evolution, are not as yet in a position to deal with our present subject, and may be left out of consideration.

¹ The word hypothesis is too often used as though it were synonymous with theory, so that Newton's famous saying, "*Hypotheses non fingo*" has come to be regarded by many as though it expressed an objection on Newton's part against the formation of theories. This would have been strange indeed in the author of the noblest theory yet propounded by man in matters scientific. Newton indicates his meaning plainly enough, in the very paragraph in which the above expression occurs, defining an hypothesis as an opinion not based on phenomena.

The errors to which I refer are in the main included in the following statement. It is supposed by many, perhaps by most, that according to Darwin man is descended from one or other of the races of anthropoid apes ; and that the various orders and sub-orders of apes and monkeys at present existing can be arranged in a series gradually approaching more and more nearly to man, and indicating the various steps (or some of them, for gaps exist in the series) by which man was developed. Nothing can be plainer, however, than Darwin's contradiction of this genealogy for the human races. Not only does he not for a moment countenance the belief that the present races of monkeys and apes can be arranged in a series gradually approximating more and more nearly to man, not only does he reject the belief that man is descended from any present existing anthropoid ape, but he even denies that the progenitor of man resembled any known ape. "We must not fall into the error of supposing," he says, "that the early progenitor of the whole simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey."

It appears to me, though it may seem somewhat bold to express this opinion of the views of a naturalist so deservedly eminent as Mr. Mivart, that in his interesting little treatise, *Man and Apes*—a treatise which may be described as specially opposed to Darwin's views but not generally opposed to the theory of evolution—he misapprehends Darwin's position in this respect. For he arrives at the conclusion that if the Darwinian theory is sound, then "low down" (i.e. far remote) "in the scale of Primates" (tri-syllabic) "was an ancestral form so like man that it might well be called an *homunculus*; and we have the virtual pre-existence of man's body supposed, in order to account for the actual first appearance of that body as we know it—a supposition manifestly absurd if put forward as an explanation."¹

How then, according to the Darwinian theory, is man related to the monkey? The answer to this question is simply that the relationship is the same in kind, though not the same in degree, as that by which the most perfect Caucasian race is related to the lowest race of Australian,

¹ I find it somewhat difficult to understand clearly Mr. Mivart's own position with reference to the general theory of evolution. He certainly is an evolutionist, and as certainly he considers natural selection combined with the tendency to variation (as ordinarily understood) insufficient to account for the existence of the various forms of animal and vegetable existence. He supplies the missing factor in "an innate law imposed on nature, by which new and definite species, under definite conditions, emerged from a latent and potential being into actual and manifest existence;" and, so far as can be judged, he considers that the origin of man himself is an instance of the operation of this law.

or Papuan, or Bosjesman savages. No one supposes that one of these races of savages could by any process of evolution, however long-continued, be developed into a race resembling the Caucasian in bodily and mental attributes. Nor does anyone suppose that the savage progenitor of the Caucasian races was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing race of savages. Yet we recognise in the lowest forms of savage man our blood relations. In other words, it is generally believed that if our genealogy, and that of any existing race of savages, could be traced back through all its reticulations, we should at length reach a race whose blood we share with that race. It is also generally believed (though for my own part I think the logical consequences of the principle underlying all theories of evolution is in reality opposed to the belief) that, by tracing the genealogical reticulations still farther back, we should at length arrive at a single race from which all the present races of man and no other animals have descended. The Darwinian faith with respect to men and monkeys is precisely analogous. It is believed that the genealogy of every existent race of monkeys, if traced back, would lead us to a race whose blood we share with that race of monkeys; and—which is at once a wider and a more precise proposition—that, as Darwin puts it, “the two main divisions of the Simiadæ, namely the catarrhine and platyrrhine monkeys, with their sub-groups, have all proceeded from some one extremely ancient progenitor.” This proposition is manifestly wider. I call it also more precise, because it implies, and is evidently intended by Darwin to signify, that from that extremely ancient progenitor no race outside the two great orders of Simiadæ have even partially *descended*, though other races share with the Simiadæ descent from some still more remote race of progenitors.

This latter point, however, is not related specially to the common errors respecting the Darwinian theory which I have indicated above, except in so far as it is a detail of the actual Darwinian theory. I would, in passing, point out that, like the detail referred to in connection with the relationship of the various races of man, this one is not logically deducible from the theory of evolution. In fact, I have sometimes thought that the principal difficulties of that theory arise from this unnecessary and not logically sound doctrine. I pointed out, rather more than two years ago, in an article “On some of our Blood Relations,” in a weekly scientific journal, that the analogy between the descent of races and the descent of individual members of any race, requires us rather to believe that the remote progenitor of the human race and the Simiadæ has had its share—though a less share—in the generation of other races related to these in more or less remote degrees. I may

perhaps most conveniently, in these pages, present the considerations on which I based this conclusion, by means of a somewhat familiar illustration:—

Let us take two persons, brother and sister (whom let us call the pair A), as analogues of the human race. Then these two have four great-grandparents on the father's side, and four on the mother's side. All these may be regarded as equally related to the pair A. Now, let us suppose that the descendants of the four families of great-grandparents intermarry, no marriages being in any case made outside these families, and that the descendants in the same generation as the pair A are regarded as corresponding to the entire order of the *Simiadæ*, the pair A representing, as already agreed, the race of man, and all families outside the descendants of the four great-grandparental families corresponding to orders of animals more distantly related than the *Simiadæ* to man. Then we have what corresponds (so far as our illustration is concerned) to Darwin's views respecting man and the *Simiadæ*, and animals lower in the scale of life. The first cousins of the pair A may be taken as representing the anthropoid apes; the second cousins as representing the lemurs or half-apes; the third cousins as representing the platyrhine or American apes. The entire family, including the pair A, representing man, is descended also, in accordance with the Darwinian view, from a single family of progenitors, no outside families sharing *descent*, though all share *blood*, with that family.

But, manifestly, this is an entirely artificial and improbable arrangement in the case of families. The eight grand-parents *might* be so removed in circumstances from surrounding families—so much superior to them, let us say—that neither they nor any of their descendants would intermarry with these inferior families. And thus none of their great-grandchildren would share descent from some other stock contemporary with the great-grandparents, or—which is the same thing, but seen in another light—none of the contemporaries of the great-grandchildren would share descent from the eight grand-parents. But so complete a separation of the family from surrounding families would be altogether exceptional and unlikely. For, even assuming the eight families to be originally very markedly distinguished from all surrounding families, yet families rise and fall, marry unequally, and within the range of a few generations a wide disparity of blood and condition appears among the descendants of any group of families. So that, in point of fact, the relations assumed to subsist between man, the *Simiadæ*, and lower animal forms corresponds to an unusual and improbable set of relations among families of several persons. Either,

then, the relations of families must be regarded as not truly analogous to the relations of races, which no evolutionist would assert, or else we must adopt a somewhat different view of the relationship between man, the Simiadæ, and inferior animals.

One other illustration may serve not only to make my argument clearer, but also, by presenting an actual case, to enforce the conclusion to which it points.

We know that the various races of man are related together, more or less closely, that some are purer than others, and that one or two claim almost absolute purity. Now, if we take one of these last, as, for instance, the Jewish race, and trace the race backwards to its origin, we find it, according to tradition, carried back to twelve families, the twelve sons of Jacob and their respective wives. (We cannot go farther back because the wives of Jacob's sons must be taken into account, and they were not descended from Abraham or Isaac and their wives only—in fact, could not have been.) If the descendants of those twelve families had never intermarried with outside families in such sort that the descendants of such mixed families came to be regarded as true Hebrews, we should have in the Hebrews a race corresponding to the Simiadæ as regarded by Darwin, *i.e.* a race entirely descended from one set of families, and so constituting, in fact, a single family. But we know that, despite the objections entertained by the Hebrews against the intermixture of their races with other races, this did not happen. Not only did many of those regarded as true Hebrews share descent from nations outside their own, but many of those regarded as truly belonging to nations outside the Jewish shared descent from the twelve sons of Jacob.

The case corresponding, then, to that of the purest of all human races, and the case therefore most favourable to the view presented by Darwin (though very far from essential to the Darwinian theory), is simply this, that, in the first place, many animals regarded as truly Simiadæ share descent from animals outside that family which Darwin regards as the ape progenitor of man; and, in the second place, many animals regarded as outside the Simiadæ share descent from that ape-like progenitor. This involves the important inference that the ape-like progenitor of man was not so markedly differentiated from other families of animals then existing, that fertile intercourse was impossible. A little consideration will show that this inference accords well with, if it might not almost have been directly deduced from, the Darwinian doctrine that all orders of mammals were, in turn, descended from a still more remote progenitor race. The same considerations may manifestly be applied also to that more remote race,

to the still more remote race from which all the vertebrates have descended, and so on to the source itself from which all forms of living creatures are supposed to have descended. A difficulty meets us at that remotest end of the chain analogous to the difficulty of understanding how life began at all ; but we should profit little by extending the inquiry to these difficulties, which remain, and are likely long to remain, insuperable.

So far, however, are the considerations above urged from introducing any new or insuperable objection to the Darwinian theory, that, rightly understood, they indicate the true answer to an objection which has been urged by Mivart and others against the belief that man has descended from some ape-like progenitor.

Mivart shows that no existing ape or monkey approaches man more nearly in all respects than other races, but that one resembles man most closely in some respects, another in others, a third in yet others, and so forth. "The ear lobule of the gorilla makes him our cousin," he says, "but his tongue is eloquent in his own dispraise." If the "bridging convolutions of the orang [']s brain] go to sustain his claim to supremacy, they also go far to sustain a similar claim on the part of the long-tailed thumbless spider-monkeys. If the obliquely ridged teeth of *Simia* and *Troglodytes* (the chimpanzee) point to community of origin, how can we deny a similar community of origin, as thus estimated, to the howling monkeys and galagos ? The liver of the gibbons proclaims them almost human ; that of the gorilla declares him comparatively brutal. The lower American apes meet us with what seems the 'front of Jove himself,' compared with the gigantic but low-browed denizens of tropical Western Africa."

He concludes that the existence of these wide-spread signs of affinity and the associated signs of divergence, disprove the theory that the structural characters existing in the human frame have had their origin in the influence of inheritance and "natural selection." "In the words of the illustrious Dutch naturalists, Messrs. Schroeder, Van der Kolk and Vrolik," he says, "the lines of affinity existing between different Primates construct rather a network than a ladder. It is indeed a tangled web, the meshes of which no naturalist has as yet unravelled by the aid of natural selection. Nay more, these complex affinities form such a net for the use of the teleological *retiarium* as it will be difficult for his Lucretian antagonist to evade, even with the countless turns and doublings of Darwinian evolutions."

It appears to me that when we observe the analogy between the relationships of individuals, families, and races of man, and the relationships of the various species of animals, the difficulty indicated

by Mr. Mivart disappears. Take for instance the case of the eight allied families above considered. Suppose, instead of the continual intermarriages before imagined—an exceptional order of events, be it remembered—that the more usual order of things takes place, viz. that alliances take place with other families. For simplicity, however, imagine that each married pair has two children, male and female, and that each person marries once and only once. Then it will be found that the pair A have ten families of cousins, two first-cousin families, and eight second-cousin families; these are all the families which share descent from the eight great-grandparents of the pair. (To have third-cousin families we should have to go back to the fourth generation.) Thus there are eleven families in all. Now, in the case first imagined of constant intermarrying, there would still have been eleven families, but they would all have descended from eight great-grandparents, and we should then expect to find among the eleven families various combinations, so to speak, of the special characteristics of the eight families from which they had descended. On the other hand, eleven families, in no way connected, have descended from eighty-eight great-grandparents, and would present a corresponding variety of characteristics. But in the case actually supposed, in which the eleven families are so related that each one (for what applies to the pair A applies to the others) has two first-cousin families, and eight second-cousin families, it will be found that instead of 88 they have only 56 great-grandparents, or ancestors, in the third generation above them. The two families related as first cousins to the pair A have, like these, eight great-grandparents, four out of these eight for one family, being the four grandparents of the father of the pair A, the other four being outsiders; while four of the eight great-grandparents of the other family of first cousins are the four grandparents of the mother of the pair A, the other four being outsiders. The other eight families each have eight great-grandparents; two of the families having among their great-grandparents the parents of one of the grandfathers of the pair A, but no other great-grandparent in common with the pair A; other two of the eight families having among their great-grandparents the parents of the other grandfather of the pair A; other two having among their great-grandparents the parents of one of the grandmothers of the pair A; the remaining two families having among their great-grandparents the parents of the other grandmother of the pair A: while in all cases the six remaining great-grandparents of each family are outsiders, in no way related, on our assumption, either to the eight great-grandparents of the pair A or to each other, except as connected in pairs by marriage.

Now manifestly in such a case, which, save for the symmetry introduced to simplify its details, represents fairly the usual relationships between any family, its first cousins and its second cousins, we should not expect to find any one of the ten other families resembling the pair A more closely in *all* respects than would any other of the ten. The two first-cousin families would *on the whole* resemble the pair A more nearly than would any of the other eight, but we should expect to find *some* features or circumstances in which one or other or all of the second-cousin families would show a closer resemblance to one or other or both of the pair A. This is found often, perhaps generally, to be the case, even as respects the ordinary characteristics in which resemblance is looked for, as complexion, height, features, manner, disposition, and so forth. Much more would it be recognised, if such close investigation could be made among the various families as the naturalist can make into the characteristics of men and animals. The fact, then, that features of resemblance to man are found, not all in one order of the Simiadae, but scattered among the various orders, is perfectly analogous with the laws of resemblance recognised among the various members of more or less closely related families.

The same result follows if we consider the analogy between various different species of animals on the one hand and between various races of the human family on the other. No one thinks of urging against the ordinary theory that men form only a single species, the objection that none of the other families of the human race can be regarded as the progenitor of the Caucasian family, seeing that though the Mongolian type is nearer in some respects, the Ethiopian is nearer in others, the American in others, the Malay in yet others. We find in this the perfect analogue of what is required in the relationships between families all belonging to one nation, or even to one small branch of a nation. Is it not reasonable, then, to find in the corresponding features of scattered resemblance observed among the various branches of the great Simian family, not the objection which Mivart finds against the theory of relationship, but rather what should be expected if that theory is sound, and therefore, *pro tanto*, a confirmation of the theory?

But now, in conclusion, let us briefly consider the great difficulty of the theory that man is descended from some ape-like, arboreal, speechless animal—the difficulty of building over the wide gap which confessedly separates the lowest race of savages from the highest existing race of apes. After all that has been done to diminish the difficulty, it remains a very great one. It is quite true that what is

going on at this present time shows how the gap has been widened, and therefore indicates how it may once have been comparatively small. The more savage races of man are gradually disappearing on the one hand, the most man-like apes are being destroyed on the other—so that on both sides of the great gap a widening process is at work. Ten thousand years hence the least civilised human race will probably be little inferior to the average Caucasian races of the present day, the most civilised being far in advance of the most advanced European races of our time. On the other hand, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, and the gibbon will probably be extinct or nearly so. True, the men of those days will probably have very exact records of the characteristics not only of the present savage races of man, but of the present races of apes. Nay, they will probably know of intermediate races, long since extinct even now, whose fossil remains geologists hope to discover before long as they have already discovered the remains of an ape as large as man (the *Dryopithecus*) which existed in Europe during the Miocene period;¹ and more recently the remains of a race of monkeys akin to *Macacus*, which once inhabited Attica. But, although our remote descendants will thus possess means which we do not possess of bridging the gap between the highest races of apes and the lowest races of man, the gap will nevertheless be wider in their time. And tracing backwards the process, which thus traced forwards shows a widened gap, we see that once the gap must have been much narrower than it is. Lower races of man than any now known once existed on the earth, and also races of apes nearer akin to man than any now existing, even if the present races of apes are not the degraded descendants of races which, living under more favourable conditions, were better developed after their kind than the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, and gibbon of the present time.

It may be, indeed, that in the consideration last suggested we may find some assistance in dealing with our difficult problem. It is commonly assumed that the man-like apes are the most advanced members of the simian family save man alone, and so far as their present condition is concerned this may be true. But it is not necessarily the case that the anthropoid apes have advanced to their present condition. Judging from the appearance of the young of these races, we may infer with some degree of probability that these apes are the

¹ The Middle Tertiary period—the Tertiary, which includes the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene periods, being the latest of the three great periods recognised by geologists as preceding the present era, which includes the entire history of man as at present known geologically.

degraded representatives of more intelligent and less savage races. Whereas the young of man is decidedly more savage in character than the well-nurtured and carefully-trained adult, the young of apes are decidedly less savage than the adult. The same reasoning which leads us to regard the wildness, the natural cruelty, the destructiveness, the love of noise, and many other little ways of young children, as reminders of a more or less remote savage ancestry, should lead us to regard the comparative tameness and quiet of the young gorilla, for example, as evidence that in remote times the progenitors of the race were not so wild and fierce as the present race of gorillas.

But even when all such considerations, whether based on the known or the possible, have been taken into account, the gap between the lowest savage and the highest ape is not easily bridged. It is easier to see how man *may* have developed from an arboreal, unspeaking animal to his present state, than to ascertain how any part of the development was actually effected ; in other words, it is easier to suggest a general hypothesis than to establish an even partial theory.

That the progenitor of man was arboreal in his habits seems altogether probable. Darwin recognises in the arrangement of the hair on the human fore-arm the strongest evidence on this point, so far as the actual body of man is concerned ; the remaining and, perhaps, stronger evidence being derived from appearances recognised in the unborn child. He, who usually seems as though he could overlook nothing, appears to have overlooked a peculiarity which is even more strikingly suggestive of original arboreal habits. There is one set of muscles, and, so far as I know, one only, which the infant uses freely, while the adult scarcely uses them at all. I mean the muscles which separate the toes, and those, especially, which work the big toe. Very young children not only move the toes apart, so that the great toe and the little toe will be inclined to each other (in the plane of the sole) nearly ninety degrees, but also distinctly clutch with the toes. The habit has no relation to the child's actual means of satisfying its wants. I have often thought that the child's manner of clutching with its fingers is indicative of the former arboreal habits of the race, but it is not difficult to explain the action otherwise. The clutching movement of the toes, however, cannot be so explained. The child can neither bring food to its mouth in this way nor save itself from falling ; and as the adult does not use the toes in this way the habit cannot be regarded as the first imperfect effort towards movements subsequently useful. In fact, the very circumstance that the movement is gradually disused shows that it is useless to the

human child in the present condition of the race. In the very young gorilla the clutching motion of the toes is scarcely more marked than it is in a very young child; only in the gorilla the movement, being of use, is continued by the young, and is developed into that effective clutch with the feet which has been already described. Here we have another illustration of that divergency which, rather than either simple descent or ascent, characterises the relationship between man and the anthropoid ape. In the growing gorilla a habit is more and more freely used, which is more and more completely given up by the child as he progresses towards maturity.

Probably the arboreal progenitor of man was originally compelled to abandon his arboreal habits by some slow change in the flora of his habitat, resulting in the diminution and eventual disappearance of trees suited for his movements. He would thus be compelled to adopt, at first, some such course as the chimpanzee—making huts of such branches and foliage as he could conveniently use for the purpose. The habit of living in large companies would (as in the case of the chimpanzee) become before long necessary, especially if the race or races thus driven from their former abode in the trees were, like the gibbons, unapt when alone both in attack and in defence. One can imagine how the use of vocal signals of various kinds would be of service to the members of these troops, not only in their excursions, but during the work of erecting huts or defences against their enemies. If in two generations the silent wild-dog acquires, when brought into the company of domestic dogs, no less than five distinct barking signals, we can well believe that a race much superior in intelligence, and forced by necessity to associate in large bodies, would—in many hundreds of generations, perhaps—acquire a great number of vocal symbols. These at first would express various emotions, as of affection, fear, anxiety, sympathy, and so forth. Other signals would be used to indicate the approach of enemies, or as battle-cries. I can see no reason why gradually the use of particular vocal signs to indicate various objects, animate or inanimate, and various actions, should not follow after a while. And though the possession and use of many, even of many hundreds, of such signs would be very far from even the most imperfect of the languages now employed by savage races, one can perceive the possibility—which is all that at present we can expect to recognise—that out of such systems of vocal signalling a form of language might arise, which, undergoing slow and gradual development, should, in the course of many generations, approach in character the language of the lowest savage races. That from such a beginning language should attain

its higher and highest developments is not more wonderful in kind, though much more wonderful, perhaps, in degree, than that from the first imperfect methods of printing should have been attained the highest known developments of the typographic art. The real difficulty lies in conceiving how mere vocal signalling became developed into what can properly be regarded as spoken language.

Of the difficulties related to the origin of, or rather the development of, man's moral consciousness, space will not permit me to speak, even though there were much to be said beyond the admission that these difficulties have not as yet been overcome. It must be remembered, however, that races of men still exist whose moral consciousness can hardly be regarded as very fully developed. Not only so, but, through a form of reversion to savage types, the highest and most cultivated races of man bring forth from time to time (as our police reports too plainly testify) beings utterly savage, brutal, and even ("which is else") bestial. Nay, the man is fortunate who has never had occasion to control innate tendencies to evil, which are at least strongly significant of the origin of our race. To most minds it must be pleasanter, as certainly it seems more reasonable, to believe that the evil tendencies of our race are manifestations of qualities undergoing gradual extinction, than to regard them as the consequences of one past offence, and so to have no reason for trusting in their gradual eradication hereafter. But, as Darwin says, in the true scientific spirit: "We are not here concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason allows us to discover it. We must acknowledge that man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his God-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers, man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin." As it seems to me, man's moral nature teaches the same lesson with equal, if not greater, significance.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

A FORGOTTEN TURKISH NATION IN EUROPE.

I.

IN the discussions on the great struggle which is now being fought out in the East, we see it always taken for granted that the Osmanli are the only Turkish nation that has ever dwelt on European soil. Unless we reckon Russia on this side of the Ural to be out of Europe, the assertion does in no wise hold good. It can be disproved from history to the fullest extent. So far from the Turks of Constantinople having, until now, been the only specimen of that race in our part of the world, we find their very name already in classic records, as dwellers near the Volga, more than 1,800, if not more than 2,200, years ago. Strange as this may sound amidst the current literature of the day, it is a fact easily ascertainable from Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Strabon, and the older Herodotos.

Again, within clear historical time—between the eighth and the eleventh centuries—we meet with, in what is at present southern Russia, one of the most extraordinary kingdoms, fully provable, from Arab and Byzantine writers, to have been founded and upheld by a Turkish people. It was (may the reader not be shocked!) a Jewish-Mahometan kingdom of no mean culture, marked by justice and religious toleration. It went down in the turmoil of attacks made upon it by the Warangian chieftains of Russia, by Byzantine arms, and by rough nomadic tribes. Few at this present day, even among those who profess to have mastered the principal facts of the past, know the history or have even heard of the name of the Khazars. A full and connected history of Khazaria is, in fact, still wanting. Yet this once powerful Turkish nation had for several hundred years held orderly and beneficent sway in the Steppe lands between the Yaïk and the Boug. Turkish by race and speech, it was mainly Jewish by creed in its governing classes; had Mahometans and heathens in its army; and allowed perfect freedom to the Christian propaganda. For a time, this remarkable Khazar kingdom seemed destined to spread civilisation

among the Finnic and Slav tribes of the North, when it was overwhelmed by force of arms, and its name vanished from the annals of the world.

II.

But let us look into some of the earliest chronicles !

At the dawn of the history of the European North-East, we see the countries between the Danube and the Caspian inhabited by Germanic, Skythian, and Sarmatian races, together with some Turk tribes. Herodotos,¹ Pliny,² and Pomponius Mela³ speak of the Iyrks (Ιῦρκαί) and the Turks (*Turcæ*), as dwelling in Europe, somewhere about the neighbourhood of the present Russian towns of Saratov and Voronesch. The word "Iyrkai" is the more noteworthy because, to this day, the Turks are called "Yürük" in Asia Minor. If Strabon's⁴ "Ourgs" (Οὔργοι) are, as is generally believed, only a copyist's mistake for "Thurgs" (Θυργοί), we would have to seek for the dwelling-place of that Turkish people in an even more westerly direction—between the Dniepr and the Danube. Any lingering doubt that might be entertained, is removed by the word "*Turcæ*" in classic writings. Turks, then, there have been in Europe perhaps as long as there have been Teutons and Slavs in it. I do not know whether this is a humiliating fact for our Aryan pride ; but it is a fact.

After the great Gothic nation, our own forefathers, had at one time filled nearly the whole territory from the Baltic to the Black Sea, fresh Turkish populations came into the country between the Volga and the Don. The Bulgars and the Khazars, or Chosars, were of them. Abul Hassan Massudi, an Arab geographer, who wrote in the tenth century of the Christian era, says of the Bulgars that "they are a kind of Turks." This may look odd just now; but historically it cannot be helped. Another Arab author of the same century, Ibn-Haukal, to whom we are indebted for interesting records, avers that "the Bulgars speak a language similar to that of the Khazars, but unlike that of the Russians." The Russians he meant were probably not the Finnic or Slav people of what we now call North-western Russia, but the Warangian, Teutonic founders and rulers of that empire, between whom and the subject Slavs the Arab writers make a proper distinction. Now, the Bulgars having been "a kind of Turks," and having spoken a language similar to that of the Khazars, it is evident that the latter, too, must have had kinship with the Turkish race, so far as the test of language can be a guide in ethnology. But Ibn-Haukal is even more explicit. He plainly states :—

¹ iv. 22,

² *Nat. Hist.* vi. 7.

³ i. 19,

⁴ vii. 17.

"The Chosar nation borders upon the Turks, and has great affinity with them." The same author distinguishes a darker and a fairer race among the Khazars; of which more anon.

To complete the chain of evidence, we find the Khazars, in Byzantine chronicles, called, straightway, "Turks from the East" (Τούρκοι ἀπὸ τῆς ἑαφῆς, αὐτὸς Χαζάρους ὀνομάζουσιν), or simply Turks; and their ruler, "King of the Turks" (τῶν Τούρκων κύριος). So they are spoken of by Theophanes, in the year 626, when the Byzantines concluded a treaty with the Khazars against the Persians. Khazar history, therefore, forms part of the general history of the Turk races.

There is a passage in Nestor, the first Russian annalist, which has been interpreted as making out the Khazars to be "Ugrians." Nestor wrote in the eleventh century; and even at his time the country about Kieff was still called the Ugrian land. He distinguishes between the Black Ugres, whom we recognise as the forefathers of the Magyars; and the White Ugres, whom he seems to identify with the Khazars. The Byzantine historians, on their part, designate both the Ugres, or Ungrians, and the Khazars, as Turks. Armenian writers, with an evident proud Indo-Germanic or Aryan consciousness of their own, went even farther. They call the Khazars "Chinese." This, too, is fully correct in so far as the Khazar Turks were Turanians; consequently near kindred of that people of ancient culture which dwells in the Flowery Empire. The non-Aryan, non-Semitic, Wogulian, Mongoloid character of the Khazars is thus fully established from the most various sources.

III.

Nor must it be supposed that the area of Turanian populations was restricted, in the days of Khazar rule, to what is now southern Russia. Our Aryan preferences should not make us forgetful of the fact that European Russia, in its immense majority, has from olden times been inhabited by races of the Finnish, Tshudish, Uralian, Turanian—or, as Polish writers prefer calling it, the Finno-Turkish—stock. What Napoleon I. once jokingly said about "scratching the Russian and finding a Tatar," has indeed, by a laborious research, historical and linguistic, been put into a thorough system. Those who deny the claim of Russia to act as the champion of the Pan-Slavonian idea, have called the Muscovite "a Turk, only bound in Russia leather." It is a would-be satirical way of stating an ethnological fact. Nevertheless there remains a very large basis of truth under this seeming squib. Not only has the southern half of

what is now Russia been Turkified and Tatarised in ancient times; but the greater portion of the country between the Finnish Gulf, the northern part of the Ural range, and the upper course of the Dniepr and Volga, was also occupied by Ugrian races, next of kin to the Turks.

The bulk of the real Slav tribes, a branch of the Aryan stock, dwelt, about a thousand years ago, rather most westwards, on the Vistula, and partly on the upper Dniepr and Dniestr. Some Sclavonian colonies were also scattered along the Danube. But the mass of the people on the great plain were then Fins, Turks, and other Turanians. The process of their Slavonisation in speech has been a very slow one. It is even now not complete. This undeniable fact may certainly be stated without giving rise to a charge that we wish to fix upon the Russian nation, on account of its mainly non-Aryan origin, a brand of everlasting political and intellectual damnation. Nothing could, at all events, be farther from my own views.

I will not go here into the vast question of the pre-Aryan populations of whole Europe. I will only bring to recollection that the builders of the Kyklopian walls, the Pelasgian aborigines of Greece, and the Etruscans, who were the teachers of the Romans in civilisation, have, ere this, been claimed by some for that Turanian stock which, after all, has worked out a remarkable culture in eastern Asia. It may be useful here to glance at Kiepert's "Atlas of the Ancient World." That map was drawn up some seventeen years ago—long before the discussion which latterly took place in London on the priority of the claim of having started the Turanian theory of Etruscan descent. Now, Kiepert's map marks Thessaly, part of Makedonia, Illyria, Pannonia, Rhætia, a part of northern Italy, Etruria, Corsica, eastern Sardinia, north-western Sicily, a bit of the Mediterranean coast of Gaul, the Balearic Isles, and the greater part of Spain with yellow colour; the explanation being added that this signifies "white races which are neither attributed to the Aryans nor to the Semites." In so far as the Iberian race is held to be non-Aryan, a bit of the British Isles might also have been painted yellow on Kiepert's map.

There may be differences of opinion as regards details; but there can be no doubt that there is a substratum of non-Aryan populations even in southern and western Europe. The speech of those races has died out long ago; their blood, however, is still active. Nations do not die when they lose their name or change their tongue. This we should not forget in our new-fangled Aryan pride. As to the

cry that the Turanian is an Asiatic, and therefore without any right to a place in the European community, it has no reasonable meaning; the Aryan races themselves being immigrants into Europe from Asia. The Icelandic saga-circle of our Teutonic forefathers still remembers that latter fact. "Non-European," in the fallacious sense of a synonym for non-Aryan, and as a term of reproach, is all the more a misleading word because Finnic and other Turanian races have been in Europe even before the Aryans. At the same time it should not be forgotten that Asia herself still boasts of a considerable Aryan population; so that in every respect it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line. It will be advisable to remember this when dealing either with Russian or Khazar history.

IV.

Highly interesting as the rise and development of the Jewish-Mahometan power of Khazaria appears from the scattered references in various annals, its history remains almost to be written. Yet, Byzantine chroniclers spoke of the "great Khazar people," even when it had not reached the summit of its power. The life of that early Turkish nation is certainly not to be confounded with that of some wandering, roving horde lacking all State-forming instincts and capabilities. Pioneers of progress—not lawless reivers—the Khazars were, when once they had settled between the Caspian, the Dniepr, the Black Sea, and the Oka. At least, pioneers of progress they must be called, comparatively speaking, when we consider the utter barbarism in which the Slav, the Finnic, and other Ugrian tribes were then still sunk.

Remarkably enough, this curious Turkish people combined yearnings for Greek culture with a liking for a Semitic creed. Their State religion—or, rather, the religion of the Court and of a large section of the Khazar nation—was no other than the Mosaic. A non-Semitic race actually turned Jews. Perhaps, when we examine the matter closely, this is not more wonderful than that our ancestors should, of their own free will, have forsaken the grand and weird, in some respects even charming, worship of Woden, Thunar, Freia, and Balder for a Semitic, Asiatic religion, which clashed with their whole character—if they were not, as in the case of the Saxons of Germany, forced into it, after a thirty years' brave struggle, by the cruel sword of a despotic conqueror, who drove them by shoals into the river for baptism, and court-martialled—that is, decapitated—nearly five thousand of them in a single day! With the Khazars, on the contrary,

it was all voluntary conversion. They took to the law of the outcast from Egypt simply because it pleased them. Then, putting Moslemin and heathens into the leading positions of their Government and into their army, they established a rule of the fullest religious equality; capping the whole by the calling in of Byzantine Christians, who introduced the improvements in art and commerce, and were allowed full freedom of teaching their own creed. It is a puzzling spectacle—at all events, to those who form their view about the capacity of races from a political doctrine of Aryan or Turanian predestination.

In the second century of our era, according to Armenian writers, Khazars for the first time come up in the history of the East. Led by Wennasseb, and aided by their ally, Surhag, they broke out from Asia as terrible warriors. At that epoch, the vast country between the Baltic, the Don, and the Danube was mainly occupied by Gothic, Teutonic tribes, interspersed with Sarmates. Afterwards, a flood of Hunnic, Avar, Bulgarian, and other races of the Turanian stock came pushing on, making their irruption into the Skytho-Sarmatian plain. In the ranks of the invading hosts of Attila—which were a medley of Mongol hordes, together with some Germanic tribes that had been forced to make common cause with them—the Chosar or Khazar people are also mentioned as one of the subject warrior clans of the “Scourge of God.” With the Huns a Chosar horde went into the puszta between the Carpathians and the Danube. The chief Ugrian element in the Magyar tongue has even been traced, by some, to those Khazars, rather than to the Huns proper.

In the sixth century, the Khazars had laid hold of the land between the Volga and the Don. The Caspian then bore the name of the Khazar Sea—“Bahr Chosar.” Balangiar—now Astrachan—was their capital. We hear of their struggles with the Mahometans for the possession of Derbend, Georgia, Armenia, the north-western frontier-districts of Persia, and the territories of the Araxes. A Persian ruler, Chosroes, had to shield his kingdom against their inroads by a work similar to that great “Chinese wall” which is so often erroneously used as a rhetorical simile for absurd seclusion, whilst in truth it was a sheltering barrier of Civilisation against Barbarism. Over hill and dale, and through waste tracts of land, Chosroes set up his line of strongholds from the Caspian to the Black Sea. Peter I., after the capture of Derbend, still saw with amazement some of its colossal remnants. Prince Demetrius Kantemir described the ruined wall, likening its gated towers to the towers of Moscow.

In the seventh century the Khazars are a doughty people, of a lansquenet turn of mind, who often furnish auxiliary troops to the

Government at Constantinople. A Greek Emperor gratefully places a diadem on the head of the Khazar Prince or Chagan, calling him his son. During the troublous time of Byzantine dynastic struggles, a deposed Emperor seeks an asylum in Khazar lands ; and, marrying the Chagan's daughter, crowns her after his restoration at Constantinople as his Empress. Another ex-sovereign of Eastern Rome comes similarly as an exile into Khazaria. A child born from the union of a Greek Emperor with a Khazar Princess rules at Constantinople as Leo the Khazar. The Greek Empress Irene, famed for her beauty and her intellectual gifts, but also noted for her crimes, and whose army was beaten in Italy by Karl the Great, whom she afterwards desired to marry, was of Khazar origin.

Many were, therefore, the Khazar connections with an empire in which Hellenic culture lingered. Khazar body-guards were introduced at Constantinople. On festive days the Emperor put on Khazar dress as a token of respect for his allies. Thus, whilst the Khazars often attacked Armenia, the Iberian countries of the Caucasus, and Media, or carried on successful wars with the Arab Khalifs, they did not touch Constantinople, but were content with peacefully seeking there the fruits of human culture.

Afterwards we see the Khazars, who had gradually neared the shores of the Black Sea, getting the upper hand also over the remnant of Goths in the Crimea. A Germanic population, converts to Christianity ; small in number, but distinguished by valour ; described in the Greek chronicles as brave and hospitable, tillers of the soil and averse to towns, still kept their hold over the south-western districts of that peninsula in the eighth century. These Goths, only about 3,000 in number, were faithful allies of the Byzantine Empire. At the end of the ninth century they, too, had to yield to the Chagan. For a long time afterwards the Tauric Chersonese was then known under the name of Khazaria.

Soon the kingdom of the Chagan reaches from the Yaïk, or Ural, to the Dniepr and Bug, from the Caucasus and the Black Sea to the middle course of the Volga, and to the Oka. Nearly one half—the southern one—of present European Russia was thus under Khazar sway before Egbert had knitted together the English monarchy.

V.

Judging from what we hear at present every day, it would seem as if Russia had never been anything else than a pure Slav empire. In truth, it was neither founded by Slavs, nor is its name a Slavonic one. It owes its origin to Germanic warriors.

About a hundred and fifty years after the Khazars had established their realm, the Warangians, under Rurik, took possession of Novgorod, when they began forming a State out of the Finnic and Slav tribes of the North. These Teutonic "war-men" came, so Nestor says, from the shores of the Baltic; and consisted of Urmenes (Norwegians), Suienes (Swedes), Angles, and Goths. The Russians—or Ros, as the Byzantine writers call them—whose name and origin have been variously interpreted, were in all likelihood a Gothic people, closely united to the Warangian war-clan.

The names of the latter—such as Rurik, Sineus, Truwor, Oleg, Igor, Waldemar (Wladimir), Askold, Karl Ingeld, Weremund, Rulaf, Ruald, Lidulfost, Reginwald (Rogvolod), Swenjeld, and so forth—are of the clearest Germanic type. Many of these names appear with slight modifications in Frankish chronicles and in Icelandic sagas. The dominion which the Northmen carved out for themselves, at first only reached from southern Finland to the present Russian provinces of Esthonia, Pskow, Vitebsk, Smolensk, Tver, and Vladimir. Some of the Fins of the north-east also became tributary to the Warangian chieftains. This new "Russian" State was a mere fragment, in the north-west and the north, of the present Empire of the Czars.

At that time, the Khazar nation was, beyond doubt, the more advanced in civilisation. Within the boundaries above described, it was settled under a regular and orderly government, in which the tendency towards peaceful progress quickly became the ruling one. On her eastern and south-western frontier, Khazaria was surrounded by other Turkish tribes, mostly barbarian and untamed, like the Uzes and the Petchenegs; in the north-east, by Fins, also kindred, as Ugrians, to Turks and Tatars; in the north and north-west by the newly-formed "Russia," a Slavo-Finnic confederacy under Teuton headship.

From the eighth to the beginning of the eleventh century, Khazaria maintained her independence and furthered the cause of culture. In those tracts of land where the Cossack, the Khirgiz, and the Kalmuck now dwell or rove, this Turkish people had created wealthy towns and fruitful fields. In the Steppe countries and deserts from the Ural to the Dniepr they had flourishing cities, such as Atel, Sarkel, Asmid, Kuran, Gadrán, Segekan, Samandar, Albaida, Ferus-Kapad. Atel, according to Ibn-Haukal, was enclosed with fertile fields for a distance of seventy miles. The town of Asmid had rich gardens in its neighbourhood. The highway from Derbend to Serir was fronted in its whole length with gardens and vineyards.

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It seems that, in not a few cases, the plans of Khazar towns were traced out, and the chief buildings erected, by Byzantine architects. Greeks built Sarkel, or "White Town" (now probably Bjelajaveza, that is, "White Tower"), as a new residence for the Chagan, instead of the old capital, Balangiar. Sarkel lay near what is now a Cossack stanitza, or thorpe. With those Greeks who went into Khazaria for the sake of art or trade, Christian missionaries also came, who preached the Cross unhindered. The Byzantine Emperor Michael having sent a so-called philosopher, of the name of Constantine, for the conversion of the "Turks from the East," this missionary was received with the greatest attention, and even loaded with presents; but the mass of the Jewish Khazars remained faithful to their own creed.

Karamsin, who wrote his "History of the Russian Empire" at the suggestion of the Czar Alexander I., to whom he dedicated it, openly acknowledges that "the Slavs do not seem to have felt the yoke of those (Khazar) conquerors as an oppressive one." He adds, that "everything appears to prove that the Khazars had attained to a certain civic culture." Whilst Huns and other Asiatic barbarians—Karamsin remarks—found pleasure only in the destruction of towns, the Khazars asked the Greek Emperor Theophilos for an able architect, who built for them a city that served as a bulwark against the inroads of nomads. Once the terror of the Persian monarchs and of the Khalifs, and powerful protectors of the Byzantine Empire, the Khazars had "subjected the Slav tribes without any bloodshed."¹ These Slavs of the North lacked the warlike spirit. On the other hand, it is recorded of them that, when there were too many daughters in a family, the mother had the right of killing the surplus, and often did it!

Yet—to continue the quotation from Karamsin—though the Khazars easily subdued the Slavs, it was from this very quarter that

¹ The tribute paid by the Slavs to the Khazars is said to have consisted of swords and squirrel skins. Schlözer, who expresses some doubts about this, asks wonderingly why skins of bears, so abundant in Russia, were not rather exacted as a tribute? Had they no weapons—he satirically inquires, with a point of exclamation—to kill them? To this it may be replied that the Khazars, somewhat advanced as they were in culture, may have preferred squirrel skins for the ornamentation of their dress. Nor is it unlikely that the Slav tribes of that time, from the absence of a martial hunter's spirit among them, may have left the bear as much alone as Indians generally do the tiger. Even at present it is officially stated that, since the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, the wild animals—the wolves especially—have vastly increased; the peasant being no longer ordered out by the landholder for regular chases of the prowling beast. The mujik himself prefers leaving the wolf alone.

their own rule was afterwards overthrown. The Russian historian does, however, not add the obvious remark that it was not so much through a Slav agency as through the pushing ambition of Northmen, who had themselves overmastered the Slavs and their Finnic neighbours, that the Empire of the Eastern Turks fell. This change for the subject races was not one over which they could rejoice. "Northern rule proved even harsher than that of the Turkish despotism," says E. E. Kunik¹ in speaking of the Wiatitches, whom the Russian monarch had freed from the Khazars. Twice (981; 982) Wladimir had to beat down a rebellion into which the "liberated" Wiatitches broke out against his own tyrannic rule.

There is some difference in the statements of our sources as to a few details referring to the social life and the governmental institutions of Khazaria; but these details do not affect the main facts. Writers at various epochs, or who only knew one part of the country, might easily give different accounts in pretty good faith, and each in pretty correct manner. A Nubian geographer, Sherif al Hedrisi, who mentions a number of Khazar towns, says there were many clay buildings in the kingdom. The want of good building-stone in most parts of the country may account for that. There were also many tent and chariot dwellings of populations scarcely weaned yet from nomadic gipsy life, but who owed allegiance to the Chagan, and would, in course of time, have been drawn into the sphere of civilised life. It is even so still now in parts of Russia, and in the Arab lands of the Ottoman Empire, where there are towns, as well as nomad Bedaweens. In one Arab chronicle it is asserted that the Khazars were an exclusively agricultural, not a seafaring people. But from other authors we see that merchants—whether native or foreign—went with their ships up and down the Don, through the Black Sea, and even into the Mediterranean as far as Spain.

The King, the Court, and a considerable part of the inhabitants of this progressive community were followers of the Mosaic creed. The army was composed chiefly of Mahometans and heathens. Christians occasionally also fought under the Khazar banner. Men of all the religions represented in the kingdom held the chief offices of the administration. No cup of hemlock was forced upon any one speaking of "new gods." No rack or stake awaited any heretic. No theological hatred pryed into any man's belief. Every one, in the words of Frederick II. of Prussia, was allowed to "attain eternal bliss according to his own fancy."

¹ *Die Berufung der schwedischen Rodsen.*

VI.

We get a less detailed account, from the old chronicles, as to the political part of the Khazar constitution. The law was, as Ibn-Haukal says, that the monarch had to be of royal blood ; but often quite a poor member of the house, who until then had lived in utter neglect, was raised to the throne. In religion, the head of the State had to be an Israelite. Khazar kingship was no doubt a Sultanate, whose officials might be visited with the penalty of death at the shortest notice. Yet, that Sultanate was modified by various checks.

There were slavish customs, such as entire bodily prostration on the approach of the Chagan. The same custom, it is true, is mentioned still as a Muscovite one by the French Captain Margeret—who had held office in Russia in the beginning of the seventeenth century—not only in regard to the monarch, but in the dealings of petitioners with any superior.¹ Nevertheless, the Khazar Chagan was so little looked upon as a ruler by right divine that at his installation a kind of strangulation-comedy was played upon him, when he had to declare how many years he meant to reign. If he reigned longer, and did not do well, he was despatched, by a palace revolution, as unceremoniously as were not a few kings, in the history of western Europe, by either a combination of lords and priests, or by a rising of commoners.

Moreover, the principle seems to have been recognised in Khazaria that the King reigns, but does not govern ; for we hear of a titular Monarch on the one hand, and of a Regent on the other. The monarch's title of Chagan, or Great Chagan, is a Mongol one. Gengis Khan, also, was called Gengis-Chagan ; and among various Turk races of old, the same title of Chagan is to be met with. The Khazar Regent, on his part, bore the title of Chagan Bech (in Byzantine Greek, *πέχ*), in which we easily trace the Turkish word "Beg" or "Bey." This Chagan Beg was chief commander of the Army ; had Foreign Affairs under his supervision ; and exercised the upper control over the Exchequer. There were so-called "Tuduns," or governors, under him, who seem to have levied the tribute from the Slav communes and tribal confederations that acknowledged Khazar rule. A chief check upon the Regent himself must have existed in the political equality of all creeds, and in the habit of

¹ *Estat de l'Empire de Russie et Grande Duché de Moscovie.* Par le Capitaine Margeret. Paris: 1607. ("Mais si un inferieur veut impetrer quelque chose de son superieur, il se prosternera du tout la face contre terre, comme aussi en leurs prieres deuant quelques images, et ne scauent que c'est d'autre reuerence . . .")

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allowing the different communities—Jewish, Moslem, Christian, and heathen—to have their members judged, before tribunals, according to their religious codes of law ; or even, as in the case of the heathens, according to the lay opinion of the Bench.

Unfortunately, no good model of political progress was before the Khazars in their immediate neighbourhood. They neither found it in the degenerate Greek Empire, where tyranny continually alternated with riot, nor in the lawless procedures of the aggressive Russian realm, the despotic pride of whose chieftains of foreign descent was incessantly fed by the slavishness of the people. The Orientalism in the institutions of the " Eastern Turks " was thus not easily got rid of. At Constantinople, their rulers could only learn, in matters political, the teachings of autocracy. In Russia they must have been struck by the contempt the conquerors had for the conquered. It is something that the Chagans, with such examples before them, neither set up a Papism, or intolerant Rabbinitism, of their own, similar to that of the orthodox Byzantine rulers; nor treated their Slav and Finnish subjects with any harshness.

Taking all in all, there seemed to be a good hope of the advancing civilisation of the Khazars being made the means of gradually spreading culture among other neighbouring Turkish, Finnic, and Slavonian tribes of Europe. Through the Khazars, whatever Hellenic light still beamed forth from Constantinople might in course of time have penetrated the dark hyperborean night of the North. The current of history wrought a different and a worse solution.

VII.

Having given, so far, a general idea of the position of this much-forgotten Turkish nation, it may be as well, for the sake of quaint illustration, to quote some passages from the Arab chronicles before alluded to. A great deal of light is shed on the early mediæval history of south-eastern Europe by these Mussulman writers. They give us glimpses of the life of the first Germanic rulers of Russia. They also have saved some of the records of the remarkable Khazar kingdom from disappearing in utter oblivion. Here and there, it is true—if I do not much mistake—the latent jealousy of the Semite, but Mahometan, Arab against the Turanian and Jewish Turk of Khazaria seems to influence the pictures they have left us.

Abul Hassan, with the surname of Massudi, when speaking of the Caspian as the " Chosar Sea," distinguishes it from the Manthiss and the Nithiss Seas, which are clearly the Black Sea and the Sea of

Azoff. Manthiss and Nithiss he describes as "the Sea of the Bulgars and the Russians." The latter assertion is only right in so far as the Germanic viking race, which, under the first Ruriks, were the dynasty and the leading war-caste of Russia, occasionally came down the Dniepr for roving expeditions against Constantinople. Russia herself did not border then upon the Euxine. The border races on its northern shores were the Khazars and the Petchenegs. These same Petchenegs, I will remark in passing, are mentioned in our Nibelungen Song as a people strong with the bow. The "Riuzen" (Russians) and the men from the Kieff country are also referred to, as their foes, in that old German lay. After this, it will scarcely be wondered at that in old German epics, centuries before the arrival of those Turks in Europe who finally conquered Constantinople, an evidently European country called Turkey (*Türkie*) should be mentioned, from which warriors are brought through the Byzantine Empire (*durh Kriechischiu lant*). This "Turkey" of our ancient poets is, no doubt, the Petcheneg and Khazar country.

The Bulgars, whom Abul Hassan describes as "a kind of Turks," were originally settled near the Caspian and the Volga—from which river they bear their very name: Volgarians, or Bulgarians. "Bulgar" was the Arab name for the Volga. At the Danube and near the Balkan, the Bulgarians became mixed with Slavs, and lost their Turanian speech, even as Franks, Goths, and Normans lost their Teutonic speech in France, or Longobards and various other Germanic tribes lost theirs in Italy or Spain. Yet, even as in northern Italy, partly also in Spain, and very much so in northern France, the strong infusion of Germanic blood may yet be seen in the physical type of the people, or even in their family names: so also many of the present Bulgarians show marked traces of their Turkish descent.

It ought to be kept in mind that at the time when Abul Hassan wrote, the whole south-eastern quarter of Europe was full of Turkish populations. Some of these often disturbed, by sudden attacks, their kindred, the Khazars. In this, they had the same rough practice which unfortunately characterised the different Teutonic tribes, who fiercely warred against each other, taking no heed of kinship. However, some of the Turk hordes around Khazaria kept on good terms with that kingdom. Abul Hassan states that "between the Turkish populations of whom a portion reach as far as the Sea Nithiss (the Sea of Azoff), and whose raids extend to the city of Rumia (Eastern Rome, Constantinople), and the King of Khazaria and the ruler of the Alans, there is a treaty of alliance. Their

dwelling-places border upon Khazaria." We here see a league of Khazar and other Turkish and Teutonic forces—ranging from the upper course of the Don to the Caucasus—whose object probably was, to stem that tide of conquest by which the Finno-Slav Russian Empire, under Warangian captaincy, tried to push its way, between the ninth and the eleventh centuries, towards the Black Sea and the Danube.

The Alans were the Germanic element in that early triple alliance. They dwelt in those days in the north-Caucasian countries. Some of their fair-haired, blue-eyed, but otherwise rather degraded descendants may probably even now be seen in Ossetia, in the central parts of the Caucasus. It is interesting to read in Abul Hassan that the kingdom of the Alans borders upon a people called Keschek, who dwell between the Caspian and the Mediterranean. These Keschek were the Circassians, who among their neighbours still bear the name of Kasach. And this is the enthusiastic description which the Arab geographer gives of the bodily aspect of that Caucasian people :—
 "They are devoted to the religion of the Magi ; and among all the populations whom we have noted as living in those countries, there is none which covers more its skin, which has a more beautiful colour, statelier men, and more charming women, nobler figures and slenderer waists in fine, a more beautiful shape, than this nation. Their women are described as the very grace of creation." It is a portraiture which still holds good.

In the capital of Khazaria—Abul Hassan goes on—there were Moslemin, Christians, worshippers of idols, and Jews. With the pride of a Mahometan he puts his fellow-believers first ; but he adds that the King and his household follow the Mosaic creed. "The King of Khazaria embraced Judaism in the days of Harun-er-Rashid ; upon which the Jews from the Islamitic lands and from Greece (the Byzantine Empire) went over to him, seeing that the ruler of Greece forced all the Jews in his kingdom to the Christian religion and ill-treated them. The present ruler of Greece is Armenius. . . . Many Jews, therefore, wandered away to the Khazar land, as we have already said ; these have a King there. . . . The worshippers of idols in that country are of various nations ; among them there are Sseklab (Slavs) and Russians." Under the name of Russians, as distinct from Slavs, the writer no doubt means immigrant Gothic Warangians. Like Ahmed Ibn-Fozlan, an Arab ambassador to Russia, who in 921 drew up a report of his journey, Abul Hassan speaks of fire-burial as a custom of those heathen races. Widow-burning he refers to as one of their

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practices, and he compares it in some measure with the Indian custom.

According to Abul Hassan, the majority of the inhabitants of Khazaria were Mahometans. These latter formed the army; they were known as "Arssieh," or "Larssieh." However, the heathen Russians and Slavs within the King's territory also were a part of the war-force. It was the only paid standing army among the Eastern kingdoms,—says the Arab writer. The highest offices in the country were occupied by Mahometans. It was agreed that, in any war between the Jewish King of Khazaria and a Moslem power, the followers of the Prophet should not be compelled to fight against their fellow-believers. Besides the Moslem soldiers, many Mahometan merchants and handicraftsmen were in the country, "owing to the justice and honesty which reigned there."

Probably the Arab writer overstates the Mussulman element in Khazaria. At least, he himself reports that there were seven chief judges—two for the Mahometans; two for the Khazars under the Mosaic law; two for the Christians, who were judged in accordance with the Gospel; and one for the Slavs, Russians, and other members of "that Heathendom whose judicial sentences are simply delivered according to human insight." The enumeration here made goes far to show that the Jews and the Christians together were about twice the number of the Moslemin. In important cases—the Arab writer asserts—the contending parties met before the Islamic judges, submitting to Mahometan law. This deference—if we can rely on the statement—may be explained by the great hold the Mussulman portion of the inhabitants had on public affairs through its being the prominent fighting force.

Abul Hassan alleges that the Khazars were mainly tillers of the soil, and that "the King's men did not know how to steer ships." Still, he speaks of vessels of the Khazar merchants going up a river, which is evidently the Don, "whose shores are inhabited by Turkish populations that have expanded themselves in the Khazar kingdom." There were large ships laden with wares from Chowaresm. On other vessels the most beautiful and most expensive fox-skins were brought from the interior. There was trade, in such articles, "not only from Khazaria to Derbend, to Berthass and other places in Chorasán, but also to the countries of the Franks, and to Spain."

Abul Hassan gives also an account of a Russian war-expedition going by means of ships through rivers and canals into the Caspian Sea. It is a picture very different from that of peaceful commerce. The raid probably happened about the year 912, and

was allowed to pass through the land of the Chagan because he felt unable to oppose it. Not less than 5,000 Russian ships are mentioned, with a crew of 100 each. The raiders went to the Caspian Sea, to the Persian Irak, to the land of Adzarbaitchan, as far as Baku. The most fearful havoc was wrought. There was terrible bloodshed; women and children were murdered; the countries overrun by the Russo-Warangians were plundered and ravaged by fire and sword. "None of the populations there could overcome the Russians. Such terror was spread among the populations that they sought safety on the waters of the Caspian." A great defeat was, however, inflicted upon the Russians, on their return, by the Mahometan troops of Khazaria, who were indignant at the Chagan's previous weak behaviour. Together with the Christian warriors of the country, the Moslem soldiers engaged in a battle with the roving freebooters, which lasted three days. Many Russians were killed, many drowned; about 5,000 of them escaped. "From that year," the Arab writer says, "the Russians did not repeat their inroads."

VIII.

If we turn to Ibn-Haukal, another Arab geographer, we find him speaking of the Khazar town of Atel, situated on the Atel (Til, or Volga), "a river which comes from Russia and Bulgaria." On the distribution of creeds, this author has details which are somewhat at variance with those given by Abul Hassan. He writes:—"The King of this country is a Jew; he has in his suite 4,000 Moslemin, Chosars, and worshippers of idols; but the best part of his people are Jews. He has 120,000 soldiers as a standing army." Here, then, the majority of the Khazars seem to be set down as followers of the Mosaic creed. According to Ibn-Haukal, there were nine judges: Moslemin, Jewish, Christian, and heathen. Yet, though he states that the "best part" of the King's people are Jews, he asserts, farther on, that "the lesser part of his Empire are Jews, the greater part Mahometans and Christians; but the King and his chief officials are Jews. The members of the Courts of Justice are of all religions." Ibn-Haukal also says that the most prominent persons in Atel are Mahometan merchants, "whose language is the same as that of the Turks, and is not understood by any other nation." Then comes this passage:—"The Chosar nation borders upon the Turks, and has great affinity with them. There are two kinds of Chosars, one of which is the darker one and has black hair, so that one might

believe they were derived from the Hindoo. The other race is of beautiful aspect: these sell their children; but among the Jews and Christians it is not allowed to sell one another, or to bring a person into slavery." This distinction between Swarthy Khazars and White Khazars may point to a twofold race-element: a Turanian and an Aryan one.

A curious correspondence is extant, carried on between a Spanish Jew of the tenth century, Chisdai ben-Jizchak, who was Minister and physician in ordinary of the Cordovan Khalif, Abderrahman Annasir, and the Khazar King Joseph ben-Ahron. The letters were probably written towards the year 960. Their authenticity has been impugned from no good reason. It was a German Jew, the Rabbi Jacob ben-Elieser ("from Nemez"—that is, from Germany), who, after much delay, handed over the letter of Chisdai ben-Jizchak to the Khazar Chagan; the postal arrangements being in those days very incomplete. Chisdai took great interest in a country of eastern Europe which, in his view, was destined to revive the fallen glory of Israel. In dolorous tone, the Spanish Jew speaks of "the nations that say there is no longer any place of rule and of kingdom for Israel." He thinks the heart of the Israelites would be strengthened, and their public standing become a more respected one, if fuller reports were spread about the Khazar realm. In his reply, King Joseph ben-Ahron refers both to the Russian danger and to the scattered Jewish race. "I dwell," he writes, "on the mouth of the river; and I will not suffer that the Russians, who come in ships, go over to those other populations. . . . For, if I did allow it, they would waste the whole land of Ismaël as far as Bagdad. . . . May the Everlasting God of Israel hasten the deliverance, and gather together the exiled and the scattered!"

Thus the Jewish Government of Khazaria acted for awhile as a buffer between Russian aggressive designs and the Mahometans near the Caspian and in Asia Minor.

IX.

But the new pushing force from the North gradually became too strong for the more cultivated Khazar nation, which had long held its ground with praiseworthy firmness against never-ending inroads of wandering hordes from the south-east. In the very first century of its foundation, the Russian Empire treads the stage in full armour. From the disorder of a host of tribes, the Slavonian part of which was the least warlike, the foreign dynasty of the Ruriks calls a realm into existence, ready armed for offence. Forthwith a despotism is

developed, "born with teeth in its head." This earliest Russian epoch dates from the ninth century to the eleventh. During it, the Ruriks form the Slavonian and Finnish tribes of what is now north-western Russia into an Empire, and then for two hundred years wage war against the government of Constantinople, in order to unite their crown with the golden tiara of Eastern Rome. The annexation of the Balkan peninsula; the dominion over the Black Sea; the conquest of the Crimea, of the Caucasus, and even of what is now Turkestan, was their aim.

From 865 to 1043, the Greek Empire was thus the prey of frequent Russian onslaughts. The bold Northmen marched their Germanic, Finnish, Slavonian, partly also Tatar, hosts along the Dniepr into the Danubian countries, or carried them in fleets of small craft across the Black Sea, to appear as beleaguers before the "City of the World." The waters of the Euxine; the provinces which we now call Roumania; Bulgaria; the Hæmus passes, and the coasts of Roumelia were the battle-grounds for the armies and navies of the barbarian "Ros" (Ρως) and the "Romans of the East." In these struggles, the Russian capital—as a proud Warangian chieftain called it—was for a time established at the foot of the Balkan, at Prejislavetz. Not satisfied with this conquest, the invader pointed with his lance to Constantinople as the future seat of his government. It affords a singular spectacle to behold in the mirror of this ancient history the forecast of renewed modern attempts.

Heathen Russia made these attempts upon Constantinople a thousand years ago. They were continued after the conversion of the Grand-Princes to the Christian creed. Oleg, Igor, Swiatoslaw, Wladimir, all strove for the mastery over the Byzantine Empire. The Khazar nation stood in their way; lying athwart the intermediate countries, together with the Petchenegs. From the time of Oleg, Khazaria therefore became an object of attack, sometimes by independent Russo-Warangian rovers, like Askold and Dir; at other times by a regular onslaught of the chieftains of the house of Rurik. First, the vassal tribes that acknowledged Khazar superiority were thus detached. Oleg destroyed the Chagan's influence in the provinces of Vitebsk and Tchernigov; for until then it had reached so far into what is now central and northern Russia. Swiatoslaw continued the same policy.

The description we have of Swiatoslaw, the first Warangian ruler of Russia with a Slavonian name, is that of a broad-chested, thick-necked, well-built Northman; of middle height; fair-haired, blue-eyed,

but of wild and gloomy aspect; with long moustache, and a thin beard. His flattish nose, and his shorn head, from which a tuft of hair stands out, "as a sign of nobility," give him a sort of Tatar look. It was this semi-Germanic, semi-Slav, and withal Tatarised Russian ruler who struck, in the second part of the tenth century, the most serious blow against Khazar independence. First he overthrew the Wiatitches, an Ugrian race within the sphere of Khazar power, who dwelt about Kaluga, Tula, and Orel—that is, in the most central parts of the present Russian Empire. Then he defeated the Khazars themselves, taking their capital and fortress, Sarkel. Most of the Chagan's territory lying east of the Sea of Azoff fell, no doubt, at that time into the hands of the Russians.

Then we hear, about the year 969, of other attacks made by Russian freebooters. Ibn-Haukal relates that they utterly plundered the prosperous city of Bulghar, a renowned mart, as well as Chasaran—that is, the eastern half of the Khazar town of Itil; then Itil itself, and Samandar. From thence they "went at once to Roum (the Greek Empire) and to Andalus." The name of Andalus is generally accompanied by modern writers with a point of interrogation, and looked upon as quite a mistake of the Arab author. I should, however, not wonder if a roving party of Warangians had gone from the Bosphorus and the Egean Sea to Andalusia, which at the time of the Ommajide Khalifs was called Andalos. There is nothing more startling in such a Warangian venture than in the expedition of other Northmen, or Normans, to the mouths of the Garonne and to Sicily.

Towards the end of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh centuries, a remnant of Khazar power still existed in the Crimea. The wealth of the peninsula, and the long familiarity with the luxury and the arts of Constantinople, had, however, weakened the martial spirit in the Chagan's dominion. Unfortunately, the Greek Empire itself, with an infatuation difficult to understand, actually suggested to the Russians to break down, by a joint effort, the last stronghold of the Khazars, who had so long been an eyesore to the ambitious Northern realm. The desire of the Byzantines was to get full possession of the Tauric Chersonnese. A more large-minded view ought to have taught them that it was the worst policy for their own interests to invite Russia to the Black Sea. The duty of gratitude being scarcely recognised in politics, no stress need be laid on the gross ungratefulness shown by the Byzantines. As long as the Khazar Court and Kingdom had been mainly Jewish and Mahometan, the Greek Emperors had sought, and profited from, the friendship of the Chagans. But when the Christian creed, thanks to the tolerant spirit

of Khazar law, had made great progress, whilst the power of the Chagans decreased, the government of Constantinople joined hands with Russia for the coercion, and the final overthrow, of the "Turks from the East."

Some chronicles mention Mstislaw, a son of Wladimir, as the leader of the Russian forces, to whom the Byzantines made the proposal in question. In another report, the name of Spheng (Σφένγγ) is given as that of the Russian leader; clearly a Germanic name: namely, Swenk—a diminutive of Swen, or Swein. The general of the Byzantine army was Andronicus. In the year 1016 he landed on the Tauric coast; and after a battle, in which the Khazars were worsted, the Chagan, Georgius Tzulus, was made a prisoner.

This was the death-blow to the political existence of the strange Judaic nation of Turks on the shores of the Black Sea. In the Asiatic border lands, some shadow of Khazar power may have lingered yet until the twelfth century. In 1140, a Rabbi Jehudah, a Hebrew Levite, still wrote a panegyric in honour of a Khazar ruler. When, however, in the thirteenth century, the great Tatar irruption broke into Europe, all traces of a Khazar realm had vanished near the Caspian. Nevertheless, the Crimea was still spoken of, by later mediæval writers, under the designation of "Gasaria." But the Khazars as an independent nation had perished.

X.

There is an opinion that the German word for heretics (*Ketzzer*) is derived from the name of Akatzyri or Katzyri, which in Byzantine chronicles is given to the Khazars. It would be a side-piece to the derivation, doubtful as that may be, of the French word *cagot* from the degraded descendants—hiding, Pariah-like, in nooks and corners—of the once proud Gothic race which had overrun France and Spain.

It has also been maintained that the Karaïte sect of Israelites, which has preserved so many valuable old manuscripts of the Jewish literature, were the offspring of that part of the Khazar population which had been converted to the Mosaic belief. The Karaïtes having continued the struggle of the Sadducees against the Pharisees, which latter were the more strict book-believing part of the Jewish Church, we might conclude, from the alleged origin of the Karaïtes, that the Khazars were given to the more progressive religious idea within Judaism. The fact of the Karaïtes hailing from the Israelitised Khazars is, however, open to question. But Hebrew grave-stone in-

scriptions in the Crimea, of remote antiquity, may date from Khazar time—if they are not, in part, even older.

With greater certainty can we trace the names of some Khazar localities in the present names of Russian towns and villages. Already, at the end of the fourteenth century, Bishop Pimin states, in his "*Voyage to Constantinople*," that at the Don, at a distance of two days' travelling by water below the inflow of the Medweditz, there were the ruins of an old city, called Serklia. Some think that this was Sarkel. Again, Chagan, near Kharkoff, and other towns in the neighbourhood of Voronesch, still show clear evidence of their Khazar origin. Names like Chagan's Well, Chagan's Ford, and similar designations at river-sides, leave no doubt about their meaning.

Strange enough, it is not unlikely that the very title which some of the Russian monarchs bore, before that of "Czar" and "Emperor" was adopted, arose out of the contact with the Grand Chaganate of the Khazars. The word "Czar" itself, which finally remained to the rulers of Muscovy after Ivan the Terrible had conquered the three czarates of Siberia, Kazan, and Astrakhan, has been explained by Casimir Delamarre and others as a Tataric, Turanian, Asiatic title, signifying "Lord of the Steppes." These writers reject the derivation from "Cæsar." It is certainly remarkable that, as Margeret states, the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire was called by the Russians "Tsisar, which they derive from Cæsar;" whereas the Muscovite monarch was called "Zar."

If we go back to the early Rurik epoch, we find Wladimir, and his son Jaroslaw, celebrated in a Church panegyric as "Grand Kagan" and "Kagan." Thus runs one of these laudatory clerical addresses:—"Let us also praise, according to our power, with whatever praise we can humbly give, him who has wrought great and wonderful things, our teacher and educator, the Grand Kagan of our country, Wladimir." Again:—"Pray especially for thy son, our orthodox Kagan George (Jaroslaw Wladimirowitch), that he may walk in peace and health through the troubles of life!" In the words of E. E. Kunik, the Grand Chaganate still lived for a long time in the memory and on the lips of the Slav people and of the Slavonised Northmen. The Lay of Igor's War against the Polovzians, which was probably composed at the end of the twelfth century, speaks of "Jaroslaw's, of Oleg's, of Kogan's delight in battle affrays." It is, therefore, far from improbable that even one of the oldest titles of the Russian monarchs is of Turkish origin.

It may be of interest to note here that, when Wladimir of Russia intended to give up heathendom, he caused expounders of the

various creeds to be brought to his Court. His purpose was, to turn over to that religion which would be best adapted for strongly ruling an empire. Among the preachers sent for was a Roman Catholic monk from Germany, a Greco-Catholic philosopher from Constantinople, a Mahometan priest from the East, and a Talmudist Jew from Khazaria. After having heard them all, Wladimir decided in favour of the Byzantine doctrine. It evidently fitted best with his ideas of princely majesty and autocratic rule. At the same time it could be, and was, laid hold of by him as a handle for the furtherance of his aggressive designs. In fact, he at once declared that, together with his being baptised, he must forthwith be acknowledged by the orthodox Church of Constantinople as its Protector! The Greek Emperor hesitating to do so, Wladimir invaded the Crimea, where Byzantine rule was then partly recognised, and threatened to cross over to Constantinople itself. In order to quiet him, a Greek princess had to be sent to him as a bride, with a number of priests who were to baptise him. Thus only was the ambitious Russian chieftain bought off.

With such a danger from the North constantly before them, the Byzantines committed a grave error by helping to break down the intermediate kingdom of Khazaria. However, Russia soon became weakened at home through feuds among the several branches of the reigning family, who had divided the country among themselves. In the midst of this division came the terrible onset of the Mongol hordes of Gengis Khan and Batu, when Russia was bowed for two centuries and a half under the Tatar yoke. Thus the fall of the "Turks from the East" no doubt helped to bring the deepest misfortune upon Russia herself.

KARL BLIND.

SAVAGE POLITICAL LIFE.

FROM the accounts of travellers respecting the nature of government among uncivilised tribes, it would not be a purely baseless theory to construct a scale of successive developments, ranging from people entirely destitute of political cohesion to people characterised by a quite despotic form of government, and agreeing in the main with the fishing or hunting and the agricultural stages of human advancement respectively. The savage idea of monarchy is represented by all the possible gradations between the most limited and the most absolute kind of government, and we should naturally look for the best types of the latter among tribes where geographical limitations or other causes have necessitated a stationary and agricultural life. We should expect to find the first germs of recognised leadership among people taught by war and the chase to appreciate superior strength or skill ; and to see such temporary leaders pass into definite political chiefs, when a more settled mode of life has given fixedness to ideas of property and made its defence more desirable. We might infer *à priori* that as men lived by hunting or fishing before they drove flocks, and drove flocks before they tilled the ground, so they lived in families before they lived in hordes, and in hordes before they lived in larger social aggregates. As representatives of the lowest stage of society, we might instance the Esquimaux, whom Cranz found "destitute of the very shadow of a civil polity;" and we might pass from the hunting populations of America, who only choose rulers for the temporary purposes of war or the chase, to the despotic forms of government characteristic of the agricultural communities of Africa or Polynesia.

It is not, however, worth insisting on an induction which would be at the mercy of the first negative instance drawn from so large a surface as the whole known globe. To supply only one such instance. Most South American tribes, who practised husbandry in addition to fishing and hunting to a far greater extent than North American tribes, were found, in point of social organisation, at a much lower level than the Northern tribes, it being possible to classify the latter into nations by words supplied by themselves, whilst in the South

there were merely bands, and it was necessary to invent names for such groups of bands as were allied together by language. Facts are the test of theories, not theories of facts ; and to insist on fitting facts to a theory is to fall into the error of the unskilful shoemaker, who transposes the task of fitting shoes to feet for the easier one of insisting that feet shall fit his shoes.

Without, therefore, attempting to elaborate theories about the development of political ideas from their rudest beginnings to their maturest consequences, it may not be labour lost to try to give, within readable compass, some estimate of the notions of sovereignty, the political organisations, the relations of classes, and the peculiar institutions found among those communities of the earth who seem the best representatives of primitive manners and the least advanced from a state of primitive barbarism.

Statements concerning the total absence of civil government among savages, like statements concerning their total ignorance of religion, should be received with the reserve due to all propositions containing terms of expansive signification. It is noteworthy that it is generally tribes declared to be destitute of all religious feelings who in the same sentence or paragraph are described as also destitute of political ties ; the statement that a tribe is entirely destitute of religion or of any civil polity being, in fact, often only an hyperbolic expression, intended to convey an extreme idea of their barbarity. Bushmen, Californians, and Australians have severally been described as not only not recognising any gods, but as not recognising any chiefs ; but subsequent research having proved that Bushmen, at least, possess an elaborate mythology, worshipping the ethereal bodies, and having their own distinctive myths concerning the Creation, suspicion is naturally aroused that all broadly negative assertions of the same sort may be but the results of insufficient observation.¹

Undoubtedly, however, in countries where excess of numbers has not driven communities to improve their condition by raids against their neighbours, and where, consequently, military skill has attained no importance nor authority, much looser social bonds may be found than in places where a sense of property and of its value has arisen. Among people like the Esquimaux, the Lapps, or the Kamschadals, who live together in independent families, age is the only title to authority ; and if skill in seal-catching or in weather-lore procure for a Greenlander the deference of younger members of his race, he has

¹ The collection of native Bushman literature is said to have reached eighty-four volumes ! In Dr. Bleek's *Brief Account of Bushman Folk Lore*, and in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for July 1874, some account is given of their mythology.

no power to compel any of them to follow his counsels, and the only moral check to a refractory person is a possible refusal on the part of his fellows to share the same hut with him. If, in distant voyages, all the boatmen submit their kajaks to the guidance of their countryman who is best acquainted with the way, they are at perfect liberty to separate from him at pleasure. Beyond this slight tie they have, or had when Cranz wrote, no political union, no system of taxation or legislation of any kind, albeit they were not wanting in methods for the enforcement of certain moral duties and the prevention of certain moral wrongs. Of the Kamschadals, Steller tells us that they had no chief, but that everyone was allowed to live according to his pleasure ; yet that they chose leaders for their expeditions, who were without even power to decide private disputes, and that each *ostrog* or family settlement had its ruler (generally the oldest male), whose power to punish consisted solely in the right of verbal correction.¹

From the condition of the Kamschatkadals or Esquimaux to the condition of Eastern Asia or Polynesia, where a king's name is so sacred as often to be avoided altogether, as many gradations of civil authority exist as otherwise mark the difference of their respective civilisations. As the progress of an individual from infancy to old age is marked at each stage by a strict equipoise of good and evil, varying only in kind, so every upward step in the social advancement of mankind seems attended with some equivalent loss. Individual liberty is greatest where the social bond is the loosest ; and people like the rude hunting tribes of Brazil, with only their hunting grounds to defend and only temporary leaders to obey, undoubtedly enjoy greater freedom than is compatible with an agricultural life. As soon as tribes become settled and practise husbandry they are naturally impelled to seek the labour of slaves, which is a thing undesirable when a scanty subsistence is gained by the exertions of the chase. When once the existence of slavery has established a difference between bondsmen and free, a way is open for all those artificial divisions of society into ranks and castes which seem in later times to belong to, nay, to constitute, the natural order of things.

It is, however, even at lower levels of general culture, often among tribes who are still in the hunting stage, that we find all traces disappear of that condition of freedom and equality once fondly imagined to belong to a "state of nature." Savages seldom consti-

¹ Steller, *Kamschatka*, 234, 355.

tute pure democracies, in the sense either of all being equal or of all being free. Even where the monarchical power is quite rudimentary, well-marked distinctions serve to sever them into aristocracy and commonalty ; for the natural differences of capacity between men divides them, if less strongly, not less definitely than slavery. Superiority in courage, strength, sagacity, or experience entitles a savage to much the same privileges that, in more civilised countries, are allotted to superiority in wealth or lineage. The conditions, however, of savage life cause merit, and not birth, to be the primary qualification both for chieftainship and nobility. Where military capacity is the sole basis of authority, it follows that such authority only descends to sons, who are as gifted as their parents with military prowess ; also, that any commoner may at any time become a noble if duly qualified for a leader, and that for the same reason even the female sex is not excluded from a career of political ambition. Among the Abipones women were often raised to the dignity of cacique or captainship of a horde ; nor is it rare to find them capable of occupying positions of similar dignity among tribes who, in other respects, treat their women as little better than beasts of burthen.

As many savages surround the entrance to their paradise with imaginary physical difficulties which only the bravest can overcome, so they frequently make admission to the rank of their nobility dependent on the performance of certain rites and ceremonies which sufficiently attest the endurance of the aspirant to social elevation. An Indian tribe on the Orinoco used to lay such a candidate on a hurdle, place burning coals beneath, and then cover him with palm leaves all over, in order to make the heat more suffocating. Or, they would perhaps anoint him with honey, and leave him for hours tied to a tree at the mercy of the insects of those latitudes. The Abiponian plan was, to place a black bead on a tribesman's tongue, and insist on his staying at home for three days, abstaining all the while from the ordinary pleasures of food, drink, and speech. Then on the eve of the day of his inauguration all the women of the horde would come to his tent, in uncouth attire, and lament loudly for the ancestors of the man who would fain be a noble. The next day, after galloping spear in hand on horses decorated with bells and feathers to the four quarters of the wind, he had to suffer the priestess of the ceremonies to shave a band on his head, three inches wide from the forehead backwards. A eulogy by the old woman, recording his warlike character and noble actions, concluding with a change of name befitting his change of rank, completed the ceremony of his

installation. In the same way, on the Guinea coast, proficiency in playing tunes on ivory horns was an indispensable preliminary to entering the ranks of the nobles.¹

The prevalence, indeed, of equality among savages is one of those fictions which date from the time when writers drew on their own minds for a knowledge of anthropology; a fiction due to the same tendency which created for the Greeks their Elysian fields, or for the Tongan islanders their Bolotu, leading them to refer to the distant or the unknown the actualisation of those longings and ideals which the immediate surroundings of the world could not gratify. But the truth is, that so firmly among most savages has the idea become fixed of an essential difference in the nature of nobles and commons, of governors and governed, that the demarcations of their mundane economy are transferred into their speculations about the unseen world, and the inequalities of this life are perpetuated in the next. The Tongan Islanders believe that the masses have no souls nor future life, and in Siam the poorer people offer prayers to a lower class of deities than the rich. In Mexico it was believed that after death noble souls would pass into beautiful singing-birds, but commoner ones into such vermin as weasles and beetles. In Samoa chiefs had a larger hole than plebeians by which to descend to the other world; and in Vancouver's Island it was held that a calm, sunny, plenteous land in the sky awaited dead chiefs, but that Indians of low degree would find themselves in a subterranean land, where the houses were poor, the deer small, and the blankets thin.²

Devices have varied all over the world for marking the innate or acquired differences between men. Distinctions in dress or in titles have been the usual resort of the civilised and semi-civilised world alike; and the highest Fijian chiefs, who would style themselves the "subjects of Heaven only," were prompted by the same natural vanity that gave birth among ourselves to the "Knights of the Lion and Sun." But the most striking device in the lower grades of civilisation is the conscious invention and use of a different form of speech, amounting almost to the use of a different language, such as was the plan adopted by the Abipones to mark the difference between noble and plebeian. Persons advanced to the rank of nobles, or the Hocheri, were not only distinguished from their fellows by a change of name (men adding the suffix *in*, women *en*, to their former appellation), but the whole language spoken by the Hocheri was by the insertion or addition of syllables so altered from the vulgar tongue as to

¹ Bosman, *Guinea*, 167.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 7, 66, 85, 118.

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There are, however, various other ways of exhibiting regret for departed nobility. In the Sandwich Islands, if a chief dies, the highest mark of respect his survivors can show is to strike out one of their front teeth with a stone. They also tattoo their tongues, deprive themselves of an ear, or shave their head in fantastic designs. The latter is a world-wide symbol of sorrow; more peculiar is the license to rob and burn houses and commit other enormities, which is, or was once, customary in Hawaii, on the death of a chief. In Tonga and Tahiti it was customary on such occasions to cut the forehead and breast with sharks' teeth. Axes, clubs, knives, stones, or shells, were employed freely for self-mutilation, when Finow, the king of Tonga, died; his disconsolate subjects seeking to induce him by the energy of their blows and the loudness of their prayers to lay aside those suspicions of their loyalty, which had prompted him to depart from Tonga to Bolotu.¹

In modern civilised life there is at least one symbol of nobility which bears distinct traces of descent from uncivilised conceptions and usages. From the common practice of making a particular species of animal the totem, or representative, of a particular person, family, or tribe, arose probably the custom of distinguishing persons or families by crests, figurative of their patron animals. Both among the Kolushs, a fishing North American tribe, and their neighbours the Haidahs, of Queen Charlotte's Island, the existence of an aristocracy of birth is proved from the presence of family crests, among them, derived from figures of certain animals. This single instance from the lower culture suffices to explain how animal figures, supposed to be expressive of the character of gods or warriors, came to be worn above their helmets; and, in the case of warriors at least, they gradually

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scriptions in the Crimea, of remote antiquity, may date from Khazar time—if they are not, in part, even older.

With greater certainty can we trace the names of some Khazar localities in the present names of Russian towns and villages. Already, at the end of the fourteenth century, Bishop Pimin states, in his "*Voyage to Constantinople*," that at the Don, at a distance of two days' travelling by water below the inflow of the Medweditza, there were the ruins of an old city, called Serklia. Some think that this was Sarkel. Again, Chagan, near Kharkoff, and other towns in the neighbourhood of Voronesch, still show clear evidence of their Khazar origin. Names like Chagan's Well, Chagan's Ford, and similar designations at river-sides, leave no doubt about their meaning.

Strange enough, it is not unlikely that the very title which some of the Russian monarchs bore, before that of "Czar" and "Emperor" was adopted, arose out of the contact with the Grand Chaganate of the Khazars. The word "Czar" itself, which finally remained to the rulers of Muscovy after Ivan the Terrible had conquered the three czarates of Siberia, Kazan, and Astrakhan, has been explained by Casimir Delamarre and others as a Tataric, Turanian, Asiatic title, signifying "Lord of the Steppes." These writers reject the derivation from "Cæsar." It is certainly remarkable that, as Margeret states, the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire was called by the Russians "Tsisar, which they derive from Cæsar;" whereas the Muscovite monarch was called "Zar."

If we go back to the early Rurik epoch, we find Wladimir, and his son Jaroslaw, celebrated in a Church panegyric as "Grand Kagan" and "Kagan." Thus runs one of these laudatory clerical addresses:—"Let us also praise, according to our power, with whatever praise we can humbly give, him who has wrought great and wonderful things, our teacher and educator, the Grand Kagan of our country, Wladimir." Again:—"Pray especially for thy son, our orthodox Kagan George (Jaroslaw Wladimirowitch), that he may walk in peace and health through the troubles of life!" In the words of E. E. Kunik, the Grand Chaganate still lived for a long time in the memory and on the lips of the Slav people and of the Slavonised Northmen. The Lay of Igor's War against the Polovzians, which was probably composed at the end of the twelfth century, speaks of "Jaroslaw's, of Oleg's, of Kogan's delight in battle affrays." It is, therefore, far from improbable that even one of the oldest titles of the Russian monarchs is of Turkish origin.

It may be of interest to note here that, when Wladimir of Russia intended to give up heathendom, he caused expounders of the

passed from their helmets to their shields, till they became part of armorial bearings, so highly prized and zealously transmitted from generation to generation. Newton, the author of the "Display of Heraldry," expresses his belief that the most ancient class of crests were taken from ferocious animals, which were regarded as figuratively representing the bearer and his pursuits. Certain it is that a far larger proportion of crests are derived from the animal world, from beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and even insects, than from any other sublunary class of things.¹

If now we turn to the savage conception of monarchy, we shall find that, wherever regal authority exists, it is sustained by a more or less strong belief in the divine origin of kings. The constitutional power of a king varies with the amount of divinity ascribed to him. The king of Loango, in South Africa, for example, is not only honoured as a god, but known by the same name as the Deity; namely, Samba. His subjects, accrediting him with power over the elements, pray to him for rain in times of drought. But as a king's divine origin means his divine right, or in other words his despotic power, his subjects only enjoy their lives and property on the tenure of his will, nor does there seem any moral limitation to his regal rights, save an obligation to make use of native products and dresses. The king of Dahomey, also revered as a god, appears to possess power over his countrymen which is only so far limited that he cannot behead princes of the blood royal, but must confine his vengeance against them to strangulation or slavery. Many kings of the Fiji Islands claimed a divine origin and asserted the rights of deities, their persons indeed being so religiously revered that even in battle their inferiors would fear to strike them. In Tahiti, Oro, the chief god, was called the king's father, and the same homage that was paid to the gods and their temples was paid also to the king and his dwellings, the homage, namely, of stripping to the waist. At his coronation the king asserted his dominion over the sea, by being rowed in Oro's sacred canoe and receiving congratulation from two divine sharks. So that it was no mere spirit of bombastic adulation that caused the king's houses to be identified, in popular parlance, with the clouds of heaven, the lights in them with the lightning, or his canoe with the rainbow; and if his voice was described as the thunder, it doubtless was due to that common association of electricity with divinity, which prompted the savages of Chili, for instance, to

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employ the same name for Thunder and for God. The ceremony of creating a Tahitian king consisted in girding him with a girdle of red feathers, which, as they were taken from the chief idols, were supposed capable of conferring on the monarch the divine attributes of power and vengeance. That a human sacrifice was essential, not only at the commencement and completion of the girdle, but often for every piece successively added to it, may appear to some to condense and confirm the experience of all ages and countries respecting the tendency of monarchical governments.

Inasmuch, however, as government of any kind is impossible without a subdivision of functions, and a king needs ministers to execute his will, the limitation of a council is almost inseparable from the most absolute monarchy. A perfectly pure despotism exists, therefore, nowhere save in the definitions of the science of politics. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive an arbitrary government except as a synonym for total anarchy. In Loango, where we are told that the king nominates and displaces his officers at pleasure, and is absolute disposer of his subjects' lives and liberties, we are also informed that armed resistance is often made against him, and that his power depends on his wealth and connections. Among the Ashantees there are four men at the head of the nobility who exert great influence and serve to balance the monarchical power. Among the Kaffirs, the chiefs of hordes, though with power of life and death, are restrained by the councillors they themselves nominate from attacking ancient usages; and the right of desertion, which practically belongs to every member of a horde, acts as a most effectual moral check upon tyrannical tendencies. Indeed, throughout Africa, the differentiation of functions of government, or the division of political labour, is carried to an extent which proves how little necessary connection there is between high political capacity and high culture in other respects. In Dahomey, where a man's life is less sacred than that of a fox in England, there are two chief ministers in constant attendance on the king, a third who is commander-in-chief of the army, and a fourth who superintends the due punishment of crimes.

The existence, again, of grades of society, clearly marked by differences of functions and privileges, is itself a proof of a political organisation which implies limitations to the exercise of sovereignty. Classes with distinct rights and relations prove the constraint of a public law which even monarchs must recognise and respect. In Fetu in Africa, where frequently from four to five hundred slaves are

¹ Klemm, *Culturgeschichte*, iii. 335.

killed at a king's funeral to serve him beyond the grave, there is a distinct class of freemen, with specific rights, sprung from the noble and slave classes.¹ So, also, wherever the Malay race has settled in the Pacific their feudal institutions and classes bear a striking resemblance to those of mediæval Europe. In the Fiji Islands, such classes are said to be so clearly defined as to amount almost to a system of caste. They are :—

1. The kings and queens.
2. Chiefs of large dependent islands or districts.
3. Chiefs of towns, and priests.
4. Warriors of low birth ; chiefs of carpenters and of turtle fishers.
5. The people.
6. The slaves taken in war.

With which we may compare the Tongan social scale :—

1. The Tooitonga and Veachi, chiefs of divine descent.
2. The king, or How.
3. The Egi, or nobles; all persons in any way related to the two former classes.
4. The priests.
5. The Matabooles, attendants on chiefs, managers of ceremonies, preservers of records, &c.
6. The Mooas, or younger sons or brothers of the Matabooles.
7. The Tooas, or common people, who practise such arts as are not dignified enough to pass from father to son, as cookery, club carving, shaving, or tattooing.

These ranks are so fixed and unalterable that they form a prominent feature in the Tongan conception of a future world. Rank, not merit, constitutes the title of admission to Bolotu. All noble souls arrive there and enjoy a power similar but inferior to that of the original deities, being capable, like the latter, of inspiring priests living on earth. The Matabooles also gain admittance to Bolotu, but are unable to cause priestly inspirations. The souls of the Tooas dissolve with the body, as too plebeian to find a place in Paradise.

In the Sandwich Islands, there were formerly three aristocratic orders—the first consisting of the king and queen, their relations, and the chief councillors ; the second of the chiefs of dependent districts ; the third of the chiefs of villages and of priests. Servile homage from all the inferior classes was paid to these three orders, but particularly to the priests and higher chiefs, their very persons and houses being accounted sacred and the sight of them a peremptory signal for

prostration. The people, as in mediæval Europe, were attached to the soil and transferred with it ; but a strong customary law is said nevertheless to have regulated both the tenure of land and personal security.¹ If they had no voice in the government, they sometimes took part in public meetings, nor did the king ever resolve on matters of weight without the counsel of his principal chiefs. Yet government was more despotic in the Sandwich than in either the Society or the Fiji Islands. In Tahiti, public assemblies were held, in which the speakers did not hesitate to compare the state to a ship, of which the king was only the mast, but the landed nobility the ropes that kept it upright.²

Many savage tribes have succeeded, by speciously devised forms and ceremonies, in clothing arbitrary power with a cloak of legality, inviolably divine. The most remarkable of these devices is the famous institution of *tabu*, which, by transferring the divinity inherent in a king or chief to everything that comes in contact with him, early invested sovereign power with a most facile and elastic weapon of government. For the principle, that whatever a king touched became sacred to his use, supplied regal power with a most convenient immunity from the shackles of ordinary morality. A Fijian king, by giving his dress to an English sailor, enabled the latter to appropriate whatever food he chose to envelope with the train of his dress. Whatever house a Tahitian king or queen enters is vacated by its owners ; the field they tread on becomes theirs ; their clothes, their canoes, the very men who carry them, are invested with a sanctity the violation of which is death, and are regarded as precisely as holy as objects less ostensibly associated with earthly necessities.

But whether or not the institution of *tabu* was a clever invention of kings for increasing their power, its inevitable extension reacted in time as a limitation to it. This may be illustrated from the Tongan Islands, where the regal power, owing probably to a long constitutional struggle between the rival claims to sovereignty of birth and merit, stood in a most anomalous position. For the king did not belong to the highest rank of the people, his title depending in part on his birth, but principally on his reputation for personal strength and military capacity. Tooitonga and Veachi, the direct descendants of the gods who first visited the island, or (as we may perhaps rationalistically translate it) the direct descendants of the earliest kings, occupied a higher status than the actual king, and were honoured with acknowledgments of their divinity which even the king himself had to pay.

¹ Jarves, *History of Hawaii*, 21, 23.

² Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, iii. 97.

tute pure democracies, in the sense either of all being equal or of all being free. Even where the monarchical power is quite rudimentary, well-marked distinctions serve to sever them into aristocracy and commonalty ; for the natural differences of capacity between men divides them, if less strongly, not less definitely than slavery. Superiority in courage, strength, sagacity, or experience entitles a savage to much the same privileges that, in more civilised countries, are allotted to superiority in wealth or lineage. The conditions, however, of savage life cause merit, and not birth, to be the primary qualification both for chieftainship and nobility. Where military capacity is the sole basis of authority, it follows that such authority only descends to sons, who are as gifted as their parents with military prowess ; also, that any commoner may at any time become a noble if duly qualified for a leader, and that for the same reason even the female sex is not excluded from a career of political ambition. Among the Abipones women were often raised to the dignity of cacique or captainship of a horde ; nor is it rare to find them capable of occupying positions of similar dignity among tribes who, in other respects, treat their women as little better than beasts of burthen.

As many savages surround the entrance to their paradise with imaginary physical difficulties which only the bravest can overcome, so they frequently make admission to the rank of their nobility dependent on the performance of certain rites and ceremonies which sufficiently attest the endurance of the aspirant to social elevation. An Indian tribe on the Orinoco used to lay such a candidate on a hurdle, place burning coals beneath, and then cover him with palm leaves all over, in order to make the heat more suffocating. Or, they would perhaps anoint him with honey, and leave him for hours tied to a tree at the mercy of the insects of those latitudes. The Abiponian plan was, to place a black bead on a tribesman's tongue, and insist on his staying at home for three days, abstaining all the while from the ordinary pleasures of food, drink, and speech. Then on the eve of the day of his inauguration all the women of the horde would come to his tent, in uncouth attire, and lament loudly for the ancestors of the man who would fain be a noble. The next day, after galloping spear in hand on horses decorated with bells and feathers to the four quarters of the wind, he had to suffer the priestess of the ceremonies to shave a band on his head, three inches wide from the forehead backwards. A eulogy by the old woman, recording his warlike character and noble actions, concluding with a change of name befitting his change of rank, completed the ceremony of his

installation. In the same way, on the Guinea coast, proficiency in playing tunes on ivory horns was an indispensable preliminary to entering the ranks of the nobles.¹

The prevalence, indeed, of equality among savages is one of those fictions which date from the time when writers drew on their own minds for a knowledge of anthropology; a fiction due to the same tendency which created for the Greeks their Elysian fields, or for the Tongan islanders their Bolotu, leading them to refer to the distant or the unknown the actualisation of those longings and ideals which the immediate surroundings of the world could not gratify. But the truth is, that so firmly among most savages has the idea become fixed of an essential difference in the nature of nobles and commons, of governors and governed, that the demarcations of their mundane economy are transferred into their speculations about the unseen world, and the inequalities of this life are perpetuated in the next. The Tongan Islanders believe that the masses have no souls nor future life, and in Siam the poorer people offer prayers to a lower class of deities than the rich. In Mexico it was believed that after death noble souls would pass into beautiful singing-birds, but commoner ones into such vermin as weasles and beetles. In Samoa chiefs had a larger hole than plebeians by which to descend to the other world; and in Vancouver's Island it was held that a calm, sunny, plenteous land in the sky awaited dead chiefs, but that Indians of low degree would find themselves in a subterranean land, where the houses were poor, the deer small, and the blankets thin.²

Devices have varied all over the world for marking the innate or acquired differences between men. Distinctions in dress or in titles have been the usual resort of the civilised and semi-civilised world alike; and the highest Fijian chiefs, who would style themselves the "subjects of Heaven only," were prompted by the same natural vanity that gave birth among ourselves to the "Knights of the Lion and Sun." But the most striking device in the lower grades of civilisation is the conscious invention and use of a different form of speech, amounting almost to the use of a different language, such as was the plan adopted by the Abipones to mark the difference between noble and plebeian. Persons advanced to the rank of nobles, or the *Hocheri*, were not only distinguished from their fellows by a change of name (men adding the suffix *in*, women *en*, to their former appellation), but the whole language spoken by the *Hocheri* was by the insertion or addition of syllables so altered from the vulgar tongue as to

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¹ In Papworth's *Ordinary of British Armorial*, no less than 124 pages are filled with the names of families who take their crest from some animal; 34 pages of families take their crests from the lion alone.

employ the same name for Thunder and for God. The ceremony of creating a Tahitian king consisted in girding him with a girdle of red feathers, which, as they were taken from the chief idols, were supposed capable of conferring on the monarch the divine attributes of power and vengeance. That a human sacrifice was essential, not only at the commencement and completion of the girdle, but often for every piece successively added to it, may appear to some to condense and confirm the experience of all ages and countries respecting the tendency of monarchical governments.

Inasmuch, however, as government of any kind is impossible without a subdivision of functions, and a king needs ministers to execute his will, the limitation of a council is almost inseparable from the most absolute monarchy. A perfectly pure despotism exists, therefore, nowhere save in the definitions of the science of politics. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive an arbitrary government except as a synonym for total anarchy. In Loango, where we are told that the king nominates and displaces his officers at pleasure, and is absolute disposer of his subjects' lives and liberties, we are also informed that armed resistance is often made against him, and that his power depends on his wealth and connections. Among the Ashantees there are four men at the head of the nobility who exert great influence and serve to balance the monarchical power. Among the Kaffirs, the chiefs of hordes, though with power of life and death, are restrained by the councillors they themselves nominate from attacking ancient usages; and the right of desertion, which practically belongs to every member of a horde, acts as a most effectual moral check upon tyrannical tendencies. Indeed, throughout Africa, the differentiation of functions of government, or the division of political labour, is carried to an extent which proves how little necessary connection there is between high political capacity and high culture in other respects. In Dahomey, where a man's life is less sacred than that of a fox in England, there are two chief ministers in constant attendance on the king, a third who is commander-in-chief of the army, and a fourth who superintends the due punishment of crimes.

The existence, again, of grades of society, clearly marked by differences of functions and privileges, is itself a proof of a political organisation which implies limitations to the exercise of sovereignty. Classes with distinct rights and relations prove the constraint of a public law which even monarchs must recognise and respect. In Fetu in Africa, where frequently from four to five hundred slaves are

¹ Klemm, *Culturgeschichte*, iii. 335.

killed at a king's funeral to serve him beyond the grave, there is a distinct class of freemen, with specific rights, sprung from the noble and slave classes.¹ So, also, wherever the Malay race has settled in the Pacific their feudal institutions and classes bear a striking resemblance to those of mediæval Europe. In the Fiji Islands, such classes are said to be so clearly defined as to amount almost to a system of caste. They are :—

1. The kings and queens.
2. Chiefs of large dependent islands or districts.
3. Chiefs of towns, and priests.
4. Warriors of low birth ; chiefs of carpenters and of turtle fishers.
5. The people.
6. The slaves taken in war.

With which we may compare the Tongan social scale :—

1. The Tootonga and Veachi, chiefs of divine descent.
2. The king, or How.
3. The Egi, or nobles; all persons in any way related to the two former classes.
4. The priests.
5. The Matabooles, attendants on chiefs, managers of ceremonies, preservers of records, &c.
6. The Mooas, or younger sons or brothers of the Matabooles.
7. The Tooas, or common people, who practise such arts as are not dignified enough to pass from father to son, as cookery, club carving, shaving, or tattooing.

These ranks are so fixed and unalterable that they form a prominent feature in the Tongan conception of a future world. Rank, not merit, constitutes the title of admission to Bolotu. All noble souls arrive there and enjoy a power similar but inferior to that of the original deities, being capable, like the latter, of inspiring priests living on earth. The Matabooles also gain admittance to Bolotu, but are unable to cause priestly inspirations. The souls of the Tooas dissolve with the body, as too plebeian to find a place in Paradise.

In the Sandwich Islands, there were formerly three aristocratic orders—the first consisting of the king and queen, their relations, and the chief councillors ; the second of the chiefs of dependent districts ; the third of the chiefs of villages and of priests. Servile homage from all the inferior classes was paid to these three orders, but particularly to the priests and higher chiefs, their very persons and houses being accounted sacred and the sight of them a preemptory signal for

prostration. The people, as in mediæval Europe, were attached to the soil and transferred with it ; but a strong customary law is said nevertheless to have regulated both the tenure of land and personal security.¹ If they had no voice in the government, they sometimes took part in public meetings, nor did the king ever resolve on matters of weight without the counsel of his principal chiefs. Yet government was more despotic in the Sandwich than in either the Society or the Fiji Islands. In Tahiti, public assemblies were held, in which the speakers did not hesitate to compare the state to a ship, of which the king was only the mast, but the landed nobility the ropes that kept it upright.²

Many savage tribes have succeeded, by speciously devised forms and ceremonies, in clothing arbitrary power with a cloak of legality, inviolably divine. The most remarkable of these devices is the famous institution of *tabu*, which, by transferring the divinity inherent in a king or chief to everything that comes in contact with him, early invested sovereign power with a most facile and elastic weapon of government. For the principle, that whatever a king touched became sacred to his use, supplied regal power with a most convenient immunity from the shackles of ordinary morality. A Fijian king, by giving his dress to an English sailor, enabled the latter to appropriate whatever food he chose to envelope with the train of his dress. Whatever house a Tahitian king or queen enters is vacated by its owners ; the field they tread on becomes theirs ; their clothes, their canoes, the very men who carry them, are invested with a sanctity the violation of which is death, and are regarded as precisely as holy as objects less ostensibly associated with earthly necessities.

But whether or not the institution of *tabu* was a clever invention of kings for increasing their power, its inevitable extension reacted in time as a limitation to it. This may be illustrated from the Tongan Islands, where the regal power, owing probably to a long constitutional struggle between the rival claims to sovereignty of birth and merit, stood in a most anomalous position. For the king did not belong to the highest rank of the people, his title depending in part on his birth, but principally on his reputation for personal strength and military capacity. Tooitonga and Veachi, the direct descendants of the gods who first visited the island, or (as we may perhaps rationalistically translate it) the direct descendants of the earliest kings, occupied a higher status than the actual king, and were honoured with acknowledgments of their divinity which even the king himself had to pay.

¹ Jarves, *History of Hawaii*, 21, 23.

² Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, iii. 97.

To the posterity of bygone monarchs the actual king stood in the relation of a peasant to a prince, being expected, like anyone else, to sit down on the ground when they passed, though they might be his inferiors in wealth nor possessed of any direct power save over their own families and attendants. The dignity of the Tootonga survived not only in his not being circumcised nor tattooed as other men, nor in the peculiar ceremonies attending his marriage or his burial, but in the more substantial offerings of the first-fruits of the year at stated periodical festivals. The king also used to consult him before undertaking a war or expedition, though often regardless of the counsel offered; yet in reference to the person of either descendant of the gods the king was subject to tabu, or even in reference to ordinary chiefs in any way related to them. If he but touched the body, the dress, or the sleeping-mat of a chief nearer related to Tootonga and Veachi than himself, he could only exempt himself from the inconveniences incurred by the violation of tabu by the dispensation attached to the ceremony of touching, with both his hands, the feet of such supernatural chief, or of some one his equal in rank.

In the Society Islands, in consequence of the regal attribute inseparable from royalty of tabooing whatever ground it traversed, Tahitian kings became in course of time either entirely restricted to walking in their own domains, or subjected to the discomfort of a progress on servile shoulders over whatever district they wished to visit. So that tabu in both these instances acted as a limitation to the despotism of the king.

In Tahiti, however, the king's power was further limited by a custom which, extending as it does to all the noble classes, is perhaps the most anomalous institution in the world, whether as regards the theory or the practice of inherited rank. For the custom compelling a king or a noble to transfer all his titles and dignity to his firstborn son at the moment of his birth, whether instituted originally for securing an undisputed succession to the crown or due to a similar rude confusion of ideas, such as associates the sanctity of a man's origin with the sanctity of all he touches, carries the claims of primogeniture to a degree unknown either by the Jewish or the English law. "Whatever might be the age of the king, his influence in the state, or the political aspect of affairs in respect to other tribes, as soon as a son (of noble birth) was born, the monarch became a subject; the infant son was at once proclaimed sovereign of the people; the royal name was conferred upon him, and his father was the first to do him homage by saluting his feet and declaring him king." The national herald being then sent round the island with the infant

ruler's flag, his name was proclaimed in every district, and, if acknowledged by the aristocracy, edicts were thenceforth issued in his name. Not only the homage of his people, but the lands and other sources of his father's power were transferred to the minor child, the father only continuing to act as regent till his child's capacity for government was matured.

The Fijians also have a peculiar custom, the institution of Vasu, which serves as a barrier both to regal and aristocratic oppression, and shows how, even among savages, the caprice of individuals is held in bondage by the traditions of the elders. Vasu signifies the common-law right of a nephew to appropriate to his own use anything he chooses belonging to an uncle or to anyone under his uncle's power. The king often availed himself of Vasu for his own benefit, it being customary for a nephew to surrender as tribute most of the legal extortions his title of Vasu enabled him to levy. But the king himself was liable to Vasu; for we are told that, "however high a chief may rank, *however powerful a king may be*, if he has a nephew he has a master;" for, except his lands and his wives, neither chief nor king possessed anything which his nephew might not appropriate at any moment. If, for instance, the uncle built a canoe for himself, his nephew had only to come, mount the deck, and sound his trumpet shell, to announce to all the world a legitimate and indefeasible transfer of ownership. It is even said that on one occasion a nephew at war with his uncle actually supplied himself, unresisted, with ammunition from his enemy's stores. It is difficult indeed to divine the origin of so singular an institution, unless perhaps we regard it as surviving from a time when, as in many parts of Africa and America, nephews and not sons ranked as first in inheritance. In Loango the nephews of a deceased king became princes, whilst his sons descended to the commonalty; and the throne of Ashantee passes not to a man's natural heir, but to his brother's or sister's son.¹

In two respects especially, savages may be accredited with having secured a certain stability for their institutions and saved them from some of the dangers which have been the bane of more civilised countries. It entitles them to no slight praise that they have so adjusted the relations of the temporal and spiritual powers as to prevent their clashing, and have taken its sting from taxation by making the day of taxpaying a day of public rejoicing. In the Tongan Islands (before the custom was abolished by a revolutionary

¹ Klemm, iii. 330, for the custom in Loango; Winwood Reade, *Savage Africa*, 43, for that in Ashantee; and Oscar Peschel, *Races of Man*, 235, for other instances.

king) the tax of the annual payment of firstfruits to the Tootonga was almost forgotten in the grand ceremonies with which it was associated; and, again, so far away as the Slave coast, we find the feast of tax-paying the great recurring Saturnalia of the year. The king of Dahomey receives his chief revenue from free offerings brought to him every year at this festal period. The feast lasts a whole month; public plays take place every four or five days; singers chant the king's praises and the historical traditions of the country; and the whole concludes with the ever popular African entertainment of human sacrifice, on an unlimited scale.

In all the lower communities of the globe the priest, as the Shaman who can invoke rain, who can cause or cure diseases, who can detect the unknown thief, or read the result of a coming battle, may be revered for his power as a sorcerer, but he seldom enters into the scheme of the body politic as an efficient political force. In the Sandwich Islands, where priestly power was more developed than elsewhere, the priesthood, though not merely an hereditary body and possessed of much property in men and lands, but recipients of the same servile homage that was paid to the highest chiefs, occupied, nevertheless, a subordinate position to the governing class. As the nation retained a chief priest who had charge of the national god, so each chief retained his own family priest, whose function it was to follow him to the battle-field carrying his war-god and to direct the sacred rites of his house. In the Tongan Islands, a priest had no respect paid to him beyond what was due to his family rank, owing to the fact that the title to the priesthood was dependent on the accident of inspiration by some god. Whenever a priest invoked the gods (and it was generally on a person of the lower classes that such inspiration fell), the chiefs, nay, even the king himself, would sit indiscriminately with the common people in a circle round him, "on account of the sacredness of the occasion, conceiving that such modest demeanour must be acceptable to the gods."¹ Whatever the priest then said was deemed a declaration of the god, and, in accordance with a confusion of the human voice and the divine, not unknown elsewhere, the oracle, in speaking, actually made use of the first person, as though the relation of himself to the god were not merely one of delegated authority, but of real and complete identification. Except, however, on such special occasions, a Tongan priest was distinguished by no particular dress, nor invested with any

¹ Mariner, *Tonga Islands*, i. 100. It has been thought best, in referring to books written some time ago, to employ the past tense where possibly the present would still be applicable.

official privileges. In Fiji, also, the priests ranked below the principal chiefs; and the chief priest, though, as in Tahiti, it was his office to perform the ceremony which introduced the monarch to regal dignity, seems in nowise to have interfered afterwards with the sovereignty of his temporal lord. It is remarkable that the power of priestcraft increases with the increase of civilisation; ultimately serving to arrest and retard the growth it is at once a symptom of, and a measure.

If from the foregoing data, collected from the best accredited missionary sources, it is permissible to speak in general terms of primitive political life, it would appear that the social organisation of the lower races is at a far higher level than their culture in other respects. Their institutions are such as to presuppose as much ingenuity in their evolution as sagacity in their preservation. Their despotism is never so unlimited but that it recognises the existence of a customary code beside and above it; nor is individual liberty so unchecked as to outweigh the advantages or imperil the existence of a life in common. In short, the subordination of classes, the belief in the divine right of kings and in differences ordained by nature between nobles and populace, the principle of hereditary government (often so firmly fixed that not even women are excluded from the highest offices), the prevalence of feudalism with its ever recurring wars and revolutions, not only prove an identity of social instinct which is irrespective of latitude or race, but prove also among the lower races the existence of a capacity for self-government which is disturbing to all preconceptions derived from accounts of their manners and superstitions in other relations of life.

J. A. FARRER.

A MODEL DEMAGOGUE.

FROM the days of Cleon to those of—well, the last French or English gentleman whom vanity, ambition, or spleen has inspired to assume the *rôle*—there has been a strong family likeness between all demagogues. They have ever carried to its highest development Talleyrand's famous maxim that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts ; for while their lips are eloquent with the noblest phrases of benevolence, hatred of the oppressor, compassion for the oppressed, while they display themselves to the world as the purest, most heroic, most unselfish of mankind, there have been found in their hearts only the basest and meanest passions of humanity ; greed for notoriety, power, or riches ; an inordinate egotism, that hates every being who can claim superiority in any form over their petty individualities ; and such a jealous love of Liberty, that they cannot endure that doubtful goddess to associate with any person but themselves or their faction. There is one point of difference, however, between the past and present demagogue—that whereas the former always assumed the character of a patriot and was blatant about love of country, the latter poses himself as a universal philanthropist, whose aspirations scorn geographical boundaries, and who loves all mankind—except his own countrymen. Yet, essentially, “the patriot” and these “large-souled” universalists are just alike ; the one loves the totality of man about as honestly as the other did that small part which is called “the nation ;” for the man who professes to love everybody equally well, loves nobody except himself. An affectation of original ideas, by which they hope to attract the applause and wonder of the multitude and win their suffrages,—this is the root of all their glowing professions.

But it is not of these indefinite theorists, these cold-blooded mammals, that I am about to write, but of a good, noisy, sturdy, unscrupulous, full-blooded demagogue of the old school, JOHN WILKES, than whom it would be difficult to find a more perfect model of his tribe. This once all-famous or infamous agitator, was the son of Israel Wilkes, a rich distiller, and was born in St. John Street, Clerkenwell, in the year 1727. His mother was a Dissenter, and his

education was entrusted to a Dissenting minister of Aylesbury. Mrs. Wilkes had friends near the Buckinghamshire town, a wealthy widow and her daughter, named Mead, at whose house young John seems to have been frequently received. Out of this intimacy the parents on both sides conceived the idea of making a match between the boy and girl. It is true that Miss Mead was some eight years the senior of her proposed husband, but then in a pecuniary point of view she was a most eligible party. John was intended for the law, and after a time was sent to study at Leyden, still under the care of the same tutor. According to Almon, our hero's biographer, Israel Wilkes was a man superior in cultivation to those of his class generally in those days, and people of education and refinement were constant guests at his house ; and it was probably from these associations that young Jack first caught that ambition for social distinction which proved his ruin. His youth, however, must have been studious and well conducted, since we find the pious Andrew Baxter dedicating to him his "Appendix to the Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul" in most commendatory terms. Andrew Baxter and Jack Wilkes—what a strange combination it reads to us, knowing what was to come ! But between Mamma Wilkes and Mamma Mead and the Dissenting minister there is no doubt the young gentleman was kept pretty firmly in hand.

Upon his return from Leyden, however, we find him described as "a man of fashion," and eagerly pushing his way into aristocratic society ; and as he had considerable wit, some learning and accomplishments, and most agreeable and insinuating manners, he had little difficulty in attaining his object. Jack Wilkes, like Jack Absolute, was "a sly dog," and probably, in his days of supposed innocence, contrived to do a great many things his strait-laced guardians never dreamed of. In 1749 he espoused Miss Mead. He was then twenty-two, she thirty, and neither fascinating in looks or manner. Writing of the event thereafter he says :—

A minor, forced in my nonage, to please an indulgent father, into a union with a woman half as old again as myself, a sacrifice to Plutus, not to Venus, a stumbler at the threshold of Hymen's temple, while—

The God of Love was not a bidden guest,
Nor present at his own mysterious feast.

The young bridegroom and his mature bride resided with their mother-in-law, in winter in Red Lion Court, Smithfield ; in summer at Aylesbury. But such an abode as the former could not be long endurable to a tuft-hunter, who was so eagerly seeking titled acquaint-

ances, and the year after his marriage he removed to Great George Street, Westminster, set up a costly establishment, and received at his table the most dissolute and notorious men of the age—men whom he confessed, with characteristic impudence, that nothing but their condition in life would have induced him to notice. Among these were the Earl of Sandwich, Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir Francis Blake Delavel, Paul Whitehead, and Thomas Potter, the disreputable son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the principal members of the infamous Hell-fire Club, whose orgies were held at Medmenham Abbey. As this society, created by some of the foremost men of the day, is so thoroughly typical of the utter dissoluteness of the age and so largely influenced Wilkes's character, I may be pardoned for digressing into a somewhat minute description of its doings.

Medmenham Abbey, which was the property of Sir Francis Dashwood, was an ancient Cistercian convent, beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, amidst sloping woods descending to the river. "The monks of Medmenham" were twelve in number, and took up their abode in the Abbey during the summer months to celebrate their "mysteries," which were blasphemous mockeries of the rites of the Catholic religion. Over the grand entrance was carved the inscription which Rabelais gave as the motto for his Abbey of Theleme, "*Fay ici ce que voudras.*" At one end of the refectory was Harpocrates the god of Silence, and at the other the goddess Angerona, enjoining secrecy upon both sexes; at one side of the room was a Medicean Venus, at the feet of which was the figure of a monk in the attitude of adoration. Into this select society John Wilkes was presently admitted; and of his initiation Charles Johnstone, in the "*Adventures of a Guinea,*" gives the following description:—

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when my master arrived at the edge of the lake, where he no sooner made the concerted signal than a boat was sent to ferry him over. On his landing on the island he went to the monastery, where he found the society just sitting down to dinner, at which he took his place among them. When they had made a short meal and drunk their spirits up to a proper pitch, they retired to their respective cells to prepare for the solemnity they were going to celebrate. My master then, clad in a milk-white robe of the finest linen that flowed loosely round him, repaired, at the tolling of a bell, to the chapel, the scene of all their mysterious rites, and knocking gently thrice at the door, it was opened to him to the sound of soft and solemn music. On his entrance he made a most profound obeisance, and advancing slowly towards a table that stood against the wall at the upper end of the chapel, as soon as he came to the rails by which it was surrounded he fell upon his knees, and, making a profession of his principles, nearly in the words, but with the most gross perversion of the sense, of the articles of faith of the religion established in the country, demanded admission within the rails, the peculiar station of the upper order, where the superior and

eleven of the fraternity (the twelfth place was vacant and now to be filled up) stood arrayed in the habits of those whose names and characters they profaned by their assumption. When he had finished, another candidate advanced in the like manner, and, making his profession, also preferred the same claim: as there were more who had a right to do, but, discouraged by the superior merit of these two, they had declined their pretensions for this time. The brotherhood, having heard the competitors with attention, retired to the table, and, kneeling around it, the superior repeated a prayer, in the same strain and manner with the profession of the candidates, to the Being whom they served, to direct their choice to him of the two most worthy of their service. The superior then proceeded to take the suffrages of the rest with the same mimic solemnity, when, my master being found to have the majority, his election was exultingly attributed to immediate inspiration, and he was accordingly admitted within the rails, where he received the name and character which he was to bear in the society in a manner not proper to be described, every the most sacred rite and ceremony of religion being profaned, all the prayers and hymns of praise appointed for the worship of the Deity burlesqued by a perversion to the horrid occasion. In this manner the evening was wasted until supper-time, when they sat down to a banquet in the chapel in honour of the occasion, at which nothing the most refined luxury, the most lascivious imagination, could suggest to kindle loose desire and provoke and gratify appetite was wanting, both the superiors and inferiors (who were permitted to take their places at the lower end of the table as soon as they had served in the banquet) vying with each other in loose songs and dissertations of such gross lewdness and daring impiety as despair may be supposed to dictate to the damned.

What the feelings of the poor little Puritan wife must have been in the company of such ribald guests may be imagined. Very soon she withdrew from her husband's table, and after a time from his house. By-and-by there was a deed of separation, and he appropriated the whole of the large fortune she had brought him, except an allowance of two hundred a-year, which he was obliged to settle upon her. His character at this period has been excellently hit off by Johnstone, the author who has just been quoted :—

He had such a flow of spirits that it was impossible ever to be a moment dull in his company. His wit gave charms to every subject he spoke upon, and his humour displayed the foibles of mankind in such colours as to put folly even out of countenance. But the same vanity which had first made him ambitious of entering into this society, only because it was composed of persons superior to his own in life, and still kept him in it, though upon acquaintance he despised them, sullied all these advantages. His spirits were often stretched to extravagance to overcome competition. His humour was debased into buffoonery, and his wit was so prostituted to the lust of applause that he would sacrifice his best friend for a scurvy jest, and wound the heart of him whom he would at the very moment hazard his life and fortune to serve, only to raise a laugh.

His personal appearance was abnormally ugly. Frederick Reynolds, in his "Memoirs," describes his forehead as being low and short, his nose shorter and lower, his upper lip long and projecting, his eyes sunken and horribly squinting; yet he had his rooms lined

with looking-glass, and was one of the most successful gallants of his day. His address was most insinuating, and he used to boast that he required but half an hour's start to be preferred in a lady's affections to the handsomest man in England.

A seat in Parliament was the next thing to be obtained. He stood for Berwick ; but although he talked a great deal upon the hustings about *his* being the cause of liberty, and spent three or four thousand pounds, he obtained but few votes. Potter, upon being appointed Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, got re-elected for Oakhampton and vacated his Aylesbury seat in favour of his friend. But it cost Wilkes seven thousand pounds, which, together with the life of riot he had been so long leading, brought his circumstances into 'great embarrassment. He was at his wits' end for money, and did not scruple at any means, however unworthy and dastardly, to obtain it. As if his unfortunate wife had not suffered sufficient already, he called upon her to relinquish her pitiable allowance, and upon her refusal went to law and procured a writ of Habeas Corpus to compel Mrs. Mead to bring her daughter into court. It need scarcely be added that he lost the day.

An introduction to Earl Temple procured him the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Buckinghamshire militia, the raising of which he had greatly promoted ; and when Dashwood, who was colonel, afterwards resigned, he took his position.

It was in 1762 that he first began to attract attention as a political agitator. Ruined in fortune, he turned to patriotism—"the last resource of a scoundrel," says Johnson—to recruit his means. He sounded the alarm in a pamphlet on the war with Spain, in which he accused the ministers of cowardice and incapacity in holding back the declaration so long. On the 5th of June in the same year appeared the first number of the *North Briton*, started in opposition to Smollett's paper the *Briton*, and to attack the Bute Ministry. The articles in this journal soon began to attract notice from their virulence and daring scurrility ; while their professions of patriotism at once enlisted the sympathies of the multitude. His object was to compel the ministers to purchase his silence. Of this he made no secret among his boon companions. Gibbon, in his journal, thus describes a meeting with him about this time :—

I scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge ; but is a thorough profligate in principle as in practice, his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency. These morals he glories in ; for shame is a weakness he has long since surmounted. He told us himself that in

the time of public dissension he was resolved to make his fortune. Upon this noble principle he has connected himself closely with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, and commenced as a public adversary to Lord Bute, whom he abuses weekly in the *North Briton* and other political papers in which he is concerned.

All this time he was secretly soliciting the men whom he was denouncing for various posts—the Embassy to Constantinople, the Governorship of Canada—with intimations that a good appointment would render him a devoted servant to the Crown. And as such applications continued to be disregarded, so did his abuse grow stronger. No. 13 brought about the celebrated duel with Lord Talbot. Part of that nobleman's duty at the Coronation, as Lord High Steward, was, during the banquet, to ride on horseback up to the daïs, make a low obeisance to the sovereign, and then back out of the hall. But the animal, who had been a little too much practised in the latter evolution, insisted upon entering the hall backwards, and was with great difficulty prevented from advancing to their majesties with his hind quarters foremost. This incident was treated so freely in the *North Briton* that Lord Talbot took up the matter very indignantly. Wilkes refused either to deny or acknowledge the article, but expressed himself ready to give the satisfaction of a gentleman. The meeting took place in the gardens of the Red Lion Inn at Bagshot; shots were exchanged, and then Wilkes acknowledged himself to be the writer; after which "his lordship" "desired that we might now be good friends, and retire to the inn to drink a bottle of claret together, which we did with great humour and much laughter."

The *North Briton* skilfully galled the most sensitive place in public opinion—hatred of Bute and of the whole Scottish nation; the causes of this sentiment, the minister's inordinate patronage of the Scotch, and his supposed position with the queen-mother, are too well known to every reader of history to need any explanation here. Probably there never was a minister in this country so universally detested as Bute, and in no period, except that of the Great Rebellion, had royalty to endure such insults as at the commencement of the reign of George the Third. The grossest caricatures were everywhere circulated against the young king, his mother, and the favourite. As an instance, through the cider counties—affected by a recent tax—a man dressed to represent the favourite, in tartan and blue ribbon, led by the nose a donkey crowned with the insignia of royalty. Wilkes edited a tragedy entitled "The Fall of Mortimer,"¹ and dedi-

¹ This is not Ben Jonson's fragment, of which not one scene is complete, as all Wilkes's biographers assert, but a complete play in five acts "revived," as it is stated on the title-page, "from Mountfort, with alterations."

cated it to Bute. In this dedication, the cleverest of all his writings, he, with ironical indirectness, draws a parallel between the then position of King George and that of Edward the Third under the tutelage of Mortimer and Queen Isabella, and ends by wishing the same fate may speedily overtake the modern favourite as that which befel the ancient one.

Accosting a Secretary to the Treasury one day in the street, he said, "By-the-by, there is a friend of mine has dedicated a play to Lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something. I wish you would put his lordship in mind of it." There was an impudent audacity about this fellow that makes one almost like him.

Upon the fall of the Bute Ministry, it was thought the *North Briton* would expire, but it was the speech from the throne on the accession of the Grenville Cabinet to office that drew forth the most celebrated of its numbers. The following is the history of its origin : It appears that Grenville sent his brother, Earl Temple, a copy of the King's speech on the night preceding the day of its delivery. Both Pitt, who was present when it arrived, and the Earl severely animadverted upon it. In the midst of the discussion, Wilkes came in, listened to the remarks, and upon returning home made notes of them ; and out of these materials, with additions of his own, manufactured the famous No. XLV. of the *North Briton*. Never did political article excite such an extraordinary sensation. It declared the speech to be "the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind." "I am in doubt," he proceeds, "whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and the most unjustifiable public declarations." The paragraph that related to the King of Prussia, in which the king was made to say, "The powers at war with my good brother have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation as that great prince has approved," was declared to be "an infamous fallacy apparent to all mankind"—thus giving Majesty the lie direct; while the Government was declared to be "a weak, disjointed, incapable set—anything but ministers." There was no great literary merit in the article, but the sensation it produced was prodigious. Speaking of it some years afterwards in the House of Commons, Burke described it as "a spiritless, though virulent performance, a mere mixture of vinegar and water, at once vapid and sour."

Bute had endured such insults in silence ; his successor was less

wise. A general warrant, empowering the arrest of printers, publishers, and authors, not named, was issued. Forty-nine arrests were made; Wilkes's house was entered, his papers seized, and he himself made prisoner in the street. He was at once taken before Lords Halifax and Egremont. His words and bearing were defiant and insolent; he requested to occupy the same chamber in the Tower in which Lord Egremont's father, Sir William Wyndham, had been confined for high treason, and begged that he might not be put in any place where a Scotchman had been, lest he should catch the national complaint. Sent to the Tower, he was confined with great rigour, not even counsel being admitted to him. But these stringencies were soon relaxed, and he was visited by the Duke of Grafton and other members of the Opposition.

On the sixth of May, nine days after his arrest, he was brought before Sir Charles Pratt, afterwards Marquis of Camden, who, upon hearing the case, declared him, as a member of the House of Commons, to be exempt from arrest for libel, and entitled to immediate release. The Hall was crowded with people, and an immense crowd was assembled without; the judgment was received with deafening cheers, and was carried by a shouting mob from one end of London to the other. That night there were bonfires and illuminations in every street. As might have been predicted from a man of his calibre, this triumph increased his insolence. On the day of his discharge he wrote a letter to the two Secretaries, Lords Halifax and Egremont, in which he accused them of robbing his house and receiving the stolen goods, and demanded their return. He even went so far as to apply for a warrant to have their houses searched, which was of course refused. Assisted by Lord Temple, whom the loss of the colonelcy of the Bucks Militia had sent over to the ranks of the disaffected, he commenced an action against Wood, the Under-Secretary, on account of the illegal seizure of his papers, and ultimately obtained £1,000 damages. At the same time he incited all who had been imprisoned under the warrant to commence like proceedings. The affair cost the Government altogether about £100,000. The whole subject of general warrants was brought before the Judges and the House of Lords. Sir Charles Pratt pronounced them to be a daring attack upon the liberty of the subject, and a violation of Magna Charta. The only defence the Government could urge was precedent: general warrants had been issued in former periods of our history; but, as they had been resorted to only in times of great national danger, this plea scarcely held good. Up to this time there was not any legal proof that Wilkes was the writer of

the obnoxious article, or even of his connection with the paper. But, with characteristic audacity, he himself now proceeded to supply it, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Lord Temple, set up a printing-press in his own house for the publication of a new edition of the *North Briton*.

Most unwisely did the Government continue to fan the flames around this pseudo-martyr. He was supposed to have written, in imitation of the "Essay on Man," a ribald poem, entitled "An Essay on Woman;"¹ and to make the imitation perfect, as Bishop Warburton had annotated Pope's work, his name was appended to the burlesque notes of the parody. The production was both filthy and blasphemous, but it was never intended for public circulation, only for the eye of kindred spirits. Twelve copies only, printed in his own house, were struck off. By bribing a compositor, a thirteenth was obtained for the Government, and the man, who was promised a provision for life, was held back as a witness. The person who undertook the prosecution was the Earl of Sandwich, one of the monks of Medmenham, a boon companion of Wilkes, with whom only a few weeks before he had been seen at a tavern, the two singing ribald songs together; who had recently been expelled the Beefsteak Club for blasphemy; and who was certainly one of the most depraved men of the age. This was the man who set himself up as the defender of public morals; who read extracts from the poem, that made Lord Lyttelton groan, in the House of Lords; who denounced it in the strongest terms of indignant morality. "Never before did I hear the devil preach against sin," was the comment of Dashwood, now Lord le Despenser. The rage of Warburton—who, if we may believe half that Churchill, the satirist, says of him in the "Duellist," was quite capable of writing them—upon finding his name attached to the notes of this composition, was vented with most unclerical emphasis. After exclaiming that fiends would blush to associate with John Wilkes, he begged pardon of Satan for comparing them. Whatever shock public decency might have experienced from the production of the essay, it was speedily overcome by indignation at the treacherous means by which it had been brought to light, and the author lost no tittle of popularity therefrom.

A few days after the debate in the House of Lords, "The Beggar's Opera" was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, when,

¹ Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, positively asserts that he was not the author of this poem. It was most probably written by Thomas Potter. For a very elaborate disquisition on this subject, see *Notes and Queries*, July 1857. It would appear that very few even believed him to be the author, and that it was as the publisher that the prosecution was conducted against him.

towards the end of the play, Macheath came to the lines, "That Jimmy Twitcher should peach on me, I own, surprised me. 'Tis a proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can be no more trusted than other people." The audience at once caught the aptness of the passage to the all-important event of the day, and from every part of the house there rose a cry of "Jimmy Twitcher, Jimmy Twitcher!" From that day the nickname of Jimmy Twitcher clung to Lord Sandwich.

In the mean time the House of Commons pronounced No. XLV. of the *North Briton* to be a scandalous and seditious libel to excite the people to insurrection against his Majesty's Government, and ordered it to be burned by the common hangman. On the day appointed for carrying the sentence into execution in front of the Royal Exchange, an immense crowd assembled, and just as the functionary was about to cast the paper into the flames there rose a tremendous shout of "Wilkes and Liberty." The mob, incited by well-dressed people from the windows of the houses around, threw themselves upon the peace officers, put them to flight, smashed in the windows of the Sheriff's coach, wounded that gentleman in the face with a burning brand, and, tearing the *North Briton* from the hangman's hand, cast a jack-boot and a petticoat into the flames instead.

But there very nearly resulted a far more tragical event from similar causes just then. In No. XL. of his paper, Wilkes had denounced Martin, a Secretary of the Treasury, as "the most base, selfish, mean, abject, low-lived, and dirty fellow that ever wriggled himself into a secretaryship." Martin took no notice of this attack until the debate on No. XLV. came on. He then rose in the House, Wilkes being present, as he always was during these discussions, listening with imperturbable nonchalance, and proclaimed the writer of the libel upon himself to be a cowardly, scandalous, malignant scoundrel—they were copious in epithets in those times. The next day Wilkes wrote a letter to Martin, acknowledging himself to be the author. Thereupon the Secretary repeated his former words, and sent him a challenge. The meeting took place in the Ring, in Hyde Park; at the second discharge Wilkes was severely wounded in the side. Believing the shot would prove fatal, he desired his antagonist to fly, gave him back his challenge, promised not to divulge his name, and that his family should not institute any prosecution in case of his death. Martin, however, would not leave him until assistance arrived. There were those who did not hold the Secretary to be free from the suspicion of foul play, who said he was a tool of the Government to attempt the destruction of their enemy, that he had

been practising shooting for weeks, and had purposely chosen pistols, although the choice of weapon by right should have been with the challenged. Again, there were those who asserted that Wilkes greatly exaggerated the gravity of his wound, which he gave out to be of a most dangerous character. At all events, upon being cited to appear at the bar of the House to answer the charges against him, he made his escape to France. This was at the end of December 1763.

During his stay in Paris, Captain Forbes, a Scotchman, another agent of the Government, as people pretended, challenged him for the abuse he had heaped upon his nation; but this getting to the ears of the authorities, measures were taken to prevent the duel, Wilkes in the mean time offering to meet him in any other country upon the face of the earth. Unlike demagogues in general, this one had plenty of courage. "How far can a libeller in England abuse the royal person with impunity?" inquired Madame du Barré of him. "That is exactly, madame, what I am endeavouring to find out," was the prompt reply.

Although absent in a foreign land, his popularity did not diminish. Fourteen months after his flight, a printer being put in the pillory for republishing No. XLV., the spectators collected two hundred guineas for him upon the spot, and carried him away in a hackney coach, having previously erected a gibbet upon which they hung the old emblem, the jack-boot and petticoat. In the mean time Wilkes had been declared expelled from the House of Commons and outlawed. From Paris, through his solicitor, Cotes, he was once more making overtures for office. "If the Government," he wrote, "means peace or friendship with me, and to save their honour, I then breathe no longer hostility; and, between ourselves, if they send me as ambassador to Constantinople, it is all I should wish." Ultimately he expresses himself ready to even accept a pension of £1,000 a year upon the Irish estate. No notice being taken of these solicitations, he proceeds to threats: "It cost me a year and a half to write down the last administration; should I employ as much time on you, very few of you would be in at the death." His resources were now in a desperate condition; he wrote to Cotes to dispose of his plate and furniture; to arrange with a bookseller for a history of England from the Revolution which he proposed to write, and for an edition of the works of Churchill, who was then just dead.¹ The Rockingham

¹ There is no greater proof of the thorough heartlessness of Wilkes than his treatment of Churchill's memory. The poet had been his most devoted friend, and had manfully stood by him with his then all-powerful pen. On his death-bed he solemnly bequeathed to Wilkes the care of his literary reputation, and of collecting

Ministry, however, secretly supplied him with money, and this helped him to subsist. From Paris he removed to Naples. Once he came back to England, and Rockingham and Portland sent him a hundred guineas each by Edmund Burke to get him out of the country again.

Finding after several years of alternate threats and solicitations that he had nothing to hope from the Government, and driven to desperation, he resolved at any hazard to return to England and resume his *rôle* of agitator. It was on the eve of the general election of 1768 that he again appeared upon the scene. His first act was to pledge himself to appear at the Court of King's Bench on the first day of term to receive sentence. His arrival caused little excitement; five years' absence had considerably lowered the pedestal of the mob-idol. "When Wilkes first arrived in town," writes Walpole, "I had seen him pass before my windows in a hackney coach, attended by but a dozen children and women." Had the Government ignored his presence, his popularity would soon have been extinguished; but instead, they again piled up the faggots and called forth the executioner with burning brands and implements of martyrdom, and allowed him to again pose himself before the world as the persecuted friend of liberty. To again quote Walpole:

He stood for the City of London, and was the last on the poll of seven candidates, none but the mob, and most of them without votes, favouring him. He then offered himself for the county of Middlesex. The election came on last Monday. By five in the morning a very large body of weavers, &c., took possession of Piccadilly, and the roads and turnpikes leading to Brentford, and would suffer no one to pass without blue cockades and papers inscribed "No. 45, Wilkes and Liberty." They tore to pieces the coaches of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and Mr. Cooke, the other candidates, though the latter was not there, but in bed with the gout, and it was with difficulty that Sir William and Mr. Cooke's cousin got to Brentford. There, however, lest it should be declared a void election, Wilkes had the sense to keep everything quiet. But, after five, Wilkes being considerably ahead of the other two, his mob returned to London and behaved outrageously. They stopped every carriage, scratched and spoiled several with writing all over them "No. 45," pelted, threw dirt and stones, and forced everybody to huzza for Wilkes. . . . At night they insisted, in several streets, on the houses being illuminated, and several Scotch, refusing, had their windows broken.

The gossiping chronicler goes on to relate how they smashed in the windows of the Mansion House from the same cause,

and publishing his works with explanations. No man was possessed of such full materials for the task; yet, amidst all the leisure of his latter days, he made no effort to fulfil this sacred trust, but let Churchill's name sink into oblivion fouled by the dirt which his connection with him had cast upon it.

how the trained bands, not being found sufficient to quell the riot, the Guards were called out from the Tower ; how Lord Bute's house, although illuminated, was attacked ; how, although Wilkes and Cooke were next morning declared duly elected, the riots broke out again at night, and the mob compelled almost every house to be lighted up, even the Duke of Cumberland's and the Princess Amelia's; how they tore down the gates and pulled up the pavements of Hamilton House, and obliged the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to appear at their windows and drink Wilkes's health, &c.

A propos of this election, Lord Brougham, in his "Lives of Statesmen," tells an anecdote that well illustrates the daring effrontery of the man.

One day he and Colonel Luttrell, a rival candidate, were standing together upon the hustings at Brentford ; looking down with cynical composure upon the mass of human beings, chiefly supporters of himself, which was below, he whispered to the Colonel, "I wonder whether among that crowd the fools or the knaves predominate?" "I will tell them what you say," replied the other, "and thus put an end to you." Perceiving that Wilkes treated the threat with indifference, he added, "Surely you don't mean to say you could stand here one hour after I did so?" "Why not?" replied Wilkes coolly, "but you would not be alive one instant after." "How so?" demanded Luttrell. "Because I should merely affirm it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye."

A law technicality respited him for a time, but the King, who was greatly incensed against him, with characteristically stubborn stupidity, peremptorily commanded Lord North to press proceedings. Wilkes was arrested.¹ Upon being removed from Westminster Hall, a mob followed his coach, calling down blessings upon his head and curses upon the ministers. By and by, there was a rescue, the horses were taken out, and he was drawn to a tavern on Cornhill; whence, however, he had the good sense to make his escape and deliver himself up at the King's Bench.

Although he had been returned for Middlesex by 1,143 votes to 296, his election was declared null and void. In defiance of the House, he was again put up for the same constituency, and again elected, his opponent this time obtaining only six votes. Again and again the Government reversed the decision of the constituents, who, however, the next day, re-elected him ; but the ministers were as

¹ Junius, in his letter to the King, recommended that he should pardon Wilkes, not as an act of mercy but of contempt. "He will soon go back into his position again as a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface unmoved and neglected. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place." The penetrating eye of the great letter-writer could see through the shallow patriotism of friend John.

determined as they, and after the fourth contest gave the seat to Colonel Luttrell. It may be urged in defence of this strong measure that the House rejected Wilkes on the plea that his infamous life, his blasphemous, lewd, and scurrilous writings rendered him unfit to sit in their assembly. A subscription of £3,000, which rapidly swelled to £20,000, was raised at the London Tavern for his support, and to pay his debts; ladies of title sent him sums of money, and within the walls of his prison he lived sumptuously, entertaining his friends with princely hospitality. Without, all was riot and confusion. Mobs gathered about the King's Bench, the Riot Act was read, the magistrates were hissed, the soldiers stoned and hooted; there was a collision, and a young man was killed by accident. Then the fight commenced in earnest, and the crowd was only dispersed after some bloodshed. Another mob, assembling at Westminster, declared their intention of forcing their way into the House of Commons, but the repulse of their confrères cooled their courage. A body of merchants of the City conveying a loyal address to the King, to assure him of their support, were attacked and obliged to fly for their lives, while some ruffians sang the National Anthem to the words, "God save great Wilkes our king!" A procession was formed to St. James's Palace, headed by a hearse drawn by four horses; upon the panels was a picture of the young man, Allen, who had been shot; on the roof was a man dressed as an executioner, his face covered with crape, and an axe in his hand. They tried to force their way into the courtyard, and would have succeeded but for Earl Talbot, who rushed among them, and, with his own hand, seized two of the ringleaders.

Wilkes was now the most popular man in England; his name was upon every tongue. The first words children were taught to lisp were "Wilkes and Liberty." His picture was in every window; his bust, in bronze, china, marble, on every mantelpiece; and his head was the favourite tavern sign of the day. *À propos* of the latter, he used to relate that he one day saw an old woman earnestly contemplating one of these boards. "Ah," she presently ejaculated, "he hangs everywhere but where he ought to hang." On the 8th of June his sentence of outlawry was reversed; but for the publishing of the No. XLV. he was condemned to pay a fine of £500 and undergo one year's imprisonment; and similar punishment was inflicted for the "Essay on Woman."

His term of imprisonment expired upon the 17th of April, 1770. Preferring his own comforts to the rights of his creditors, he appropriated a large portion of the money which had been gathered to pay

his debts, to setting up a handsome mansion, half-a-dozen servants (English and French), and sumptuous living. This brought forth indignant reproofs from his fellow demagogue, Horne Tooke, who, with the "Bill of Rights Society," had subscribed £300. Wilkes retorted by accusing Tooke of making public the story of his having been supported abroad by the Rockingham Ministry; and therewith ensued a very pretty quarrel between these "friends of liberty," which greatly delighted their enemies. The end of the matter was that the Society declared against Wilkes, solemnly decreed that his health should be no longer toasted at their meetings, and that no further support should be given to his cause, except in so far as it was the public cause. He now made a tour through the country, and was everywhere received most royally by "the patriots." But he had pretty well done with demagogism. In 1771 he was elected a sheriff of London and Middlesex; and three years later, after being twice rejected, he was chosen Lord Mayor. "Though Nicolo Rienzi," writes Walpole, "Masaniello, and others, attained a greater elevation, yet that, with an equal rashness and after insulting the whole Scottish nation, Wilkes should not only have escaped their various attempts to destroy him, but, without any pretence to gravity or decorum, have mounted, like the most sober citizen, all the steps of the magistracy to the first employment in the City, baffles all reasoning, and will for ever distinguish him from other meteors of his class." In that same year, 1774, he was again elected for Middlesex, and this time took his seat without opposition. Not content with this victory, he would not allow the past to sink into oblivion, but resolved to obtain the reversal of the judgment which a former House of Commons had passed upon him. After a long, determined struggle he succeeded, in the year 1782, in obtaining an order that the records of the Middlesex election for 1768 should be expunged, and the return of Colonel Luttrell should be declared subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of the United Kingdom.

One cannot help rendering tribute to the indomitable pluck, energy, and even daring insolence of the man who had thus stood against and triumphed over the whole power which King and Government could bring to crush him. But all his victories could not win him ease. The thousands that had been gathered soon disappeared in extravagance or into the maws of his creditors, and he was again overwhelmed with difficulties. His goods were seized in execution, and sometimes he had not a guinea in the world, his only resource being the gifts or loans of friends. In 1779, however, a brighter prospect opened to him. He was elected Chamberlain of

the City, an office he had long been striving to obtain. Horace Walpole records the event in a letter to Mann :—

The old meteor Wilkes has again risen above the horizon when he had long seemed virtually extinct. The citizens, revolted from the Court on the late disgraces, have voted him into the post of Chamberlain of London, a place of fifteen hundred pounds a year. How Masaniello, and Rienzi, and Jack Cade would stare at seeing him sit down as comfortably as an alderman of London ! If he should die of a surfeit of custard at last !

John Wilkes had fought his battles and now rested upon his laurels. The irreconcilable agitator became one of the powers that be, and from that position regarded all opposition to lawful authority from quite a different point of view. During the Gordon riots no one was more active than he on the side of order, and he declared that if he were trusted with power he would not leave a single rioter alive ! He brought the publisher of a seditious paper to condign punishment, and otherwise behaved with such zeal as to obtain the especial thanks of the Privy Council. Fancy the author of *North Briton*, No. XLV., being thanked by the Privy Council ! The readers of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will remember the capital description given there of the first meeting between Wilkes and the great lexicographer ; how the Doctor, dumbfounded by finding himself in such company, retired to a window-seat and took up a book ; how at dinner Wilkes, who knew everybody's weak point, was most assiduous in helping him to tit-bits, to "a little of the brown, a little of the stuffing, a squeeze of the lemon ;" how these attentions were at first received with only surly politeness, but after a while with complacency ; and how, upon returning home, Johnson told Mrs. Williams "how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed."

In his latter days he became a courtier, and even attended the King's levées. One day His Majesty inquired after his "old friend," Serjeant Glyn, who had been his counsel in the troublous days. "My friend, sir ?" replied Wilkes, "he is no friend of mine ; he was a *Wilkite*, sir, which I never was." Overhearing, at the dinner table, the Prince of Wales speak disparagingly of his father, he took an opportunity of proposing the King's health. "Why, Wilkes, how long is it since you have become so loyal ?" exclaimed the Prince. "Ever since I had the honour of becoming acquainted with your royal highness," was the rejoinder. But Jack was always an aristocrat. So are all demagogues, for the matter of that : indeed, it is only their hatred of superiority that renders them such ; they regard themselves as the infallible level to which every head should be brought *down* ; as to what is beneath, well, that will do very well as it is.

In 1788 he took a cottage at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, erected a Doric pillar in his garden, stuck a funeral urn upon the top of it, with a Latin inscription to the memory of Churchill, as an offering, I suppose, to the manes of the friend whose behests he had so cruelly neglected. Here he was visited by all the respectables of the neighbourhood.

During his last years his circumstances appear to have again become embarrassed, in consequence of a decrease in the emoluments of his post. He died in 1797 at his house in Grosvenor Square, the one at the south-west corner of South Audley Street, and was buried in the Grosvenor Chapel in that street, where a tablet to his memory may yet be seen inscribed, according to his last wish, with only the words "John Wilkes, Friend of Liberty." He left behind a daughter, to whom he was greatly attached, and who survived him only a few years, the Miss Wilkes to whom his two volumes of letters are addressed. This was the only child he had by his wife; he had taken her at the separation, and she had lived with him ever since. There were besides a natural son and daughter.

To attempt any analysis of such a character would be superfluous; it is so patent in his actions that those who run may read. Trickster, tuft-hunter, bully, humbug, *roué*, false alike to man and woman, friend and foe, a sceptic in morals, politics, and religion, without honour or honesty, what can be said in his favour? Well, he had courage enough to defend his misdeeds, was a jovial boon companion; and ugly, squinting, lying, dishonest, dissolute as he was, he possessed some mysterious kind of fascination which few men or women could resist, and which we feel even in perusing the records of his life. Such was Jack Wilkes, who, although a Model Demagogue, at least had little of the bilious sourness of the tribe.

H. BARTON BAKER.

LIVINGSTONIA.

THE great African continent is afflicted with a most terrible curse. For three centuries it has been harassed and drained to supply the slave markets of Oriental countries, and during this time it is estimated that more than 30,000,000 slaves have been taken from its shores.¹ Even this alarming number does not by any means represent the loss of life and suffering that are imposed by this nefarious traffic.

The horrors connected with the slave trade have been fully placed before us by Dr. Livingstone and others who have penetrated into the vast unknown regions of this wonderful continent. Dr. Livingstone—to whose devoted efforts for the amelioration of their condition the poor Africans are indebted more than to those of any other man—calculated that not more than one slave in five arrived at his destination, and on some routes not one in nine. The immense injury for which the traders and those whom they supply are responsible surpasses all imagination. Is it any wonder, then, that the inhabitants of this exceedingly productive land are in so backward a state of civilisation?

From Kilwa (or Quiloa), a port in the territory of the Seyyid of Zanzibar, at the present time some 20,000 slaves are annually exported. These come principally from the western side of Lake Nyassa, across which they are ferried in the dhows of the Arab traders. The Arabs are in league with the chiefs on the south and west of Lake Nyassa in capturing slaves farther inland. At various places on the routes, thousands of skeletons of natives who have perished, or were sacrificed in the capture of others, testify to the inhumanities connected with the trade. With the Seyyid of Zanzibar the English Government has entered into a treaty with the object of abolishing the slave trade in his dominions; but this treaty it seems does not touch the land traffic, which has accordingly been substituted for the sea route, thousands of slaves being sent northward to be shipped for the Egyptian, Turkish, and Persian markets. In the opinion of Dr. Livingstone, the only way by which the great curse of the slave trade can be got rid of is to introduce another trade in its stead. In the missions to the African natives, commerce must march side by side with, if it do not actually precede, Christianity

¹ Joseph Cooper, *The Lost Continent* (1875), p. 3.

As the matter stands, the negro requires cotton-cloth and beads. To supply these wants he has recourse to the kidnapping and sale of his fellow-men, for the simple reason that this is the only feasible way of procuring the luxuries for which he craves. It would be unreasonable to expect these natives to accept the doctrines of Christianity, coupled with the abolition of the slave trade, unless some immediate practical compensation were offered them. Should they have facilities for obtaining calico and beads by selling the product of their own fields, they will doubtless soon learn to adopt the easier, safer, and more lucrative traffic. As to the trade carried on in the hands of the Portuguese and Arabs in South-eastern Africa, Dr. Livingstone was convinced that to launch a steamer on the Nyassa¹ would do more to paralyse it than anything else. He himself attempted to convey a steamer up the Shiré River to this lake, but it proved too cumbrous to be transferred past the Murchison cataracts.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, when the unfortunate Universities Mission under Bishop Mackenzie was at Magomero, the advantage of Nyassa as a locality for establishing a combined mission, colony, trading post, and anti-slave trade centre, was first brought before the Scottish Free Church, and the Rev. James Stewart offered himself as an agent to commence a mission in some of the inland territories opened up by Dr. Livingstone. Dr. Stewart in 1862 joined Livingstone, and with him penetrated up the Zambesi and Shiré rivers; but no action was taken on the report made by him until the winter of 1873-4, when the Foreign Missions Committee took the matter up. Dr. Stewart then strongly recommended that a station, to be called Livingstonia, should be established on the shores of Lake Nyassa, and suggested Mr. Edward D. Young, of the Royal Navy, as a most competent person to conduct the expedition. Mr. Young was formerly gunner in the British Navy on board the cruiser *Gorgon* on the east coast of Africa, and in this capacity made his first acquaintance with the slave trade, and earned a reputation for zeal and activity in the performance of his duties. He afterwards spent two years with Livingstone in his Zambesi expedition, and gained the esteem of all with whom he was associated. In 1867, as commander of the Livingstone Search Expedition, he again visited Lake Nyassa. He, and also the Rev. Horace Waller, editor of "*Livingstone's Last Journals*," and formerly of the Universities Mission, heartily supported Dr. Stewart in bringing the matter under the notice of the Scottish churches, knowing that such a work would be most beneficial to Africa, and in accordance with Livingstone's most cherished desires. The subject was taken up in earnest, and a fund of £10,000 was raised to pay the expenses. Mr. Young had a steamer of about 50

¹ The Nyassa Lake was discovered by Dr. Livingstone in 1859.

feet in length constructed by Messrs. Yarrow & Co. entirely of steel-plates, in such form that each section would be a load for a man in carrying the vessel by land past the cataracts of the Shiré. This steamer was called the *Ilala*, from the place where Dr. Livingstone died. The first instalment of pioneers left England in May 1875 by the royal mail steamer, the steam launch being loaded piecemeal. The little party under the leadership of Mr. Young consisted of the Rev. Robert Laws,¹ medical missionary, Mr. George Johnston, carpenter, Mr. John M'Fadyen, engineer and blacksmith, Mr. Allan Simpson, second engineer, Mr. Alexander Riddell, agriculturist, and Mr. William Baker, seaman. Mr. Henderson accompanied them for the purpose of looking round the country and finding out a suitable place to establish the mission proposed to be sent out by the Established Church of Scotland. From Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, Mr. Young and his party went northwards in the ship which had been hired to take them to the most southerly, or Kongoné, mouth of the Zambesi. Here the sections of the *Ilala* were screwed together; and, although an extraordinary flood early in the same year had altered the course of the rivers Zambesi and Shiré at several points, nothing materially impeded its passage to the foot of the Murchison cataracts. These falls extend for some 75 miles, and present the only obstacle to the navigation of the river from the ocean to the Nyassa by a small vessel. In the distance named, the fall of the river "down a staircase of rocks and boulders" is about 1,800 feet; and the road which the traveller has to take to pass the obstacle is of a very rugged nature. One of the greatest difficulties with which travellers have to contend is the scarcity of native porters by whom to transmit their impedimenta. In this respect, however, thanks no doubt to their previous experience of his honourable character, Mr. Young had no lack of assistance. In a very short time he was surrounded by a concourse of willing porters, brought together by the Makololo chiefs left on the lower river by Dr. Livingstone, now governing the men amongst whom the Universities Mission had been placed. With the aid of 800 of these, in ten days the *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and the sections, boilers, machinery, and stores were conveyed to the river above the rapids without the loss of a single article either by accident or theft. This is an achievement the importance of which it is difficult to exaggerate. Mr. Young himself says that the carriage of the steel plates and burdens, averaging 50 lbs. each, necessitated some of the most tremendous exertion he ever witnessed, which was much aggravated by the intense heat, the thermometer sometimes ranging as high

¹ Dr. Laws was sent out by the United Presbyterian Church, which liberally paid his salary till the education of the ordained medical man designated by the Free Church should be completed. He is still maintained on the staff of the mission.

as 120° in the shade. For this work the natives were paid six yards of calico each (say 1s. 6d.), they supplying themselves with food. Mr. Young says they never asked what they were going to receive, and accomplished their work "without a grumble or a growl from first to last." The falls passed, the reconstruction of the steamer was accomplished with some trouble, and within a fortnight they were again on their way up the river.

At seven A.M. on October 12 the *Ilala* entered Lake Nyassa, and for the first time the broad bosom of that inland sea was furrowed by a steamship. Indeed this was the first instance of a steamer being launched on any African lake, preceding by five months the entrance of Signor Gessi with his steamer into the Albert Nyanza.¹ In passing M'Ponda's village, Mr. Young sent a message to the chief, asking him to take a short trip, to see how the vessel moved, but the Arabs had frightened him by saying that the presence of the mission party would cause evil spirits to enter him, that it would take his country away from him, and so forth. One of the chief's men, however, and Wakotani, a native lad left there by Dr. Livingstone in 1865, joined the party. M'Ponda received them in a friendly spirit, and gave them free leave to settle where they chose in his territory. Some scowling Zanzibar Arabs were met with here, one of whom pointed to the badge on Mr. Young's cap, shaking his head significantly as he walked off with his comrades. They were aware that Mr. Young's presence there foreboded a stoppage of their traffic. The character that M'Ponda's village bore as the chief rendezvous of the slave traders at the southern extremity of the Nyassa was fully confirmed by the sight of a number of slaves in pens. Proceeding on their journey, they coasted along the southwestern shore, examining numerous beautiful bays and inlets, which were not, however, sufficiently adapted for the accommodation of the vessel. At Cape Maclear a stoppage was made to wood, and here it was decided to form the settlement, at least temporarily. The position was a very advantageous one, at the mouth of a fertile valley, with anchorage for small vessels before an island opposite. The surrounding country was very densely populated in many places, but it had been devastated by raids of the half-castes in league with the Portuguese, supplying the latter with captives for the special interior slave trade carried on by them upon the Zambesi, and also to the north by the Ma Viti, who, Bishop Steere says in his "Walk to the Nyassa Country," were "a Zulu army sent on an unsuccessful expedition, which, instead of returning to be decimated, went north and found a new home round the north end of the Nyassa, whence they plundered and burnt in all directions." Taking an E.N.E. course across

¹ See page 205 *ante*.



MAP OF THE COUNTRY ROUND LAKE NYASSA, S.E. AFRICA.

the lake, Mr. Young's party reached Loangwa, an Arab settlement, which was found to have been destroyed and depopulated in a war with Makanjira, a powerful Ajawa chief. They then returned to Cape Maclear, and, finding it necessary to go back to the head of the Shiré cataracts for the remainder of their stores, they paid M'Ponda a second visit. This chief admitted that he dealt largely in slaves, but pleaded in excuse that by traffic in slaves and ivory only was he enabled to buy cloth and other necessities from the coast. Mr. Young remarks that "this simple avowal lies at the root of the whole of the East African coast slave trade. Slaves are bought with one hand, ivory with the other; the slaves carry the tusks to the coast, and there both are disposed of. Once let legitimate trade be stimulated by opening up communication by land and by water, so that the india-rubber, the metals, the gums, the cotton, the dye-woods, the ivory, the beeswax, the hard woods, which are to be had in this rich country, can be brought to ports on the coast, and the slave trade will wither at its roots."

At the station at Cape Maclear the mission was augmented by the advent of six natives, selected from the well-known institution for the Kaffirs of Cape Colony at Lovedale. After having accomplished the preliminary work of founding the station, building the store-houses, &c., Mr. Young determined on a tour of circumnavigation of the lake. Accompanied by Dr. Laws, Mr. Henderson, and two other members of the party, and some negroes, he set sail November 19. Their first stopping-place was Makanjira's, on the south-east of the lake; and making their way northwards, the grand range which towers above Chiloweela came in sight. The mountains in places run sheer down into the lake, and not far from the shore the depth of water is over 100 fathoms. Reaching Lesefa, or Lisewa, the principal landing-place for slaves from the western shores, it was noticed that the Arabs regarded the presence of the *Ilala* as the thin end of the wedge, and tacitly understood that their traffic in this region would sooner or later be put a stop to. After weathering a furious gale, which raged for thirteen hours, they continued their northward course, and passed the islands of Likomo (Dikomo) and Chisamoolo (Chisumara). The coast on their right was ironbound, broken only by ravines stretching down to the water's edge. In one spot, where a massacre had taken place—the result of a slave raid on the part of the Ma Viti—a large number of skeletons was seen scattered about. It is the rule of this bloodthirsty tribe to slay without mercy every adult that is not fitted for the slave market. In this neighbourhood scarcely any wood was to be procured, the forests having been cleared; and the only remnant of a large population was now to be found on rocky patches jutting up from the lake and in singular "pile

villages." Mr. Young learnt that the poor natives who had escaped from the slavers had conveyed earth in their canoes to these rocks, and, wherever a crevice afforded a hold, they planted and grew with immense labour their little patches of cassava or corn. The description of the platform villages is of great interest. They are for the most part built 300 or 400 yards from the shore, and in from 8 to 12 feet of water. Poles are driven down in rows, on top of which a wooden platform is constructed, forming the foundation or floor of the village. To give an idea of their extent, it may be stated that one of them contains about 100 huts. Being surrounded by an abundance of fish, the inhabitants have no difficulty in obtaining food. Proceeding still northwards from these villages, they came abreast of the Livingstone Range. These mountains, which extend for nearly 100 miles, surpass in stupendous grandeur all the other mountain ranges by which the lake is surrounded. "In no part of the world," says Mr. Young, "have I seen anything to equal their peculiar magnificence. With peaks apparently 10,000 to 12,000 feet high, they run perpendicularly down into the lake. We got no sounding close under them with 140 fathoms. The rain was pouring upon them, and numberless waterfalls hung like threads of white floss-silk from crevices which ran out upon their sides far up among the clouds. Baffled by the raids of the Ma Viti in 1866, Livingstone could not induce his men to go with him to the north end of Nyassa, and thus he missed seeing that which would have struck him as the most beautiful feature of 'his old home,' as he called the lake. There was but one name to give to these mountains. At its northern end they stand like portals to the lake, faced by the opposite mountains; and as future travellers look on the 'Livingstone Range,' it may aid them to remember the man who, during his life, more than any other, added to our knowledge of the hitherto unknown beauties of the earth."

On approaching the north end of the lake, Mr. Young was prevented by a violent storm from doing much in the way of exploring this unknown portion. He found that the lake is much more extensive than was supposed by Livingstone, the extremity of it being 100 miles farther north, in south latitude $9^{\circ} 20'$. It approaches to within 100 or 200 miles of the Tanganyika Lake.¹ At the north

¹ In his map of the lake Mr. Young places its extreme northern point in E. longitude $35^{\circ} 35'$, or $1^{\circ} 40'$ to the eastward of the position I have given it in the map accompanying this article. He thus makes the shortest distance from the Tanganyika Lake about 200 miles. The island of Chisamoolo, which Dr. Livingstone places in longitude $34^{\circ} 40'$, Mr. Young cuts in two with the 35th parallel. I have preferred to give the lake the direction indicated by Livingstone, and delineated in the map accompanying Commander Cameron's "Across

end he was told that a river, the Rovuma or Rööma, flows out of the lake. He caught sight of the mouth of an apparently large river, bordering on a marsh, but, being on a lee shore without any shelter, he was unable to make a more complete examination. As it was, a tremendous gale compelled them to lay to for three days, with both anchors down and steaming towards them at the same time. Mr. Young was in constant fear that they would be dashed ashore, and fall into the hands of the cruel Mazitu tribe. He took the first opportunity to get out to sea, intending to make a more complete examination on another journey. He inclines to the belief that the Rovuma is an outlet, for two reasons. In the first place, the same report reached Dr. Livingstone when he discovered the lake, and in quite a different quarter; and the great traveller was very sanguine that the Rovuma River, which debouches on the east coast, was identical with the Nyassa River, and that it would prove to be a second outlet. The other reason supporting the statement of the natives is, that during the stormy weather it was very easy to see where rivers ran into the lake. A long current of muddy water would trail out on the dark blue surface; in this case, however, there was nothing of the kind. If more exact exploration do not, as in the similar case of the Rusizi at the north end of Lake Tanganyika, dispel this reputed outlet, the discovery will not probably be of any considerable importance, as the Rovuma is reported to be navigable only a short distance from the coast. It is possible that this is the dried-up bed of a formerly inflowing river, and, should this be so, it will account for the absence of the current in the lake.

Turning now to the southward, along the west shore of the lake, instead of the iron-bound coast of the opposite side, this was diversified by exquisite park-like glades between the mountains and the water's edge; herds of game browsing on the slope looked up for a moment at the passing steamer, and then quietly resumed their meal. In one place a remarkable detached perpendicular rock stood 4,000 feet high, with a flat top. It had the appearance of a pyramid from the top of which a large slice had been removed in order to place in position an exactly square block of a greenish colour. Beneath this singular summit there was a deep horizontal band of Africa," and also in that of Mr. James Stevenson, F.R.S.E., in his little book on "The Civilisation of South Eastern Africa" (1877). This, whilst still giving to the lake the same relative proportions and direction as Mr. Young does, brings the northern extremity to within about 100 miles of the Tanganyika. Should the latter turn out to be the correct position it will necessarily increase the probability of the Rööma not being an outlet of the lake connected with the Rovuma River. On the other hand, the shorter distance will greatly facilitate communication and transport from lake to lake.

white stone or quartz, succeeded by another, apparently of clay; below which was one of intense black, probably coal, as this mineral is known to the natives. This strange mountain Mr. Young named Mount Waller. Farther south the party passed that part of the western shore to which Dr. Livingstone, his brother, and Dr. Kirk had penetrated in 1861. At the islands of Chisamoolo and Likomo, Dr. Livingstone had marked on his map a native ferry across the lake; this Mr. Young was satisfied had no existence. The natives are afraid in their small craft to venture far into the lake, and steer their canoes along the shores. Lake Nyassa is an exceedingly deep sea, in a small part of which only, and there for no great distance off shore, is there anything like shoal water. The islands that appear above water do not indicate shallowness, as they are the topmost crags of submerged mountains descending almost perpendicularly. These islands are formed by immense masses of floating reeds and grass driven about by the wind till they get stranded on the peaks. Likomo is an exception to this rule—a large island, thickly populated and very fertile. It contains a land-locked harbour, and is within easy reach of the shore. The islanders received the party very kindly.

The next cruise brought them to the Arab settlement of Kota Kota, the great rendezvous from which the slaves are sent eastward across the lake. From the owner of a slave dhow, Mr. Young learnt that about 10,000 slaves were taken across here annually. His instructions prevented Mr. Young from interfering in any way with these slave-laden dhows during the foundation of the missionary stations. The Arabs, however, fully believed that the English had taken possession of Lake Nyassa, and that their traffic in human beings was doomed. Mr. Young thinks that twelve resolute Englishmen, with a vessel similar to the *Ilala* and some few bales of calico, would put a stop to the whole traffic. He would himself gladly have captured some of the dhows had his hands not been tied. The little steamer arrived at Cape Maclear again after an absence of a month.

The Nyassa is about 370 miles in length, and has a coast line of not less than 800 miles; it is in most parts very deep, a line of 100 fathoms often failing to find bottom. There are numerous rivers running into the lake, none of which is navigable for any great distance. Mr. Young's experience fully justifies the name which Livingstone had given it—"the Lake of Storms." He made the cruise during the worst time of year for such a voyage, and was continually encountered by very rough weather. "At one time," he says, "in the middle of a thunderstorm of great fury, no fewer than twelve waterspouts appeared at one time around us; we had literally to steer hither and thither to avoid them, for had one overtaken us it

would have sent us to the bottom without a doubt." The lake teems with fish ; and fowls, goats, and sheep are to be obtained in abundance. The natives are far removed from savagery, and are very hospitable. They manufacture iron implements and a coarse cotton cloth ; they understand the use of indigo and make their own tobacco.

On February 19, Mr. Young wrote stating that up to that time the mission had been quite successful, and that everything was going on satisfactorily. The whole of the party was in good health and had plenty of provisions. He was sure that their presence had been a means of doing good amongst the poor down-trodden people. The natives rejoiced at their presence, and for many miles round the station slavery had ceased, the Arabs not being brave enough to come near. Such was the fear and astonishment of the Arabs when they learnt that the English had come with a steamer, that for a whole month no slaves were carried across the lake.

Elated by the tidings of success, the Scottish churches determined to send out a reinforcement to the little settlement of Livingstonia. The Free Church of Scotland sent the Rev. James Stewart, mentioned above as its originator, to be head of the mission, Mr. Young returning on the completion of his work of planting it, the Rev. William Black, also an ordained medical man, Mr. John Gunn, agriculturist, Mr. Robert G. Ross, engineer and blacksmith, and Mr. Archibald C. Miller, weaver. With them went the mission party of the Established Church, consisting of Dr. J. Thornton Macklin, a graduate of medicine, and five artisans, which was going to plant a settlement in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa. With—but hardly of—the mission went Mr. H. B. Cotterill, son of the Bishop in Edinburgh—in the truly Livingstonian spirit of the "Christian merchant"—bent on establishing a great trading post on the lake. At the desire of the promoters of the Livingstonia mission, several gentlemen had subscribed small sums, and Mr. Cotterill volunteered to proceed to Africa to make an experiment as to what could be realised by trading in the district, so as to form a basis for calculating what might be the result of more extended operations. He took with him a quantity of articles in demand among the natives, and a steel launch, by Yarrow, like that carried by the Established Church party. This second expedition sailed from Dartmouth in the *Windsor Castle* in May 1876. In October Mr. Young came down from Livingstonia to meet Dr. Stewart, with 500 carriers, to whom he paid on this occasion only four yards of calico each. His leave of absence having elapsed he then returned home, arriving at Plymouth by the *Roman* on the 1st of last February.

When the Established Church Mission arrived at the Shiré, an

admirable site for the station had been selected by Mr. Henderson, who, it will be remembered, accompanied Mr. Young in 1875. In the course of his travels Mr. Henderson came to the conclusion that the most suitable locality would be somewhere in the Shiré highlands, among the Ageneas, and, if possible, in the vicinity of Magomero, the scene of the labours and deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and his companions. Accordingly, when the party arrived at Ramakukau's village, which is practically at the head of the Shiré navigation, Mr. Henderson ascended the neighbouring hill to fix definitely on a site. On the spot where the Blantyre Station was founded there had been a short time ago a native village, which had been deserted, the head man having been killed, it is said, by Ramakukau. He was buried in his hut, which was then knocked down, and the place left. Some huts which were found standing were repaired and put in order till such time as suitable houses could be built. The site of the station, being above the low-lying malarious country, is about 3,000 feet above the sea; and is a healthy one. The temperature is very equable, rarely in the shade exceeding 80° or falling below 70°; and there is a plentiful supply of good water. The soil is good, and in a short time a large garden was made, producing not only plants indigenous to the soil, but others obtained from the Cape. Blantyre is well situated as regards means of communication. Being but two days' march from Ramakukau's, there was speedy access to the coast, and the same number of days' journey lay between it and Pimbe, on the Upper Shiré, from which point the river is navigable to the lake. Three days off to the north-east is Lake Shirwa, from which the natives bring very good fish. The country around is well wooded, and covered with varied vegetation, in some places very rank and dense. Dr. Macklin says that he has been caught and held fast in the thicket more than once. Wild flowers of various hues abound, and please the eye by relieving the fresh green verdure, and in some cases gratify the sense of smell. Many different kinds of ferns are to be found, but Dr. Macklin did not see any that were not also to be found at home. The trees—principally acacias—which prevail over the country are low and stunted, but on the banks of the streams very fine and large ones are plentiful. "Sometimes one emerges from the wood," says Dr. Macklin,¹ "into fine glades covered with long waving green grass; these, in some cases, much resemble the parks in the confines of a gentleman's grounds at home. They are very picturesque. The mountains are high and steep, with many deep ravines. They

¹ Letter from Blantyre Station, published in the *Geographical Magazine*, vol. iv. (1877), p. 204.

are clad with verdure to the very top, from the midst of which the brown rocks may be seen lifting up their ancient weatherbeaten heads, lending enchantment to the view. Here and there are large fields of corn and pumpkins flourishing, helping to relieve the wild appearance of the country." The people are peaceable and well disposed, quick and intelligent. Their chief weapons are the bow and arrow, though many of them have got hold of flint-lock muskets. They are much addicted to smoking—the women and little children even smoke—hemp and bang, which produces a kind of intoxication, and brings on a severe fit of coughing. The features of most of the women are disfigured by tattoo marks, and many of the elder ones wear the hideous *pilele*, or lip-ring. The chief industries of this people are the manufacture of iron, basket-making, and cloth manufacture. When Mr. Young left for England, all the members of the Established Church Mission were down with fever, from which the Free Church party had also suffered, but recovered before Mr. Young's departure. The death of Dr. Black from fever is just reported. On Tuesday, May 1, he complained of slight feverishness. On that day he intended going with Dr. Laws in the steamer to some villages on the east side of Cape Maclear for the purpose of buying grain. He was, however, advised not to go; and Dr. Laws, on his return on the Friday, found him much worse. His most prominent symptoms were persistent vomiting between intervals of deep stupor and occasional delirium, though there were others of an equally dangerous kind. Various remedies were tried, and every care was bestowed upon him by Dr. Macklin and Dr. Laws, who began to get anxious about the final result on Saturday afternoon. On Sunday he was somewhat better, having been roused by the application of strong blisters; but on Monday he fell back again, and in the evening, at half-past seven, quietly passed to his eternal rest. Dr. Stewart is especially subject to attacks of fever, and it is said that he will not long remain at the station. This is the only mishap of any importance that has befallen the expedition; in every other respect it has been thoroughly successful. Mr. Henderson, who has left the country, arranged to place the Blantyre mission under the charge of Livingstonia for a time.

Till the arrival of the second instalment very few natives—in fact, not a dozen—had settled at Livingstonia. Soon after that time, however, some five or six parties, numbering from one or two up to twenty-two, came seeking the protection of the English. The story of the twenty-two is this. About the middle of one night a man arrived in a patched-up fragment of a large canoe, in which crazy vessel he had spent two days and nights. He was in a woful condition, and said that Makanjira's Arabs had crossed the lake to Pemas,

and that about eighty people, suspecting that they were to become victims, made off at night in five canoes. Four of these kept along the coast, the other, containing twenty-two people, making for a string of islands that spans the lake. On one of these the canoe stranded and broke up; the poor natives lived four days on roots and berries, and at last one man ventured to cross over to the mission in a part of the broken canoe. Steam was soon got up in the *Ilala*, and Dr. Stewart, Dr. Black, and Mr. Cotterill started for the island. They found the story quite true; the poor creatures—men, women, and children—were waiting for them at the water's edge, looking very wretched. They were soon taken on board, and supplied with a great pot of Mapira corn. Not till he sat down to write an account of this, says Dr. Stewart, did the Fugitive Slave Circular cross his mind. On the contrary, he thought the *Ilala* was about her proper work. In one instance only did they consider it necessary to deliver up to the traders any of the refugees that had sought their protection. All who join the mission are obliged to work at road-making, tilling the ground, house-building, &c.; not an idler is allowed about the place. A school has been formed, which goes on steadily; and meetings are held regularly, and kept up apparently with interest. Mr. Cotterill paid a visit, with some other members of the mission, to Makanjira, a great chief, and the principal slave trader on the east coast of Nyassa, who was reported to be unfavourable to the English, especially since his caravans to the sea coast have suffered so severely by the English consul's action. His village lies four miles inland, on a low, fertile promontory, about 30 miles N.E. of Cape Maclear. To approach it, they had to cross a broad stream on the shoulders of some natives, at the imminent risk of a ducking. A great display of guns was made, evidently with the idea of impressing them. The chief sat in his verandah, surrounded by a dense throng of people, and near him stood his Arab and half-caste retainers. He received them very coldly, and seemed nervous; but, seeing their pacific manner, the interview passed off well. In return for a rather expensive present from his visitors, he gave a shabby he-goat. In February Mr. Cotterill made his first purchase of a tusk of ivory for £14. It seems to have been no great bargain, Mr. Cotterill having bought it simply to commence operations and to encourage others. He seems inclined to use the capital furnished for exploration rather than trade, if his boat can be made suitable for the navigation of the lake. About this time the mission was joined by Mr. James Stewart, a relative of his namesake at the head of the party. He had been engaged on the Sirhind Canal, in the Punjab, and, having a furlough of two years, volunteered to spend a portion of it in making himself useful at

Livingstonia. The first important work that he undertook was a survey of a road past the Murchison cataracts. The first importation of cattle was now made, consisting of a bull, seven cows, and three calves. They were safely brought by Dr. Laws a distance of 450 miles, partly by land and partly in the steamer.

Although no active interference was made with the slave trade, the presence of the mission has had a good influence. Instead of the 10,000 or 20,000 slaves that were yearly transported across the lake, in 1876 only 38 slaves were known to have been got to the coast by that route. An instance is recorded of a slave unable to keep up with the rest of the slave gang being directed to the mission instead of being killed. Unfortunately, the party was hampered by the Portuguese, who are unfavourable to the presence of the English there. They not only countenance the slave trade, but deal in slaves themselves. For Mr. Young's expedition a free pass had been obtained through the Foreign Office from the Lisbon Government, it being understood that it was an experiment. But, instead of it being "free," the officials of the Portuguese African possessions threw every obstacle in the way of the party, and made a charge of 26 per cent. on all the mission goods. At another part of the journey to the lake they, after being detained three weeks, were charged by the Portuguese officials six times the price charged by the natives for canoes. Subsequently the Lisbon authorities returned the duties charged, explaining that the instructions sent had not reached Quilimane in time. In giving a *resumé* of his labours to the members of the Cape Town Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Young said that, before anything great could be done, it would be necessary for the Portuguese to be brought to their proper senses. The Zambesi ought to be opened to free trade. The country was of no good to the Portuguese, and they had much better give it up. They had had possession of it for 300 years, and in all that time they had done the natives more harm than good. We have treaties with Portugal for the suppression of the slave trade, which ought to be effective in stopping it on the Shiré and Zambesi. The natives have every confidence in the English. They are very willing, and, with a little encouragement, can easily, Mr. Young thinks, be made to produce very largely. He found they obeyed him with alacrity, and readily acknowledged him as head, because they knew he was English. The district, as before mentioned, is very productive, and ivory, india-rubber, gum copal, &c., are abundant. There is every reason to hope that the introduction of facilities for trade, added to other civilising agencies, will be productive of most beneficial results.

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

TABLE-TALK.

THE paper in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July last, on the "Discovery of Lamb's 'Poetry for Children,'" has had the good fortune to elicit two supplementary discoveries of no small importance or interest. The first of these, the long-lost fairy-tale of "Prince Dorus," to which attention was drawn at the close of that paper, now lies before me, through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. J. C. Macgregor, of Kilbride, Dunoon, Argyleshire, who states that he has had it in his possession for many years. The full title is "Prince Dorus ; or, Flattery put out of Countenance. A Poetical Version of an Ancient Tale. Illustrated with a series of elegant Engravings. Price 2s. 6d. coloured, or 1s. 6d. plain. London: Printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street; and to be had of all booksellers and toymen in the United Kingdom. 1811." It is a small square 8vo., in stiff paper wrapper, containing 31 pages of letterpress, inclusive of the title, and nine separate full-page engravings, besides the block on the back of the wrapper. The story, which is very amusing, is entirely the work of Charles Lamb, and is told in his happiest vein in 320 lines of mock-heroic rhymed couplets. The illustrations are evidently by the same hand that executed the beautiful series of designs to Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" at about the same period, and these have always been supposed to be early productions of Mulready engraved by Blake.

The second treasure-trove, most obligingly communicated by Dr. E. J. Marsh, of Paterson, New Jersey, is an American reprint of the "Poetry for Children," published at Boston in 1812, only three years after its first appearance in this country. The full title runs as follows—"Poetry for Children: entirely original. By the author of 'Mrs. Liecester's (*sic*) School.' Boston: Published by West and Richardson, and Edward Cotton. 1812." The little volume is very prettily printed in a type much smaller than that of the original English edition, and numbers, inclusive of the title-page and contents, exactly 144 pages duodecimo. To keep it within this apparently prescribed compass, three short pieces, entitled *Clock Striking* [quoted in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July], *Why not do it, sir, to-day?*

and *Home Delights* (vol. ii. pp. 67-70 of the English edition), are omitted in the American reprint, which is thus, unfortunately, imperfect. In other respects the edition is very satisfactory and correct, and it is difficult, on comparing it with the original, to discover a single misprint of any importance. It is probable that neither Charles nor Mary Lamb ever became aware of the reappearance on the other side of the Atlantic of this little work of theirs.

IN the newly-published life of De Quincey, there are some remarkable things ; but one of his best sayings is unrecorded, which is probably explained by the fact of the names of Messrs. Hogg & Co. being on the title-page of the volume. On the occasion of a temporary disagreement with that worthy house (in which, by the by, they were not in the wrong), De Quincey, in a passion once observed that he believed " the devil had entered into those swine."

I SHOULD like to receive some more exact and trustworthy information concerning the buried city which is said to have been discovered under the waters of Lake Lemán. Report states that an American traveller, having lost his portmanteau overboard, opposite the village of St. Pregts, sent for a diver to fish it up. Besides discovering the missing portmanteau, the diver found a buried city with streets and squares, and proofs of past occupation. By pouring oil upon the waters, the municipalities of the neighbouring towns were able to see for themselves a village of about 200 houses, built of the famous red cement once in use among the Celts and Cimbrians. Such is the report that has been given to the world ; and it is said that the water is to be drained off from this portion of the lake, and the hidden treasure, for such the Swiss will find it to be, will thus be brought to light. Similar discoveries have previously been made, though the lacustrine villages of which I have heard have been less regular than this of which I am now told. The change in the physical condition of the earth which the presence of human habitations in such a spot would indicate is a matter of the highest interest to science, and it is of course probable that some light upon the knowledge of art possessed by primitive dwellers upon earth may repay further research. I am accepting the discovery as true, in spite of the possible discredit thrown upon it by the introduction of the American element.

NOTHING that can be said of our war correspondents can be too great praise in the way of their diligence, courage, and

sagacity ; but if a rumour concerning the late Carlist war is correct, their intelligence must be of the very highest order. It is said that the struggle between the rival armies was continued in our newspapers for nearly three weeks after it had ceased in the field. These literary gentlemen's knowledge of localities, combined with their military skill, enabled them to select the most desirable spots, whether for an "affair of outposts" or a pitched battle, while their powers of description enabled them to supply the details with unerring accuracy. If this be so, let no one say that the Americans are ahead of us in enterprise.

TALKING of hoaxes, the good people—I mean the really good people—of Bath were favoured last month with a charming example of this description of humour. A missionary from India volunteered his services to the teetotal and other religious bodies, and proved a most eloquent and taking lecturer. His addresses at prayer meetings were singularly vigorous, and embodied the most interesting personal experiences. He was invited out, not only in the town, but to various country houses in the neighbourhood, and became, in short, a "spiritual lion." He was not a man, however, to accept hospitality without returning it, and therefore organised an expedition comprising upwards of a hundred persons to dine with him out of doors in a certain picturesque locality. When I say "organised" I mean he took a good deal of trouble about it, telegraphing to the rendezvous for provisions, and providing breaks and a band. The only omission he made was to pay for anything. On the other hand it was discovered, after his departure, that he had stolen money, clothes, and jewellery, wherever he could lay hands on them, and is probably now evangelising some other community.

A WAITING the time when science shall find a way of sending armies through the air like

a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,

aeronautical discoverers occupy themselves with the task of supplanting by a bird torpedo the fish torpedo, concerning which the public mind has of late been exercised. So far the invention appears to be primitive, consisting only of a balloon capable of carrying in the air some destructive agent, and dropping its terrible freight over a beleaguered city. An invention of this kind would probably have little influence upon the duration of a siege, since a large quantity

might be despatched without one of them exploding in a situation where it would seriously injure any defensive works. Incalculable misery might, however, be caused to those peaceful residents who have no voice in national councils, and are always the worst sufferers by the wars they are powerless to prevent. It is not easy to imagine the devastation that might be caused in cities like Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, or even London, should a hostile force employ largely agencies of the kind. Cities which, so far as regards art, are the world's treasure houses, might be entirely consumed. In his "Political Economy of Art," Professor Ruskin observes:—"You talk of the scythe of time, and the tooth of time: I tell you time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. . . . All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder and mixed it with our own ashes." Fortunately the use of weapons of the kind I have indicated involves no small risk to the army employing them. A change of wind might furnish the spectacle of a whole host of engineers hoist with their own petard.

DOUBTS have been expressed whether our iron ships will ever be regarded by their tenants in the same affectionate way as the "Liners" used to be regarded by our "old salts." It has been supposed that the latest creations of science will not nourish sentiment. The following anecdote shows, however, as romantic an attachment to iron as has ever been manifested towards wood. On the Great Western Railway, the broad gauge and the narrow gauge are mixed; the former still existing to the delight of travellers by the "Flying Dutchman," whatever economical shareholders may have to say to the contrary. The officials who have been longest on the staff also cling to the broad gauge, like faithful royalists to a fast disappearing dynasty. The other day an ancient guard on this line was knocked down and run over by an engine; and though good enough medical attendance was at hand, had skill been of any use, the dying man expressed a wish to see "the Company's" doctor. This gentleman, a man much esteemed by all the *employés*, was accordingly sent for. "I am glad you came to see me start, doctor (as I hope), by the up train," said the poor man. "I am only sorry I can do nothing for you, my good fellow," answered the other. "I know that: it is all over with me. But there!—I'm glad it was not one of them narrow-gauge engines as did it."

A CONTRIBUTOR to a Transatlantic periodical points out a curious coincidence between what he calls "the most exciting chapter in Daniel Deronda," and a scene in Paul Heyse's story of *Die Einsamen*. The description in the German work of Tommaso's inability to rescue the man who had fallen out of the boat, though a mere turn of the oar would have saved him, and that of the mental struggle which accompanied this passive form of murder, recall indeed strongly Gwendolen's acquiescence in the death of her husband. The resemblance is, however, doubtless accidental, and, were it otherwise, is of little importance. Still, resemblances and parallel passages have always an interest for a certain class of readers. Milton seems to have appropriated "*son bien*" almost as readily as Molière. In lists of parallel passages supplied as illustrations of the Laureate, I do not recollect having seen the following, which I first noticed a score years ago :

You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

—*The Two Voices*.

Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass.

—GEORGE PEELE, *The Arraignment of Paris*.

ENGLAND, which is said to be so over-populated, and certain descriptions of which would lead us to imagine that she had "no haunts of ancient peace" left within her boundaries, contains, in reality, more out-of-the-way and primitive districts than any other civilised country. I was staying lately in a country place with a clerical friend, who did the Sunday duty in the absence of the local clergyman. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind reading and preaching in the chancel, sir," said the Sexton, "for the fact is we got a duck a-sitting in the pulpit." It is needless to say that the duck was the Sexton's. We have heard from young ladies of many "a duck" in the London pulpits, but it is unusual to find them sitting or laying there.

THE famine in India is beginning to stir the heart of England : but, it must be confessed, but languidly. Until a catastrophe has actually happened [to somebody else], one is apt to underrate its importance, or even to believe it may not happen at all. When the special correspondents are sending us thrilling accounts of the calamity, we shall doubtless appreciate its magnitude and severity, and hasten to do what we can—too late. However, we are getting alive to the fact that the lives not only of tens of thousands but of hundreds of thousands of our fellow-creatures are threatened by the gaunt demon of Starvation ; and side by side with true bene-

volence steps in, as usual, the false : that charity which, as Sydney Smith tells us, prompts A to put his hand into B's pocket to give to C. One "Camilla" writes to the papers to suggest that all shareholders in Indian railways which have this year paid a good dividend should subscribe to the Famine Fund. I hope they will, but I do not see anything in "Camilla's" argument beyond the indication that she herself holds no Indian Railway Stock. She might just as well appeal to all dealers in india-rubber, or sellers of "natives," or importers of "Trinchinopoli cheroots," as particularly bound to open their purse-strings ; moreover, as a matter of fact, the Indian railways, dependent on the classes for whom she would have others provide, have returned no profits whatever.

THE publication of "Camilla's" letter in the *Times* was no doubt due to the date of its appearance, namely, the "Silly Season." This has been very dull this year, and those pikes, the reporters, have been consequently more rapacious than usual ; they have snapped up everything, quite regardless of its fitness for pabulum. Among other things, they have deplored the premature decease of my esteemed friend Mr. Justin McCarthy, who, I am happy to say, is alive and kicking against the prematurity of the reporters. I wonder how a gentleman feels who peruses his own obituary !—how he likes to be told of his "failure to fulfil the high promise of his early years," and to be patted patronisingly on the back for his "social and domestic virtues." What romances lie in the obituaries of our daily press ! The biographies of all our eminent persons are already in manuscript in the desk of every editor of a daily paper, awaiting only the final touches and the date of death. When they are sick, these manuscripts are put in type, and, if they chance to get well, the type has to be "distributed" again. Moreover, many obituaries have yet to appear, the writer of which has himself long "joined the majority." Miss Martineau, for example, who had to "do" the "literary undertaking" for the *Daily News*, will doubtless "after death yet speak" about many of her contemporaries.

SYLVANUS URBAN.



"There is just one favour you can do me now."

THE
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MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"AND EVEN FOR LOVE WILL BURY LOVE IN EARTH."

WHEN Minola made that sudden confession to Mary Blanchet which was told in a former chapter, she did it under the impulse of a feeling which she could no more restrain than she could explain it. After it was done she was sorry, perhaps, that she had made the confession, but she had no fear that it would be betrayed. Devoted as Mary was to her brother, Minola felt certain that she would never let one word of such a secret escape from her to him; and Minola did not even consider the possibility of her telling it to anyone else. They hardly spoke of it afterwards. Minola only once impressed on Mary the necessity of keeping it the profoundest secret, which, to do the poetess justice, was hardly necessary. If there was one obligation which Mary respected above all others, it was the confidence of a woman's love-secret. She became, if possible, more devoted than ever to her leader; first, because the leader had proved herself a very woman by having a love-secret, and, next, because Minola had confided the secret to her. Mary did not ask who the hero of the secret story might be. She easily got to know that Mr. St. Paul was not the person; because by questions and by inferences she came to understand that he had really offered himself for the place, and had not been accepted. This was a subject of immense delight and pride to Mary. In her wildest dreams of day or night, she had never hoped for such an honour as to have a friend who had refused the son of a duke. No matter about the character of the duke's son; no matter if he was cast off by his own family and

his own class; all the same he was the son of a duke—nothing could alter that. He, then, being out of the way, it was not, perhaps, very difficult for the astute Mary to guess at the real person; and it did indeed seem to her a great misfortune for her leader to have fallen into an attachment so hopeless as that must be. Still, the sympathies of Miss Blanchet were always rather with hopeless than with hopeful attachments. Minola became in her eyes only all the more interesting, all the more beautiful, all the more womanly and queenly, because of this unhappy love.

One great advantage Minola gained by her sudden outburst of confession was that Mary ceased from that time forth to tell her of her brother's love and disappointment. But Minola did not know that Mary grew rather more hopeful about her brother than before. Since Miss Grey absolutely could not marry the man she loved, there was all the more chance that she might resign herself to marry some one who at least loved her. When Victor Heron was married once for all, then, perhaps, Mary thought, Minola might begin to reconcile herself to realities. Herbert Blanchet's chance might come then after all.

Meanwhile a marked change for the better was coming over Blanchet himself. He really had been awakened, as a certain class of pious person might say, to a sense of the goodness that was in life and in some human hearts. He had had these feelings stirred within him for the first time by Minola's spontaneous kindness. He fell in love with Minola, and he grew ashamed of himself, and the pitiful affectations of his life. He asked her to love him, and he was refused as we know, but very kindly and considerately. Minola showed, perhaps, only too much consideration for his feelings. She assured him that she had no intention to marry, and that in any case she could not say she felt for him any of the sentiments he professed to feel for her. He went away not without hope, and he set himself to work to redeem his life from the reproach of idleness. Mrs. Money, as we know already, took him lately under her special care as helper or unhappy men. Perhaps she guessed well enough what were his pains and his hopes. He went to see her often, at hours, as she took care it should be, when Minola was not likely to be there. Mrs. Money grew more and more fond of him as she helped him on, and perhaps thought it would not be a bad thing for either if in the end Minola came to marry him. "The dear child must marry some one in the end," Mrs. Money took for granted, and, as she had means enough of her own, why might she not marry this handsome and gifted young fellow? Why might she not come to love him? Of all these ideas

Mrs. Money communicated none to her husband, for she knew that he had ideas of his own on the same subject which were not the same as hers. For once, Mr. and Mrs. Money were, as regarded a girl's settlement in life, almost as much divided as Mr. and Mrs. Page. Under the influence of her ideas, however, Mrs. Money was determined to extend a helping hand to the poet. She induced her husband to exert his influence so far on Blanchet's behalf as to recommend him to some newspaper editors whom Mr. Money knew, and to obtain for his talents as a writer of light and brilliant articles a chance of success and pay. The poet went to work very steadily. He joined with a literary friend to take chambers in the Temple ; he renounced poetry for the present, until he should have shown that he really had in him a capacity for hard work, and until some inspiration should arise compelling him to attempt a poem, and therefore proving him a man of at least poetic calling. In truth, the meaning of all this was that Blanchet was disappointed, was penitent, was disposed to blame himself for his failure hitherto—another and very subtle and satisfying mood of self-conceit—and that he was ready to plunge from extreme of self-indulgence to extreme of self-restraint.

In all this, however, he was working still with a purpose and a hope. He had in his life experienced most things except prosperity. He had fallen on bad chances and into a bad school for a petulant and fitful nature like his. He had been left for the most part to a companionship which had little regard for the manly virtues of character. He had consoled himself for disappointments and failures by wrapping himself in a ragged mantle of self-conceit, and affectation, and cynicism. It was easier to talk and think with scorn of an unappreciating world than to work patiently to deserve appreciation. The break-down of all this, his strong love for Minola and her generous kindness, together wrought on him so as to dispose him for more wholesome struggles and a fresh life. His self-conceit now worked in a new form. He was strongly persuaded that Minola was only trying what he could do in the way of manly struggle and achievement before she listened to him, and he told himself that the present was, after all, only a period of probation.

Once he allowed some hope of this kind to escape him in talking with his sister, and she did not wholly discourage it. Some faint whisper, some half-breathed, unconscious utterance of hers, filled him, however, with a terrible suspicion. He had never before thought of the possibility of Miss Grey loving anyone if she did not love him. He always complacently regarded her as he regarded fame, as something which, perhaps, has to be wooed amid disappoint-

ments, and which may not come all at once or without trouble, but which was sure to be his portion when he had exerted himself enough to deserve it. The new suspicion breathed so unconsciously into his mind by poor Mary filled it with a strange power. It held him day and night. It turned him suddenly and almost completely from his steady work of self-improvement. He felt that he could do nothing until he was clear upon that point, and he set himself to watch and find out.

There never could have been a sermon against suspicion and against mean watchfulness half so impressive as the sum total of what his suspicions and his spyings cost Herbert Blanchet, if he only could have known it. Minola had heard of his steady work from Mrs. Money as well as from Mary, and she was glad of the improvement, and felt a higher respect for him because he had not allowed himself to be wholly crumpled up by a disappointment in love. When all was first known between her and Victor Heron, she felt so miserable and so guilty, that she could have found it in her heart to wish she had married anyone, or gone to the other end of the world, or drowned herself, rather than have Lucy and Heron and herself entangled in such a miserable web of perplexity, and of something like deceit.

One dim, foggy evening, when spring seemed to have suddenly turned back into winter, Minola sat in her room, drearily touching some chords on her piano, and meanwhile asking herself, "What is to be done now? what is to come next?"

"One thing is to be done," she said, speaking aloud and rising from the piano. "I am going out, Mary."

"Isn't it wet and foggy, dear?" Mary asked. Mary never saw any use in going out when the weather was not very fine.

"I don't care, Mary; I'll battle with the elements. Is not that the heroic way of putting it?"

"I suppose so; I wish I were a hero, dear."

"What has become of your poetry, Mary? Your poems ought to be your heroism."

"What has become of them, dear? Oh, I don't know! What has become of everything?"

"Yes," Minola said, in irrepressible despondency; "I wonder what has become of everything we cared about, Mary? I wonder what will become of you and me?"

Mary sighed.

"Oh, you are well enough, Minola dear! you have youth and beauty and everything; and you could do so much good and make

people happy, and by making them happy you would be happy yourself."

There was silence for a moment or two.

"How is your brother, Mary?" Minola asked abruptly.

"He is very well, dear," Mary said, looking up timidly. "I think he is very well; he does not complain of anything. He is working very hard, and he tells me it does him good, and he seems very hopeful, I think."

"I am very glad to hear it; indeed I am, Mary," Minola said in an almost penitent tone; and then she made preparations for what she called battling with the elements.

She went her usual way through the park, thinking sadly enough of the first days when she knew that walk, and when she was full of the joy of her newly-acquired independence. It seemed to her, knowing all that had passed in that short interval, as if no human creature could have shown herself less fitted for independence than she. She began to be sick of her purposeless life, which had, so far as she saw, only brought distress on herself and on her friends. A woman of the world would have thought little of all that had passed—would have thought, perhaps, that nothing that could be called anything had passed. But Minola's proud spirit and sensitive conscience had not been subdued or seared by the ways of the world. She had tried the past chapters of her life, and she had condemned them; and from her own sentence there was no appeal.

Soon Miss Misanthrope stood on the bridge that spans the canal, her favourite spot. She had come there for quiet and for thought. The day had been wet and foggy, so much so that at one time it seemed impossible for her to get out of doors at all, and she dreaded a whole day caged up with Mary Blanchet—at least, until she had made up her mind on a question of deep moment to her. But the rain ceased to stream and was succeeded by a thick, warm fog, and Minola did not heed the fog; and so she started for her solitary walk. By the time she had crossed the park the fog was beginning to lift, and when she stood on the bridge she saw a curious and a very lovely sight. On the canal, across it, all along its banks for a certain distance, the heavy, damp fog brooded. It brooded thick, and soft, and dank, as though the season were early winter, instead of late spring rapidly melting into summer. It was rather late in the evening; the appearance of the scene was for a certain distance around rather that of a November night than of a spring evening, however late. But high up in the heavens, above the region of the fog, the sky was clear, was all of a faint delicate blue, and the moon

was now bright. Immediately beneath Minola's feet, in the water, the reflection of the moon was brilliant, and the sluggish ripples were glorified in its light. Yet if she allowed her gaze to follow the canal, though but a very little way, she came on the fog-bank and the region of the mist again. So, if she raised her eyes slowly from the canal to the sky, she saw in succession of almost imperceptible change the murky hue of the water in the fog, the blackish grey of the spectral trees seen dimly through it, and then shades of softening grey, until in some manner which the gazer could not clearly make out the grey had all given way to the pale blue, and at last, following the lighting heaven to the source of light, she reached the glittering effulgent yellow in which the moon was circled. A strange and beautiful condition of atmosphere and sky thus brought the fogs and chilly waters of November and the soft blue skies and mild moonlight of May into one picture.

The picture had this effect upon Minola, that it took her for the moment away from her own brooding troubles. It told her, too, that, come what would, the beauty of sky and water would remain a living possession for her. She began to wonder whether, after all, we do not exaggerate in our romantic or petulant moods those sorrows that are said to be especially of the heart. It seemed to her, under the softening and purifying influence of the scene around, that there was much left for her to do and to enjoy in life. Hers was a nature of that mould that is peculiarly alive to the influences of sky, and scene, and atmosphere—a nature that under other conditions of training would have been profoundly superstitious, and for which, to adopt the picturesque expression of Schiller, the door of the ghost-kingdom would easily open. Had she not been brought up in prosaic and well-informed England of the midland counties it is probable that the door of that ghost-kingdom would always have stood ajar for her, and that amid the commonplace work and joys of every day she would often have had sight of the vast lost regions of the supernatural—that Eden of fearful fascination from which man, by reason of his eating the fruit of the tree of science, has shut himself out. But, even as it was, she retained enough of the thrilling temperament that admits of superstition to feel peculiarly influenced, now encouraged, and now depressed, by the movement of a cloud, the gleam of a star, the sudden, unexpected ripple of water among concealing reeds. Therefore as she stood this night, and studied the picture all around her, she felt her soul growing exalted, and saw the heavy mists of her personal troubles begin to roll away and show some gleam of brightness beyond.

When she came slowly away she was filled with a resolve. If it was not a very wise one, it was at least unselfish, and it was the result of the calmest thought she could take, alone and wholly uncounselled. She had clearly seen for some time that her present theory of life was all a failure. It had completely broken down. She brooded hopelessly over this mournful conviction for a while, and then, like all beings of healthy, unselfish nature, she began to ask herself what was to be done next? She could not give up all her life to grieving over the irreparable. It was not enough for her to sit down and cry because things had not gone well with her. Something must be done; what was to be done?

She could not remain in London and live this kind of life any more. It would be intolerable if she had to run the risk of meeting Victor Heron day after day. She knew well enough his sudden energy of nature, and she feared for him more than for herself that he might make some effort to break away from the pledge that as yet alone held him to poor Lucy. It seemed clear to Minola that in the miserable game of cross-purposes they had been playing they had left no way out except with unhappiness to some one. It was equally clear to her that Lucy ought not to be the sufferer. She did not doubt that time would soften or wholly remove the effect of his mistake and his disappointment for Victor Heron, and that he would come to love Lucy as she ought to be loved, and to be as happy as men can well expect to be. When a thing is inevitable she knew that souls with any manhood in them will always make the best of it; and she well knew that Heron's was a soul filled with genuine manhood. The one thing, therefore, most needful to be done was to make the complete separation of herself and Victor inevitable.

At first she had ideas of going to live far away from England. She spent more than one musing hour in thinking on the place to be chosen for her retreat. She thought of the East, and was almost amused at the idea of her being another Hester Stanhope, for in her very childish days Hester Stanhope used to be a sort of heroine with her. She thought of Rome; and, indeed, her heart yearned for a life wholly given up to Rome. She thought of Athens; and she thought, too, of the fresh, new world across the Atlantic, where every new idea and every free assertion of individual energy is believed to have a fuller and fairer chance of justifying itself than here among us. But there came up amid all these dreamings the reflection that, after all, this would be doing little good for any mortal but herself. It would only be a sort of sensuality of the soul indulged to the full. It was then the thought rose in her mind that perhaps it was her

duty to make some manner of sacrifice for the happiness of some one else. "I cannot be happy myself in my own way," she said to herself; "that is certain. Why should I not try to order things so that by some self-denial I may yet be the means of making some one else more happy than he might otherwise be?" How very happy she might make poor Mary Blanchet by marrying her brother! And Blanchet, too, who professed to love her so much—and who was surely quite sincere, for Minola had lately learned to have great faith in the sincerity of human love—if she could make him happy, would it not be a better use to which to put her life than to moon it away in the indulgence of a vain lament for the unattainable? There were some gifts in him, and under favouring auspices they might shine into something really great. Why should she not apply her life to the task of endeavouring to give them a full development? It seemed to Minola that this would be a far better way of spending her youth than surrendering it wholly to solitude and her own indulgence in vain regret. One dread sometimes made her shudder at the idea. Suppose Victor Heron were to think that she never really had had any steady and enduring love for him? Suppose he set her down as a woman of no real heart, no strong emotion at all? But then came quick as a ray of light the conviction, "He will never think that;" and afterwards, in melancholy resignation, the reflection, "If he should, it is only all the better."

So she made up her mind. The resolve was an unwise one, no doubt. A girl who had known more of the world's ways would never have made it—at least, she would never have made it with such a purpose and such a hope. A woman of the world might have married for money when she could not get the man she loved; she would have married for a home, and a protector, and a settlement, and all the rest of it; and we should most of us have said that she did sensibly and well. She might have married to please her father and mother, as the good girls were always taught that it was their duty to do in the formal old days, and her filial piety would have been applauded. But the idea of marrying a poor young man without even the excuse of loving him, the idea of marrying him merely because he loved her, and she thought she might do him good, and make his life happy; this would undoubtedly have seemed to all sensible persons not only very absurd, but perhaps rather unwomanly as well. Such, however, was the resolve Minola made, and it was made deliberately and in honest purpose for the right. In the perplexed way of her life she saw nothing better to do than this. This would secure the happiness of poor Lucy, who then would never know that her hap-

piness had been in danger ; it would make Heron's course clear and inevitable ; it would perhaps make Blanchet happy ; it would certainly make Mary very happy ; and for Minola herself, it would at least give her the knowledge that her life was of some use to some human hearts. She came away from the park with a resolve. In that sense she was less unhappy than before.

"I will see Herbert Blanchet. I will trust to his honour and his generosity. I will tell him that I love—that I did love—a man whom I cannot marry ; and, if he is willing to have me for his wife with that knowledge, I shall not hold back any longer."

"After all, perhaps I shall thus be acting out my part of Miss Misanthrope in the spirit and the letter," she said, with a gleam of her old temper, as she walked homeward.

"Mary, I should like to see your brother very much, and as soon as he could come," Minola said to her companion that evening, as they sat alone, and tried to get up an appearance of their old cheerfulness.

Mary looked up surprised.

"I am sure, Minola, he ought to be only too delighted ; but do you think it would be well to ask him to come?"

"Would it be any harm?"

"He feels such a great deal, you know ; or, indeed, I don't think you could well know. There are feelings we can all only have for ourselves. I am afraid, Minola dear, it would only renew his unhappiness, poor fellow. He loves you so much, Minola."

Minola coloured and felt distressed. Almost her heart failed her, but she kept to her purpose.

"If I wanted to see him very particularly, Mary, don't you think he would come then?"

Mary looked up again in doubled wonder. A wild hope came into her mind which she would not dare to express, but which set her all trembling and brought the tears into her eyes.

"Oh, yes, Minola dearest, of course he would come ! Of course he must know, as well as I know, that you would not bring him here to give him needless pain, and that you have some good purpose."

"I want to say something to him very particularly, Mary, which I think now I ought to say. I want to ask him something. I don't know how he will answer it ; but I feel that I ought to give him the chance of answering it. Now, don't begin puzzling your head about it, Mary dear ; you will know it all soon, whatever way things turn out ; but at present, dear, it specially concerns him and me, and I could not tell even you, Mary, until I had spoken to him first."

Mary was a little cast down from her wild hopes. She feared that, after all, it was only some explanation Minola proposed to give to Herbert, with a view, perhaps, of making him more reconciled to his fate, a result about which Mary had but little hope. She accepted her part, however, and promised to go and see her brother the very first thing in the morning.

It would be needless to deny that, in thinking over her project of self-sacrifice, Minola had thought of other names as well as that of Herbert Blanchet. She had thought, for instance, of her too faithful old lover, Mr. Sheppard; but she could not see the possibility of a life spent with Mr. Sheppard. She did not see that she could be of any manner of use to him in his career; rather, indeed, she felt that she must necessarily be something of a hindrance. Then there was no Mary Blanchet in that case to be joined in the objects of the sacrifice. Mr. Sheppard had money enough, and wanted no help in that way. Her money might enable Blanchet, she thought, to give his genius full sway—to give it its head, without regard to prudence, and publishers, and pot-boilers. “I suppose he has genius; I think he has genius,” she kept saying to herself. If she was to sacrifice herself—and this must in any case be an absolute sacrifice—she felt she must justify the act to her own heart and conscience by the assurance that it would do the fullest good in her power to do.

When Mary, full of doubt and hope, went to see her brother next morning, she was startled by the change that appeared to have suddenly taken place in him. He seemed to have thrown away his hard-working mood, and to be reckless and almost ferocious. When Mary told him she had brought him a message from Minola, he looked almost as if she had said she brought a warrant for his arrest.

“What does she want of me, Mary? You must know. Come, let us hear it; tell it out.”

“But, Herbert dear, indeed I don’t know. She did not tell me anything.”

“And you don’t guess, my sister?” he asked, with a sickly smile that made her uncomfortable to see.

“No, Herbert. She only said that she wanted to ask you a question, and that you ought to have a chance of answering it, or something of that kind.”

“Yes, I thought so. Very well, Mary; tell her I will not go; tell her to think anything she likes of me—the very worst will not be too bad; but I will not see her.”

He turned his back on his sister. Mary, however, had seen him in heroic and in despondent moods often enough not to feel quite

discouraged by this demonstration. She endeavoured to argue with him ; and ventured to hint that probably he might find everything turning out for the very best when he came to speak with Minola.

"You think so?" he asked, with a laugh. "Very well, Mary, I will go ; it may as well be got done with once for all. Come, my sister, let us go. Are you to be present at the interview, Mary?"

"No, Herbert ; oh, no ! She wants to speak to you alone first. But I dare say I shall know some time."

"I dare say you will ; I only wonder you have not known it already. Tell me, Mary ; don't you think one had best tell the truth when it is certain that he must be found out if he tells a lie?"

"Oh, Herbert, what a question !"

"You think it very absurd, don't you? Well, Mary, there is some sense in it, too. You may be sure I shall answer Miss Grey's question very truthfully to-day."

CHAPTER XXXII.

LEFT LONELY.

THAT was a time of strange and painful emotion during which Minola waited for the coming of Blanchet and his sister. There were moments when she would have given all the world to be able to recall what she had said and done. There were even moments of agonising reaction, when she felt inclined to descend the stairs softly, and open the door, and go into the street, and disappear for evermore somehow from the sight of all who knew her. Once or twice she covered her face with her hands as if she felt an intolerable shame. Once or twice she burst into tears. She was only sustained by the thought that the extraordinary step she had resolved on would secure poor Lucy's happiness, and that it would make both Mary Blanchet and her brother very happy. Other way to make her wretched failure of a life useful to any human creature she saw none. She got up and walked about the room like some half wild and caged creature, whose limitations sometimes become almost unbearable. She was terrified at the fate she had brought upon herself ; she looked back with miserable regret to the few free and happy days she had spent when she first came to London. "Let no wretched woman ever try to be independent!" she cried out in her bitterness.

What a long time they were in coming ! for now she began to wish that the interview were over, and anything resolved upon that

could not be undone. Trifling little things came into her mind, and perplexed and distressed her. If, for instance, Mary Blanchet should remain in the room ! “ If she is there I shall not be able to say out what I want to say,” Minola thought ; “ and if she wishes to remain, will she think it strange and wrong if I ask her not to stay ? If it is all settled, how shall I have to behave to him ? Will he understand that I am not going to play any love part ? If he comes, and I tell him all this, and he is content, then will he kiss me, and must I seem willing to be kissed ? Will he accept me at all on such terms ?——” A wild gleam of hope lit up within her for a moment, and then died out. “ Oh, yes, he will accept me—he does not care !” she said ; and she trembled with pain and shame at the strange humiliation she had brought upon herself. She will never forget the agony of that hour while she waited there alone.

At length they are come. She heard the voice of Mary apparently reasoning with Blanchet. Then one point of perplexity was presently settled for her, because the door opened and Mr. Blanchet came in, and he was alone. Minola heard the soft patter of Mary’s receding feet. Then a sudden revulsion took place in her feelings, and she wished that Mary had come in with her brother. It was too late now, however, to think of that, for Blanchet was in the room unaccompanied, and came towards her.

Minola was greatly surprised and even shocked at the appearance of Blanchet. She would have been still more pained if she could have persuaded herself that his present aspect and manner were the result of his love, and that she was to blame for having brought him to this pass. But there was something sullen and almost fierce about him which did not seem to her inexperienced eyes to speak merely of the pangs of misprized love. He looked like a man who has come to meet an accusation and is determined to brazen it out. His very manner of saluting her had in it something of defiance which was strangely unlike his old ways of poetic devotion, when he used to place himself, metaphorically at least, at her feet, and look up to her as his patroness and saint.

Perhaps Minola now wished she had not sent for him. Perhaps her mind misgave her as to her purpose of self-sacrifice. Perhaps she would gladly have had Mary Blanchet or anyone else in the room, to bear her company.

She had sent for Mr. Blanchet, however, and she had to receive him becomingly. It seemed marvellous to her now how she ever could have invited him with the intention of offering herself to him to be his wife. Taking her courage, as the French phrase has

it, in her two hands, she went to meet Herbert with a friendly greeting.

To her surprise Blanchet did not take her hand when she offered it, but made a bow, and placed himself at some distance from her, standing near the chimney-piece.

"I know why you have sent for me, Miss Grey," he said, "and I had better not take your hand until we understand one another. I am told by Mary that you wish to ask me a question. Well, let me save you trouble and myself too. I answer the question at once. I say yes—yes!"

Then the poet threw back his dark hair, and stood as one who cares not now what is to follow. If he had ever been a reader or a stage-struck admirer of Shakespeare, one might have supposed that the attitude and look were got up after Othello, when he says, "'Twas I that killed her," and is thenceforth prepared for the worst.

This was a mystery to Minola. It seemed absolutely impossible that he could have learned or guessed at the nature of the question she had meant to put to him. It had only been settled in her own mind the evening before, and was never whispered, even to the reeds along the canal. Nor even if he had known it by supernatural inspiration did his tone and manner seem appropriate to the occasion, and to the answer he had given.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Blanchet, and you can't, I think, have any idea of the reason why I asked you to come and see me."

"Yes, yes; I know it very well—only too well."

"Then you must tell me what it is; for, really, Mr. Blanchet, it you know it I don't."

Minola seated herself quietly on a little sofa, and waited for him to explain all this. His theatrical ways were so absurd and offensive in her eyes that they impelled her to fall back upon a reserved and distant demeanour. He could hardly have gone mad, she thought; and in any case she now only wished to be well out of the whole affair. Minola could not believe that real emotion and stage-play could go together in the one part in private life, and she judged Blanchet wrongly for this reason. There are people in whom the instinct of the theatrical is as strong as the common instinct of self-preservation. Blanchet was as much in earnest now and as near to actual despair as he could be in this life.

"Oh, yes, I know!" he said, "and I may as well save you all trouble in reproaching me. You need not tell me you despise me, Miss Grey; you can't despise me more than I despise myself. You

need not tell me I have been ungrateful ; I know that there never was a more ungrateful wretch on earth. If you could care for any thanks from me or believe in their sincerity, I would thank you for one thing—for not telling poor Mary anything about this. It was like your magnanimous nature to do this. She will come to know of it some time, I suppose ; but not from you—not from you.”

Minola began to be really alarmed and shocked. This was no play-acting. His eyes were burning with wild emotion. He was in thorough earnest. Her idea was that he must have committed some crime and got it into his head that she knew of it. She got up and went kindly over to him. He shrank away.

“We are talking at cross-purposes, Mr. Blanchet ; and I am afraid you are going to tell me something I ought not to know. You must not say any more—at least, without thinking of what you are saying. I have no reproach to make against you, Mr. Blanchet ; what could I have ? If you have done anything that deserves all the reproach you are giving to yourself, I don’t know anything of it—and indeed I don’t believe it.”

“You don’t know ; you really don’t know ?” and his eyes lighted up with a momentary ray of surprise and hope. Then he became despairing again. “You are sure to know before long ; and I may as well tell you myself.”

“No, no, Mr. Blanchet, I don’t want to know ; I have no right to know. Pray don’t say any more—let us ask Mary to come in.” He put his hand upon her arm and stayed her.

“No, no, you must hear it all now ; we had better have an end to it. It concerns you, Miss Grey, and you have a right to know of it. ’Twas I who saw you and Heron in St. James’s Park ; it was I who told Lucy Money, and made you seem a treacherous friend to her ; ’twas I who did mischief that I suppose can never be set right, and did it all to the only woman in the world who ever was really kind to me. Yes—what do you think of me now ?”

Minola felt herself growing giddy and sick as he talked on in his wild way. Little as she understood of what he was saying, yet she knew enough to make her feel as if the ground reeled beneath her. It was enough that Victor and she had been seen and watched and misunderstood by somebody, and that all her efforts to make things happy for Lucy were in vain. For the moment she did not think of herself. She knew that there was nothing she had done to be ashamed of, or which two simple words to Lucy would not explain. But when that explanation once began, where was it to stop ? For

the moment she did not even think of the degradation to herself in having her movements watched, and reported, and misrepresented ; or of the shameful ingratitude of Blanchet, whom, an hour ago, she almost looked upon as her destined husband.

Blanchet now stood leaning both his elbows on the chimney-piece, his head turned away from her.

"Mr. Blanchet," Minola said quietly, "you say you have done me some great wrong. There is just one favour you can do me now, and that is, to tell me in the simplest words what you saw, and what you said of it, and why you came to say it."

She stood and waited, with a manner seemingly of the most perfect composure. Within her breast all was pain, shame, anger, and distraction. But she contrived to keep an air of entire self-restraint and calmness. It appeared to her that the mere dignity of womanhood exacted from her that much of self-control at least.

Then Blanchet told his story. It was a little incoherent here and there, and dashed with theatric expressions of passion and despair. But its general purpose was only too clear. He was going to call on Mrs. Money that unhappy day, and as he was crossing the park he saw Victor Heron seated, and apparently waiting for some one. The poet confessed that, prompted by some demon of jealousy and suspicion, he watched, and he saw Minola come up, and he saw them meet and saw them walk together. Then, still and further inspired by the demon on whom he was disposed to throw so much responsibility, he hastened to Mrs. Money's house ; he learned that Heron had left a full hour before Minola ; he even found out that they had parted formally from each other ; and then he told Lucy for her private information that he had just seen them together in the park, an hour after Heron had left Lucy declaring that he must hasten to the House of Commons.

Minola heard all this, bending her head slightly every now and then to signify that she understood his meaning. At the end she quietly asked what Lucy had said to the story he told her.

She looked very pale, Blanchet said ; but she only begged of him not to say anything to her mother, and then she went away. But he saw too well, he added, that she was struck to the heart by what she had heard. Then first, when his rage of jealousy and madness had passed away, he began to understand the full measure of his shame. When Minola sent for him—to ask him a question, as Mary had told him—he felt sure it was to put the question of guilty or not guilty. He might as well plead guilty at once. It must all come out. There must be explanations, and he must stand confessed. That did not

trouble him now, he said. His one only thought was that Minola had been his best friend in all the world, and that he had betrayed her.

Minola listened to these explanations with a heart in which scorn and anger were longing for utterance, but with serene and imperturbable composure. Once again she thought to herself, "Yes, it is true—women are born hypocrites;" and she thought, too, "I am glad of it just now."

"Things are not quite so bad as your excited conscience would make them out, I hope, Mr. Blanchet," she said, with a half smile of contempt. "It was not well done of you to play such a part, nor exactly what I should have expected; but I hope it will prove that you have not done much harm to anyone—except to your own feelings and conscience, of course. I met Mr. Heron by the merest chance that day in the park, and I never met him there or anywhere else except by chance. That can be explained in two words if Miss Money thinks any explanation necessary. She will believe anything I tell her or that Mr. Heron tells her."

Blanchet shook his head.

"You think she will not believe him or me?" Minola asked, with quiet contempt. "Oh, yes, Mr. Blanchet, you are mistaken!"

"I didn't mean to doubt that," the poet said, with downcast head. To do him justice he had not the least doubt that either Minola or Heron would tell the truth; his doubt was whether the full acknowledgment would be entirely satisfactory to Lucy Money; and Minola guessed his meaning.

"That, at any rate, can be left to Miss Money's own judgment, Mr. Blanchet. I was only anxious to assure you that you have not after all done so much harm as you seemed to fear just now."

She looked very cold and cruel. As he turned his eyes to hers he caught no light of ancient kindness or pity in them; only a cold and merciless dislike and contempt. He cast one abject, penitent glance at her, a glance that seemed to implore for some merciful consideration.

"You don't even reproach me," he said, appealing to her with outstretched hands of sudden passion and despair.

"Oh, no! I have no right to complain of anything you may choose to say. You did see me in the park with Mr. Heron; it is quite true. You have said nothing untrue of me; what right have I to complain?"

Then she made a slight, hardly perceptible movement—one of those movements which it comes by nature to even the least affected

women to make, and which convey so much with such little effort. It indicated to Blanchet, beyond the possibility of mistake, that the interview was at an end.

"At least try to forgive me," he said despairingly. "I thought all you Christians were bound to do that."

"It is not a question of forgiving," she said with the same composed air; "I have no power to punish, Mr. Blanchet, and I don't see why we should speak of forgiving. You don't ask me, I suppose, to think just the same of you to-day as I thought yesterday? I could hardly do that, even as a Christian duty."

As Blanchet was hurrying out of the house he met his sister in the hall. She ran to him with inquiring eyes, seeking in his face for some sign of coming happiness to all of them. He stopped and looked at her, and then a sudden thought seemed to take possession of him, and he caught her arm.

"Come away with me," he said; "get your things and come away this moment. This is no place for you."

She has refused him again, poor Mary thought. Oh, why then did she send for him at all?

"But, Herbert, my dear, how can I leave her? Do you want me to go away from Minola for ever?"

"Yes, yes, for ever. Come away this moment, I tell you. I'll take care of you; I'll provide for you, if that is it. But come away from this place. We have no right to be here, either of us."

"What has she said to you, Herbert—what have you done?"

"She has said nothing to me; I wish she had said something to me. What have I done? I have acted like a treacherous cad——"

"Oh, Herbert, it can't be!"

"It is, I tell you. Come away from this, Mary; you have no right to be here; come away this moment, I tell you."

His energy quite overbore poor Mary. She had never seen him in such a mood before; indeed she had never seen anyone else in such a mood. She could no more have stood out against him than against a storm. But the idea of her going away from Minola seemed like an overturning of the world.

"But won't you tell me what this is all about? What have you done, Herbert? Why must I leave her? How could I live without her? What would she say?"

"I'll tell you all when you come with me; I'll tell you nothing now. Get your things; I will give you five minutes—go along, Mary, and be quick."

Mary looked wildly up and down, as one who hopes, perhaps, that

some supernatural intervention may come at the last moment to rescue her from a doom which she has no strength to fight against herself. She looked up the stairs and along the hall, and even to the ceiling. Nothing came to save her. She burst into tears.

"Come," said Herbert, turning his dark eyes on her with a wildness in them which she could not trifle with any longer.

"I'll come, Herbert ; I'll come," she said.

She ran upstairs ; she rushed into the room where Minola was, and clasped Minola in her arms, and clung about her and kissed her, and stammered some incoherent words of fondness and good-bye, and ran out again before Minola could understand what she meant or what she was about to do. In another moment Minola heard the street door shut, and going to the window saw Mary hurrying off with her brother.

Minola felt dazed by the sudden occurrences of the day. She looked after the departing figures of Mary Blanchet and her brother, and at first could hardly understand the situation. Then she turned and looked into the darkening lonely room, and she felt very much alone indeed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MAN WITHOUT A GRIEVANCE.

THE man with the grievance had got his chance at last. His time had come. The hopes with which he came over to England, and which had so often seemed to fail and fade from him, were likely to be realised now. He was about to have a hearing for his cause. He was to make his statement in the presence of all England—that is to say, from the floor of the House of Commons. The night fixed for the hearing of Victor Heron's motion in the House had come, and it had excited a great deal of public interest, and was certain of a patient consideration.

The destinies had surely been very kind to Heron since his coming to England. He thought of this as he was crossing the park from his lodgings to get to the House of Commons this particular evening, and found his nerves becoming tremulous with the anticipation of the coming fight, of the speech he had to make, and of the success which he felt confident the justice of his case must win for it. When he landed in England, under a sort of cloud and otherwise obscure, he found at first that it was hardly possible to get anyone

of influence even to listen to what he had to say. He could not now but admire, to use the old phrase, the change which had been wrought for him in the condition of things. There was a time when he would readily have given ten or twenty years of his life for the chance that now was coming so easily to him. He ought to be a proud and happy man. Proud he might perhaps have been, were it not that he felt terribly nervous now that the time was so near; but happy he certainly did not feel. To be happy in any manner of political success, or at least to enjoy it thoroughly, one ought to have no heart, he began to think. He was very unhappy; his unhappiness rose up between him and his grievance—between him and his speech. He was glad to take refuge in the thought of the inevitable speech, and in the nervous trepidation that it called up; even that was better than thinking of other things. He endeavoured to fix his attention exclusively on the approaching debate, and to make himself believe that the end of all things would come the moment it was over. He had gained the great object of his life—at least, he stood on the direct way to gain it—and this was the spirit in which he received the crowning of his hopes.

Mr. Augustus Sheppard went down to the House that night to hear the debate. It was not a party question, everyone said, and he was free to wish that Victor might gain his cause. Indeed, it was Victor himself who was obtaining a seat for his former rival to hear the debate. Mr. Sheppard quite understood now that it was good form to be on friendly terms with a man whom you had opposed unsuccessfully at an election. He had some interest, too, of his own in the present debate and in Heron's success. There was a general impression that if Heron made out a real case the Government would certainly give him the very next good appointment in the colonial administrations that came to their hand; and Sheppard assumed that that and not a parliamentary life would be the object of Heron's ambition. Heron then would resign the seat for Keeton which he had only obtained by a fluke; and Mr. Sheppard would have a capital opportunity next time, when it was not likely that the odd chances that had defeated him could occur again. He felt still a sort of superstitious longing for success at Keeton, because it had so long been in his hopes; and he had a faith that if he carried Keeton he would also carry Minola Grey. He was, then, in a peculiarly hopeful mood as he walked towards the House of Commons the evening of Heron's motion.

Mr. Sheppard was a little too early; he generally took care to be a little early for everything. He was never known to be late for an

appointment. He began to walk more slowly when he came near Westminster Palace, for he saw by the clock on the tower that he had plenty of time to spare. He slowly entered Westminster Hall, and found himself entangled in a crowd there. A case of some public interest was going on in one of the law courts on the right of the hall, and people were waiting to see some of the witnesses pass out; while on the left of the hall others were watching to see members of Parliament pass in. Sheppard remembered that the case was one in which a good many noblemen were more or less interested, and that among others the duke, who was his feudatory chief, had expressed some opinion about it, and had even been present at some of the sittings of the court. He stood a moment, therefore, with a sort of respectful and well-regulated curiosity, and he asked a question of one or two persons around him; and it happened that he saw a friend or two passing through the crowd, and he interchanged a few words. He pleased himself with thinking of the time, now perhaps very near, when people would see him passing into the House of Commons with other members, and then he began to make his way forward, believing it not becoming that a person of such expectations should be seen standing in a curious crowd. He was making his way clear of the throng when a tall man passed him, whose appearance seemed familiar to Mr. Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard, however, went on his way; but the other stopped and looked after him, and then strode in pursuit and speedily overtook him. A hand was laid on Mr. Sheppard's shoulder, and a friendly voice was heard in his ear.

"Hullo, Sheppard—how are you? Don't bear malice, I hope—especially as I lost as well as you."

Mr. Sheppard turned round and saw a figure which he could not mistake. He forgot, however, for the moment some of the conditions under which the figure chose to present itself to society; and he began in a doubtful and embarrassed tone:

"Oh, yes; I beg your pardon, Lord Hugh——"

"I say, Sheppard, cut that! I have dropped all that sort of thing; I'm the opposite to the dog, don't you know, in the fable: he dropped the substance to get at the shadow; I drop the shadow seeing that I can't have the substance; and I think you'll own, Sheppard, that I am the more sensible animal of the two."

"I am pleased to see you, Mr. St. Paul."

"Thank you, Sheppard, it's very kind of you. You don't look particularly pleased, and that makes it all the more good of you to say it." And Mr. St. Paul laughed his familiar laugh.

"Well, we met last time under circumstances that don't of themselves tend to make men pleased to see each other, Mr. St. Paul,"

Sheppard said ; for he was not to be long kept in awe of a person of noble family when that person was not respectable in his conduct, and was not on good terms with the head of the house.

"I don't know ; it was a fair fight, Sheppard ; I lost as well as you. I dare say if I had got in you would have had a petition?"

"I think it highly probable we should have taken some such course, Mr. St. Paul. There would certainly have seemed to be some justification for such a course."

"I wonder who would have paid the expenses if there had been a petition against me."

"I should have found the means to pay them, Mr. St. Paul."

"Found the means, I dare say ; but would not the means have been found in my brother's purse, Sheppard?"

"I am not dependent on your noble brother, Mr. St. Paul, greatly as I respect him, and as everyone must respect him."

"Quite right, Sheppard ; quite right. But we will not fight about that now. I am going off again, and I had rather part company on good terms with as many old friends as will do me the favour to be civil to me."

"I thought you had left England, Mr. St. Paul."

"No ; I am getting off to-morrow or next day ; one has such a lot of things to do, don't you know. But, I say, have you heard the news about our old friend Money?"

"No, I have heard nothing about Mr. Money or his family," Sheppard said with some appearance of interest. "Nothing bad, I hope. I should be sorry if——"

"Well, that is pretty much as you choose to take it. I should not call it bad to leave this confounded country ; but I don't know how you may look at the matter."

"Is Mr. Money going to leave the country?"

"Right away. He has sent in his retiring address to his constituents. A chance for you there, Sheppard, perhaps. Money helped to put a Liberal in for Keeton—you might retaliate by getting yourself in for his borough."

"But why does he take so strange and sudden a step? Not any business calamity, surely?"

"No, no ; a business affair, but not a business calamity—unless your patriotic soul, Sheppard, sees a calamity in anything done by a Briton in the service of a foreign country. Our friend Money is going to let the Emperor of Russia have all the benefit of his services as an inventor and constructor of engines chiefly used in the unchristian work of destruction."

"Indeed? You astonish me."

"Do I? I am glad of it; it is something to have anyone to astonish with a piece of news. I knew it must come to this long ago. It was all very well while everything looked peaceful, and the lion lying down with the lamb, and all that sort of thing, *you know*. But, by Jove! we may have a big fight now any day, and our friend would soon find he couldn't serve the two masters. He's a sensible fellow—Money; and he makes his choice while he can do so decently, without actually seeming to go over to the enemy, don't you know. Of course, he is quite right; we wouldn't pay him, and t'other party will; and why should he not get the best pay he can in times like these, Sheppard, my boy? That's business, isn't it? We all live by business, you know."

"Still, I should have thought that there was more of patriotic feeling in Mr. Money—and he having sat so long in Parliament too——"

"Ah, that's it, you know," St. Paul said carelessly. "He has been behind the scenes and sees how things are done; you have not as yet. He knows what it all comes to; he is a sensible fellow—Money; you may be sure he knows uncommonly well what he is about, Sheppard. I knew this long time it must come to this."

"And this is beyond doubt?" Sheppard asked, still dubitating, and at the same time trying to follow out a train of ideas applying to himself more exclusively.

"True as Gospel. I have just read his retiring address—in which, however, he takes good care, of course, not to be very explicit about the cause of his going off; and I have been talking to the man who is going to marry his daughter in a few days."

"Oh, Mr. Heron?"

"No, not Heron; the other man—I forget his name, who was at the Bar, you know—I remember him at Oxford; the fellow who marries the elder sister——"

Mr. Sheppard signified that he understood the meaning of Mr. St. Paul's reference.

"Well, of course, he did not say exactly what I knew to be the fact; but he did not contradict it. I fancy he is not very sorry that Money is going out of the country. He wants to be in society, you know; and, of course, Money is not just the sort of father-in-law for a man in society."

"You don't know, Mr. St. Paul," Sheppard said, becoming almost friendly in his anxiety to learn all about this affair; "you don't know, I suppose, whom Mr. Money takes with him to Russia?"

"No, I don't know; only his wife, I suppose. If the other girl marries our young friend Heron, it isn't likely she would be going off

to Russia, I suppose. They say Heron will get a colony somewhere. Well, glad to see you, Sheppard ; good-bye."

"You are very kind, I'm sure, Mr. St. Paul," Sheppard said with a certain fervour, for he really thought it was friendly of St. Paul to speak to him so good-humouredly after all that had passed between them on the memorable night of the riot at Keeton.

St. Paul laughed.

"I am going to be a great deal more kind to you now, Sheppard ; for I'm going to leave you just in time to save your credit. I see my brother coming ; and if you were caught in conference with me you would never set foot inside any house of his again. Goodbye, Sheppard."

St. Paul nodded, smiled, and turned away. Sheppard stood for a moment and looked after his great stooping form, as it made its way out through the crowd, and then he prepared to pay his respects to the chief of the ducal house. He felt a little humiliated by the parting words of St. Paul, but it must be confessed that it was a source of some gladness to him not to be found in parley with the disreputable younger brother when the duke came up. The duke was hurrying by, and only gave Mr. Sheppard a hand to shake, and a "How-d'ye-do, Sheppard ?" But this was something to have got unalloyed by any qualification or suspicion which the presence of St. Paul might have infused into it.

But even while the dry cool fingers of the duke were still in his momentary possession, Mr. Sheppard was thinking of how the disappearance of the Money family from Minola's horizon would affect his chances with her. He thought of this as he sat and listened to Victor Heron's speech. It may be said, in passing, that Sheppard did not greatly admire the speech. It seemed to him to want order and finish. He was surprised that Heron should have plunged into the subject so directly. Mr. Sheppard had been studying rhetoric of late, and he had formed for himself a very clear idea of how Victor's subject ought to be treated. He thought the speaker should have begun with a sketch of the growth and greatness of England's colonial system ; should have shown how the glory of England depends in great measure on the way in which she governs her colonies ; should have had a good deal to say about the manner in which the great Mr. Pitt had condemned slavery ; might even, perhaps, have quoted a passage from Mr. Pitt's famous peroration about the sunlight streaming in upon the mind of Africa as it did while he spoke through the windows of the House of Commons ; and thus brought the House, as it were, into tune with the particular question to be debated that day. Victor did nothing of all this, but began in an easy conversational tone,

and in three sentences was right into the heart of his subject, only warming into anything like eloquence as he came to deal with occasional passages on which he felt deeply, and then as soon as possible resuming the quietly argumentative tone again. The House seemed to like it evidently, and Sheppard heard people near him saying it was going to be a great success. Mr. Sheppard was a little astonished, but felt that he ought to be pleased for more reasons than one. He was satisfied he could make a far more eloquent speech than that; and if that sort of thing was successful, he might fairly expect to take rank among the great orators of the House when he got his chance.

But he was only thinking of all this at passing moments. For the most part his mind was occupied with thoughts of Minola, and of the manner in which the departure of the Moneys would affect her and by consequence him. If Mr. and Mrs. Money went to Russia, and Heron and his wife went to some colony, then Minola would be left almost absolutely alone in London. He knew the girl too well to think that she would look for new friends. Surely, then, she would come to value his steady, faithful love? He would have become a success by that time, and no woman is indifferent to success. She would see that in his love there was nothing interested or selfish. Indeed, his love for her was not selfish in the ordinary sense. It would have surprised both him and her to know it, but it was true all the same that in one respect at least he did strongly resemble her beloved Alceste. His extreme love went so far as to form wishes against her who was its object: he could have wished that she were reduced to miserable condition—that Heaven, in giving her birth, had given her nothing—that she had neither money nor friends—in order that he might have the happiness of seeing her depend for everything upon the helping hand of his love. Mr. Sheppard was less acquainted even with Tibullus than with Molière, but the Latin poet had expressed many hundreds of years before Alceste the wish that often filled Sheppard, as it had filled Minola's hero, the "*Utinam possis uni mihi bella videri, displiceas aliis; sic ego tutus ero.*" This wish was strong in Sheppard's mind while Victor Heron was addressing the House. Indeed, no love from the most romantic and passionate lover could have been a better tribute to a woman's worth than that of Sheppard for Minola Grey. All her other lovers were taking her on mere trust. All the others were caught by some charm in her which they could perhaps not define. She might for aught they could tell be in reality something quite different from what she seemed to be. Sheppard had known her almost from her cradle-time; he saw her faults as the others probably did not; he had often

winned under her occasional touches of sarcasm ; he knew very well that she had always done injustice to him, but he knew how sterling, how sweet, how true was the woman's heart that was within her breast ; he had seen her tried in all manner of ways, and he had seen that trial always only brought out the simple nobility of her nature ; he was as certain as he was of life that if once he could induce her to marry him she would never have any other thought than how to make him happy. In his love there was undoubtedly that calculating spirit which belonged to all his nature. He sometimes admitted this to himself in a manner ; for he occasionally said to himself, "No one else would lose so much in losing her as I should, for no one else knows so well what she is worth."

The debate did not last a very long time. It was over in rather a sudden way, Mr. Sheppard thought. As far as he could understand, some one on behalf of the Government was put up to say that Mr. Heron had done quite the right thing in all he did, and that his only mistake was in supposing that there was the faintest idea of disapproving of any part of his administration. Then Mr. Money got up, and in a few short and very telling sentences seemed to say that if the Government had felt approval they had a very odd way of showing it, and that he thought the honourable member for Keeton had much better press his motion for inquiry. Then other Opposition members said something to the same effect ; and one or two grave and independent members on the Ministerial side said something of the same kind ; and then at last a very leading member of the Government got up, and made the most emphatic assurances of respect and regard for all Mr. Heron had done, and declared that the Government were quite prepared to accept a simple resolution expressing the approval of the House of the manner in which the St. Xavier's Settlements had been administered. There was no possibility of fighting any further. Heron had won a complete victory, and the whole affair was over. Before Mr. Sheppard had time to rise from his seat the House of Commons was occupied with something else, and its benches were nearly empty.

He hurried into the lobby and had a chance of saying a word or two of congratulation to Mr. Heron. Then he saw Mr. Money come out, and he pushed his way up to him and held him fast.

"Is this true, Mr. Money, this strange news that I hear? Is it true that you are going to leave old England?"

"Quite true, Mr. Sheppard ; at least, that I am going to leave old England for a time. I dare say she can muddle on somehow without me."

"And you are going soon?"

"As soon as I can get away. I came down here to-night for the last time to give a vote for Heron's motion, if a vote were needed, which you see it was not. You heard the debate? Didn't they get shabbily out of it?"

Mr. Sheppard was not thinking much of the debate.

"I suppose you take some of your family with you to Russia, Mr. Money?"

"Some, yes; but not all."

"Oh, no! I know," Mr. Sheppard said, with the air of one who understands everything. "I was going to ask whether Miss Grey is going with you?"

"Miss Grey? No; why should she go?"

"Well, I didn't know; she and your ladies appear to be such friends, and she is so much alone that I thought perhaps——"

"Miss Grey would be only too welcome," Money said gravely, "if she cared to exile herself, Mr. Sheppard; but I don't think it at all likely that she will leave London."

"Then she will be quite alone?"

Mr. Money looked Sheppard fixedly in the face with a curious expression, in which there was a dash of pity.

"Well, I don't know, Sheppard, I'm sure. Perhaps she will not be so much alone after all. Good-night; if we should not see you again, why then good-bye and good luck."

He wrung Sheppard's hand with a grasp of unusual warmth and friendship. There was something in the pressure as of one who sympathises or commiserates. It was perhaps because he was going away, Mr. Sheppard thought; and he felt touched by the kindness even while he was glad that the Moneys were going away, and that Victor Heron was to be married, and doubtless to go away too; for then Minola would be left to him without a friend to come between the two; and in the end she must marry him.

Mr. Sheppard left the House of Commons and walked to the West Centre, and took up his stand for a while under Minola's windows, thinking of how much alone she soon must be, and having very little idea of how utterly alone she actually was then. If Minola could have looked out of her window and seen him; if she could have known of all his faithful watching; if she could have realised the fact that now in her utter loneliness, when all others seemed to have gone from her, he still remained, and was only longing to make himself endurable to her, would she have thought of making to him the offer she had so nearly made to Blanchet? It would be rash to conjec-

ture. She was very wretched, and life seemed to have no hope any more. The desertion of Mary Blanchet had touched her to the very core. It is hard to say what the presence of any love and devotion, however formal and inartistic, might not have done at such a time. Perhaps had she seen Sheppard in that moment, and had he spoken out, the cross-purposes of the story of all their lives might have been made complete and inextricable.

Meanwhile Victor Heron had got rid of most of his congratulating friends, and stood alone for a moment in a corner of the thinning lobby. He had won a success, complete and beyond his hopes ; it had been a success for his cause, and with that, too, a success for himself. Although Mr. Sheppard had not thought very highly of his style of eloquence, it had taken the House of Commons completely. He could not possibly doubt the reality of the success he had made. Member after member came up to grasp his hand and congratulate him, in that spirit of fellowship which is so remarkable in the House of Commons. Men who were entirely opposed to him in political views—men who had never spoken to him before—men who would have voted against him if the Government had opposed his motion and it had gone to a division, now rushed up to offer him the most sincere congratulations on the success of the speech he had made. Victor was very emotional as we know, and there were moments when he could not reply to these kindly words, and when strange lights seemed to twinkle before his eyes, and he only saw as through a mist. He was proud ; he was humbled. In the pride and in the humility, however, there was a dull pain always at his heart. He kept thinking of her who had urged him on again and again to perseverance in his course ; who had faith in him when no one else had ; who stimulated him to new exertion when no one else saw into his heart and his purpose, and believed in his success. He might have had her to share in the success ; her bright eyes might even now be moistening near his own in the joy of this great triumph. In whatever career this might open up to him, he might have had her companionship. She would have helped him to serve his country, and to leave a name which perhaps might be written down with honour in the list of England's servants who had done faithful work. He stood there pulling his moustache and thinking ; quite depressed amid all his success, and feeling that, if his cause had had a victory, his life was only a failure.

While he thus stood, some one who had passed into the House of Commons came out into the lobby again ; and an arm was put through Heron's, and he heard Mr. Money's voice, and he wakened up from his melancholy brooding.

"Will you walk out with me, Heron? There's nothing going on here that you and I are likely to care about. I am going up to Pall Mall; will you walk with me across the park? I want to speak to you as soon as possible on a matter of some interest to both of us."

Mr. Money's manner was unusually grave. There was no need for him to tell Victor that he had something serious to say. Victor saw that well enough as he looked in Money's face. Heron felt the blood rush into his own face. He seemed to himself somehow as one to whom an accusation of guilt is suddenly brought home. He did not say a word just then, but allowed Money to lead him away; and they left the lobby together.

As they were passing down Westminster Hall, Money stopped suddenly and turned round:

"I was fond of this old place," he said; "I am sorry to leave it. I had a sort of ambition to get on here once. Odd, is it not, Heron, you are just beginning here as I am giving up? I suppose I shall never cross the floor of the House of Commons again. Well, I am sorry; but then there are so many things to be sorry for!"

He said no more, and they walked in silence out of the great hall and into the streets.

(To be continued.)

THE GENESIS OF LIFE.

SOME two hundred years or more ago, the *savants* of Florence were somewhat startled by the declaration of one of their number, that he had found cause to disagree with the universally received ideas regarding the origin of living beings—ideas, the correctness or validity of which had till then been unquestioned and undoubted. The man who played in Florence the part of a seventeenth-century reformer was Francesco Redi, a well-known philosopher-physician, esteemed in his day and generation as an able and conscientious observer of biological phenomena. The subject to which he especially directed the attention of his scientific brethren was that of the origin and production of insects, and more especially of those insects which, like the familiar maggots, appear in animal and vegetable substances undergoing changes of a putrefactive nature. From the investigation of an apparently trifling and unsavoury subject, as we shall presently note, results of the highest importance may sometimes spring ; and it may be truly affirmed that the subject mooted in Florence two hundred years ago has come to constitute one of the most important scientific questions, if not the paramount one, of the nineteenth century. Prior to Francesco Redi's day, the opinion of philosophers regarding the origin of many lower animals was perfectly uniform and consistent. They held not only that it was possible for living things even of tolerably high grade to spring from non-living material, but that nature frequently produced both animals and plants in this way. Selecting, for example, the case to which Redi directed the attention of his contemporaries, the scientific men of the seventeenth century did not hesitate to affirm and believe that the maggots which appeared in putrefying meat were generated in some fashion or other by the process of decay in the meat. How this process operated, or in virtue of what laws the non-living matter gave origin to living beings, they did not profess to explain. Sufficient for those early philosophers was the evidence of their senses ; and the experience of daily life apparently tended to establish, on the surest of grounds, the belief in what came ultimately to be termed the "spontaneous generation" of living beings.

The belief thus entertained by the scientists of Redi's time, it must be remarked, had been duly transmitted to them from the classic philosophers ; just as, but for Redi's interference, it might no doubt have descended to our day as an article of scientific faith. None of the Latin poets has expressed more forcibly the general belief in the spontaneous origin of living things than Lucretius, of whose atomic theory modern science has heard so much. Well might the earth receive the name of mother, says this poet, for out of the earth all things originate. These earth-productions include living things ; for, to use Lucretius' own words, in his *De Rerum Natura*, "many living creatures, even now, spring from the earth, being formed by the rains and by the heat of the sun." The influence of a belief transmitted through a long line of centuries may not be lightly estimated ; and it has been very fairly argued that even the great Harvey himself, with his powers of original research, was a supporter of the ancient ideas to a greater extent than is generally supposed. It is true that our great countryman concerns himself, in his well-known work, less with the origin of living beings than with that subsequent process of "development" through which they attain the adult state. Even into the opinions of Harvey himself regarding the latter subject, much that is crude and fanciful may be found to enter ; although, with regard to the ultimate source or cause of living actions, the great physiologist thus expresses himself : "It is most apparent that in the generation of the chicken out of the egg, all things are set up and formed with a most singular providence, divine wisdom, and an admirable and incomprehensible artifice."

Thus, practically, the origin of living beings from non-living matter was unquestioned prior to Redi's day. With a boldness worthy of his cause, that experimenter turned his attention to the case of the production of maggots in tainted meat. He showed the Florentine philosophers by the experiment of placing meat in a jar protected by a gauze cover, that the process of meat-decomposition might be observed to take place in perfection, without the appearance of a single maggot. If these animals originated from the meat, why, asked Redi, do they not appear in the jar ? The answer was not difficult to find ; for one phase of daily experience, hitherto overlooked, came to the aid of the bewildered philosophers. The presence of numerous flies, hovering round the jar, and prevented by the gauze from gaining access to the meat within, supplied the answer to the query. And thus it became clear that one case of spontaneous generation at least could no longer be upheld ; since the maggots in meat were noted to be developed from eggs laid in the

meat by the flies ; the subsequent growth of the maggots into the mature insects forming the conclusive proof of the correctness of Redi's observation.

The overthrow of a long-established belief is no light matter either for the reforming party or for its opponents. Redi accordingly found that his experiments and opinions were not only discredited in many quarters, but were pronounced antithetical to the tenets of religion and subversive of the highest interests of man. The belief in spontaneous generation was emphatically "nail'd wi' Scriptur'," and the Churchmen of Redi's day were not slow to inform the philosopher that an appeal to Scriptural authority was, in their opinion, sufficient to prove his opinions incorrect. But Redi contented himself with an appeal to the inexorable logic of facts, and the repetition of his subsequent experiments—extended in their sphere from that which demonstrated the origin of the maggots in meat—soon turned the balance of opinion in his favour. The inevitable tendency of the human mind to close with the truth was thus exemplified, and Redi's famous aphorism and motto, "*Omne vivum ex vivo*," may be said to have formed the watchword of scientists for many years after the recognition of his doctrines. It has, however, been well remarked that, whilst Redi gave his unhesitating and unqualified support to the idea that living beings can originate only from pre-existing life, he admits, in his works, that he is unable to explain, according to this theory, many cases of animal developments. For example, when Redi discovered a caterpillar or grub in the heart of a fruit, or buried within the familiar gall or excrescence growing on a tree, he appears to have had no idea of explaining the origin of such insects from the outside world ; that is, from parent-insects, which punctured the bark of the tree, depositing an egg in the puncture, and causing thereby the gall to appear. The Florentine philosopher apparently preferred, in the absence of more definite knowledge, to credit the plant itself with the production of the animal, and asserts his belief that the galls and fruits are developed by the trees as special provisions for the growth of the contained animal. Even admitting this latter belief, however, it can hardly be maintained that Redi meant thereby to illustrate a case of spontaneous generation. Doubtless he would have indignantly denied any such assertion, and would have maintained that the production of the insect in the gall or fruit fully illustrated the aphorism that life proceeds only from pre-existing life, in which statement, as we have seen, his whole teaching was succinctly comprehended.

After Redi's time, and until the middle of the eighteenth century,

the opinions he had advocated regarding the origin of living beings, held their place as accredited maxims of life-science. Probably the fact that these opinions were thoroughly consistent with the visible order of nature, tended to ensure their favourable reception. Animals and plants, as far as everyday experience could discern, were in no case propagated *de novo*, but sprang invariably from living predecessors. The old maxim, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, expresses after all a very just conception of the order of nature at large ; and, in its application to living things, the aphorism might well be paralleled by Redi's assertion that nothing living could arise from a dead or inorganic source. As time passed, however, the microscope was being perfected. From the days of simple magnifiers to those of compound microscopes, the optician's art slowly but surely progressed. Leuwenhoeck, the Dutch naturalist, for example, attained great excellence in the art of grinding microscope-glasses, and as a result of perfection in this art was enabled to discern in 1702 the first rotifers, or "wheel-animalcules," in the rain-water which had collected in a gutter on his house-top. Lower forms of life, unknown in Redi's day—animalcules of a size which, for minuteness, were undreamt of in the seventeenth century—were thus brought to light during the eighteenth ; and such discoveries in animalcular life naturally came to possess a very distinct and important bearing on the subject of the origin of life at large. Philosophers in the eighteenth century smiled at the credulousness of their predecessors, who believed in the "spontaneous generation" of animals of such highly organised nature as flesh-flies, gall-flies, and other insects. But the origin of the living specks collectively named "animalcules" was a matter which assumed an entirely different aspect. The animalcule might possibly be propagated in ways and fashions impossible to the higher insect. The rule of life and development for the highly organised being might prove to be utterly different from that regulating the genesis of the animalcule. Hence the scientists of the eighteenth century, finding new materials to work upon in the fields of life which the microscope had revealed, were led to attempt anew the solution of the problem to which Redi had apparently given an exhaustive answer. Driven from the higher fields of life, the contest regarding spontaneous generation was, as the sequel will show, destined to be fought again in the arena of lower and microscopic existence.

The experimenters who first appeared, a century after the Florentine philosopher, to work out the subject of animalcular origin, were Needham and Buffon. With the name of the latter everyone must be familiar, as that of a naturalist who added largely to the zoological

and botanical knowledge of his time ; whilst the former, an English experimenter, comparatively unknown outside the records of scientific discovery, was assisted by Buffon in much of his work. Needham himself speaks with some surprise of the almost universal acceptance with which Redi's views had met, and, as we shall presently note, found cause to disagree most strongly with the opinions of the latter. Writing at the middle of the eighteenth century, Needham says : " Modern naturalists unanimously agree in holding it as a certain fact that every plant originates from a specific seed, every animal from an egg, or from some analogous thing, pre-existing in the plant or in the animal of the same species which has produced it." And as regards the origin of the animalcules themselves, another sentence translated from Needham's " Observations," written in French, will serve to show the ideas entertained by his contemporaries on this head. " Naturalists have generally believed," says Needham, " that microscopic animals were generated from eggs carried by the air or deposited in still waters by insects."

The population of stagnant waters and putrescent fluids was thus supposed to be produced by the development therein of the minute eggs or germs of the animalcules ; and Needham, with a laudable desire to place his own beliefs on a scientific and experimental basis, began to experiment on fluids in which the lower and minute forms of life were likely to be developed. Provided with a fluid which previous experience had proved to be capable of containing and supporting animalcules, Needham adopted exactly the principles of Redi, exhibited in the experiment on the decomposing meat. Placing this infusion of putrefying matter in a flask, Needham applied heat thereto, and after boiling the liquid, and carefully corking and sealing it, contended that he had adopted a mode of procedure well adapted to furnish evidence for or against spontaneous generation. As Redi had excluded the flesh-flies by the gauze he placed over the meat, so Needham aimed at protecting his fluid by carefully corking his flask ; whilst he assumed that the heat applied to its contents would effectually destroy any living beings it might originally have contained. Ensured, thus, in his ideas, from outward contamination, and guarded equally from any inherent or internal source of life-development, the fluids experimented upon were left to subside. The appearance of animalcules in his protected fluids would form, to Needham's mind, a clear proof that they must have been generated *de novo*, or from dead matters contributed by the fluid ; for had he not destroyed all living things within, and excluded all life proceeding from without ? The opposite result of

barrenness in the fluid would, of course, weigh powerfully in the opposite direction, and determine a belief in Redi's idea, that, having destroyed and excluded all sources of life-development, no living things could appear in the flasks. The result of Needham's experimentation was affirmative in character. Sooner or later, the boiled liquids became turbid and muddy from the development of organisms, and microscopic examination showed an abundance of animalcular life in the flasks. That Needham should, therefore, have become a staunch advocate of spontaneous generation cannot be accounted other than a natural result of his interrogation of nature. Repeated experimentation seemed to place his belief on a still surer basis, and it thus appeared that Redi's doctrines were in some danger of being overthrown by the march of inquiry, and by investigation directed in new lines of research.

It is both curious and instructive to note that Needham's experiments appeared to afford support to a singular theory of the nature and origin of living bodies, which was enunciated by his coadjutor, Buffon. On this theory—known to modern physiology as that of "organic molecules"—it was held that the essential parts of living beings consisted of infinitesimally minute atoms, or molecules, these particles being invested with an indestructible vitality, and with extraordinary powers of development and reproduction. These organic molecules, according to Buffon, form all living beings by their temporary combination, and are set free by the death of the organism, to assume other shapes and forms of living things. This conception, in short, existed as a kind of physical metempsychosis; so that, holding the doctrine of the French philosopher, we might believe that the atoms of which our own bodies are composed were derived from other, and it might be much lower, forms of life; whilst, when liberated by the death of the human organism, they would enter into new combinations, and might appear in any form, from that of the animalcules or lower plants in the stagnant pool to that of the highest living thing. Thus Hamlet may be said to enunciate the essential features of at least one aspect of the theory of organic molecules when he says—

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the cold away :
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !

Such a theory applied to explain the origin of living beings may fitly demonstrate the use of the imagination and fancy in science,

whilst it may also illustrate the "groundless hypotheses" regarding the origin of living beings which existed in such profusion some two centuries ago. One Drelincourt took the trouble to enumerate no fewer than two hundred and sixty-two such "groundless hypotheses:" Blumenbach quaintly remarking that "nothing is more certain than that Drelincourt's own theory formed the two hundred and sixty-third."

Amongst the scientists who followed the experiments of Needham with a jealous care, was the celebrated Abbé Spallanzani, who was appointed to the professorship of natural history in the University of Pavia in 1768. A man of wide scientific as well as literary culture, Spallanzani was eminently qualified to undertake a series of independent researches in connection with a subject which had, previously to Needham's experiments, engaged his attention. And, accordingly, we find him preparing to investigate the subject in an independent fashion, his initiatory work being devoted to a practical criticism of the experiments of Needham. It is evident that Spallanzani was duly impressed with the ideas of Redi, and with the assertion that, judging from all the analogies presented by nature at large, living things could originate only from pre-existent vitality. But to meet the counter-assertion and experimental facts of Needham, evidence of like nature was required, and we find Spallanzani setting to work to institute a series of investigations, the method of which exhibited a decided improvement on that of Needham. The vessels employed by the Abbé to contain the fluids or infusions to which the tests were to be applied, were provided with slender necks, so that the aperture of each vessel could be readily and hermetically sealed by fusing the glass. Contrasted with Needham's method of merely corking and sealing his flasks, the Abbé's plan appears immeasurably superior and exact; and, as the results proved, such a belief is fully warranted. Spallanzani, it must be remarked, exposed his fluids to much more rigorous conditions in the matter of heat, than those to which Needham subjected his infusions. The Abbé kept his fluids at the boiling-point for periods varying from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour; thus placing the possibility of destroying any contained life on surer and more feasible ground than that afforded by Needham's shorter periods of exposure to a lower temperature. The results of these experiments fully justified the expectations of Spallanzani. Allowed to stand for varying periods of time, the liquids in his flasks remained perfectly clear, and when examined by the microscope gave no indications of life. Therefore, argued the Abbé, Needham's experimentation was of faulty kind; since, by the exercise of care in sealing the flasks, and by prolonged

exposure to heat, we see that life within the flasks is exterminated, and outward vitality hindered from gaining admittance to a field wherein its fertility might be exemplified. Once again therefore, and in Italy, the balance of scientific opinion, backed by demonstrative proof, goes down heavily weighted against the doctrine of "spontaneous generation."

But Spallanzani did not rest content with a simple refutation of the results of Needham's experiments. He perceived the necessity which had arisen for a positive deliverance on the subject of experimentation, and for an explanation of what in Needham's case had produced the development of life, and of what in his own case had been excluded. Out of Spallanzani's necessity grew the hypothesis which in modern days is widely known as the "germ theory." According to this idea Spallanzani held that the atmosphere and fluids of all kinds were charged with the germs or eggs of the lower forms of animal and plant life. Under certain conditions—such as that of extreme dryness—these germs remained sterile and unproductive. Once introduced, however, into a medium adapted for their development—such a medium being exemplified by an infusion of organic matter—the germs, like seeds placed in a suitable soil, developed into the adult forms of animalcules. The germs in the fluids, according to Spallanzani, were destroyed by heat; those contained in the atmosphere were prevented from gaining access to his infusions, and hence the fluids remained permanently barren. The day of the actual demonstration of the existence of germs was not yet; but the germ theory of Spallanzani at once sprang into favour as a reasonable hypothesis—taking the latter appellation to indicate a theory which explains all the facts of a case, and is, at the same time, contradictory to none. The supporters of this theory were formerly known as "Panspermatists," and the theory itself as that of "Panspermy." The old term "spontaneous," or "equivocal generation," was replaced by the name "Heterogeny," or "Heterogenesis;" whilst in these latter days, disciples of Redi and Spallanzani are said to support "Biogenesis," against the theory of "Abiogenesis," or that which maintains that living beings may and do, under certain circumstances, originate from non-living matter.

The statement that no branch of science is independent of its neighbour-departments, and that the growth and progress of one science in reality means the advance of the whole scientific *coterie*, receives an apt illustration from those phases of the present subject which succeeded the experimentation of Spallanzani. From amongst

the myths of alchemy, the science of true chemistry was, at the date of Spallanzani's experiments, just beginning to be evolved; and shortly after his day, men began to know something definite regarding the composition of matter and respecting the laws in virtue of which elements combined to form the compound substances met with in the world at large. It has been well said that the science of chemistry was founded on the discovery of oxygen and its properties; and it so happened that through the investigation of the relations borne by oxygen to living beings, the subject of "biogenesis" *versus* "spontaneous generation" received an accession of new life, and the old controversy was, in consequence, revived with renewed vigour. Chemical alarmists subjected Spallanzani's work to scrutiny on the ground that they deemed it possible for the fluids in the flasks to have been altered by the applied heat so as to utterly prevent the development therefrom of living beings. The chemical alteration of the liquids, in other words, was a result which had not been bargained for by Spallanzani or his contemporaries, and was, moreover, a condition which, provided its existence could be proved, would unquestionably operate to falsify the results of experiments. "If you literally kill (through chemical alteration and change) the organic molecules in the infusion," said the supporters of Needham and Buffon, "of course you will obtain a negative result; but your conditions of experimentation are too severe, and your experiments must count for nothing in the balancing of evidence, until you prove the stability of the chemical conditions to which the fluids and the matter thereof have been subjected." Hence the new generation of investigators which succeeded the Italian Abbé, had to assure themselves that the conditions necessary and adapted for the production of life were kept intact and unaffected as regards chemical influences.

The first experiments of note which were undertaken under these latter auspices were those of two German observers, Schulze and Schwann, who, about 1836 and 1837, conducted some investigations on the fertility of liquids. An infusion, which had been duly boiled, was thus placed in a flask to which atmospheric air could gain admittance, the air, however, being first made to pass through certain chemical substances. Air was thus literally filtered through glass tubes heated to a high degree, such a condition of great heat being capable of destroying germs, but leaving the oxygen of the air, so necessary for the development of life of all kinds, perfectly unaltered. In other investigations these experimenters filtered the air through vitriol and caustic potash, two substances well known as destroyers of organic or living matter, but which possess no effect on the oxygen

of the atmosphere. The results of these experiments were highly satisfactory to the biogenesisists. No traces of life appeared in these protected infusions, and the doubts regarding the deprivation of life-bearing conditions which chemists had raised, were thus effectually dispelled. When the protective chemicals were withdrawn, and unfiltered air allowed to gain access to the flasks, a full development of animalcular life appeared, this positive result serving as an important counter-proof to the negative results previously obtained.

Meanwhile microscopic science had been making important advances. In 1843 De la Tour discovered the fact that the essential element in yeast is a microscopic plant, and that fermentation must be regarded as a definite result of the growth and propagation of these minute organisms. This observation bore a clear relation to the production of life in an infusion of decaying animal matter ; since it was urged, if fermentation can be shown to depend on microscopic plant-growth, why should not the processes of ordinary putrefaction and decomposition be regarded as of like origin and nature? And the researches of the late Master of the Mint in England, and of various continental observers, demonstrated in time the reasonable nature of the latter idea. A fluid capable of undergoing putrefaction was completely separated, in Graham's experiments, into two portions by a soft bladder or membrane, through which the fluid could strain, but which would present an obstacle to the passage of solid bodies, however minute the latter might be. Decomposing matter added to the fluid on one side of the membrane produced putrefaction and an abundant development of animalcular life. But whilst the decomposing fluid strained through the membrane to mingle with the pure fluid on the other side, the latter fluid exhibited none of the phenomena of decomposition, and remained perfectly clear and free from all traces of life-development. Thus, once again, but in a more exact fashion than that in which Spallanzani had demonstrated the fact, were scientists led to conclude that the solid and material germs or particles of one kind or other, kept back by the membrane from entering the pure fluid, were the cause of the putrefying action in the companion fluid. A similar result and conclusion to that obtained and arrived at by Spallanzani, had in short been attained through investigation which had proceeded along a different and more complicated line of research.

The demonstration of the "material" nature of the infecting germs or particles was advanced a stage further when Schroeder and Dutsch, experimenting between the years 1854 and 1859, showed that a very effective mechanical filter might be formed of simple cotton-wool ;

putrescible fluids, contained in flasks the mouths of which were stopped with closely packed wool, remaining perfectly clear and barren of life. And Tyndall, taking up the line of research at the point where Schroeder and Dutsch had ceased their experimentation, demonstrated that, as far as the atmosphere itself is concerned, it may be described as a "stirabout" of minute particles. These particles are of varying nature; some are living, others inorganic; they are disguised and unperceived in diffuse daylight, it is true, but are revealed by the brilliant lights at the command of science, or, in more homely fashion, by the sunbeam streaming through the chink of a shutter into a darkened room. Nor may the name of Pasteur, the distinguished French chemist and physicist, be omitted from the list of experimenters on the causes and origin of life developed in fluids. It was left for Pasteur to supply the missing link in the evidence regarding the nature of those particles contained in fluids or borne by the atmosphere, which research, from the days of Spallanzani and onwards, had disclosed. Microscopic examination of the cotton-wool used to plug the mouths of flasks, as described in the experiments of Schroeder, revealed to Pasteur the presence of numerous small particles which the wool had filtered off from the air passing into the infusion. These particles, on being sown in fitting solutions and duly watched thereafter under the microscope, were seen to develop into adult forms of animalcules and of lower plants. The identity of the atmospheric particles with the germs of animalcular life was thus fully proved; and the innate truth of the "germ theory" may be regarded as having in this manner been demonstrated.

The first proposition which at this stage of our inquiries may therefore be submitted, is that the germ theory—which holds that lower forms of life developed in infusions of organic matter proceed from the germs originally contained in the fluid, or which have gained access thereto from the atmosphere—may be regarded as fully proved. As we shall presently note, it matters not, as far as the truth of this proposition is concerned, if "spontaneous generation" also be ultimately proved to occur. The actual demonstration of the fact that some forms of life could be produced *de novo*, or without the existence of pre-existent life, would not in any degree lessen the truth or alter the significance of the fully demonstrated fact, that germs borne by the air or contained in fluids constitute the common cause of life-development in putrefying and decomposing solutions. The two theories, as a matter of logical consistency, may coexist; and should spontaneous generation be ever demonstrated to occur—a fact from the clear demonstration of which we appear as yet to

be very far removed indeed—we shall find the truth of the germ theory to be in no sense impugned : whilst, in the absence of definite proof on the other side, the scientific mind will not hesitate to regard biogenesis as an explanation of the genesis of life, of which the great merit consists in its perfect harmony and analogy with the observed laws of living nature.

It might be imagined that the controversy between these two theories of life-genesis had well-nigh been contested to its farthest limits, and that the motto "*Omne vivum ex vivo*" might be inscribed over the portals of natural science as expressive of a fundamental article of scientific faith. But a little inquiry shows that of late years the doctrine of abiogenesis has been gaining ground, and that its supporters have been once more preparing to join issue with their opponents. The contest, in truth, has not ceased ; the battlefield has simply been changed. New aspects of controversy have appeared ; and, driven from the consideration of the nature of atmospheric germs, the litigants have girded themselves anew for a contest the issues of which extend to wider and more important spheres of thought than those embraced by the mere question of the existence or non-existence or of the vital powers of germs. Recent science has thus speculated with great persistence regarding the origin of life at large. How did life originate at first on the globe ? Human reason and scientific belief would seem to suggest that life must have had a beginning, and geological science negatives the idea that the present condition of the earth has been eternal. If, then, we consider that our earth has been, according to astronomical deductions, evolved from fiery vapours, and has settled down into its present prosaic state from a primitive nebulous condition, we must also conceive of definite beginnings of life having taken place. Science accordingly inquires how this primeval vitality originated ; whence it came ; and through what conception or theory its beginning may be legitimately realised.

In answer to these natural queries, more than one suggestion or theory may be offered. Many, for example, will prefer the belief in a creative fiat which in the beginning created all the varied forms of life, and left them to exercise their productive vitality through succeeding ages. Once created, life is thus regarded as capable of producing life *ad infinitum*. There is no need to assume the occurrence of new creations in this hypothesis, the first springs of created vitality having swollen in the course of ages into mighty streams with numberless offshoots and branches. Others profess to discredit such a theory of the genesis of life on the ground that it implies a break in

the uniformity and unbroken sequence of nature. A creative effort is hence regarded as a break in an otherwise continuous cycle. Hence the supporters of the second theory regard inorganic or non-living matter as potentially containing in the present, as it did in the past, the principles and essence of vitality. Life results, they say, from some subtle and inexplicable conversion of the non-living into the living. When the earth attained a stage of permanency of form and composition, its own matter evolved living things, and as this power is regarded as having existed in the past, why, it is asked, should we object to extend its operations into the present? The lower forms of life may thus, it is believed, originate in the present from non-living matter, and spring spontaneously into vitality; whilst, as a sequel to this belief in the unbroken sequence which connects the living and the non-living world, it is maintained that from lower forms of life, and by a like process of evolution, beings of higher grade may be duly developed. There are some scientists who, whilst declaring for biogenesis in the present, and whilst assuming that, in the present, life invariably proceeds from pre-existing life, assent to the statement that in the beginning life arose from non-living matter; although, indeed, the advocates of spontaneous generation do not hesitate to charge such persons with scientific and logical inconsistency, in that they admit the possibility of life-development occurring *de novo* in the far-back past, but deny the operation of any such action in the present.

It is obvious that the point at issue centres around the old question whether at present life may or may not be produced spontaneously. Could this question be definitely answered in the affirmative, then the idea that a natural process may have operated in the past becomes not only of feasible but of highly probable nature, and exemplifies an *à posteriori* argument of likely kind. The issues of the question have thus become broadened out to include, as it may be shown, even the subject of man's origin and development; and in view of the more than passing interest which must therefore attach to the modern phases of this inquiry, we may shortly inquire into the present aspects under which the theories of biogenesis and abiogenesis respectively stand related to each other.

Within recent years various series of experiments, the results of which are cited in support of abiogenesis, have been performed, amongst other investigators, by Dr. H. C. Bastian of London; this investigator appearing as the foremost advocate, in this country at least, of spontaneous generation. The gist of Bastian's early experiments consisted in the fact that, when certain fluids were em-

ployed in experimentation, living beings were produced, notwithstanding the presence of conditions which were ordinarily supposed to be unfavourable or entirely opposed to the development of life. The two great conditions aimed at in experiments on spontaneous generation are, firstly, the complete exclusion of all atmospheric or external influences from the experimental fluid; and, secondly, the thorough destruction of any living particles contained in the fluid itself. Isolation and destruction are the two chief ideas involved in such experiments; and it may be freely admitted that, if both of these conditions be perfectly carried out in any experiment, such procedure may be deemed a crucial test, and the results so obtained may be regarded as of stable and satisfactory kind. But to procure the perfect isolation of the fluid, and the complete annihilation of germs—*hic labor, hoc opus est*. The very nature of the experimentation renders it an exceedingly difficult matter to ensure that either condition is perfectly carried out. The manipulation involved is of the most delicate kind, and the sources of error are not only singularly numerous, but are also difficult of detection. An undetected flaw or crevice in the apparatus, a moment of inattention on the part of the experimenter, and the results of a whole series of experiments may be unwittingly vitiated; so that, although the conditions aimed at are themselves perfectly clear and defined, their perfect attainment forms one of the most difficult tasks which the modern investigator can have set before him.

On being first published, some years ago, Dr. Bastian's experiments naturally attracted the attention of the biological world, and revived a controversy which had, to say the least, been in a smouldering condition for some time previously, and which, moreover, in the minds of many observers, had been regarded as practically settled in favour of the germ theory, and of biogenesis at large. The facts asserted by Dr. Bastian, dealing with a problem of such important nature, were not of course to be tacitly accepted by scientists, or without due questioning and verification at the hands of independent observers. Accordingly Dr. Bastian's experiments were repeated by other physiologists, the method of procedure respecting Bastian's mode of procedure being thus detailed by Dr. Burdon Sanderson. An infusion of turnip was prepared and divided into two portions, one portion being neutralised to correct its acidity by the addition of potash. Four retorts, the tubes of which were drawn out to almost capillary fineness, were charged with the infusion, two with acid and two with neutralised liquid. "A small quantity of pounded cheese was then added to one of each pair (of retorts). A fifth retort was

charged with unneutralised infusion diluted with its bulk of water. As soon as each retort was charged, the open end of its beak was heated in the blow-pipe flame, and drawn out. The drawn-out part was then severed, and the retort boiled over a Bunsen's burner, after which it was kept in a state of active ebullition for five minutes. During the boiling, some of the liquid was frequently ejected from the almost capillary orifice of the retort. At the end of the period named it was closed by the blow-pipe flame, care being taken to continue the ebullition to the last. The success of the operation (*i.e.* the production of a perfect vacuum within the flask) was ascertained in each instance by observing that, by wetting the upper part of the retort, the ebullition was renewed." Three retorts of similar kind were charged with hay infusion, and "the eight retorts were placed, immediately after their preparation, in a water bath, which was kept at a temperature of about 30° C." Three days afterwards the flasks were examined, with the result of finding that (1) in the unneutralised turnip infusion with cheese, (2) in that without cheese, (3) in the neutral turnip infusion without cheese, and (4) in the diluted turnip infusion—in all four cases—no living forms were observed. One retort (5) containing diluted hay infusion, had been accidentally cracked, and was laid aside as futile, although it is recorded that its contents swarmed with organisms. Of the remaining three retorts, one (6) a neutral turnip infusion with cheese, ascertained to be hermetically sealed at the time of being opened, was found to contain many organisms; a second (7) an undiluted hay infusion, also entire, contained living beings; and (8), an infusion of the same nature as the last, contained organisms, but in fewer numbers than its predecessor (7). These experimental details will afford some idea of the method of procedure adopted by experimenters, and of the care taken to ensure the perfection of the rigorous conditions of isolation and annihilation of any life contained in the substances infused. It will thus be noted that, whilst negative results were obtained in four out of the eight cases, three afforded evidences of the production of living organisms *in vacuo*. Dr. Burdon Sanderson, remarking on the results of these experiments, says: "I am content to have established—at all events to my own satisfaction—that by following Dr. Bastian's directions, infusions can be prepared which are not deprived, by an ebullition of from five to ten minutes, of the faculty of undergoing those chemical changes which are characterised by the presence of swarms of Bacteria (minute vegetable organisms), and that the development of these organisms can proceed with the greatest activity in hermetically sealed glass vessels from which almost the whole of the air has been expelled by boiling."

It is worthy of notice that these remarks contain a plain statement of facts, without any indication as to their explanation, or regarding the conclusions which may be drawn from the results thus described. An impartial critic might in such a case be ready with the query, Has the vital limit of these lower organisms been ascertained ; or, is it determined as a stable and unquestionable fact, that exposure to the boiling point for five or ten minutes proves fatal to the lowest forms of life ? Whilst it might also be asked whether the appearance of living things in the closed vessels might not be accounted for—in the absence of any definite information negating the supposition—by presuming that the vitality and development of the organisms contained in the infusion had been simply suspended for a time by the process of boiling. After a period of repose, when we may presume their vital activities have recovered from the effects of exposure to a high temperature, the organisms appear to evince their wonted powers of development.

The naturalist would inform such a critic, in answer to further inquiry, that the organisms which appear in infusions belong to the lowest grades of animal and plant life, and possess a vitality of very low and elastic kind. Even animals of tolerably high organisation—such as the “wheel animalcules” of our ponds and ditches, which possess a nervous system and complex structure—may be dried artificially, kept for months in a mummified and parched condition, and yet be revived on the application of moisture. If, therefore, animalcules of a very high grade may be desiccated and revived many times in succession without injury, it is only reasonable to believe that the lower forms occurring in infusions—forms which appear to hover, as it were, on the verge of vitality—may successfully withstand the rigorous conditions of the experimentalist. And if this be true of the adult forms of these lowly animalcules, the assertion must apply with still greater force to their mere germs, which must be regarded as possessing vitality of yet lower kind than the adult beings. It may therefore be reasonably urged, that unless clear evidence be afforded that boiling, even of prolonged extent, absolutely kills Bacteria, animalcules, and their germs, which may exist in fluids, the results obtained in such experiments do not weaken the theory of biogenesis. According to this theory, negative results are explained by assuming that the conditions of the infusion have favoured the death by boiling of the contained life ; whilst the affirmative results probably depend on the fact that the germs or organisms were favoured in some fashion in their struggle for existence, and survived their literal trial by fire. Dr. Bastian himself has duly recorded the significant fact—remarked by the Abbé Spallanzani—that the date of the appearance of life in

infusions bears a distinct relation to the time the liquids have been boiled, and to the degree of heat to which they have been subjected. Long continuance of the ebullition usually delays, or may altogether prevent, the appearance of living organisms; and, *vice versâ*, some infusions, owing to special peculiarities or conditions, present exceptions to this rule. We have thus at the outset many circumstances presented to us, favouring the *à priori* consideration that we are dealing with conditions affecting rather the ordinary life and development of lower organisms, than the development of such beings in some mysterious and inexplicable fashion from non-living materials. Continental experimenters and investigators at home are perfectly agreed that organisms will appear in fluids treated and protected as already described; and some valuable additional information has been contributed regarding the effects which the specific or chemical nature of the solutions appears to produce on the development of life within them. Thus it has been ascertained that when infusions of hay—always a favourite substance with experimenters—are rendered acid, they exhibit a development of organisms less readily than when rendered alkaline or neutral.

The test-points to which experiments on spontaneous generation have led in the present day, appear to resolve themselves into a first query regarding the degree of heat capable of completely destroying not only the adult organisms which appear in infusions, but their germs also; and a second respecting the nature of the conditions within or without the infusions which may retard or favour the vitality of these lower organisms. An ingenious mode of determining the degree of heat necessary to kill the Bacteria and other organisms found in fluids was devised by Dr. Bastian. A solution of some chemical salt, for example, is found, when protected from external influences, to show no disposition to generate living beings. But if such a solution be infected with a drop of fluid containing organisms, the latter will generate and multiply in the chemical solution as readily as within an ordinary infusion. By pursuing such a mode of experimentation, Dr. Bastian found that he could assure himself of the presence of Bacteria in a pure fluid by actually conveying them into it, and that, having obtained these conditions to begin with, he could in the next instance experiment with some hope of arriving at a definite result on the degree of heat necessary to kill these organisms. He accordingly found that when infected solutions were exposed to a temperature above 158° F.—the solutions being of varying nature—the contained organisms afterwards exhibited no vitality. If, on the contrary, the fluids were exposed to a lower degree of heat—say 130° F.—

they invariably became cloudy and turbid on cooling, this turbidity being due to their rapid development and increase. Hence Bastian's present position rests on the supposition that he has determined the death-point, as it were, of lower organisms, and that—assuming these latter experiments to remain unchallenged—he is entitled to call upon the supporters of the germ theory to explain, in consistency with his facts, the occurrence of organisms in fluids from which all vitality has thus been, to all appearance, completely expelled. Possibly there may not be wanting biologists who may possess a faith in the vitality of these lowest organisms sufficient to enable them still to hold that the high temperature just mentioned, whilst usually ensuring the sterility of infusions, may nevertheless be counterbalanced by conditions arising within and operating on the infused substance itself. The disintegration and destruction of *Bacteria* may be real in one case and only apparent in the next; and it is exactly these fine possibilities, which cannot be overlooked and which are difficult of determination, that render the whole question of the most complicated and of almost interminable nature.

A Commission was appointed by the French Academy of Sciences to adjudicate upon matters at present in dispute between M. Pasteur and Dr. Bastian, and the world at large awaited with anxiety the decision of this tribunal on the evidence which Dr. Bastian was willing and prepared to submit in support of his allegations regarding the development of living organisms in hermetically-protected solutions. After much discussion, however, the Commission came to naught. Anything more ridiculous or undignified than the proceedings of the French Academicians, as reported in our scientific serials, cannot be imagined. It certainly reflects no credit upon the members of that Commission that they allowed petty squabbles of a personal kind to interfere with the discharge of their grave functions as judges in a most important controversy. The only excuse, indeed, which can be urged in palliation of the Academicians' conduct, is that they hardly appear to have appreciated the dignity or importance of the office to which they had been elected. One is tempted, after reading the correspondence which passed between Dr. Bastian and the Commission, to feel grateful with Professor Huxley that our own Royal Society has never had anything of an "academic constitution:" whilst the remembrance of the case of poor Jean André de Peyssonnel, the accredited emissary of the Academy, and of the "shelving" of his reports on coral, does not serve to prejudice one in favour of that learned body's habits of fair dealing either with strangers or with its own kith and kin. The case before us may serve as a text for

remark on the absence of any Scientific Court of Appeal or responsible tribunal to which questions in dispute might be referred. Is it too much to expect or believe that the verdict of a special jury or commission, given after hearing evidence, and regarded by the world at large as the most trustworthy of opinions, would be considered satisfactory and final in matters of scientific controversy? In any case, we apprehend, the solution of this, or of any other grave question, will not be sought for across the Channel, by English *savants* at least.

Almost as we write, however, Professor Tyndall has published an important report detailing the results of a series of experiments on hay infusions, in which he has been for some time engaged. Tyndall remarks that infusions of hay "boiled for five minutes, and exposed to air purified spontaneously or freed from its floating matter by calcination or filtration, never showed the least competence to kindle into life." Clear hay infusions allowed to stand for months could be inoculated with specks of liquid containing Bacteria, and then were observed, as every one would have expected, to develop abundance of life. In the autumn of 1876 the experiments on hay began, curiously enough, to afford widely different results from those just detailed; the infusions being ultimately found to withstand boiling with impunity, as far as rendering them sterile was concerned, for fifteen minutes. Pursuing the inquiry, Professor Tyndall ascertained that the hay infusions which resisted sterilisation by boiling were made from *old* hay; solutions made from new hay being readily sterilised. Further experimentation on infusions of substances, such as fish and flesh, which formerly had been successfully and readily rendered barren by exposure to heat, showed that these latter materials also exhibited an unwonted resistance to high temperatures. So that the experimenter was led to conclude, that "either the infusions of fish, flesh, and vegetable had become endowed in 1876 with an inherent generative energy which they did not possess in 1875, or some new contagium external to the infusions, and of a far more obstinate character than that of 1875, had been brought to bear upon them." These words are pregnant with meaning, and suggest forcibly that the moods and tenses of organic matters on the one hand, and of the atmosphere and its particles on the other, are probably of very varied character, and tend to complicate exceedingly the question of life-genesis.

Shifting his camp from London to Kew, Professor Tyndall found that the infusions which resisted sterilisation in the former place were sterilised with all their former readiness at Kew. And experiment

carried on in a specially constructed chamber in London resulted in failures as far as sterilisation was concerned, until due precautions were taken to prevent infective influences being imported into the chamber. Highly interesting is it to find a feasible cause for the infection of the air of the London laboratory in the presence of fine dust arising from bundles of old and very dry hay which had been allowed to lie on the floor ; such dust being not only a fertile source of infection, but presenting matter which, as already remarked, resisted sterilisation by boiling in a very marked manner. But perhaps the most important hint thrown out by Tyndall in his remarks bears upon the relative vitality of germs ; this being a point to which, as we have seen, Dr. Bastian has specially directed attention. The passage of a germ from a hard, dried, and indurated state, to a soft and plastic condition in which it is likely to become developed into an active living organism, is, as Tyndall remarks, probably performed "by different germs in different times. Some are more indurated than others, and require a longer immersion to soften and germinate." Hence we may explain in a clear manner the startling results obtained by Bastian and other experimenters, by assuming that cases of speedy sterilisation of infusions by heat depend for their success on the softened nature of their contained germs ; whilst instances of delayed sterilisation, and of the appearance of life after prolonged boiling, may be reasonably explained on the supposition that the continued heat has gradually softened and awakened the vitality of "hard and resistant" germs.

Space would fail us were we to attempt to give further quotations from these interesting remarks, but sufficient has been said to show that the opponents of spontaneous generation are not behindhand in mustering their forces for the coming fray, and in detailing the results of investigations which would seem to carry with them the explanation of the knotty points offered for solution by the other side.

In a closing sentence it may not be out of place to note the plain refutation which careful microscopic work has given to certain statements made by the advocates of spontaneous generation regarding the alleged spontaneous development of lower organisms in protected infusions, and also respecting the transformation of lower into higher forms. Not content with assuming that lower organisms are generated *de novo* from lifeless matter, the advocates of spontaneous generation have alleged that such low animalcules as the *Euglenæ* have been seen to become transformed into rotifers, or "wheel-animalcules"—a transformation not more startling to the naturalist, as remarked by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, than that whereby a humming-bird could be

"hatched from a snake's egg," or the fact of "a gorilla being born from a kangaroo." The evidence of this microscopist, and of his fellow labourers in the field of the minute, is highly interesting, as tending to show that the analogies of nature form, after all, a surer guide towards true conceptions of natural things, than the far-fetched suggestions of experimenters in new and undetermined lines of inquiry. A minute organism—one of the monads—measuring the $\frac{1}{4000}$ th of an inch in long diameter, was thus found, after nine weeks, in an infusion of cress, which had been hermetically sealed during ebullition, and afterwards exposed to a temperature of 270° – 275° F. for at least twenty minutes. The monad thus described and figured is now a well-known organism, its life-history and development having been carefully studied by the microscopist just mentioned. These monads were found to be killed by an exposure to a temperature of 140° F., and the advocate of spontaneous generation therefore uses this latter fact in support of his contention that the animalcule must have originated spontaneously, seeing that the fluid in which it appeared had previously been heated up to 275° F. But the monads multiply by means of little spores or germs, and these spores resist a temperature of 300° F.; this fact endorsing the statement already made, that the germs of these lower organisms can bear an infinitely greater heat than the adults. Consequently, as Mr. Dalinger remarks, "by the logic of facts, the monads were not a result of 'spontaneous generation,' but were the natural outcome of a genetic product (namely, the heat-resisting germs) contained in the infusion, and which the heat employed could not destroy." The assertion that lower organisms could be seen giving birth to higher forms of life, is refuted in a similar manner by microscopic evidence. Appearances are proverbially deceptive, and the naturalist requires evidence reaching beyond that furnished by mere appearances to justify a belief in transformations of so marvellous a nature as those described. The present attitude of science towards this subject is marked by a strong desire for the termination of the controversy, and for the institution of some crucial tests and experiments the results of which can be submitted for judgment to the world at large. There can, however, be little doubt of the overweighting influence which the theory of biogenesis possesses over spontaneous generation in the minds of the vast majority of thinking persons. For the support of the former doctrines, we are called upon to infringe no one law of nature; spontaneous generation, as we have seen, begins by assuming the operation of a law which, as far as exact science at present shows, is unrepresented in the whole of nature's domain.

The perfect harmony of biogenesis, and its clear analogies with the laws of natural development at large, constitute, as we have seen, strong points in its favour ; and the matter may be fitly summed up in the words of one of the most able and critical of modern biologists, when he declares that " the present state of our knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not-living."

The present subject links itself in an intimate manner with some of the highest interests of mankind. Aided by the methods of research practised in experiments on biogenesis, naturalists have successfully eradicated some grave diseases of the lower animals. Furnished with saving knowledge of a like kind, physicians are combating the diseases of humanity with new weapons, and with at least fair promise of effecting in due time the repression of the epidemic disorders which periodically decimate the populations of the globe. And our reflections on the means of physical salvation which science thus places at our disposal, should certainly be tempered with grateful memories of the older biologists who took the first steps in a line of research fraught with good to all succeeding generations.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE PARLOUR WALL:

NOTES ON RECENT ART-WORK IN BLACK AND WHITE.

YOU cannot put good paintings on your parlour wall unless you have wealth or leisure—wealth to give your commissions to the great dealers, who know where these things are; leisure to know the subject and hunt out the works for yourself. Both conditions are exceptional; and the rarer of the two is, perhaps, that condition of leisure which Balzac was first to name as one of the three requisites of the successful collector—"the time of a lounge, the legs of a stag, the patience of a Jew." Now, the Cousin Pons—the great collector of Fiction—had all these requisites, and so he made his collection, and made it, moreover, though he imposed on himself the further difficulty of "never admitting an acquisition that cost a hundred francs." A modest limit, surely! Yet he obtained masterpieces—formed an assemblage of priceless and incalculable worth—only he did so in Fiction. Yes, but his like exists in fact. Last autumn, in Paris, I came upon a white-haired enthusiast—a Civil Servant—earning some half a guinea a day at the Ministry of War, I think, and living meanly in a fourth floor, and dining for fifteenpence at an obscure café, and groping and inquiring, and finding treasures as great as any of Cousin Pons's; and some day, when the old collector is gone, a museum that shall astonish the Town—a museum installed in fourth-floor bedroom and cabinet, yet no small rival to Sauvageot and Sommerard—will come to be recognised, talked about, fought over, and dispersed.

But that is rare. That is difficult to meet with. That demands devotion, judgment, study—and these are scarcer than wealth. No; either wealth or worship of the thing sought for is needed in our day, if you would have good paintings, or rare carvings in ivory, or fine porcelains of Sèvres, or tapestries from Beauvais or the Gobelins, or metal work of Cellini, or "first states" of etchings by Rembrandt, or Van Leyden's prints, or any other of the things of Art that time and rivalry of purchasers make first rare, then almost unattainable.

You are often thrown back on modern work for the Art that must speak to you daily—no Art of public galleries approached at stated hours, but the Art in your portfolio, the Art that looks at you from its frame on your parlour wall. And modern Art, of reasonable price, has not much that is good to give you. Enter an Exhibition of recent water-colour—the vulgar, the petty, the incompetent proffer their work for prices that would have been a boon to Dewint and a surprise to David Cox. Walk into the shop of the merely fashionable printseller, and what will his shopman show you? Good things and bad to choose from. Some good things, fortunately, of which I shall speak presently, but much that is worthless. Laboured and costly reproductions, by mechanical engravers, of Academy pictures that owe their celebrity to names rather than talents. There is too much work that is common and trivial open for choice if one will but choose it.

The knowledge of this has disgusted the professed connoisseur. He shuns the merely fashionable print-shop. He admits no progress : he will not perceive that however little may be the advance of our larger art—in the pictures of the Academy and the other shows of repute—that however small and meanly imitative may be most of the drawings in water-colour to be beheld in spring and winter Exhibitions—there is at least in the Arts of Reproduction in Black and White some step made since ten years ago. Then it was almost impossible to find good things among the new. Now, if the chooser have but taste and judgment of his own, his chance is at least better. It is not that, as far as engravers in line and mezzotint are concerned, the last ten years have revealed any new master, but that the men are now sometimes engaged upon worthier work. Of work in line engraving he will find much less than was visible some years ago, but this is not to be regretted, since the art of line engraving, not in England only, is about at its lowest.

Periods there have been, he will know, when artists in line engraving have reproduced with perfect and sympathetic fidelity what the artists, their contemporaries, have painted. The whole of the beauty of the design of Rafael is in the prints by Marc Antonio, which the painter himself saw, admired, and sometimes, it is recorded, even slightly corrected and added to. Eighteenth century art in France, and Eighteenth century art in England, were neither of them less fortunate. From Watteau downwards through that hundred years, of Lancret, Pater, Chardin, Greuze, and Fragonard, the business of reproduction in black and white lay in hands of absolute capacity. The happy Pastorals of Watteau, with figures so marvellously full of

grace of movement and grace of line, were translated by Tardieu, by Laurent Cars, and the rest, with a most sensitive understanding of what was their charm. Chardin, with his domestic art—his pleasant portrayal of the honest *bourgeoisie* in its homes and about its accustomed business—was copied carefully. Greuze had actually some gain of dignity through the translation of his painter's softness into definite line—a fine impression of Massard's contemporary engraving of the *Crûche Cassée* has perhaps higher qualities than the picture itself, and is worth ten thousand photographs. Hardly anyone in England knows it, beyond the circle of the professed connoisseurs. And then that century in France—that Eighteenth century of leisure, luxury, and Art—had its own school of delicate engraving for illustration of pleasurable books. It was the century of the vignette—of dainty fingers set to minute tasks.

In England we were just as fortunate in the possession of the means to render the particular excellence of our own painters at that time. It was the century of mezzotint—not, indeed, of its invention, but of its greatest and most complete practice—and hardly one of our great painters of that epoch was translated amiss by the method of engraving just then in its perfection. Certainly the earlier landscape of Gainsborough needs the fine point of a brilliant line engraver to record its aim and its quality. But that is the exception. The portraits of Romney, the portraits of Sir Joshua, the easy rusticities of George Morland, find themselves adequately—nay, most happily—reproduced by the loose large touch of the engraver in mezzotint. And with the passing of the Eighteenth century the high art of engraving, whether in line or mezzotint, died. Work tended, for the most part, towards the sensational or the petty. The last great mezzotinters—Lupton and his fellows—worked on the "*Liber Studiorum*" of Turner; and otherwise Turner was fortunate. Then came the bad period, of taste vulgar or effeminate.

The return of something of the taste of the Eighteenth century in furniture and the decoration of rooms is probably to be credited with having given the first impulse to the seeking after subjects for engraving among the fine things of our greater and by-past Art. Sir Joshua appeared again in the windows of Pall Mall—Mr. Samuel Cousens serving this time as his interpreter, as M^rArdeU and Raphael Smith and Valentine Green and many artists less illustrious had served as his interpreters to the Eighteenth century, when he had said himself, "By these men I shall be made immortal." And Mr. Cousens has been a skilful craftsman, and with his aid the firms of Colnaghi, Graves, M^rLean, and Agnew have filled a thousand middle-

class homes with work of elegant dignity. The engraver has been most successful in the treatment of Sir Joshua's children. Penelope Boothby and the others are models of innocence and demure grace for the London nursery. More recently, Lady Anne Bingham and her peers, with their calm yet lively beauty, in which intelligence and experience have a part, have been put within our reach. And their attraction is of a very obvious kind—their appeal immediate—yet not unworthy.

But Mr. Cousens and some others have chiefly been engraving from pictures of Sir Joshua which had been already engraved. In place of the first and contemporary reproduction, valued perhaps to-day at thirty, forty, or fifty guineas, you can get the second reproduction for two, three, four, or five. Clearly a gain to the popularisation of our pleasant and English art. But another publisher than those I have already named—Mrs. Nosedá—has distinguished herself by the employment of engravers chiefly on work which has never before been engraved—which has permitted, therefore, no ease of reference to translations into black and white already accomplished. Gainsborough's delightful picture of the "Mall"—so piquant and so graceful—seen a couple of years ago at the Exhibition of Old Masters, has been engaging for a long while now the talent of Mr. Shury; and to try to render this at all adequately is an effort of much enterprise and ambition. Mr. Parkes, too, has added several pictures to the long list of the engraved. Thus, Mrs. Abington, the actress, as she appears on Lord Morley's canvas at Saltash—Mrs. Abington as no Muse of the theatre, no symbol and no type—but as the pert representative of Miss Prue, in "Love for Love"—turns round upon you suddenly her face of bright subtlety, in the new engraving. In accurate expression the same engraver has elsewhere been more fortunate. Take, for instance, another portrait of Sir Joshua's, in the same West Country home, "Mrs. Mayne" (it has been seen at Burlington House)—and all the sweetness, all the happy inexperience of the young and radiant face, is caught quite exquisitely in the print, while such an accessory as the satin gown has careful justice done to its texture and heavy fold. "Mrs. Parker," again, the gentle and pondering mother, bending towards her child: in her Sir Joshua painted a face of no formal beauty, but of expression exquisite, profound, refined. And this, in one of the latest of Mrs. Nosedá's plates, the engraver has mastered—mastered and conveyed.

The art of Etching has recently been used to give us excellent reproductions, at popular prices. Its most celebrated practitioners—among those who do not aim to produce original work—are Flameng,

Jacquemart, Rajon, and Unger. The celebrity of the last-named has been acquired the latest; but the more familiar I become with his work, the surer I get that his fame will not be the quickest to pass. Flameng began by delicate and finished line engraving; and we owe to him, in that his early period, recognition of the skill which translated for us into black and white the undulating beauty of the "Source" of Ingres. Then he took to the study of Rembrandt, and copied for Mr. Charles Blanc's illustrated Catalogue many of the rarest and most delicate of the etchings; and his copies of the etchings of Rembrandt are, I am bound to say, almost the only ones of any worth that have been done during this century. He was most successful in the smaller ones—his reproduction of the "Hundred Guilder Print" (Christ Healing the Sick) being to my mind much harder, more mechanical, less subtle, than that of Worlidge executed about a hundred years ago. Yet Flameng is beyond doubt a craftsman of great skill; and if one could but continue to feel in his work the satisfaction it inspires at first sight, he would deserve perhaps to stand the highest amongst the etchers who are not originators, but copyists and interpreters. But work ambitious and elaborate as his copy of the great late painting of Rembrandt—"The Syndics of the Cloth Hall"—cannot, with all its qualities, be accepted as the highest expression of a copyist's power. The more summary and impulsive treatment of the subject by Unger remains the more lastingly suggestive.

Jules Jacquemart's strength is in the etching of still life. Frequent and often successful are his reproductions of paintings in which he is copyist alone; but the almost original pictures in black and white, of inanimate objects that his touch wakes to life in etchings that want nothing but composition to make them original pictures altogether, are of a higher order. No etcher or engraver was ever born with so perfect a conception of the charm and quality of such still life as he chooses to etch: the porcelain jar, exquisite in form and design, and brilliant in glaze; the hilt of a sword, on which richly-worked metals shine and, it may be, jewels sparkle; the tripod of Gouthière with all the beauty and coldness of its veined marbles. It is marvellous how Jacquemart has seen the quality, the special character of all rich objects of art, and how absolutely he has conveyed, in his black and white, the very sense of colour as well as of texture. He has owed much, no doubt—but far from all—to the happy chance of his birth, which threw him from the first among things of beauty and among persons who cared for and understood them.

Rajon, unlike Jacquemart, is without a speciality. He has done slight original work of no special value, but as an interpreter of other

men's thoughts—artistic thought of very various kind—no one is more intelligent and capable. In a life that has not yet been very long he has done many good things, and he has been notably successful as the translator into black and white of the finest portraits of Mr. Watts. The best, perhaps, of all his plates, is still that reproduction of Peter de Hooch's great picture in our Peel Collection—the "Court of a Dutch House," which he has rendered with a rare fidelity not only of line but of tone.

The great student of the Dutch School, however, is undoubtedly Unger—the German, Viennese by birth and residence, and little known in England. Unger has done nothing for our artistic periodicals, *L'Art* and the *Portfolio*; and those in London who want to know his work can know it best at Messrs. Dulau's in Soho Square, where I have seen the reproductions of Frans Hals's portraits at Haarlem, which first made him famous, and all that is thus far published of a splendid series from the Gallery at Amsterdam, and a not less splendid one from the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. Both in Amsterdam and at Vienna he has done greater work than his earlier work after Frans Hals. But his work is always apt to be unequal: just as much now as in the days when he was beginning. Certain things interest him, and to these he gives a skilled and concentrated and sympathetic attention which, apparently, he denies to the others. Thus, in the new etchings from the pictures of the Belvedere Gallery there is one portrait by Rembrandt of himself—Rembrandt in his troubled and middle age, Rembrandt oppressed but not troubled by the accumulation of disaster of which his last biographers tell us—which is, I think, the noblest rendering of any noble Rembrandt I have had the luck to look upon. In the same series there is a reproduction, moving and clouded as it were, of the great Vienna Rubens, —the "Venus Fest"—which shows that if Unger is at home with the Dutch *genre* and portrait painters, he is not at a loss in kindred schools. But the mastery of pure line—such line as Gaillard has known how to convey in his marvellous and recent engraving after Botticelli—that, it is much to be supposed, Unger has not got. To each, his qualities; and to each, his work. Unger is in possession of perfect sympathy with the masters of colour, the masters of tone, the masters of expression. For colour, as colour can be rendered by black and white, you have only to refer to the "Venus Fest;" for tone to the De Hooch, "Le Cellier," the exquisite print in the Amsterdam series after the Amsterdam picture; for expression, if brilliant and spirited, then to the etching of the Frans Hals's "Jester," with wild and wicked eyes, glistening teeth, and head thrown defiantly aside as

the mocking hands twang the instrument they hold ; while if for expression sober and meditative, then to the rendering of the Nicholas Maes, in the Amsterdam series likewise—a worn and saddened woman at the spinning-wheel in a dark and narrow and solitary chamber. These things are admirable : at the least they are vivid memoranda of that which it has often been found easy to reproduce in a mechanical and lifeless way.

London has now at least a couple of great etchers whose work is almost always their own original conception—and perhaps more, for Mr. Heseltine's work, if not great, is often delightful. Lately, indeed, Mr. Seymour Haden, who shares the leadership in "Black and White" with Mr. Legros, has passed for the moment into the rank of the translators. On an immense plate, and with strokes of audacity and masculine vigour, he has recalled the "Calais Pier" of Turner in our National Gallery : the dark and forbidding sky, the boat in the trough of an angry sea, the wooden jetty with its rope-coils, its struggling and wind-blown figures. But until this, his latest published etching, he has worked from nature alone.

Mr. Legros' original prints are of many kinds, and as various in subject as in merit. An industrious furtherer of them—Mr. A. W. Thibaudeau—has recently catalogued them for the curious, and the number does not fall very far short of a couple of hundred, though a score exhausts the tale of the really important. The score—not one of which is an undesirable work to know or have—includes two or three splendid portraits published in our artistic magazines, two or three landscapes, and several single figures or compositions of imagination and rare and even solemn significance. The merits of such portraits as those of Mr. Poynter, and the artist's fellow-countryman Monsieur Dalou—at once masculine and delicate—are obvious to all. They need no insisting upon. The landscapes are the least popular, and as a class, and in spite of fine qualities, deserve to be so, M. Legros having often in landscape failed to do justice to his own power of observation. But in figures alone, and in combinations of landscape and figure, the individuality of the artist is shown in its strongest and most dignified way. In all these things there is much in common—a grave, often pathetic, sometimes even tragic, view of life—or of the life that interests the artist—the life of the lonely and aged peasant ; of the homely country girl of small endowments and narrow experience. Of all these various and imaginative treatments of grave if simple themes the "Mort du Vagabond" is the most tragical ; and by the permanence of its impression and the simplicity of its means it ranks among the great achievements of Art. There is a bare and

open common, a dying tree, a passing but pitiless storm ; and at the tree's foot lies outstretched in this terrible moment the beggar, the wanderer, in his agony. The subject is conceived and treated in a way at once masculine, direct, profound, and simple ; so that this "Mort du Vagabond" will go down, with the same artist's finely symbolical print, "La Mort et le Bûcheron," as among the few things of high significance done in our time.

These works, alas ! are comparatively costly. They come, the picture-seer should remember, as it were, in a class between what cannot be, or is not, multiplied at all—the drawing, for instance, or the oil painting—and what can be multiplied practically without limitation ; that is, the woodcut, the steel engraving, and even the etching, when, by the new process, the plate is steeled. Legros' etchings—all original etchings of the higher kind—can be multiplied, but only in small numbers. Fifty copies will, it is calculated, exhaust the plate of "La Mort du Vagabond," while the steeled plate of an etching for the *Portfolio* is made to yield—what shall I say?—some fifteen hundred copies, very likely. Thus the finest and rarest work of our greatest etchers cannot possibly be quite inexpensive, and this a purchaser may fairly take into account, reserving his wrath for those occasions when rarity is secured artificially just for the purpose that the work *shall* not be cheap.

Of very cheap reproductions, for the folio or the wall, autotypes ought to stand first, but only when care has been taken that the subject reproduced lent itself to reproduction by the mechanical process. The process, as a rule, succeeds best with outline drawings. Thus some of the Italian School in the British Museum, and some in the Louvre, and some in other galleries of the Continent, have been rendered by Braun, of Paris, with as much happiness as can possibly belong to memoranda of the kind (since *memoranda* after all they must be) ; and the assemblage gathered together by the choice of Mr. Carr last year, in his big book, was hardly less successful. When they are bought, either for study or decoration, it is best to have, as far as possible, a series, because while sometimes of little effect single—and jarring with those higher reproductions by engraving, which employ, not chemical agencies, but the talent of man—they are of great and harmonious effect when seen in any considerable group. Seeing one alone or one in juxtaposition with fine work of etching, say, you are vexed with deficiencies, with the unpleasantness of texture, the occasional falseness of tone ; but, seeing them together, you recognise that their goodly array does indeed, as far as essentials are concerned, bring before you the mind of a master or the aim and

tendency of a school. Now, the latest series of autotypes published by Braun is an excellent example of this. It makes public for the first time the treasures of French Eighteenth century Art amassed by the brothers De Goncourt, the novelists, since the days when they betook themselves to the collecting of rare things as a relief from "dark and melancholy studies of contemporary life." The "*Fille Elisa*"—blackest and most melancholy "study"—had not then been written. To the De Goncourts belongs the credit of having revealed to our generation more than one of the forgotten "little masters" of the Eighteenth century—the credit, that is, of having known how to take the initiative: a virtue not very common among the connoisseurs of Art. They have written on these minor lights of their favourite epoch; and so, as was to be expected, their portfolios—or the portfolios of the brother who alone remains—abound in specimens of that ignored skill. The drawings of the greater men are very notable; Watteau, for instance, is seen more adequately, I suppose, than he can be seen anywhere except among the drawings of the Louvre and in the unparalleled collection of Miss James, exhibited for a while at Bethnal Green. Fragonard is represented on unsuspected sides—shown as an artist far other than the merely erotic painter our respectable prejudices have hitherto led us to deem him. But Eisen and Freudeberg, the vignettists—the designers of graceful and animated interiors—inheritors of Gravelot, as Gravelot was the heir of Watteau—men who were contemporary with our own Stothard in our Stothard's best days—these and the like of these are revealed at last and at last accessible in some cheaper and simpler way than by the purchase of the rare editions, the exquisitely executed plates, which a freak of fashion in France has placed beyond the reach of the educated poor.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

JEAN PAUL MARAT.

HISTORY probably presents few names around which more obloquy has gathered, or which call up in most minds more disagreeable associations, than that heading the present sketch. "Personification of murder," "Wolf," "Tiger," "Monster," are only a few of the sobriquets bestowed upon its luckless bearer by well-nigh every writer who has handled the subject of the French Revolution. Even Mr. Carlyle, who has a kind word for the "Sea-green Incorruptible" himself, cannot forbear applying the epithets "dog-leech," "obscene spectrum, &c.," "to this poor man" Marat. The Marat of tradition and public opinion is, in fact, a sort of Greek actor's mask, a coarse personification of all the errors and shortcomings of the Revolution as magnified by reaction and prejudice. It is my purpose in the ensuing pages to depart from the usual practice by presenting the MAN and not the MASK Marat to my readers. I am led to this at once by a desire to rescue the memory of one whom I believe to have been possessed of an earnestness and consistency rarely met with, and at the same time, by giving one instance of its worthlessness, to contribute to a healthy distrust of the "world's" verdicts and of public opinion in its existing state.

Let us first of all cast a glance at the oft-maligned personal appearance of Marat. He is described by Fabre d'Eglantine (by no means a violent partisan of his) as "scarcely five feet high, firm, thick-set, without being stout—his legs somewhat bowed, and his arms strong and muscular. Upon rather a short neck he carried a head of a very pronounced character. His countenance was large and bony, the nose aquiline, the nostrils wide and slightly depressed. The mouth was curled at one corner by a frequent contraction, the lips were thin, the eyes of a greyish-yellow colour, *spirituel*, animated, penetrating, serene; naturally soft and even gracious, but conveying a look of great assurance." "The tone of his voice was thin, sonorous, slightly hoarse, and of a ringing quality. He dressed in a careless manner; indeed, his negligence in this respect betokened a complete ignorance of the conventionalities of custom and of taste."¹

¹ "Portrait de Marat," par Fabre d'Eglantine.

Such is an impartial description of the *semi-human* "toad" of historians.

Jean Paul Marat was born at Boudry, in the then Prussian principality, now the Swiss Canton of Neuchâtel, on the 24th of May 1743, of Jean Paul Marat, a native of Cagliari, in Sardinia, and of Louise Cabrol, of Geneva. His father practised medicine, and by religious profession both parents were Calvinists. Marat's leading characteristics—his burning horror of injustice, and his vivid sympathy with the oppressed—seem to have been inherited, or at least to have received their early stimulus, from his mother, whom he to the last held in affectionate esteem. He states his earliest recollections to be those of visiting with her the poor and suffering of his native place, of administering with his own hands relief where needed, and of watching with her, often for hours together, at the bedside of the sick and the dying. He was, as a child, of a thoughtful and studious disposition, caring little for play, and rarely needing coercion of any kind from his tutors.

"I was never chastised but once," he writes, "and on this occasion the feeling of an unjust humiliation made such an impression on me that it was found impossible to bring me again under the rod of my instructor. I refused food for two whole days. At that time I was eleven years old, and the strength of my character may be estimated by this one incident. My parents being unable to bend my resolution, and the paternal authority finding itself compromised, I was locked up in my own room. Unable to resist my choking indignation, I opened the casement and threw myself down into the street; so severely was I cut in the fall as to bear the mark on my forehead to this day." Marat was nearly sixteen when his mother died, and this event would seem to have left a profound impression on him. It is shortly after, in the summer of 1759, that we find him quitting his home on the banks of the Neuchâtel lake to seek his fortune in a world where the old order of things was fast approaching the throes of its dissolution, where all things spiritual and material were preparing for that vast and mighty change of which the French Revolution was but the prelude, and through which we are now passing, although only beginning to discern its full import—in short, the world of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the *Encyclopédie*, and of the as yet nascent "*Sturm und Drang*"—the world of ardent hopes and aspirations referred to by Wordsworth, when he says—

Blest was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

We may divide Marat's life into three periods: the period of

childhood, terminating with his quittal of home in 1759; the professional and literary period, from 1759 to 1789; and—most important of all—the political period, dating from the publication of his “*Offrande à la Patrie*” in 1789, to his death in 1793.

The young Jean Paul had received a thorough education, both general and scientific, in his father's house; and appears at first to have devoted himself to professorial pursuits, and subsequently more especially to medicine, a calling for which he had been in all probability originally designed. We do not know for certain the immediate destination of his wanderings on first leaving his home. He writes in the last year of his life: “From the age of sixteen, I have been absolute master of my conduct. I have spent ten years of my life in London, one at Dublin, one at the Hague, Utrecht, and Rotterdam, nineteen in Paris, and have traversed the half of Europe.” In the course of his travels, he became acquainted with seven different languages. His thorough mastery of English will appear truly astonishing to anyone who may peruse his work, “*The Chains of Slavery*,” originally written in English. He is reported to have been occupying the chair of French language and literature in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1772. He was about entering upon a professorship in the Académie des Sciences in Madrid in 1792, but this appointment he was prevented from filling, owing, it is said, to Bailly. Probably few persons are aware that among Marat's friends, while in London, was the eminent physicist Franklin, with whom he used frequently to conduct optical experiments. His activity as an author, during this second period of his life, was considerable. Besides several original works on optics and electricity, more than one receiving very high commendation from the Academies of Paris, Rouen, &c.,¹ he published in 1773, in London, “*A Philosophical Essay on Man; or, the Laws of the Mutual Action of the Body on the Soul, and the Soul on the Body*,” a treatise by no means destitute of original thought, but in the main upholding the fallacies of the eighteenth-century school of French psychology. The next year appeared “*The Chains of Slavery*,” “a work wherein the clandestine and villanous attempts of princes to ruin liberty are pointed out, and the dreadful scenes of despotism disclosed; to which is prefixed an address to the electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the choice of proper representatives in the coming parliament,”—*vitam impendere vero*. In Paris, in 1787, he produced, under the approval

¹ The comment of the “Académie” on crowning an *Essay of Marat's on Electricity* is significant. It remarks that it was to be regretted “the author had not used more suavity in refuting the opinions of estimable authorities.”

of the Académie, a translation of the "Optics" of Newton, illustrated with twenty-one coloured diagrams, the last of his scientific works. I should not omit to mention that, in addition to the above, Marat was the author of a novel, founded on a Polish subject; but this never saw the light till 1848, when it was brought out in the "Siècle," as 'Un Roman de Cœur, par Marat, Ami du Peuple,'—as alleged, from the original manuscript.

While in London, Marat gained considerable reputation in the medical profession, especially as an oculist. Possibly, this reputation contributed to his appointment, in 1779, as physician to the body-guard of the Comte d'Artois; a fact which, as M. Bougeart observes,¹ completely subverts the charge of charlatanry certain writers have seen fit (without adducing a particle of evidence in support of their assertion) to bring against Marat. The Court was not so empty of aspirants to honourable posts as to render it necessary for one of the first noblemen in France to engage a charlatan in his service. With his retirement from the Comte d'Artois' employment in 1789, we may consider the middle or scientific period of Marat's life virtually to close. The Revolution was shortly to commence, and doubtless political and social considerations already began to occupy his attention, to the exclusion of other matters. Some little while afterwards, he was attacked by an illness which incapacitated him from all work for some months. Upon his recovery, he wrote his "Offrande à la Patrie," and this we may regard as the first of that long series of political writings that did so much to direct the course of the Revolution.

The "Offrande à la Patrie" consists of two brochures, the first containing five discourses, the second, published as a supplement, four. It reviews the general situation, urges unity upon the people, warning them against corruption, and denouncing their ministers of finance, who had so powerfully contributed to the ruin of France, a notable exception being made in favour of Turgot. The pamphlets published early in 1789 had a considerable circulation, and may be said to have given their author a foothold on the political arena.

As is well known, Marat took an active part in the storming of the Bastille, although—and this has often been laid to his reproach—he was not so much a fighter as a worker in the cause he espoused. The physical conditions necessary to a successful carrying out of the former rôle—health, vigour, and their concomitant "dash"—were com-

¹ "Marat, Ami du Peuple," tome i. p. 47, par A. Bougeart.

pletely absent in him. That in his own way he showed greater, because more sustained, courage than any man "foremost in the 'actual' fray" could have done, none acquainted with his life can in fairness deny.

In the evening of that memorable July 14 he exposed a plot of the Royalist party which, but for his tact and boldness, might have resulted in a horrible massacre. Under the pretence of fraternisation, it was intended to introduce a large contingent of the Royal troops into Paris, in order by this means to get the city under weigh. Marat, on hearing that a detachment was reconnoitring in various quarters, became suspicious, and went in search, encountering them on the Pont-Neuf. On finding that the speech of their commanding officer, who announced to the people the speedy arrival of various other corps, was rather too specious to be altogether satisfactory, he proposed that the accompanying civic guard should challenge them to deliver up their arms as a pledge of fidelity; the challenge, after some hesitation, being made, they of course declined it. The blind credulity of the populace was at once dissipated, the plot foiled, and the detachment had nothing further to do but to retire.

Shortly after the taking of the Bastille, the "Plan de Constitution" appeared, and this, with the "Plan de Législation Criminelle," a subsequent work, formed the basis of Marat's political action. They are both founded on the theories of Rousseau, deemed in a sense axiomatic by every thinker of the period; the problem political and social being then regarded in the main as one of deduction from the premisses laid down in the "Social Contract." Marat was at this time, be it remembered, an upholder of very limited monarchy, and not yet a Republican; his theory being that the king was merely the highest functionary of the State, and as strictly answerable to the people as any other functionary. The people was the absolute sovereign; from the people all power went forth, and to the people it ought to return whenever the functionaries of the State—the delegates of the people—abused the sacred trust confided to them. Under this view the king will seem to many merely as a crowned president of a republic, and it was thus that Marat would have had him considered. The course of events modified this conception into that of Republicanism *pur et simple*. There was really no change of front in his opinions, as is often alleged, but strictly an advance along the same line.

On September 8 of the year 1789, what long had been a darling project of Marat was realised; he was able to issue the prospectus of a new journal bearing the heading, "Le Publiciste Parisien,

Journal politique, libre et impartial, par une Société des Patriotes et rédigé, par M. Marat, auteur de 'L'Offrande à la Patrie,' du 'Plan de Constitution,' &c. &c.," with the epigram, "*Vitam impendere vero.*" Sixteen days after, its name was changed to that of *Ami du Peuple*, a name ever since used as an alternative for "Marat." Within a month its editor was summoned twice before the commune, and in consequence of this the words "par une Société des Patriotes" were struck out, and the journal appeared as "par M. Marat" alone, to avert the possibility of other persons being implicated in any future prosecutions.

The character of the journal was proximately determined by the elections for the States-General and the composition of the Assembly, which was for the most part hotly Royalist. One section of its members was awaiting an opportunity of delivering France over to the English, while, what was worse than all, a famine was prevalent, having every appearance of being organised by the agents of Government with the connivance of the legislature. This subject called forth much invective from the indignant "People's Friend," and its discussion occupied a considerable space in the journal. Indeed, for the first month or two, "bread" and "assignats" (paper money, set afloat by Neckar) were the prevailing themes. The latter subject is treated at length also in Marat's letter to Neckar, the minister of finance. The consequences eventually ensuing from the forced paper currency, were foreseen by him even at this early date.

It may not be out of place to consider in a few words the real character of this far-famed *Ami du Peuple*. It has been often enough remarked that, to us at this distance of time, the numbers seem but a dreary succession of denunciations and personal attacks. But, in estimating it, we must bear in mind the conditions of the epoch, as well as the fact that, in addition to its political aspect, it had another aspect, that of being an organ for the oppressed of all classes. Official France, when it came into being (for the Revolution had only just commenced), was in the last stage of rottenness and corruption—a state of things only to be paralleled in the Europe of to-day by Turkey.

An important function of the *Ami* was, then, to expose abuses in official places. As a natural consequence, complaints and their accompanying denunciations filled much of its space. I will cite one instance only, on a small scale, of what was daily occurring in one form or another throughout the whole governmental system. A commissary of police, having seduced the wife of a maker of harpsichords, had abused his authority to have the latter dragged to Bicêtre.

After vividly depicting the man's utter ruin, Marat concludes : "The *Sieur Heintzler* lodges in the *Rue St. Jacques de Latran*. As his barbarous persecutor, after the horrors he has already perpetrated, may justly be suspected of anything, I demand his immediate arrest by the police, that he may be prevented from again approaching his victim, whom I place under the protection of the (revolutionary) committee of his section." There was no tale of wrong or suffering that did not find an echo in the heart of Jean Paul Marat, and a ready place in his journal. Morning, noon, and night, was the "People's Friend" assailed, both personally and in writing, by the unfortunate imploring his advice and assistance. Did space allow, I could quote, as an instance of the unexpected quarters into which the general confidence in Marat had penetrated, an extract from No. 88 of the *Ami*. It relates the visit of an escaped nun of good family who came accompanied by her mother to implore his protection. Marat was most truly a terror to official evil-doers. No matter whether the king, the minister of finance, or the meanest police agent, was the object of his attacks, he equally persisted to the extent of his influence in denouncing injustice and seeking to obtain its redress. He was always suspicious, and frequently with too good reason, of those in power. Indeed, it is probable that his ceaseless *dé fiance*, his eager exposure of the smallest action that seemed suspicious, often intimidated the guilty occupants of high places, and so hindered them from attempting what they might otherwise have done.¹ The cases of Neckar, of Dumouriez, and of Barrère, &c., prove him to have possessed real penetration into character, and to have been no reckless slanderer. Any denunciation demonstrated to be false was always apologised for with the same publicity as it was made. The size of the paper was entirely regulated by circumstances, sometimes consisting of a single sheet widely printed, sometimes of two or more sheets closely printed. Its colour also varied between blue, green, yellow, and white. It is noteworthy that throughout the whole 642 numbers there is only to be found one coarse expression, used with initial letters and subsequently retracted, and this at a time when coarse epithets were flying about on all sides. The Government party every now and then set afloat false *Amis* purporting to emanate from Marat, in which either his views were travestied and a copious amount of bloodthirsty advice was given, or which were else of an utterly *laissez-faire* character. Notwithstanding every obstacle thrown in its way by the authorities, the paper soon achieved an enormous cir-

¹ Such is the opinion of Mr. Bowen Graves in his masterly article on Marat in the "Fortnightly Review" for February 1874.

culatation from one end of France to the other. Besides his journal, Marat had two other methods of making his views public. Whenever urgency was required, placards bearing his name might be seen posted up all over Paris, while the effect of several pamphlets from his pen upon the events of the time is notorious.

The first direct result of Marat's influence on the Revolution was the celebrated "Bread Insurrection" of October 6, 1789, so graphically described by Mr. Carlyle, ending in the return of the Royal family to Paris and their temporary reconciliation with the populace. Although, as I have said from the first, the scarcity of bread was a prominent theme in the *Ami*, it took a month to rouse the populace to action in the matter. But if the people and the powers were reconciled for the time, the latter were by no means disposed to extend this reconciliation to their leader.

On October 8 a mandate of arrest was issued by the Court of the Châtelet, and Marat had to seek refuge in a place of safety at Versailles. It was some time before he ventured to return to Paris; when he did so, he chose an obscure street of Montmartre for his domicile. From thence, on November 5, the publication of the *Ami*, interrupted during his concealment, was resumed. On the 26th of the month he established a press of his own, and thus rendered himself independent of the precarious aid of printing firms. But it was not long that he was left undisturbed. One morning, when he had scarcely risen from bed, a party of officials, come to arrest him, presented themselves at the door of his apartment. He was taken to the Bureau des Recherches, and his presses confiscated. Upon being subsequently brought before the Commission of Police, he made a bold and eloquent speech in defence of his conduct, the result being his instant liberation; the Commission, composed of men of popular sympathies, even offering a coach to convey him home. The next day, taking advantage of his enthusiastic acquittal, he repaired to the municipality, to demand of Mayor Bailly the stolen presses, which were restored with the least possible delay.

But the Châtelet was not to be so easily beaten as the municipality. On January 21, 1790, the mandate of October 8 was renewed, and vigorous were the measures taken to prevent its missing fire this time. The "hero of two worlds," Lafayette, was authorised to call in the aid of three battalions of National Guards. At an early hour in the morning of the 22nd, while it was still dark, the troops penetrated into the house where the *Ami* was printed, seized everything they could lay their hands on, and at eleven o'clock, after leaving a detachment on guard, returned home, consoling them-

selves at finding no Marat by carrying lighted candles at the end of their bayonets and shouting "Marat à la lanterne!" Marat, who was sleeping in a neighbouring street, being apprised of their arrival, escaped by donning a large cloak, and a round hat to conceal his features, and passing alongside of the guard sent to arrest him. After a few days' concealment in Paris he repaired to London. While in London he wrote his celebrated pamphlet entitled the "*Appel à la Nation*."

It was most likely (for we do not know the precise date) a short time after his return to Paris (May 18, 1790) that the noble and devoted Simonne Evrard resolved to share with him her fortune and her life. Simonne was born at Tournes St. André in 1764. She was twenty-six years of age, and Marat forty-six, when they were united. Simonne remained his constant companion till death, and the heroic defender of his memory afterwards. It was by means of her small fortune that he was enabled again to set up a printing press. As one might expect, historians have done their best to traduce the character of Simonne. The sole basis of their calumnies is an incoherent and self-contradictory narrative of her bitter enemy, Madame Roland, in which she endeavours to defame alike both Simonne and Marat. It is a noteworthy fact that historians in their zeal to vilify the subject of our sketch have, by their mutual inconsistencies, betrayed themselves. One very reliable historian sums him up as viciously ascetic—a sort of modern Diogenes, living in a cellar; another, as an incarnation of lasciviousness, keeping voluptuously-furnished apartments to receive courtesans, &c. According to one writer, he is a raving demagogue, "sticking at nothing;" according to another, a timid and cautious self-seeker. What a pity these authorities could not compare notes beforehand, and thus have harmonised their narratives so as better to effect their common object!

Less than a month from the reappearance of the *Ami*, June 18, 1790, a decree was passed on the proposition of the King, fixing the civil list at twenty-five millions. This meant, of course, additional means to crush obnoxious persons, besides additional taxation in a time of scarcity. An indignant protest was at once raised by Marat. The municipality found in it a new pretext for arrest, and he was once more environed with a network of spies. On being urged by Camille Desmoulins and certain private friends to take refuge in flight, he declined the proposal unconditionally, and, in a noble letter sent in reply, asks whether it is much that he, a man without family, should risk a little danger at an imminent crisis, to

help to save a whole nation from despotism, when one considers the numbers of men who are annually torn from their families to fight and die for the caprices of a supercilious Royal master who cares not a jot for them. In the same letter (*Ami*, 170) he mentions, that for the past eighteen months he had often been unable to sleep two consecutive nights in the same bed. The storm, notwithstanding, blew over without the mandate of arrest being put into execution. It was, however, not long before the streets of Paris once more rang with the name of Marat. A placard headed "*C'en est fait de nous*," protesting very naturally against a suspicious-looking request of the Court of Vienna to be allowed to convey a large body of troops through France, was the occasion of this. The placard terminates with the words often made a notable *point d'appui* by reactionists, "500 or 600 heads fallen would have assured you repose and happiness; a false humanity has restrained your arm and suspended your blows; it will cost the lives of millions of your brothers." Shocking language truly for those who shudder and vituperate at the execution of a handful of hostages by men goaded to desperation, while they have no word of condemnation for the cold-blooded slaughterers of men, women, and children in the moment of victory, and no word of sympathy for their victims! It is the privilege of a defender of "order" to massacre at his pleasure in defence of his "order;" but when the advocate of "ideas" opposed to that "order" lifts be it only a finger in defence, "Fiend-incarnate!" howls respectability. It matters not whether judgments of this kind are contrary to justice and morality or not, they answer their purpose; and so these "howls" in the interest of order are likely to continue for some time yet, whenever events call for them.

Did Marat in the above-quoted and other similar declarations mean anything more than to destroy a sense of fatal security in the minds of anti-revolutionists and Royalist plotters? "My hand," said he, "had withered as I wrote, had I thought that one tithe of these things would have been acted upon;" and again: "I made use of these expressions with the intention of producing a strong effect on the minds of men and of destroying all fatal security."

Such is Marat's own explanation, a few months before his death, of these sanguinary threats associated with the earlier part of his political career. His ardent temperament contributed not a little to influence his pen and allow passion to outstrip judgment. The idea of premeditation or any definite meaning attaching to those loose calculations of the number of heads necessary to save the country can occur to no one who candidly reviews the case. We must,

moreover, bear in mind that Marat, as Mr. Bowen Graves remarks,¹ is mildness itself compared with his contemporary journalists on the opposite side, "or, to take another example," to quote the latter's words: "It will cost ten thousand lives, says one man." "When compromise was proposed," says another, "to the effect that the Government should enter Paris, but not the army, I replied, that if it should cost a river of blood the army should enter first."² Who was the author of the above declaration? Not Marat—no revolutionist, but that champion of respectability and moral order, M. Thiers. It will be quite time for revolutionists to apologise for Marat's hasty words when reactionists have apologised for M. Thiers' well-meditated deeds. Shortly after the above-mentioned placard, appeared three others in succession, the last having reference to the massacre of the mutinous troops at Nancy, by Commandant Bouillé. Several numbers of the *Ami* were devoted to a discussion of the question, Marat considering the garrison to have had good ground for complaint, and to have been fully justified in their conduct. All this tended to increase Marat's influence at the same time as his persecutions. There was one circumstance, however, from which he might have derived some consolation both personal and public. On September 6 the Court of the Châtelet was abolished by a decree of the Assembly. This, notwithstanding, did not signify the cessation of press persecutions; on the contrary, Marat was compelled now more than ever to conceal himself. One of his most frequent places of resort was the cellars underneath the Cordeliers' Club. He was also often sheltered by personal friends. During the year 1791, the struggle with the constitutionalists was continued. "The question now," writes Marat, "is not how to remove your old tyrants, but how to exterminate the new ones, that you may live as free and happy men." A special battalion of the National Guard was about this time charged on oath to assassinate the "People's Friend" wherever found.

On June 21 occurred the King's flight to Varennes, an event which Marat had for some time foreseen would be attempted, with the view, as he thought, of leaving the coast clear for foreign intervention. Some days before, he had written passionately in favour of *déchéance*, having now completely cast aside his belief in

¹ "Fortnightly Review," February 1874. In Mr. Bowen Graves' paper all the principal charges against Marat will be found as exhaustively refuted as is possible within the limits of a Review article. The present paper assumes purposely more of a narrative than a directly apologetic character.

² *Ibid.*

limited monarchy and become definitely republican. After the flight to Varennes republican ideas became general with the popular party, the restoration of the monarchy, compared by Mr. Carlyle to an inverted pyramid, finding little favour except with the constitutionalists, naturally desirous of retaining their places and revenues.

A meeting was accordingly convoked and held on July 10 in the Champ de Mars to sign a petition for *déchéance*; this meeting was dispersed by Lafayette, with the aid of 10,000 National Guards, several hundred persons being killed and wounded. A general flight of journalists followed, and the "People's Friend" was left alone for some days to protest. But he had counted without compositors and without distributors; alarmed at the boldness of his strictures on the conduct of the authorities, these, one and all, deserted him, making the panic complete. The *Ami* did not appear again till August 10. In September the elections for the new constituent Assembly were to be held, and Marat, trusting to its being more in harmony with the principles of the Revolution, had resolved, owing to his poverty and the precarious state of his health, to discontinue his journal on its accession to power, and retire to London.

In a sarcastic letter to the expiring Chamber, he speaks of "renouncing the foolish project of immolating himself for the public good, and of thinking in future of nothing further than how he may rebuild his shattered fortune, having been reduced to the greatest straits in pursuit of this insane object." Towards the end of September he actually started for London, but circumstances led him to retrace his steps and continue the contest.

After, however, two months' further wrestling with principalities and powers (for the newly erected Chamber proved of the same character as its predecessor), he resolved again to leave France, though not before he had cast upon it one more farewell. "O my country," he exclaims, "what fearful lot is in store for thee! O that I have been unable to unveil thine eyes! There is nought further to be done to prevent thy ruin, and thy faithful friend has no further duty than to deplore thy sad destinies and shed tears of blood over thy too prolonged disasters" (*Ami*, December 14, 1791). The next day, December 15, he left Paris for London. While there he planned a work, in two volumes, entitled the "*Ecole à Citoyen*."

The following April he returned, at the urgent invitation of the Cordeliers and other patriotic societies, and the publication of the *Ami du Peuple* was resumed. On the 20th war was declared against Hungary—a measure greeted with applause on every side, each party hoping

to gain by it. Our journalist alone saw its folly, and denounced it accordingly as a criminal expenditure of blood and money, and a dangerous manœuvre of the Royalists. Marat's opinion regarding the war was the first symptom of that schism between him and the Girondins that subsequently assumed such gigantic proportions. The Girondins were now as a party daily rising into prominence; the next great turn of the political wheel was to place the destinies of France for a time in their hands. The republican-constitutionalists Marat characteristically dubs "Hommes d'état." They may have comprised much of the culture and eloquence of France within their ranks, but they certainly were totally deficient in the vigour of action necessary in the crisis through which France was passing, and many of them can hardly be absolved from unworthy motives of *class* ambition and personal aggrandisement. As such they were simply an obstruction to the Revolution.

On May 3 a decree of arrest (occasioned by an article warning the army to be on its guard against certain generals) was launched. Marat was in consequence compelled more closely than ever to conceal himself; indeed, between this time and August 18, his life was literally that of a hunted hare; his paper only appearing at irregular intervals, and then dated from cellars and other out-of-the-way places. The revolution of August 10 found him still in his retreat. But he was not idle. Scarcely had the fighting ceased at the Tuileries when a placard from his pen was to be read in all quarters of the city. "The glorious day of the 10th of August 1791 may prove decisive for the triumph of liberty if you know how to profit by your advantages. Dread the reaction; your enemies will not spare you should they come back to power. No one has a greater horror of bloodshed than myself; but to prevent its flowing in streams, I exhort you to sacrifice some drops. Tremble, tremble, lest you let slip this unique opportunity, which the tutelar genius of France has given you, of escape from the abyss, and assurance of liberty"—these are a few extracts from it.

With August 10 a new era had commenced. Royalism was finally overthrown, the Royal family were prisoners, and the Republic was *de facto* established.

The day following, Marat, emerging from his cellar, indemnified himself for his own stolen presses by demanding and obtaining those of the Royal printing office. The *bouleversement* consequent on August 10, raised the hunted cellar fugitive to an important official post. Early in September he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, the "executive" of the Commune. "Marat

is the conscience of the Hôtel de Ville," wrote one of its delegates. As a leading man of the municipality Marat has received a full share of responsibility for the summary executions which took place outside the prisons of Paris in September. Yet we have no evidence convicting him, or indeed any other individual leader, of complicity in these affairs. It is true he, in company with his colleagues of the Committee, did sign a circular to the departments (after the event) justifying the massacres; but this, however inexcusable from an abstract point of view, can hardly be viewed as such when the circumstances of the time are taken into account. Conceive the situation of Paris that first week in September, latent civil war within and a coalition of Europe preparing to march against it from without; the inefficient tribunals acquitting notorious traitors; Royalist conspirators in active communication with the enemy, and doubtless laughing at the weakness of the new revolutionary Government. But for that terrible event, "September"—an event which appalled the coalition and once for all stamped out internal conspiracy—there can be little doubt the Revolution would have been, for the time at least, quenched in blood and iron. "September" was the work of a populace goaded to despairing frenzy; not the work of one party, much less of one man, but an ebullition of popular fury, acquiesced in, as a terrible necessity, by all parties. If the Commune was passive while the massacres were going on, so were the Girondins. It was a very convenient piece of party tactics afterwards to make the Commune the scape-goat in the matter.¹

Marat was elected on the 18th of the month member of the National Convention, and after this his history becomes so completely

¹ A curious parallel here presents itself. In May 1871 there were also some massacres in Paris, but there were some points of difference between these and those of September 1792. In '92 not more than two thousand or three thousand, at the very outside, perished, and none without some trial, however brief; whereas in '71, at the very least, fifteen thousand were slaughtered, for the most part without any trial whatever, and this time not in the rage of despair, but in the exultation of victory. Yet is it not strange that the perpetrators of September are seldom mentioned by respectability without a shudder, while the perpetrators of May are always spoken of with respect? No, it is not at all strange; the eye of respectability detects a great distinction in the two cases—in one case the victims were respectable well-to-do conspirators for the *ancien régime* and for "order," while the perpetrators had emerged from the depths of St. Antoine; in the other the victims were only Republican National Guards, while their butchers were acting under instructions from a Government representing religion and property! What would become of society if one palliated the revolutionists of '92 on the one hand, or blamed the reactionists of '71 on the other! So thinks the "world" at present.

merged in the general course of the Revolution, that a brief indication of the part he played in the principal events of the next few months is all that will be necessary in this place. From this time the *Ami du Peuple* ceased to exist, and its place was taken by a new journal, the *Journal de la République Française*, with a new motto: *Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis*. Marat's election caused intense disgust to the Girondin party, now at the height of power, who dreaded lest his influence in the tribune should equal that in the press. A fortnight after the opening of the Chamber he was accordingly attacked on the score of desiring a dictatorship. A decree of accusation was on the point of being launched. He was on this occasion renounced by Robespierre, Danton, and other chiefs of the Mountain. On his commencing a speech in his defence with the words, "I have a great number of enemies in this assembly," the Convention rose to its feet as one man shouting "All! All!" Notwithstanding yells of "To the guillotine!" resounding from the Girondin benches, he continued, in an eloquent speech, to urge the openness of his conduct, that what he had believed necessary for the public safety he had always publicly proclaimed for the acceptance or rejection of his fellow-citizens, and had never conspired in secret. After stating his belief that in the then crisis a *dictatorship* was, for the time being, desirable, and fully avowing the writings wherein these views were expressed, he was about to retire, when, drawing a pistol from his pocket, he exclaimed: "If the decree of accusation had been launched, I would have blown out my brains at the foot of this tribune; this, then, is the reward of my three years of suffering and privation of every kind in the cause of liberty!" The good sense contained in the speech in the end effectually silenced all gainsayers, and the Convention had nothing further, however unwilling to adopt that course, but to pass to the order of the day.

The Girondins, despite the fiasco of September 26, were not long in returning to the charge. On October 8, Valazé attacked the Commune and the Committee of Public Safety (including, of course, the "People's Friend," the occupant of a "tribune particulière" in that body) in the matter of September; but on the close of his speech Marat rose and silenced all further comment by remarking that the time allotted by the Convention for the investigation of the Committee's papers was four months, whereas Valazé, after having only had them a day or two, proceeded to make his report. It was during this month of October that Marat made his celebrated visit to General Dumouriez, in the salon of the actor Talma, regarding Parisian volunteer battalions, against whom he conceived a false accusation

had been made—a scene such as would be no inapt one for a painter—the little thick-set, shabbily attired man, in company with his two “Mountain” friends, boldly pushing his way through the brilliant groups of the ball-room, to the centre of attraction, the bedizened General himself.

The rage of the Girondins was now becoming altogether ungovernable. Gangs of Girondin National Guards and Marseillais were in the habit of patrolling the streets singing “La tête de Marat, Robespierre, et Danton, et de tous ceux qui les défendront. O, gué!” They stopped under Marat’s window in the Rue des Cordeliers, threatening to set fire to the house. So great was the danger as to necessitate the suspension of the *Journal de la République* during the first week in November. He never spoke in the Chamber but his voice was drowned by yells and hisses. Even within the Mountain itself he stood isolated among its leaders, as may be seen from the report of the *séance* of the Jacobins’ Club for Sunday, December 23. Such was not the case, however, with the people. “It is some days ago,” writes Marat, “that I was addressed by some Marseillais with the words, ‘Marat, your party increases every day; we belong to it.’ I replied, ‘Comrades, I have no party; I do not wish any. Only be happy and free, *that* is all I desire.’” (*Journal*, 80.)

On the occasion of the King’s trial he voted “death” in the following terms: “With the full conviction I have that Louis is the principal author of the misfortunes that caused so much blood to flow on the 10th of August, and of all the massacres that have sullied France since the Revolution, I vote the death of the tyrant within twenty-four hours.”¹ While proceedings were pending he repeatedly received letters from Royalists, offering bribes for him to vote in favour of acquittal or banishment. “If you will but do it, we are prepared to lay down 100,000 écus.” Our journalist replied, in laying these letters before the Committee of Public Safety, “I am for the people; I shall never be but for them. That is my profession of faith.”

The death of the monarch brought with it no reconciliation of parties; on the contrary, the conflict between “Mountain” and “Gironde” broke out with increased violence in the Chamber; while in the street the great question was one of bread. The assignats had, as might have been expected, much deteriorated in value. The

¹ To show, however, that he bore no feelings of prejudice against the Royal personage, I may quote what he says in his journal when describing the trial: ‘Il s’est comporté à la barre avec décence; qu’il aurait été grand à mes yeux s’il avait été innocent.’ It is the man who wrote these words who is so often described as destitute of the commonest feelings of humanity.

farmers and corn-dealers refused to sell except at exorbitant prices, while many persons were making capital out of the public calamity. It was these forestallers who roused the indignation of the "People's Friend," and led to that hasty outburst of his : "The sacking of a few shops, with the forestallers hanged at their doors, would soon put a stop to these malversations, which are driving five millions of men to despair and causing thousands to perish for want." Marat thought, if the legislature neglected its duty and there was no law to punish monopolisers, the people had a right to take justice into its own hands. "In a world full of the possessions of others, where the indigent have nothing to call their own, they are obviously reduced to perish of hunger. Now, since they derive nothing but disadvantages from society, are they obliged to respect its laws? Doubtless, no ! If society abandons them, they re-enter a state of nature," *i.e.* the social contract is dissolved. Such is the logical outcome of Rousseau's doctrine as presented by Marat in his "Plan de législation criminelle." But however much we may repudiate the anarchical means proposed, or even the method of Rousseau itself, may we not accept in a sense the principle involved in this question of the forestallers on other grounds? I think we may ; and I think our acceptance of it or not will depend very much on the view we take of the uses of private property—unconditionally selfish or conditionally social; if the latter, does it not follow that the extraordinary horading up of the necessities of life in a period of scarcity, for selfish ends, constitutes, even if done under the ordinary laws of trade, an offence meriting the severest reprobation ?

It must be borne in mind that the article in question was not the cause of the riots ; hunger, not Marat, swayed the queues at the bakers' shops; the riots had begun some days before the paragraph appeared. The affair, as might have been expected, afforded a splendid opportunity for an attack in the Chamber; and the next day a scene of the usual kind occurred, though without any important results.

Early in March the *Journal de la République* ceased to exist, owing to the Girondins accusing Marat of carrying on a profession (that of journalist) while he was fulfilling the functions of deputy, this being illegal. Marat parried this stroke by re-naming his paper *Publiciste de la République*. Of course no one could object to a deputy merely publishing his observations to his constituents, so the matter dropped. The last important act of the Girondin administration was the accusation and trial of Marat. It had been their aim to effect this ever since the opening of the Convention, and after six months they succeeded. For a month past he had been writing with

increased severity against the chicanery of their faction, and had recently drawn a parallel between their conduct and that of Dumouriez, who had now fled across the frontier and had been declared *hors de la loi*. On April 8 a deputation entered the hall to petition for the accusation of certain Girondist deputies. Guadel, one of those deputies, then made a speech attacking Marat. After quoting certain passages relative to the sacking of the provision shops, he read a manifesto evoked by Dumouriez's threats, of March 22, to march upon Paris, and his subsequent desertion. Marat, in this manifesto, openly accuses the Girondins of complicity with Dumouriez's treachery, and concludes with the words: "But, brothers and friends, your greatest dangers are in the midst of you ; it is in the senate that parricidal hands would tear out your vitals," &c. "Come, then, Republicans, let us arm !" Shouts of "To the Abbaye !" ensued, with great excitement on all sides. Deputy Fonfrède, in a violent speech, moved a decree of accusation. After some mild remonstrances from the Mountain, and amid considerable murmurings from the tribunes, the decree was referred to a committee for consideration, and Marat declared under provisional arrest at the Abbaye. Owing, however, to an informality in its drawing up, this resolution was not carried into effect, and the latter left the hall surrounded by his friends and a large crowd. The Girondins, thinking that perhaps the original count might fail them, supplemented it in committee with two new ones—the first based on an article advocating the dissolution of the Convention, and the second on the old affair of the forestallers. It was thus that the resolution was returned to the Convention for its decision. The decree passed by a large majority. The "People's Friend" still continued his paper, although daily awaiting a summons. This did not arrive till the 22nd, and then only on pressure from without, as the Girondins were anxious to postpone the hearing of the case till they could "pack" the tribunal with their own men.

The trial took place on the 23rd. Its results—the enthusiastic acquittal of the accused, and his triumph, extending into the Convention itself—are given in detail in every history of the Revolution. The people had at last recognised their friend at his true value. His enemies would have killed him ; but, instead of this, they raised him to a place in public esteem seldom before attained by any popular leader.

About three weeks after this event, the first scene of the last act of the Girondin drama opened. The Girondins had established a commission, consisting of six Royalists, three Girondins, and three

undecided members—a commission, that is to say, **markedly anti-revolutionary**—to examine into the acts of the Commune. It commenced by arresting the president of a section ; receiving support from its nominators in this, it continued in the same course, **arresting** substitute Hébert (whom, however, it was compelled to liberate the next day), and doubling the guard round the Convention Hall, **taking** due care to compose it of reactionary battalions. Marat opened the sitting of the 27th by moving its dissolution, a proposition which, after several hours of excited debate, was carried in slightly altered language. The next day the contest renewed itself in the **Chamber**, and the commission was re-established. On the 30th, a **deputation** of twenty-seven sections presented themselves, demanding the destruction of the decrees of the commission and the **arrest of all its members**, in conjunction with the twenty-two previously designated Girondins.

The sitting of the 31st opened amid intense excitement, to the sound of the *générale* and the tocsin. The insurrection destined to annihilate Girondism was on foot, and the Convention was soon surrounded by the revolutionary battalions. The Minister of the Interior declared the insurrection to be caused by the rehabilitation of the commission, thereby confirming Marat's words, when moving its dissolution,—“ If the people do rise, it will be your fault.”

Marat was indefatigable in his endeavours to avert the triumph of reaction, going from one section to another, from the municipality to the Commission of Public Safety, and from thence to the Convention. But, amid all his labours, he did not forget to move the **erasure** from the list of inculpated of the names of three persons whom he deemed more weak than sinning. Finally, on June 2, the decree of accusation was passed, and the Girondin faction **overthrown**, thirty-two of its leading men placed under arrest, and the remainder escaping to the provinces. “ Thus passed,” says Marat, “ without bloodshed or outrage of any sort, a day of **terrors** which saw 100,000 citizens assembled in arms, provoked by six months of machinations and attempts perpetrated by their cowardly oppressors.”

From the time of Marat's acquittal by the tribunal a great change had been noticeable in the redaction of the *Publiciste*. The excitement of the trial, and the enthusiasm attending its result, proved too great a strain for his powers, enfeebled by “ upwards of three years of suffering and privation of every kind.” The inflammatory disease which must have been long slumbering in his system showed signs of awakening. On June 5, three days after the fall of the

Gironde and triumph of the Mountain, he took to his bed. M. Bougeart remarks : " The redaction of the *Publiciste* is a veritable bulletin of his health. When the articles are long the invalid is better, when they are but a few lines his prostration is complete."

On July 12 the Jacobins sent a deputation to inquire after him. The president says in his report : " We have been to see our brother Marat. We found him surrounded by a table, an inkstand, and some journals, occupying himself unceasingly with public affairs. He complains of forgetfulness on the part of the Convention in neglecting to read certain measures of public safety he had addressed to it." To another deputation, that of the Cordeliers, he replied : " Ten years of life more or less do not occupy my thoughts; my one desire is that I may say with my last breath, ' I die contented ; the country is saved.' " It was in a somewhat similar condition to that described in the Jacobins' report that Charlotte Corday found him on the evening of the following day. She had been repulsed once by Simonne, and was about being so a second time by the concierge, when Marat called out from within for her to be admitted. He was in his bath, a plank having been laid across it to write upon. On finding herself alone with him, she took a seat by his side. He commenced, " What is passing, then, at Caen ? " " Eighteen deputies in accord with the Department reign there." " What are their names ? " The list of names having been taken down, Marat is stated to have added, "*Ils ne tarderont pas à être guillotins*" (" It will not be long before they are guillotined "). These at least were the words his assassin at first reported him to have said ; but later, after having had time to arrange her narrative, she conveniently changed this into, "*Je les ferai bientôt tous guillotins à Paris.*" (" I will shortly have them all guillotined in Paris.") At this moment she rose, and, drawing out a long knife, plunged it into his side. " A moi, chère amie, à moi ! " cried Marat, and fell back. Royalists, Constitutionals, and Girondists could do no more—Marat was dead. On Charlotte Corday was found a note, containing these words : " To-morrow, I trust, you will accord me an interview. I am persecuted for the cause of liberty. *I am unhappy ; this of itself is sufficient to give me a claim on your protection.*" In this last sentence is indicated Marat's whole career ; volumes could not speak more for him than these few words penned by his assassin.

There has been much inflated sentimentality bestowed by historians on Charlotte Corday. They represent her as actuated by an exalted patriotism. All that the facts of the case tend to show is that she was actuated mainly by a craze of vanity. She desired to

play a *rôle*—to pose herself as a heroine before the public gaze. Her studiedly theatrical conduct at her trial and execution all tend to support this view. She had adopted Girondin principles, and was well known to the prominent Girondist refugees, notably, Marat's former pupil and now bitterest enemy, Barbaroux. Possibly the "People's Friend" may have occurred to her as, from his prostrate condition, the most suitable object for her purpose, among those chiefs of the Mountain she had learnt to detest.

On search being made by the Commune only twenty-five sous (*en assignat*) were found in Marat's room, showing that he must have lived literally from hand to mouth. Unlike certain pamphleteer politicians of the present day, he does not seem to have possessed that happy faculty of combining the disinterested service of humanity with large commercial profits.

The main course of the Revolution after the death of Marat will be familiar to everyone. The Terror, Robespierre, Thermidor, the Reaction. It is idle to speculate on the course it might have taken had Marat lived. Almost immediately on the triumph of his party, or rather the party with whom he acted, he was struck down by an illness which must have proved mortal under any circumstances. As it was, his death was the timely removal of an insuperable obstacle to the criminal designs of Robespierre, who was not long before showing himself in his true character.

I hope that the foregoing sketch may have succeeded in, at least to some extent, dispelling in the reader's mind the mass of atrocious, though somewhat nebulous, libels that during eighty-four years have accumulated around the memory of the "People's Friend." His moral steadfastness and logical adhesion to principle must, I think, command respect from all candid minds, in whatever light they may regard his opinions. He owed his influence, not to his brilliant wit—for this quality, considered so essential to the success of a French journalist, he never possessed—nor did he owe it to any flattery of his readers, for he frequently abused them in no measured terms; he owed it to his earnestness and consistency. It is easy to pick holes in Marat's character, still easier in his political programme. As regards the first, it may be said, that he was ambitious, that he loved fame. To this I would reply by challenging the first public man (certainly, political leader) who is without ambition of some sort, to cast the first stone at Marat. That he was not insensible to fame is conceded; but the outspoken and vehement temperament, to which so many of his seemingly anarchical or sanguinary utterances are to be attributed, has probably also to answer for much of this apparent

egotism. Nothing is a greater misfortune for a man's reputation than for him to wear his heart on his sleeve. Marat spoke and wrote, often injudiciously, what he thought and felt at the moment, and for this his memory has suffered probably more than that of any other man.

That his political programme—his basis of action—was narrow, that is also true. He failed to recognise the synthetic character of human life and interests. He failed to grasp the idea of progress as a whole, and, above all, to see that intellectual and religious reconstruction is its first and most essential condition. In the recognition of this fact (whatever we may think of their solution of it), the so-called Hébertist party were far in advance of him. Marat was, in short, no idealist, but a practical man, though that virtue, logical consistency, usually so conspicuous by its absence in practical men, was eminently present in him. He accepted the "Social Contract" of Rousseau as his basis, and upon this he founded his "Plan de Constitution" and "Plan de Législation Criminelle." His journalistic writings were for the most part simply applications of these two works to the exigencies of the situation and events as they presented themselves. Yet, if his basis was narrow and to some extent fallacious, no man ever worked more untiringly or more consistently up to his light, in the service of humanity, than did the "People's Friend," Jean Paul Marat.

E. BELFORT BAX.

TROUTING IN TASMANIA.

THE Israelites in their days of starvation longed after the flesh-pots of Egypt, just as in their days of bondage they no doubt sighed for the delights of the Jordan valley and the fertile pasturage of fair Goshen. So much was impressed upon my memory in the early school days when the Old Testament stories—as stories—entranced me. The moral I formed for myself was that man would be sure to sigh after something, in whatsoever situation he might be placed. Truly I never heard of a rich man sighing after poverty, but there are not many conditions of life in which a man does not find himself wishing for something he has not. Thus in Russia you long for sunny climes and summer heat : in Queensland it is an inexpressible enjoyment to doze in the shaded verandah, when the glass marks 100 deg. Fahr., thinking of mighty frost, blinding snow, and limitless ice. Last year I experienced a longing of a special kind.

Queensland is a rich young colony, with more sterling attractions than I have now time or inclination to enumerate. One thing, however, it lacks : it has no trout, nor, I fear, a climate that will ever permit of the acclimatisation of that prince of fish. Whether any country can ever be truly great without salmon or trout is a question requiring more consideration than I can at present afford to it. It is enough for me to feel that where there are none there must always be to me an “aching void.” During my first year's residence in Queensland I suffered severely from home-sickness, but its most acute phase was what perhaps I may be allowed to term trout-sickness. I hid my fly rod as the Christmas midsummer approached, and shunned the English sporting papers : but it was of no avail. The necessity was strong upon me to kill a trout somewhere, and I packed up my winches, fly books, rod, and wading gear, and journeyed some 3,000 miles to indulge in the favourite sport.

Travelling in the Australian colonies upon the beaten tracks is a very jolly matter, and at sea it is attended with comforts and even luxuries ; for the steamers are fine well-appointed boats, and there is a sociability amongst the people you meet that strikes you

as the happy mean between the intrusive familiarity of the American and the absurd stand-offishness of the Englishman.

The stages from Brisbane to Sydney, from Sydney to Melbourne, from Melbourne across Bass Straits to Tasmania, performed as they were by me in fair weather, were all pleasant, and the sense of cold which stole over me as I gradually moved from a country where snow never falls to a latitude where snow is always visible somewhere upon the mountains, was grateful in the extreme. To be compelled one evening off Cape Howe to run down into the saloon for an overcoat was a sensation as surprising as it was welcome. A week previously I had, on the banks of the Brisbane river, panted prone upon the wicker-work couch without which no verandah is complete, encumbered with as little clothing as absolute necessity required : now it was the temperature of a dry English September or October.

Both by reason of its climate and its physical beauties Tasmania ought to be, but to a very limited extent only is, the sanatorium of Australia. Victoria, however, and New South Wales have each cool regions of their own. Queensland has its high table land in the Darling Downs, but it is not—close under the tropic of Capricorn as it is—to be compared to the New England and Blue Mountain ranges of New South Wales, nor the Australian Alps of Victoria, upon all of which snow is common. By and by, when there is steam communication direct between Queensland and Tasmania, the latter will inevitably become the regularly used sanatorium of the former.

Apart from the plentiful trouting and other sport to be had in Tasmania, the island is replete with reminders of home. It is not everyone who can understand the emotions of an ardent lover of nature who is suddenly removed from the flowers, meadows, hedgerows, and streams of old England to a new land where there are few wild flowers, no meads which an Englishman would call such, no hedgerows, and whose rivers are mostly immense, prosaic, and generally unapproachable. Queensland, like the other Australian colonies, has mountain, forest, and plain scenery of its own, but the country is not eminent for romantic landscape. As a rule, gum-tree scenery anywhere is monotonous. In Tasmania, which is physically a continuation of Australia, you still have the vast ranges clothed with eucalypti, but you have in addition the softer features of home. There are hawthorn hedges, furze, poplar, oak, chesnut, lilac, sweet briar, together with all the English fruits of garden and orchard, all the garden flowers, and a few field flowers that have become acclimatised.

There is, moreover, in Tasmania an English aspect about both town and country. The farmers drive to market in the honest old gig which was once said to be infallible proof of respectability, and not in the spider-wheel buggy used in Australia. In the roadside inns the walls are covered with hunting prints and farm-yard scenes, and the ostler and waiter, in appearance and speech, are also relics of English coaching days. If you land at Launceston and proceed by road to the southern capital of the island, Hobart Town, you renew to their remotest detail coaching experiences of old England. I fear the last representative of the British mail-coach, with scarlet-liveried guard and coachman, Royal arms on the panels, and spanking team, has by this time vanished even in Tasmania, but it was running at Christmas, and it afforded me untold enjoyment for fifteen hours, during which, at between nine and ten miles an hour, we traversed the entire length of the island, bowling over a magnificent road—being convict made—and regaled with a succession of scenes, now agricultural, now pastoral, now wild mountain solitude.

The hedges were often of hawthorn twenty feet high, of wild rose in dense thickets, of furze into which rabbits, literally by the hundred, scuttled from before the horses. It was the fourth of January. The cottage gardens bloomed with rose, carnation, honeysuckle, gilliflower, fuchsia, jasmine, and all their companions as we know them at home; apples, pears, walnuts, raspberries, currants, &c. overhung the road. Part of the journey was accomplished at night, and the sun set over a mellow panorama of rich golden grain ready for the harvest or already laid under the sickle. The reader may be inclined to ask what there is worthy of mention in all this. Let him remember it was to me a meeting and a greeting of dear old friends after a year's absolute estrangement, and to the meanest of them I paid loyal homage.

My first employment of rod and line was made upon the Huon, a noble river running into the Southern Ocean, and reached from Hobart Town by a memorable coach drive over the mountains, revealing perhaps the most romantic five-and-twenty miles of scenery in Tasmania. Masses of bright yellow blossoms fringed the road, the air was scented by the tea-tree and native lilac (sweet flowering indigenous shrubs), the precipitous slopes were clad with foliage, amongst which the elegant sassafras rose tapering and conspicuous, and many of the ravines were filled with the gigantic tree-fern, and small trees draped heavily with clematis. In the first hour the road took us 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and then at an unbroken gallop our four-in-hand descended, sweeping round jutting rocks and

horse-shoe curves in a fashion to make the pulses of the strong to throb with exhilaration and the hearts of the timid to stand still.

No trout could be obtained at the Huon, which had not sufficiently cleared itself of a recent flood, but I found an English acquaintance in an Australasian face. I had heard much of a little fish called by some the freshwater mullet, and by others the cucumber fish; and the reference to the cucumber odour caused me to suspect at once what he was. I put on a cast of Wharfe flies given to me on the banks of the Teme by a true-hearted sportsman who, as I grieve to read in recently-arrived English papers, has gone over to the great majority.¹ A local boatman had informed me of the whereabouts of the fish, and I selected the well-known glide at the tail of a rapid. One specimen only responded, and that was enough to convince me that he was a true grayling. It was subsequently made known to me that the fish is found in Victoria, where it is known as *Thymallus Australis*. A few years ago these grayling were so plentiful in Tasmania that a frequent afternoon's sport with the fly was reckoned at two-and-twenty dozen; but in one year, through some unaccountable cause, the streams were almost depopulated. The fish are now gradually reappearing; but as trout and grayling seldom thrive together, and the trout are in full possession, the two-and-twenty dozen will probably return no more.

The Tasmanian rivers contain every essential for trout, being the very picture of clear running rocky mountain streams. Most of them, no doubt, are abundantly stocked with brown trout that attain a size you seldom find at home, but the angler has to call to his aid as much energy and patience as he can muster.

The rivers that are most easily accessible, such as the Clyde, at Bothwell (county Monmouth), the Derwent, at New Norfolk (county Buckingham), and the Ouse at Ousebridge (county Cumberland), are considerably but fairly fished by visitors, chiefly from Victoria—Melbourne being not more than two days distant—and they are also unfairly fished by the villagers round about. It would be impossible to overfish these waters, but for the difficulty of getting near them. The banks are covered with scrub, either altogether impenetrable or troublesome enough to prevent the free use of the fly rod. Fallen logs meet you everywhere, and there is no part of Australasia more cursed with venomous snakes than some districts of Tasmania.

The colonist laughs at the new chum's horror of snakes, and

¹ Mr. Wormald, one of the most delightful companions by riverside, and a splendid fisherman.

somehow people enjoy a marvellous immunity from harm. For myself, I am not ashamed to admit that I rarely lose consciousness of the danger. I lost a good trout one day by stopping short on a bank along which I was following him. He was firmly hooked, and the game was my own had I clambered over a prostrate gum-trunk lying directly in my path ; but, under the shelter of the obstruction, I noticed a shiny black reptile with orange belly, coiled, but awake ; and it seemed better to let the trout break away than to risk the anger of one of the most deadly of the Tasmanian snakes. The trout secured his freedom, the black snake glided under the log, and I got heartily laughed at for my cowardice. Nevertheless, when you have often to tramp through high grass, dead branches, and forest débris that has never been disturbed—when you have to climb or tumble over tree-trunks which lie grey and bare where they fell perhaps twenty years ago, and when you are likely to put hand or foot upon a venomous snake at any moment—you cannot avoid feeling that your sport is pursued under difficulties.

The remedy to these drawbacks is naturally one of two things—wading apparatus or a boat. But boats are not to be had as a rule ; the angler at any rate had better not rely upon them. Wading stockings, in my humble opinion, are indispensable, though some of the best rivers are too deep for them. An india-rubber raft, to be filled with air on the spot, would be invaluable ; or a light “Rob Roy” canoe that could be transported on a packhorse or a man’s shoulders.

The Tasmanian trout are, however, a fact, and a fact of which the Tasmanians are very justly proud. The brown trout (*Salmo fario*) seems to thrive wonderfully in Tasmanian waters ; fish of eight and nine pounds have been caught ; four- and five-pounders are often taken, and during the early part of 1877 a magnificent fish of 16 lbs. was taken by spinning in the Derwent. The salmon trout (*S. trutta*) also does well, and to many well-informed persons it is still an open question whether the fish said to be salmon are not after all salmon trout. It is heresy to suggest this doubt to a Tasmanian, but to this moment, though there is every presumption in favour of the existence of the noble *Salmo salar* in Tasmania, there has been no proof positive such as would be required to satisfy a jury of experts. In an Hobart Town Almanac I noticed the birth of Thomas Carlyle and the catching of the first salmon in the island recorded as memorable events happening on the same date (December 4th), the one in 1795, the other in 1873.

Our Tasmanian friends, as it may be convenient here to explain,

have furnished us with a most interesting chapter in the history of pisciculture.

Amongst the military officers who were the aristocracy of the island during the convict régime, there must have been many sportsmen who could not help being struck with the close resemblance of the streams to the best of the trout and salmon rivers of Great Britain, and to the highly favourable character of the climate for fish acclimatisation. Nothing, however, seems to have been done till 1841, and then the first recorded action was taken. Scotchmen were at the bottom of it. The master of a vessel, a Scotchman, trading between London and Tasmania, applied to a Ross-shire gentleman for salmon fry for Tasmania, but fry was not to be had when the skipper sailed. In 1848 a gentleman connected with the Tasmanian Survey Department, on leave of absence, visited the manager of the Duke of Sutherland's fisheries to consult him on the practicability of introducing salmon and trout into Tasmania, and was recommended either to bring out the spawn or the young fish, the first method in preference. Attempts to bring out salmon spawn were reported by Governor Denison in 1849 to have failed—proving that attempts of some description had been made. Earl Grey closed a long official correspondence in the following year by declining to take any steps in the matter, and objecting to the expense of fitting up a welled smack to carry out the living fish.

Sir William Denison and the gentleman of the Survey Department before mentioned were not to be extinguished, and their persistent faith led to the shipment of salmon and trout ova from London in a tank. On the arrival of the consignment at Tasmania the tank, water, and gravel were found to be in good order, but neither spawn nor fish could be discovered. In 1852, a Mr. Bidwell, of New South Wales, forwarded to Sir W. Denison, whose energies never flagged, a paper suggesting the exact process which ultimately proved successful—namely, the process of packing the spawn in ice. The Government and Royal Society of Tasmania then took the matter up, and the legislature voted £500 for the introduction of salmon. It only required an energetic gentleman in England to revive the experiment, and that gentleman fortunately appeared in Mr. J. A. Youl, an old colonist residing in London, who threw himself into the project with zeal that did not tire until the business was done.

In 1860 another failure was recorded, the fifteen tons of Wenham lake ice shipped for the preservation of the ova having melted long before Tasmania was reached. In 1862 a more elaborate attempt was made, and though through accidents and stress of weather the

ova perished in transit, it was shown that under favourable circumstances a contrary result was both possible and probable. Mr. Youl in London conducted several experiments, and interviewed many ship-owners. He was rewarded by Money Wigram & Co. placing fifty tons of room at his disposal gratis in one of their clipper ships. Arrangements were made—requiring nice scientific calculations—to keep the ova at an equable temperature just above freezing point. Nothing more and nothing less would do. Ninety thousand salmon ova and 1,500 trout ova were packed in small boxes between layers of damp moss. In some of the boxes charcoal was laid at the bottom, and holes were bored in the lids and bottoms of all. The boxes were then covered with Wenham lake ice in an icehouse fitted up amidships on the lower deck. With fear and trembling, a box was opened in Melbourne by the gentleman who had the precious cargo in charge, and to his delight numbers of the imbedded ova were found to be alive. Redoubled pains were taken in transshipment for Hobart Town, and in the end, on the 21st of April, 1864, ninety days after the shipment in London, the cases of ova were delivered at the Salmon Ponds, New Norfolk, and, though a large percentage of the ova were dead, so much success was achieved, that by the 15th of June 3,000 young salmon and 50 troutlets were swimming about. In 1866 a second shipment of salmon and salmon trout ova arrived safely, the proportion of living ova deposited being estimated at 45 per cent. of all sent out.

And now comes the question at issue. Where are the salmon? The brown trout and salmon trout may be dismissed; their acclimatisation, as I have stated, is an undoubted fact.

The first salmon was hatched on the 5th of May, 1864. In thirteen years a salmon should have arrived at maturity of dimensions, and if their transfer to the Antipodes had, as in the case of the brown trout, proved extraordinarily favourable to development, there should be salmon in the Derwent of sixty, seventy, ay, and eighty pounds. The rapid growth of the salmon is well known. The gentleman above referred to as the manager of the Duke of Sutherland's salmon fisheries (Mr. Young) instituted a series of experiments many years ago; smolts descending to the sea in April and May he found returning, in June and July, grilse of several pounds each—in one instance seven pounds. A number of four-pound grilse were marked in the spring, and after their return from the sea were recaptured in the summer, having in the course of four or five months grown into full-formed salmon, ranging from nine to fourteen pounds. A salmon of 12 lbs. was marked on the 4th of March, and was recaptured on its

return to the same river on the 10th of July, weighing 18 lbs. Then where are the Tasmanian salmon?

From time to time gentlemen of known credibility, and various persons employed on the Derwent, have reported seeing what they *believed to be* salmon, grilse, and smolts. On one occasion two fish taken by a net in the estuary below Hobart Town were brought to the Salmon Commissioners—eight gentlemen of ripe experience in salmon lore, appointed by the Government to superintend the introduction and the cultivation of salmon. They pronounced the fish to be salmon-smolts; but a specimen sent home for examination was returned by Dr. Günther of the British Museum, who pronounced it a salmon trout. Another specimen the learned doctor returned with the remark that it presented the usual characteristics of a *Salmo salar*.

In the Museum at Hobart Town there is a preserved fish that certainly looks uncommonly like a grilse; and I had the opportunity soon after my visit to the salmon ponds of eating a four-pound fish, the appearance and flavour of which was such that I dare not affirm it was not a true salmon. At the same time, I dare not swear it was not a sea trout.

There were two questions which neither Mr. Read nor the keeper at the Salmon Ponds, nor Mr. Morton Allport and the other active members of the Commission in Hobart Town, could answer: Why, if migratory salmon breed, as alleged, in Tasmanian waters, has no one ever caught or seen a fish over the debatable border-line of eight, ten, or twelve pounds?¹ Why, also, does it never happen, as at

¹ Strange, but after I had written the preceding paragraphs, and while I was still engaged upon this article, a Sydney paper was delivered, from which I clip the following confirmatory remarks:—

A TRUE SALMON IN TASMANIA.—The following letter from Mr. Morton Allport appeared in the *Hobart Town Mercury* of July 6: "Mr. Read writes me that on Wednesday last a splendid female fish, weighing 20 lbs., and 2 feet 11 inches long by 20½ inches in girth, was captured from a spawning bed in the river Plenty, with the view of obtaining the ova for artificial rearing, and Mr. Read adds, 'the ova from this large fish—which I believe must be a salmon—are very pink indeed, and I hope we shall succeed in hatching some of them.' I also gathered from this letter that the fish, large as she was, had parted with most of the spawn, as only from 700 to 1,000 ova could be obtained from her; and this fact tends strongly to confirm Mr. Read's view that this fish was a true salmon, because, had she retained the full complement of eggs, about 18,000, she would have weighed at least 3 lbs. heavier, and a trout of 23 lbs. is all but unheard of. I greatly regret that I had no opportunity of examining this fish, but Mr. Read, finding her getting knocked about in the confined space in which she was placed, wisely turned her back to the river rather than sacrifice her life. The male fish on the same rid weighed about 14 lbs."

home, that anglers for trout frequently hook the voracious little samlet in the upper waters before it has taken its smolt degree? Such a thing, a positive nuisance sometimes in the old country, has never been heard of in Tasmania. However, it may be repeated that the evidence is strongly in favour of the belief that there are salmon.

The Salmon Ponds are one of the institutions of Tasmania, and visitors to Hobart Town are always recommended to make the journey to New Norfolk for the sake of the cradle home of the interesting salmon family. If there were no ponds and breeding process to inspect, the bits of pretty rural scenery along the drive to Redlands would repay the visitor. Many ladies and gentlemen from the British Islands, America, and the Continent, making a pleasure tour of the globe, have confessed that at these Salmon Ponds they have for the first time seen the mystery of fish hatching by artificial means.

All visitors are courteously accorded permission to see what is to be seen at the ponds, and a water-bailiff, in the employ of the Government, should he be at home, offers explanations and puts the fish, if the expression may be used, through their paces.

The ponds are on the estate of Mr. R. C. Read, whose name has been already mentioned in connection with Mr. Morton Allport and Sir Robert Officer as chiefly contributing to the grand success of the experiment.

The river Plenty runs beside the path leading from Mr. Read's grounds to the Salmon Ponds, and visitors are requested to pause on the top of a steep bank and look into the river. At this point it is deep and slow, but so clear that every stone in the bed is visible. Not a fish is to be seen. Then the keeper throws in pieces of boiled liver, and before they have sunk a couple of inches they are seized by voracious trout, which, darting from their hiding-places down stream, make short work of the dainty morsels for which, no doubt, they are continually on the look-out. In the course of a few minutes there are perhaps a dozen trout at the rendezvous, genuine brown trout of four pounds and downwards, which, ready as they are to accept what the keeper gives them, defy the best attempts of the most accomplished anglers.

The ponds and races which feed them are from the river Plenty. Opposite the keeper's cottage is a circular pond of some thirty or forty feet in diameter, stocked with what we may term stud brown trout, magnificent fellows, whom, by a liberal supply of boiled liver, you may entice almost to your feet, and who, when in good appetite,

create a prodigious turmoil in the water by their desperate rushes at the offerings from land. As a special favour, Mr. Read had a net thrown into this pond, and amongst the trout brought out was one fellow not a pennyweight less than eight pounds, and of most comely proportions.

Close by this pond is a house in which are troughs, sluices, and boxes, constructed on the pattern of the Stormontfield Establishment on the Tay. Below the house is a long pond for the storing of salmon trout, and a small fly being thrown by the keeper, a specimen, perhaps twelve inches long, took the bait, was tenderly landed in the net, and with equal tenderness returned to its home, a little out of breath perhaps, but otherwise none the worse for its brief visit to *terra firma*.

Before indulging in this scrap of piscatorial history, I suggested to the reader that trout-fishing in Tasmania had its drawbacks, and two of them I described. Worse than these, however, is the apparent change of nature in the fish. Perhaps at heart they are still trout; perhaps I went among them at the wrong time; but I found that they had, with one or two exceptions, a rooted objection to the artificial fly. When I saw gentlemen who had fished Irish, Scotch, and English streams angling for trout with a bunch of grasshoppers, or a locust as big as a cob-nut, I bemoaned the evil courses into which colonial life had led them, and stoutly vowed that nothing would induce me to be traitor to my theories of trout-fishing. At last I was fain to succumb. I was at Rome, and had to do as did Rome.

In the Derwent, which is a superb river, made for salmon of the largest size, and fortunate in splendid breeding-grounds in its upper waters, the best fish are taken by minnow-spinning, though the present Governor of the colony, a true angler, has now and then killed with gaudy salmon-flies. In the other streams, if you would make sure of sport you must employ impaled insects and grubs, or the little fish which, in Tasmania, answers the purpose of a minnow. At the time of my visit the grasshoppers simply covered the ground, and in a high wind they were taken in clouds upon the water. The fish, of course, live in a state of chronic gorge. The grasshoppers, unfortunately, come early in the season and remain late, so that perhaps after all the artificial fly would answer very early and very late—say from the opening day of the season, November 1, to the end of that month, and at the close of the summer somewhere about the end of April, with which month the Tasmanian fishing season terminates. Yet I have my doubts whether the trout, in their new home,

have not somewhat degenerated. They appeared to me not only to prefer coarse animal food to neatly tied flies, but to be less game when struck, less brilliant in colour when in the landing net, and less delicate in flavour when on the table. Of course I may be mistaken in giving these observations general application, but they were my individual experience.

Some very heavy baskets I saw made with a conglomeration of grasshoppers ; and the most successful sportsmen were local anglers—perhaps the blacksmith, or the hotel-keeper's son, or the school-master. They used strong tackle, large hooks, and a stiff rod, and showed the trout no law when once they felt him. The plan was to throw the bunch of insects into the head of a stream and allow it to be carried where the current chose to take it ; if the bait were taken the fish were hauled in by main force, and removed from the water with all expedition. The excuse for this Bismarckian policy was the danger from submerged logs, with which the streams are often completely dammed up. The trout would always make one bold plunge, and, if there was a log near, that was the direction he would choose ; checked in his charge, he too frequently gave up the contest, and came in like a chub.

My most successful afternoon was in an unfrequented portion of the river Plenty. A lad guided me by a most toilsome walk over a mountain, and at the bottom of its farther slope the river brawled, picturesque with its rocks and boulders as any Scotch or Welsh river. After a deal of trouble I found an opening in the scrub whereby I could let myself down into the amber stream, which varied considerably in depth, and presented all the varieties of water that the troutster expects. At this period I had adhered to my determination not to disgrace my creed, and used nothing but flies. Failing with all the flies that are supposed to be suitable for low bright water on a summer afternoon, I remembered that in "I go a-Fishing"—one of the most fascinating angling books I have read—the author described being successful with a white fly, when the trout, by all rule and precedent, should have taken black or brown. I accordingly searched for and found what used to be a killing evening fly at home—a small coachman with a bit of gold twist on the shank. In two hours, that well-worn remnant of my 1875 stock killed two dozen trout, three brace of which being under half a pound I returned. The largest fish was slightly over a pound. For Tasmania, this was a very small size. The local gentlemen with their heavy style think nothing of a trout that is not between two and four pounds.

From what is here written it will be assumed that trout-fishing in Tasmania yields good sport. I shall not gainsay the assumption. If the country were more cleared, if the river banks were more open, if the authorities looked more sharply after poachers, and prohibited unsportsmanlike methods of capture, it would be very good. Perhaps this will come in time. The Government and Salmon Commissioners have already achieved wonders, and when the salmon take the form of a payable export to Melbourne and Sydney, they will in some slight manner be repaid for their perseverance. Pleasant indeed will my memories ever be of Derwent and its green hop-fields, Clyde, Shannon, Jordan, Nile, Dee, South and North Esk, Plenty, Lachlan, St. Patrick, Ouse, and many another joyous river, and of the genial brethren of the angle whose acquaintanceship I made on coach, in rough cart, in the saddle, in the stream, and at the homely hostelry when the day's work was done. But I still swear by the British islands, with all their overfishing and curtailed privileges to the angler, as the finest angling ground in the world. I am told better will come to my share by and by in America and Canada, and it may be so. If the promise be fulfilled, I will acknowledge it to the full.

Meanwhile, I shall hold to myself the right to believe that the angler will find his paradise in Ireland first, Scotland second, Wales third, and England fourth. And this I say without prejudice to the interesting and beautiful island of Tasmania.

RED-SPINNER.

THE CASE OF LORD DUNDONALD.

ON the 21st of February, 1814, about one in the morning, a man was knocking and shouting for admission at the door of the Ship Inn at Dover. There was war abroad ; the times were critical and troublous ; the night was dark and boisterous. No one had watched that man's approach ; none could say from whence he came. Those were not days when the arrival of passengers from the Continent could be timed with nicety. The British mariner had not then the engineer for an ally ; he was dependent upon wind and tide. Moreover, he was beset with enemies. We were at war with France ; we were at war with the United States of America. The allied armies were pressing Napoleon, whose star had lately fallen at Leipsic, back upon Paris. Three months later the conqueror of Moscow was an exile at Elba.

But on that winter morning, when the people of the Ship Inn were startled in their sleep, men's minds were by no means at ease about Napoleon Bonaparte. The French Senate had voted a new conscription, and, with genius which was unimpaired and renown that covered half the world, he was labouring to drive the united forces of the King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander from the soil of France. The new arrival at the Ship Inn was excited and importunate. He had an appearance somewhat foreign, but he was dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British officer. He was brimming with good news. He had just arrived from the French coast ; nobody cared to ask how or by whose assistance. He was Colonel du Bourg, so he said, aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart. He had the military air, and in the time of George III. hotel people were not likely to cross-examine a colonel. But he did not conceal that he was bearer of intelligence from Paris that the tyrant Bonaparte had fallen in battle ; that the allied armies were approaching the French capital ; and that, if peace was not actually concluded, the preliminaries were all arranged, and the war as good as over. Colonel du Bourg ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready (that was the "special express train" of those days), and while the horses were being harnessed for the gallop towards London, he performed the official duty of commu-

nicating the news to the Port Admiral at Deal. About noon there was great commotion in the City. Over London Bridge had rattled a "chaise," in which three persons were exhibiting, by the waving of hats and flags, signs of wild delight. They had gathered the news from Du Bourg at the town of Dartford, and had hastened to be the harbingers of peace in the monetary centre of the British Empire. Up went the Funds, one-and-a-half per cent. at a bound, and three per cent. before the closing hour. There were numerous sales and purchases, and it was difficult to determine which was happier—the seller who, believing the end of war had come, rejoiced in his profits, or the buyer who confidently awaited a further rise in the market value of his property.

But the day passed and there came no confirmation of the news. Nothing was heard in official quarters of Colonel du Bourg. Whitehall had not shared the flutter of the City; Colonel du Bourg had not been seen there. He whom the people of the Ship Inn supposed to be at this time the lion of the Horse Guards had in fact no existence; there was no Colonel du Bourg. It was too clear that the City had been hoaxed; that Colonel du Bourg had fought for a victory on the Stock Exchange, had gained the day, and, with his booty, had disappeared. Those who had been duped were furious, and the Committee of the Stock Exchange engaged with ardour in pursuit of the missing Du Bourg. We will leave the Bow Street runners active in their service while we survey the career of Lord Cochrane to the point at which it became involved in this guilty enterprise. We shall have to show how colourable circumstances were unfavourably tinged by political prejudice; how tardily the national sense of right repaired the wrong done to this great naval hero; and finally, how it has been left to a Select Committee of the House of Commons in the present year to recommend the performance of the last act of justice due to the memory and to the successors of this distinguished man.

Every Englishman ought to have read Marryat's novels in his boyhood, and everyone who has achieved that duty will understand what the Navy was when the late Lord Dundonald was in the service. He remembers the nepotism and corruption which existed with regard to appointments; he will not be surprised to learn that Lord Cochrane was serving sea-time as a cook's mate, while he was actually an officer in the Army; and that when he first stepped on board a vessel as midshipman of the *Hind*, commanded by his uncle, he had already—according to that great work of fiction, the book of the Paymaster of the Navy—been many years at sea. From that day, however, to the end of his active service in Greece, he showed

himself a brave, skilful, daring seaman. In action he possessed extraordinary presence of mind and ingenuity of resource. He animated with his own habitual heroism those whom he led, by whom he was always followed with enthusiastic devotion. At Palermo, he met with Lord Nelson, and through life adopted as his own the injunction he received from the victor of Trafalgar: "Never mind manœuvres; always go at 'em." In the Basque Roads, his display of courage was most signal. On the 11th of April, 1809, with a volunteer crew of four men, Lord Cochrane set off from the British fleet in an explosive ship loaded with barrels of powder, which were covered with hand grenades and cannon shot, the outer surface of the huge pile of tubs being bound round with strong hempen ropes to direct the explosion upwards. The object was to destroy a boom, to alarm and set fire to the French fleet. When, with his terrible freight, Lord Cochrane touched the boom, he alone remained on board to light the fuses. The explosion was successful, and the day after, in sight of his timid and wavering commander, who was for the most part passive, Lord Cochrane, in the *Impérieuse*, attacked three French ships of the line, and on the arrival of long-delayed reinforcements compelled their surrender. His ingenuity was often his safeguard. He would have been captured by a Spanish force in the *Speedy* had he not painted her in Danish fashion; and when the sceptical hidalgos approached to board his vessel, most commanders would have given themselves up for lost. But Lord Cochrane's fertile mind remembered the Spanish dread of infection. He ran up the quarantine flag and put forward a Danish sailor in uniform to affirm that the ship was only two days out from Algiers, where the plague was raging. Again he saved himself in a night chase by the tub trick, escaping in the darkness while his pursuers followed a tub illumined by a tallow candle. Another time he succeeded in imposing on the enemy a belief in his superior force by furling his sails with rope yarns, which, being cut simultaneously, suggested that he had so large a crew on board that he could set sail with all the speed of a well-found man-of-war. He taught the venal voters of Honiton a lesson. Beaten in his first contest, he gave those who had voted for him ten guineas each, and was returned without expenditure at the next election. The electors argued insecurely that a man who was so generous after defeat would be lavish after victory. The lines of right and wrong in electoral matters do not seem to have been very clearly marked in those days. It was Lord Cochrane's parliamentary career which excited against him the prejudices from which he suffered. In May 1807 he was returned, together with the father of Lady Burdett

Coutts, for Westminster. In 1810 Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower for an alleged breach of privilege, and in the same year Lord Cochrane attacked with vigour the abuses of the Admiralty. He found on looking at the Pension List that "the Wellesleys receive from the public £34,729, a sum equal to 426 pairs of lieutenants' legs, calculated at the rate of allowance of Lieutenant Chambers' legs;" and, to quote his own words, "the name of my worthy and respected grandmother, the widow of the late Captain Gilchrist, of the Navy, continuing on the list as receiving £100 per annum, though she ceased to exist eight years ago." Referring to the petty savings paraded by his virulent enemy, Mr. Croker, Lord Cochrane said: "I could point out some savings better worth attention. By adopting canvas of better quality a saving may be made equal to a fourth of the Navy. The enemy distinguish our ships of war from foreign ships by the colour of the wretched canvas, and run away the moment they perceive our black sails rising above the horizon, a circumstance to which they owe their safety even more than to its open texture. I have observed the meridian altitude of the sun through the foretop-sail, and by bringing it to the horizon through the fore-sail, have ascertained the latitude as correctly as I could have done otherwise." He was imprisoned at Malta for just complaints against the corruption of the Admiralty Court in that island; but the seamen of the fleet threatened to pull the prison down, and Lord Cochrane was furnished with files and a rope-ladder, by which he made a highly successful escape. He wished to regulate and, if possible, to disuse the power of flogging in the Navy, and declared in the House of Commons that the cruel excesses of punishment arose from the incapacity of officers appointed to command through shameless interest. He said: "The family interest I have alluded to prevails to such an extent that even the Lords of the Admiralty have lists made out, and when an officer goes to offer his services, or to solicit promotion for services rendered, he is asked, 'Are you recommended by my Lady This, or Miss That, or Madame T'other?' and if he is not, he might as well have stayed at home." Of Greenwich Hospital, he said that, "In place of old retired seamen, not a few of the wards were occupied, and pensions enjoyed, by men who had never been in the Navy at all, but were thus provided for, to the exclusion of worn-out sailors, by the influence of patrons upon whose political interest they had a claim."

In the eyes of Ministers of that day language of this sort seemed absolutely seditious. They were blind to the fact that such language was the most valuable that could be used in the interests of the

country. What energy they possessed was employed against the opponents of the vicious system upon which they had been raised to the head of affairs. Lord Cochrane was debarred from valuable service afloat, and, in the leisure he possessed on shore, devoted himself to invention. He matured a plan for the destruction of fleets and forts, which to this day has remained unpublished. The Prince Regent appointed a committee to examine it, which reported favourably, but added that, if divulged, it might imperil our colonies. He invented a lamp for streets and another for ships. At length, by favour of his uncle, Lord Cochrane obtained a command. Admiral Cochrane, his father's brother, was appointed to the North American station in 1814, and chose his nephew for flag captain. According to precedent he could do this without reference to the Admiralty. Lord Cochrane was preparing to sail with the Admiral, when the fraud of Du Bourg was noised throughout the country.

Lord Cochrane had another uncle, a merchant, who had taken the name of Johnstone. This man, Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, was in fact the cause of Lord Cochrane's being charged with partnership in the crime of Du Bourg. Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," describes this merchant as "a very unprincipled man, who, in concert with De Berenger, a foreigner, wickedly devised a scheme by which they were to make an immense fortune by a speculation on the Stock Exchange." It is certain that Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was a speculator; that he fled from offended justice on the news of Du Bourg's arrest; and that Lord Cochrane, who was often in his house, himself dabbled in time bargains, encouraged to do so probably by the example of his uncle. At Mr. Cochrane Johnstone's he had become acquainted with the foreigner De Berenger, who had been recommended to him by Mr. Johnstone as a useful man to accompany him in the fleet, ostensibly as a rifle-instructor, but also and chiefly as a skilful pyrotechnist, who could carry out Lord Cochrane's secretly cherished intention of using his discovery for attacking the shores and fleets of the American enemy. De Berenger and Du Bourg were names of the same person, and it appears likely that while Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was willing to make use of Du Bourg, he was anxious that after the fraud was accomplished the foreigner should be carried off by his nephew to the North American station. And it is probable that Lord Cochrane (assuming his ignorance of the fraud), knowing Du Bourg only as De Berenger, was anxious to have the co-operation of a man who, if his skill proved equal to his repute, was likely to ensure the success of his destructive invention. De Berenger, who had been adjutant in the Duke of Cumberland's rifle corps, commanded by

Lord Yarmouth, was hopelessly involved in debt, and was, in fact, living in a sort of legal protection within "the rules of the King's Bench."

These were the circumstances of Lord Cochrane and two other alleged accomplices, on the 21st February, 1814, the day on which Du Bourg knocked at the door of the Ship Inn at Dover. Lord Cochrane left his house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, on the morning of that day, and drove to a lamp manufactory near Snow Hill. He was at that time engaged there daily with reference to his lantern, which he hoped would be adopted for the fleet. While thus employed, his servant brought him a letter. The servant said he had never before seen the person who wrote it, and Lord Cochrane declared he could not fathom the contents nor make out the signature, which he said was written very indistinctly. The letter was "to the effect that the writer had something to communicate of an affecting nature." Hearing from his servant that the visitor wore a sword, a military coat, and cap, Lord Cochrane stated that he supposed him to be an officer from Spain, with intelligence of the death of his brother, Major Cochrane, whom he knew from a note received only three days before to be dangerously ill. He hastened home, and was "agreeably surprised" to find De Berenger. His uncle, the Admiral, had applied for permission to take De Berenger to America, but the application had been refused on the ground that the man was a foreigner. On the trial, Lord Cochrane gave an account of his interview with De Berenger. He said that De Berenger wore a green uniform and a grey overcoat; that he explained as the cause of his visit his anxiety to get on board Lord Cochrane's ship, the *Tonnant*, without the sanction of the Admiralty. In fact, he wished Lord Cochrane to assist him to get out of the country without obtaining the requisite permission. Lord Cochrane refused to do this. De Berenger urged as claims to Lord Cochrane's favourable consideration the certificates of good conduct which he had received from Lord Yarmouth and others with reference to his service in the rifle corps. It was proved that De Berenger left Lord Cochrane's house in a coat and hat belonging to his lordship. For this, Lord Cochrane accounted by stating that, when reminded of these certificates, he advised De Berenger to ask those who had written them to exert their influence at the Admiralty, adding that he (Lord Cochrane) possessed no influence in that quarter. In reply, he said, De Berenger intimated that he could not go to Lord Yarmouth in the dress he was then wearing, which was not precisely the uniform of the rifle corps, nor could he return to the "rules," where it would excite attention,

and suspicion that he intended to escape. He requested the loan of a hat. Lord Cochrane gave him a hat, and then, seeing that the collar of the objectionable uniform appeared above the overcoat, offered him an old black cloth coat which lay on a chair. He accepted it, and, having wrapped his green coat in a towel, went away, taking with him a small portmanteau which he had brought, and in which, said Lord Cochrane, "I have no doubt he had concealed the scarlet coat in which he had made his fraudulent appearance at Dover that morning."

To these circumstances we have only to add the fact that on the 21st there was a sale of Stock on account of Lord Cochrane, and it was not denied that it was a sale to his advantage, or that the profit was gained by the fraud of Du Bourg. Lord Cochrane's answer was this: That in the four preceding months—during which it was, indeed, evident that peace was approaching through the downfall of Napoleon and the exhaustion of France—he had, by instructions to a broker, made many purchases and sales of Stock, for time, in the Funds, and usually at a profit. During that period he had made upwards of £4,000 by what was admitted to be fair speculation. He proved that the amount of Stock he held at the time of the fraud, instead of being larger than on former occasions, was considerably smaller than it had frequently been before, which, he said, "would surely not have been the case had I risked the commission of a fraud with a view to excessive gain; and the sale of the Stock on that day took place under the general order which I had, from the commencement of those speculations, given to the broker to sell out without waiting for further directions, whenever a profit of one per cent. could be made. It could not, therefore, be otherwise than that my Stock should be sold on that day, when the prices enabled the broker to act on the standing order I had long before given. Had I anticipated any extraordinary rise on that particular day, and had stooped to a fraud to effect that rise, I should either have had a larger amount for sale, or have aimed at more than one per cent. profit; and much more was obtained by many speculators who were never charged with a knowledge of the fraud. It was proved that I did not myself attend the Stock Exchange on that day, and that the whole of my Stock was sold in the morning at a gain, on an average, of one-and-a-quarter per cent., which was less than half the profit it might have made had it been held a few hours longer."

The fair presumption from these circumstances is that Lord Cochrane was not guilty; but this presumption becomes certainty when the other circumstances are taken into consideration. Directly

De Berenger dismissed his Dover post-chaise at the Marsh Gates, Lambeth, he proceeded in a hackney coach to Lord Cochrane's. That would not have been the plan of Lord Cochrane had he been guilty. He came, Lord Cochrane said, to urge that he should be at once sent off to join the fleet. If Lord Cochrane had been a partner in the fraud, it would certainly not have happened that De Berenger would come in broad daylight to his house, and would leave it with a request refused merely because he had not formal authority. Nothing could be easier than to trace Du Bourg to Lord Cochrane's house. The hackney-coachman was found; he expected some part of the advertised reward. He was a bad man; had been convicted of atrocious cruelty to his horses, and was afterwards sentenced to transportation for robbery. He swore that De Berenger entered Lord Cochrane's house in the brown overcoat and scarlet uniform in which he had appeared as Du Bourg at Dover; but this was at the trial, and after Lord Cochrane's affidavit had been published, in which he (Lord Cochrane) declared that De Berenger came to him in a green coat. Nothing is more probable than that the hackney-coachman threw in the "scarlet" and "brown" to make sure of the reward, having, perhaps, no real recollection of the garments which De Berenger wore when he was set down in Green Street. It is certain that after the trial this driver appeared in possession "of a new coach and new harness, and horses of the best description."

Early in March, on board his ship in Long Reach, his leave having expired on the 28th February, Lord Cochrane learnt that Du Bourg had been traced to his house. Immediately he applied for leave, returned to town, prepared and published an affidavit detailing, without the least reserve or concealment, all the circumstances to which we have referred. Du Bourg was at once identified with De Berenger, and on the 8th April he was apprehended. By giving up the name of De Berenger, and thus affording a sure clue by which he could be found, Lord Cochrane gave further positive evidence of his innocence. De Berenger was at the time quarrelling with Mr. Cochrane Johnstone about his reward, which he thought insufficient. No knowledge of his whereabouts, no complicity with any design to get him out of the country, was traced to Lord Cochrane; nor was any such thing even suggested. Lord Cochrane had done nothing for De Berenger except that he had given him an old coat and a hat; he had certainly (there could be no doubt of the fact) refused to take him clandestinely on board his ship, the *Tonnant*. It was in these circumstances that Lord Cochrane, if guilty, gave up the name of De Berenger, and a more improbable thing for a guilty man to do under

such circumstances cannot be conceived. It was represented by his enemies that he supposed De Berenger to have escaped from England ; but the man had made no attempt to leave the kingdom, and it is impossible that if Lord Cochrane had been his accomplice he should not have known something of De Berenger's movements. It was urged that Lord Cochrane had committed perjury in swearing that De Berenger arrived at his house in a green coat. He, however, ultimately succeeded in proving that De Berenger had with him at Dover a green coat as well as a scarlet coat, and the inference was plain that in the post-chaise or in the hackney-coach he had exchanged the scarlet for the green. It was proved that De Berenger arrived from London at the Royal Oak Inn at Dover, on the morning of the 20th February, dressed in a green coat ; and although, when he quitted the Royal Oak at about 11 P.M. (two hours before his appearance at the Ship Inn as Colonel du Bourg), there remained a large portmanteau, the green coat was not left behind. The small portmanteau he carried in his hand had probably been concealed in the larger one, and was, at all events, of sufficient size to contain the grey overcoat and green coat in which he appeared at Lord Cochrane's. The publication by Lord Cochrane of his affidavit in all the newspapers of March 12th was an act incompatible with the presumption of guilt. Its frank, simple, truthful story, withholding nothing, giving De Berenger's name, who was then at liberty, and likely, if caught, to be revengeful ; the statement as to the gift of a hat and coat—the whole story told, indeed, with no certainty that Du Bourg and De Berenger were the same person, was to most minds conclusive. Lord Cochrane had, in fact, no reason whatever to assume they were identical, except the allegation that Du Bourg had been traced to his house, and this he believed to be mistaken.

But all these things availed him nothing. There was no separation made between his case and that of his uncle, who confessed his complicity by flight. Lord Cochrane was found guilty.

On obtaining the evidence about the green coat at Dover he applied for a new trial, which Lord Ellenborough, to his lasting disgrace, refused on the ground that "the other defendants convicted with him did not attend." He was sentenced by Lord Ellenborough to a fine of £1,000, to imprisonment for twelve months, and to stand in the pillory for the space of one hour. The electors of Westminster, in a general meeting, declared their "full and entire conviction of the perfect innocence of our representative, Lord Cochrane," and the Government feared to place him in the pillory. But a motion was made for his expulsion from the House of

Commons, and Lord Cochrane was taken from prison to defend himself in his place in Parliament. The motion was carried by 140 to 44, the minority including Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Tavistock, and Lord William Russell. His name was struck from the Navy List and from the roll of Knights of the Bath, and his banner of that Order was taken down from its place in Henry VII.'s Chapel and officially and literally kicked out of Westminster Abbey. He was immediately re-elected for Westminster, and, believing that as a member of Parliament he ought not to submit to imprisonment, Lord Cochrane made a daring escape. After passing a few days at his house in Hampshire, he wrote to the Speaker to the effect that he was coming to London and would attend in the House of Commons. In the body of the House, he awaited the arrival of the writ of election. But while he waited, and before he had taken the oaths, a posse of constables arrived and by main force carried him out of the building. The Ministry, eager to get rid of the Radical Reformer, accepted an apology from the marshal of the prison, and explained away the breach of privilege. When the twelve months had expired Lord Cochrane refused to pay the fine. He was detained; but at the end of a fortnight, his health suffering from confinement, urged by his friends, he gave the prison marshal a Bank of England note for £1,000, bearing the following endorsement: "My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice." That £1,000 note may still be seen in the Bank of England.

Slowly but surely has that justice been accomplished. In the first place, the people, by a "penny" subscription, paid the fine and part, if not the whole, of the legal expenses of Lord Cochrane's trial. Two million six hundred and forty thousand persons gave this practical proof of their belief in Lord Cochrane's innocence and of their sympathy for his misfortunes. He still struggled for reform in Parliament. From 1818 to 1828, he engaged with brilliant distinction in foreign service in South America and in Greece. In 1831 he inherited the title of Earl of Dundonald, and in the following year his efforts to obtain reinstatement in the Navy were successful. He was given a "free pardon" and the naval rank which he would have attained, that of rear-admiral. This was the result of a strong public opinion concerning his innocence. Three Lord Chancellors have made comment upon his case, all of them men who were living witnesses of his trial. Lord Erskine wrote in 1823 of the "disgraceful oppression

and injustice" he had suffered. Lord Brougham lamented "the opinion which Lord Ellenborough appears to have formed in this case." In his "Sketches of British Statesmen" Lord Brougham deplored "that most cruel and unjustifiable sentence which at once secured Lord Cochrane's re-election for Westminster when the House of Commons expelled him upon his conviction;" and referring to his reinstatement in the Navy, affirmed "that his honours of knighthood, so gloriously won, should still be withholden is a stain, not upon him, but upon the councils of his country, and after his restoration to the service it is as inconsistent and incomprehensible as it is cruel and unjust." Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," gives his opinion that the case of Lord Cochrane caused "uneasy reflections" in the mind of Lord Ellenborough, and "was supposed to have hastened his end." He imputes to that judge that "the Radical line" in Lord Cochrane's politics "induced Lord Ellenborough to believe that he seriously meant to abet rebellion, and that he was a dangerous character." Lord Campbell charges Lord Ellenborough with having "laid special emphasis on every circumstance which might raise a suspicion against Lord Cochrane," and with having "elaborately explained away whatever at first sight might seem favourable to the gallant officer, and he declares that "in consequence the jury found a verdict of guilty." The present Lord Chief Baron is, we believe, the only living judge who witnessed the trial, and he has regretted that "we cannot blot out this dark page from our legal and judicial history."

When he was restored to the Navy Lord Dundonald declared the reparation incomplete. He had lost his place in the Order of the Bath, and he claimed, as a matter touching his honour and as a measure of justice, the half-pay to which he would have been entitled had he not been expelled from the Navy for eighteen years. In 1847 the Queen made good the first claim in the most gracious manner. Lord Cochrane had been a Knight Companion of the Bath; Her Majesty gave Lord Dundonald the highest decoration in the Order. He received the Grand Cross of the Bath, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief on that North American station to which he was to have gone as flag captain in 1814, and when he died, his banner, that had been kicked with contumely from Westminster Abbey, was replaced with ceremonious honour.

To his grandson, the present Lord Cochrane, he bequeathed his pecuniary claim, and with that bequest the duty of vindicating his memory from the last reproach by obtaining it. With an evident sense of honourable obligation, with tact and judgment beyond his

years, Lord Cochrane set himself to fulfil his grandfather's legacy. Coldly received by the Ministry, his request for an investigation of the case by a Select Committee was unanimously accorded by the House of Commons. The Committee has now reported favourably to the claim, and thus, so far as words are concerned, the jury appointed by the final tribunal has admitted to the fullest extent that demand of Lord Dundonald, including the pecuniary claim, which was denied in his lifetime to a man who suffered much from the public officers of a nation in whose service he never spared himself.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

A QUARTET FROM HORACE.

[Monsieur de Benserade, in the Hôtel de Rambouillet days, translated the entire "Metamorphoses" of Ovid into "Rondeaux." The following are phrases from another author in that and kindred forms. But the writer does not propose to carry the enterprise to the same lengths as Benserade.]

EXTREMUM TANAIN. (RONDEAU.)

BEFORE thy doors too long of late,
 O Lyce, I bewail my fate ;
 Not Don's barbarian maids, I trow,
 Would treat their luckless lovers so ;
 Thou,—thou alone art obdurate.

Hast thou nor eyes nor ears, Ingrate !
 Hark ! how the north wind shakes thy gate !
 Look ! how the laurels bend with snow
 Before thy doors !

Lay by thy pride,—nor hesitate,
 Lest Love and I grow desperate ;
 If prayers, if gifts for naught must go,
 If naught my frozen pallor show,—
 Beware ! . . I shall not always wait
 Before thy doors !

PERSICOS ODI. (TRIOLET.)

DAVUS, I detest
 Persian ostentation ;
 Roses and the rest,
 Davus, I detest.
 Simple myrtle best
 Suits *our* modest station ;—
 Davus, I detest
 Persian ostentation.

VITAS HINNULEO. (RONDEL.)

You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy,
Like some stray fawn that seeks its mother,—
That hears thro' leaves the spring winds sigh,
And vainly strives its fears to smother.

Its trembling knees assail each other
If some green lizard rustle by ;—
You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy,
Like some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

And yet no Libyan lion I,—
No beast with claws to rend another !
Lay by your fears, your tear-drops dry—
A Husband's better than a brother ;
Nor shun me, Chloe, wild and shy,
Like some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

TU NE QUÆSIERIS. (VILLANELLE.)

SEEK not, O maid, to know,
(Alas ! unblest the trying !)
When thou and I must go.

No lore of stars can show.
What shall be, vainly prying,
Seek not, O maid, to know.

Take what the Gods bestow.
Be it in days far-lying
When thou and I must go,

Or now,—when great winds blow,
And waves the reef are plying,—
Seek not, O maid, to know.

Be wise. Let clear wine flow.
Enjoy the hour, unsighing ;
When thou and I must go

Lies dark ;—then be it so.
Now,—*now* churl Time is flying ;
Seek not, O maid, to know
When thou and I must go.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CHARLES SURFACE.

AMONG the national pictures stored in the Galleries of Trafalgar Square may be observed a good example of John Hoppner, R.A., the rival of Lawrence, a portrait of "Mr. Smith, the Actor." He is represented as a comely-looking, middle-aged gentleman with the aspect of a country squire ; he wears a powdered wig and a white cravat, he is rubicund and dimpled of face, with cheery blue eyes and a pleasant smile. No suspicion of the theatre attends him ; no odour of the lamps ; he retired from the stage, indeed, to lead a quiet rural life in Suffolk, to devote himself to field sports and the pleasures of the chase. He was long known as "Gentleman Smith," presumably to distinguish him from the many members of the large family of the Smiths who could lay no claim to that designation. He was the "Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart," of Churchill's "Rosciad." He was the original Charles Surface of the "School for Scandal."

The son of a wholesale grocer and tea dealer in the city of London, William Smith was born about 1730. His parents destined him to the profession of the Church, and he is to be counted among the few players who have been pupils at Eton. It is told of him that he was rebuked by the head master for exclaiming, "Here's Sumner coming !" Surely he should have said, "*Doctor* Sumner !" Smith disclaimed any intention to be disrespectful, and defended his conduct upon classical grounds. "When the Romans saw Cæsar approaching, they did not say here comes *Imperator* Cæsar, but, simply, Cæsar comes !" From Eton he proceeded to Cambridge, but his conduct at St. John's College was marked by an eccentricity that exposed him to great censure. While engaged in a frolic with certain of his fellow collegians the authorities interfered on the side of order : when young Smith was so indiscreet as to snap a pistol at a proctor. The punishment he was sentenced to undergo was more than his pride could endure ; to avoid expulsion, he quitted the university and came to London to try his fortune on the stage. He took lessons of Spranger Barry, one of the most admired actors of the time, and on January 1, 1753, made his first appearance at

Covent Garden as the hero of Nat Lee's tragedy of "Theodosius, or the Force of Love." He remained a member of the Covent Garden company for twenty-two seasons, entrusted with important occupation in the theatre, and enjoying the most cordial favour of his audience. In 1774 he accepted an engagement at Drury Lane, and he continued at that establishment until his retirement from his profession in 1788.

On and off the stage alike, Mr. Smith was a fine gentleman. He had advanced, as it were, upon a royal road. He had served no severe apprenticeship; he had undergone no drudgery in barns and country theatres. He had never strolled; he stepped from private life forthwith on to the stage of Covent Garden, and played a fine part before he had ever supported an inferior one. At the close of his long career as an actor he was enabled to boast that he had never been required to appear in farce, to ascend or descend through a trap-door, or to blacken his face. In the summer of 1769 he appeared at Bristol, and he fulfilled an engagement in Ireland during the summer of 1774; otherwise he had never played out of London. Soon after his first essay upon the scene he persuaded a daughter of Lord Hinchinbrook's to become his wife. The lady's friends were indignant, and loudly denounced the *mésalliance*. Gentleman Smith, the grocer's son, was equal to the occasion. He frankly stated that if the family he had disgraced would allow him an income equal in amount to his professional emoluments, he would readily quit the stage and cease to dishonour them by continuing to act; otherwise he should not renounce an occupation which, however shameful it might seem to them, enabled both himself and his wife to live honestly and happily. Mrs. Smith's friends, holding their pockets in even greater estimation than their pride, declined the actor's offer. The lady died in December 1762. Gentleman Smith's second marriage with a widow possessed of a large fortune, who survived him some years, was reputed to be the cause of his terminating his theatrical career. However, he was nearly sixty when he retired from the stage; he was perhaps disinclined to be reckoned among the veterans whose superfluous lagging has so often provoked unfavourable remark. To the last he personated heroes of quality, young rakes, and gentlemen of fashion. He had never represented age or infirmity or decrepitude upon the scene. It was as Charles Surface—his most famous character—that he finally took leave of his friends and patrons and comrades of the theatre. A few nights before he had appeared as Macbeth, the occasion being his farewell benefit.

At Cambridge Smith had been known as "the Buck of his

College." He always lived in the best society, retained through life the high connections he had formed at the university, and he was, as Arthur Murphy expressed it, "not only a gentleman himself, but he always gave a gentlemanly character to his profession." He punctually attended the races on Newmarket Heath until quite the close of his career; it was understood, indeed, that his engagements with his London managers contained a stipulation for leave of absence that he might visit Newmarket at the proper seasons. In an epilogue spoken on the occasion of his farewell benefit, confessing that he finds himself growing old, and desires to resign "the sprightly Charles" to younger heads and abler hands, he alludes to the change about to take place in his method of life:—

Here I no more shall rant "A horse! a horse!"
But mount White Surrey for the Beacon course;
No more my hands with tyrant gore shall stain,
But drag the felon fox from forth his den.
Then take the circuit of my little fields,
And taste the comfort that contentment yields,
And as those sweetest comforts I review,
Reflect with gratitude they come from you.

Few actors have avowedly quitted the stage the better to enjoy the pleasures of fox-hunting, although Boaden writes of the players of his time, "that the habit of acting in our great towns during the race weeks has given to our actors, pretty generally, a love for the course, and many of them pique themselves upon never missing such things. Kemble," he continues, "is the only great actor who never talked to me of a gallop after the hounds, and it was not until late in life that he became a horseman." Young may be cited as an instance of the hunting actor. "Two or three days in the week," writes the Rev. Julian Young of his father, "when the managers were playing stock pieces, and there was no need for rehearsals, he would be sure to be found in the hunting field."

Smith died in his house at Bury St. Edmunds on September 13, 1819. He had made his first appearance in 1753, the year of Quin's retirement from the stage. He had played with Barry and Mrs. Woffington; he had been a member of Garrick's company; he had played with Henderson, with John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons. He might have seen Edmund Kean at Drury Lane in 1814, and even Macready's first appearance at Covent Garden in 1816, as Orestes, a part Smith had himself supported some forty years before. Smith's life, indeed, comprises "a whole history" of the English stage.

As a tragedian Smith seems to have gratified his public, if critical

opinion sometimes pronounced against him. But his merits must have been considerable, or he could scarcely have been allowed year after year to undertake the important duties he accomplished upon the stage. He played Richard and Hamlet alternately with Garrick; but this was towards the close of Garrick's career. He appeared as Macbeth to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons, and thus incurred the censure of Boaden, for John Kemble, the god of Boaden's idolatry, was quite ready to play Macbeth in Smith's stead, and on his retirement promptly succeeded to the part. He played Romeo, Hotspur, Marc Antony, Cassius, Coriolanus, Henry the Fifth, Edgar, and Edmund in "King Lear," Iago, Leontes, and the Duke in "Measure for Measure," Faulconbridge, Orlando, and Florizel. Others of his successful characters were Alexander the Great, "the haughty, gallant, gay Lothario," Hastings in "Jane Shore," Kiteley, Bajazet, Juba in Addison's "Cato," and Glenalvon in Home's "Douglas." But it was as the Carelesses and Lovelesses, the Court-wells and Lovemores, of the comedies of the last century that he chiefly shone, and was declared by his admirers to be quite inimitable and unapproachable. He appeared now as Young Mirabel in "The Inconstant," now as Valentine in "Love for Love;" he played Plume, Archer, Lord Foppington in "The Careless Husband," Sir Harry Wildair, Lord Townly, Don Felix, Sir George Airy, and Captain Absolute. If the success he achieved in tragedy owed much to his symmetrical figure, his fine presence, his handsome face, his strong voice, and distinct utterance, these advantages, combined with his good spirits, his well-bred air, his keen sense of humour, and a certain gallant heartiness of manner secured his complete triumph in comedy. Boaden avows Smith's tragic method to have been uniformly hard and unvaried; he had not profited by the example of Garrick—he perhaps rather followed the teaching of Barry and Quin; for "the very vital principle of Roscius was *point*, and he could no more endure a character set to one tune than he could bear the slightest inattention to the stage business. Smith's heroes in tragedy all, more or less, reminded you of Bajazet—it was the tyrant's vein that he breathed; he looked upon tragedy to be something *abstract*, to which all character was to bend; so that he had but one manner for Richard and Hamlet. But his nerve and gentlemanly bearing carried him through a world of emotion without exciting a tear, and you were some way satisfied though 'not much moved.'" It may be gathered that Smith seemed less natural in the artifices of tragedy than in the artifices of comedy. For it must be remembered that the comedies of the last century pictured a very artificial system of manners. The fine gen-

tleman of the eighteenth century was a distinct creature, elaborately graceful and stately, polished to excess, dignified to a fault. He had undergone degeneration, no doubt; he was less of a personage than he had been. Cibber, referring to the beaux of his youth, credits them with the stateliness of the peacock in their mien, whereas the beaux of his old age seemed to him to emulate "the pert air of the lapwing." Dress had declined in splendour without as yet sinking to the utter unpicturesqueness of later times; and dress was an important element in the character of a fine gentleman, and at once stimulated and controlled his theatrical representations. The clouded cane had to be nicely conducted, and the sword carried and managed dexterously. The head had to be discreetly borne, so that wig and powder might not be unduly disturbed; it was necessary to support the tricorne or the cocked hat under the arm. There was a certain art required in taking snuff after a seemly fashion; adroitness was needed in moving hither and thither in silken stockings and buckled shoes. A lady could only be approached after much respectful bending and bowing; it required the most delicate address to touch her hand lightly and lead her to a seat. Female dress was then formidably grand; it was rich in feathers and furbelows, lace, flowers and jewels, hoops and trains. "The flippancy of the modern style," writes Boaden fifty years ago, "makes a bow look like a mockery; it does not seem naturally to belong to a man in pantaloons and a plain blue coat with a white or a black waistcoat. I cannot doubt that what is called genteel comedy among us, suffers greatly from the comparative undress of our times. What can you do, for instance, with such a comedy as 'The Careless Husband?' Its dialogue could never proceed from the fashionables of the present day. Different times can only be signified by difference of costume. Should we, therefore, venture back to the lace and embroidery, the swords and bags of the last age? I think not; the difference from our present costume would excite a laugh. What is the result unfortunately? We drop or impoverish the comedies."

When Smith first appeared as Charles Surface he must have been 47; King, who played Sir Peter Teazle, being exactly the same age; yet no one ventured to think that Smith was too old for the part. All agreed, indeed, that the comedy was most perfectly represented on its first production. Walpole, although he makes no special mention of Smith's Charles Surface, writes enthusiastically of the performance generally. "To my great astonishment, there were more parts performed admirably in 'The School for Scandal' than I almost ever saw in any play. . . . It seemed a marvellous resurrec-

tion of the stage." When Charles Lamb first saw the comedy, Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abington in *Lady Teazle*, and Smith had retired from the part of Charles Surface; the other characters, with some few exceptions, were still supported by their original representatives. "No piece," writes Lamb, "was perhaps ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. . . . I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but I thought very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a certain gaiety of person. . . . But as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humour. He made his defects a grace. . . . He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His *Macbeth* has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue." Kemble essayed the part in 1790, when he was only 33; but his youth was his only advantage over Smith. The performance was not generally admired, was indeed facetiously characterised as "*Charles's Martyrdom*." Kemble seems to have valued his own effort, however. He wrote to Topham, the editor of the *World* newspaper: "I hope you will have the goodness to give orders to your people to speak favourably of the Charles, as more depends on that than you can possibly be aware of." But in a few years the character found a more admired and popular representative in Charles Kemble.

No particular account of Smith's manner of performing Charles Surface has come down to us, but we may be sure that his example was followed by later representatives of the part, and that the traditions of his "business"—his method of doing this and saying that—were long cherished in the theatre, and may even now survive, if in rather a faint and feeble way. A character long retains the form it acquired from the actor who first grasped it and impressed upon it the stamp of his genius, and something of Mr. Smith's Charles Surface may possibly exist in every performance of the "*School for Scandal*" even of quite modern date. Allowance must be made for the fact, however, that the rakes and men of quality of the old comedies were not personated by light comedians of the modern school, the flimsy fops who lisp and drawl, trip and amble about the stage. The Charles Surfaces of the past may be described as of the *Tom Jones* order of heroes: tall of their hands, broad of back, large calved, loud voiced, ruddy-cheeked, fond of wine and pleasure, frolic and riot; there was nothing finicking about their gallantry, they minced matters in no

way. Boaden writes of Smith : " In comedy, his *manliness* was the chief feature, yet it was combined with *pleasantry* so perfectly well bred, that I am unable to name any other actors who have approached him. If they had the *pleasantry* they wanted the *manliness* ; where there was man enough about them, either the *pleasantry* was wanting or the *manliness* checked the *pleasantry*. Lewis had the *pleasantry*, but carried to riot, and the *manliness*, though swelling up to the braggart. Bensley and Aikin were both manly ; but for *pleasantry* alas ! it became *satire* in passing their lips."

Mr. Smith's figure increased in substance and physical weight as the years passed. When Shakespeare's " Henry the Fourth " was performed, it had been customary to follow the stage directions implicitly, and Falstaff toiled hard to lift upon his back the dead body of Hotspur. No joke, we are told, ever raised more mirth in the galleries. Quin had been able to perch Garrick upon his shoulders easily enough ; but desperate exertion was needed when it became Quin's duty to raise from the ground tall Spranger Barry—" in person taller than the common size "—as Churchill wrote of him. How earlier Falstaffs and Hotspurs—such as Booth and Harper—managed the scene has not been recorded ; but when Henderson played the fat knight his vain endeavours to lift up his portly Hotspur, Mr. Smith, led to an alteration in the business of the scene. The Prince of Wales entered and his soldiers considerably relieved Falstaff of his labour and carried off the body of Hotspur. This method of procedure has been usually adopted in all later performances of the first part of " Henry the Fourth."

Smith's robustness and muscularity were indeed very frequently remarked upon. Campbell, the poet, who was of low stature and slight frame, writes of him : " A potent physical personage he must have been who could swim a league at sea, drink his bottle of port, and after fatigue and conviviality commit his part distinctly to memory." His Macbeth incurred some derision because of his weighty form ; a stealthy pace could hardly be accomplished by one who trod so heavily that the boards of the stage creaked beneath him and " prated loudly of his whereabouts." Packer, an old actor who played Duncan, was absurdly applauded for sleeping so soundly. " Any other actor, besides himself, would too probably have been discomposed by the noise made by Macbeth as he ascended." An ironical criticism upon the banquet scene by George Steevens contains reference to the private habits of the Macbeth and Lady Macbeth of the night. Smith's convivial character was well known, and Mrs. Siddons had long been accused of excessive frugality:

"Mr. Smith, who, during his college life and since, is known to have been an utter enemy to all convivial meetings and prodigalities of entertainment, gave his welcome to the nobles of Scotland with the coldness that might have been expected from one who was compelled to counterfeit an office from which, had it been real, his heart would have revolted. The consequence was obvious ; not a knife or fork was lifted up at his bidding. The soul of Mrs. Siddons on the contrary (Mrs. Siddons, whose dinners are proverbially numerous) expanded on this occasion. She spoke her joy on beholding so many guests with an eagerness little short of rapture, bordering on enthusiasm. Her address appeared so like reality that all the thanes about her seized the wooden fowls &c. in hopes, alas ! to find every dish as warm and genuine as her invitation to feed on it."

It was thought prudent on the part of Sheridan to engage Smith in preference to Henderson, although Henderson must have been the finer artist. But Smith was the more useful actor ; if he was only tolerable in tragedy he was held to be most excellent in comedy, and Sheridan was disposed to favour the performers qualified to appear in such comedies as his own. Henderson's talents were of the first order, but it was said of him "he was born for antiquity ; the modern dress and the modern language did not suit him." His strength lay in the old repertory ; the manager was bent upon producing new plays. Smith was engaged therefore as Sheridan's leading actor at the highest salary then paid—fifteen pounds per week. Henderson was forthwith secured at the rival theatre—Covent Garden.

Ten years after his retirement from his profession, May 16, 1798, Smith reappeared upon the stage for one night only, in his character of Charles Surface, the occasion being the benefit of his old friend Tom King, the original Sir Peter Teazle. He was received with great enthusiasm by an overflowing audience. Mr. Taylor, the author of "Monsieur Tonson," who was present, speaks of the tumultuous reception awarded the veteran actor as the curtain rose upon the third act of the comedy and he was discovered seated at the convivial table with Careless and Sir Harry Bumper beside him. Again and again the applause was renewed, until he was compelled to quit his chair, come forward and bow to the audience. "Never perhaps on any occasion did an individual in any station receive more hearty demonstrations of public esteem and approbation." Charles Surface was now nearly seventy, but Time had dealt very kindly with him. Something of his old vigour and buoyancy had departed, but "there was no abatement of his spirit and humour . . . there was the same easy and manly gait." Mr. Taylor relates : "When in the last act of the play *Lady*

Teazle happened to drop her fan, there was a race among the male performers to pick it up and present it to her ; but Mr. Smith got the start of them all and delivered it to her with such unaffected ease and elegance that the audience were struck with the incident and strongly expressed their applause." Before the fall of the curtain he spoke an address written for the occasion containing the lines:—

At friendship's call, ne'er to be heard in vain,
My spirits rise—Richard's himself again !—
Soften your censure where you can't commend,
And when you judge the actor—spare the friend.

Of Garrick, whom he had first seen at Goodman's Fields in 1740, Smith always spoke with enthusiasm, while confessing that he held his old master Spranger Barry to have been in certain characters quite equal to Garrick, and in love scenes even superior to him. "Garrick," writes Smith, in one of the letters of his old age, "with all natural graces and perfections, must ever, in my now decaying judgment, stand alone, 'the front of Jove himself.' Among the chief blessings of my life I ever held the greatest to be, that I was bred at Eton and born in the days of Garrick." Yet we may gather from that rather oppressive collection of letters, the Garrick Correspondence, that the actor was not always on the best terms with his manager. It was Garrick's misfortune, however, to be unceasingly engaged in tiffs and squabbles and controversies with the members of his company ; and perhaps the players may be fairly considered as a class prone to take offence upon light provocation, unduly sensitive, and curiously irritable. Smith's letters are sprigged with quotations from Horace and Ovid, by way of exhibition of his classical attainments, his University training. He offers his services in regard to the Jubilee to take place in Shakespeare's honour, under Garrick's management, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Garrick allots him the character of Richard. Smith writes : "The post and dress you allot me will be most agreeable to me. . . . If I recollect right, the hat I wear in Richard is very shabby. . . . The hat Mr. Powell used in King John is a good one, and I should suppose might be had with the ornaments in it ; if not I should be glad of yours. . . . You will excuse me mentioning these particulars, as the motive is that I may appear to the best advantage in your train." Richard it seems was to appear in King John's hat ! In 1773 Smith had quarrelled with Colman, at Covent Garden, and was in treaty with Garrick for an engagement at Drury Lane ; while contemplating the project then on foot for the establishment of a third theatre which might prize highly Mr. Smith's services. Garrick writes sharply : "All matters of business are

indeed at an end between them. Mr. G. wishes that they had never begun." Smith replies penitently : " That you are very angry with me is too evident ; that I have never done anything intentionally to deserve your anger is not less true. If to have idolised you deserves your resentment, no one can have been more guilty than your very sincere and faithful humble servant." The quarrel relates to Mr. Smith's terms. Is his salary to be twelve guineas or twelve pounds ? " When we conversed about the subject," writes Garrick, " and you began to stand upon terms, which surprised me much, I stopped your conversation and handed you over to my brother [George Garrick] ; he settles our money matters, for I hate to make bargains, and was sorry that you had any to make ; to be short, you were offered what you had at Covent Garden, and refused it." From Smith's explanation, Garrick seems to have been needlessly peremptory. " I have never thought of making terms with you," writes Smith, " I have never refused the terms I had at Covent Garden, nor should I had they been offered. I have had for three years past twelve guineas ; and Mr. George Garrick never proposed more than twelve pounds ; nor did he give me any hint of the probability of my situation being mended." Manager and actor arrange their difficulties at last, and Smith forwards a list of all the parts he can recollect to have played. These are fifty-two in all, and all of importance. As Boaden notes : " These fifty-two characters in which Mr. Smith could be ready at a short notice, amount with their cues and directions to probably five-and-twenty thousand lines ; the words of which are to be kept in their exact places and are presented by the memory with all their associations of place on the stage, action, emphasis, and expression. . . . This is achieved too not by a man of plodding scholastic habits ; Mr. Smith delighted in the table, the chase, and the race-course. No profession that we know displays the powers of memory equally with that of the actor." The list furnished by Geneste credits Smith with 150 parts ! In one of his letters Smith takes the opportunity of mentioning, that he has wasted thirteen pounds in weight, and should he be disengaged at the theatre, doubts not his being qualified to ride at Newmarket in the October meeting. Upon another occasion he writes to Garrick : " As you have been at Newmarket I hope you will now and then step down to the meetings, and that I shall hear you proposed at the first Jockey Club. God bless you."

By and by he was to have other difficulties and discussions with his manager. Smith had become desperately enamoured of the beautiful Mrs. Hartley, of Covent Garden Theatre, with whom he

had been playing in Dublin. He gives way to much raving and ranting about his Rosamond. At first he is anxious that she should retain her engagement at Covent Garden ; "though it will be irksome to be at different theatres, yet I think it will in some measure take off suspicion." But soon he is urgent that she should be engaged with him at Drury Lane. "I would not leave my Rose for both the English patents. Reason is a beggar, and passion shuts the door against him. I am Antony from top to toe, only, thank God ! somewhat younger. You will perhaps say old enough to be wiser," &c., &c. To Garrick he writes : "You could not possibly expect me to remain with you unless you could have engaged us both." And Mr. Garrick is requested "to do all that is proper" to check any suspicions poor Mrs. Smith may entertain touching her husband's indiscretions and misdeeds. Garrick does not engage the lady, and Smith meditates returning to Covent Garden ; finds fault with his dressing room, with the terms of his engagement, and with his employment at Drury Lane. Then there is some trouble about the entertainment of the Jubilee, reproduced by Garrick at his theatre. Smith declines to appear as Benedick in the procession. Garrick inquires : "Would your wearing a domino and mask, to take turn about with *me* in walking down the stage, be an injury to your importance ?" Smith replies : "Rather than submit to it I would forego the advantage of the stage, which, thank God ! notwithstanding the *Morning Post*, I am not quite indebted to for bread It is now too late for me to appear as Benedick in the procession, as I never undertook anything of the kind, and am totally unacquainted with the business. . . . You may perhaps think me impertinent in my objecting, as you yourself condescend to do it. You, sir, are too considerable in every respect to suffer by it ; I am not If my feelings are absurd I hope you will pardon them." The *Morning Post*, it may be noted, was in those times rather an unscrupulous organ ; it was edited by Garrick's friend, "the fighting parson," Bate Dudley, and was said to be employed as a means of coercing the players, and especially those engaged at Drury Lane.

Smith's last letter to Garrick is dated 10th June, 1776, the date of Garrick's retirement, and bears his endorsement, "Mr. Smith's farewell note upon my leaving the stage." Smith writes : "As a visit at this time might probably interrupt your attention to more material affairs, I beg leave in this manner to offer my farewell. I am desirous that the little theatrical disagreements we have had may be attributed to a (perhaps) false delicacy in my temper, rather than any other cause, and therefore hope they may be forgotten. As a private man

I am under obligations to you which I shall ever remember gratefully. The only returns I have to make are my best wishes for your long enjoyment of health and happiness ; to these permit me to add my respects to Mrs. Garrick, and my hopes that you will do me the favour to believe me, Sir, your sincere and obliged humble servant." In his old age Smith was wont to exclaim : " As to Garrick, my utmost ambition as an actor was to be thought worthy to hold up his train. . . . I can never speak of him but with idolatry."

Hoppner's portrait was presented to the nation by the late Mr. Serjeant Taddy in 1837. Other portraits of Smith, notably one by Mortimer, are possessed by the Garrick Club. And his friend Sir George Beaumont, famous as an amateur landscape-painter and a patron of artists and of the fine arts, persuaded Mr. Jackson, the Royal Academician, to journey down to Bury to paint a portrait of Mr. Smith when he was over eighty years of age. Taylor relates that he saw the actor on the occasion of his last visit to London but a short time before his death. Under the zealous convoy of Sir George, the veteran had been brought to the green room of Drury Lane. He was received with most affectionate respect by the actors present. They rose as he entered and thronged round him, "all emulous to testify their esteem and veneration." He corresponded with Taylor to the last, sending up to London now and then copies of verses of his own composing, with translations from Horace and Juvenal, "which fully evinced his taste and scholarship."

In his memoirs (1806), Cumberland speaks of Smith as his "old friend and contemporary," and testifies cordially to his merits. "I had known him at the University, as an undergraduate of St. John's College. . . . As his friend I have lived with him and shared his gentlemanly hospitalities ; as his author I have witnessed his abilities, and profited by his support ; and though I have lost sight of him ever since his retirement from the stage, yet I have ever retained at heart an interest in his welfare ; and as he and I are too nearly of an age to flatter ourselves that we have any long continuance to come upon the stage of this life, I beg leave to make this public profession of my sincere regard for him, and to pay the tribute of my plaudits now, before he makes his final exit and the curtain drops."

DUTTON COOK.

TABLE-TALK.

DUNMAIL RAISE and the Valley of Wythburn are threatened next year with an invasion which has excited the indignation not only of the principal dwellers in one of the loveliest nooks in the very heart of the English lake district, but has awakened painful surprise and determined opposition all over the country, wherever the love of natural beauty, and the reverence for famous men whose footsteps have doubly hallowed it, are not yet quite extinct. A ruthless piece of vandalism is contemplated which it is to be hoped may yet be baffled by a firm and united resistance. Parliament is to be asked in the approaching session to empower the Manchester Corporation to turn the beautiful lake of Thirlmere into a reservoir for supplying with water, not Manchester alone—for that city, they own, has an ample supply for the next twenty years to come—but the various towns *en route*. Only dire and extreme necessity, and an absolute impossibility of obtaining water elsewhere, could justify this proposal. Neither of these conditions fortunately exists. “Not one tithe,” as Mr. Somervell, the chief and indefatigable opponent of the scheme, has pointed out, “of the moorlands available for the water supply of Manchester, between the Lune and South Lancashire, has been utilised as yet.” To carry out the scheme proposed a huge embankment would have to be reared to the height of at least 70 feet, thus lengthening the lake from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and deepening it to the extent of 60 or 70 feet. This would have the effect of placing under water the whole valley, and the beauties of the spot would be buried in a deep dark reservoir. “It is the intention of the Waterworks Committee,” naïvely remarks the *Cumberland Times*, “to substitute for the present tortuous up-and-down track a straight road cut on a level line around the slopes of Helvellyn. Below it the lake, enlarged to more than twice its present dimensions, will assume a grandeur of appearance in more striking accordance with its majestic surroundings. How THE VALLEY WILL LOOK IN THE DRY SUMMER SEASON, WHEN THE RESERVOIR IS HALF EMPTIED, HAS YET TO BE ASCERTAINED.” Another ground of opposition to the scheme is its danger as well as its unsightliness. In the very possible and even probable event of

one of the floods or heavy rainfalls to which the district is peculiarly liable bearing down the embankment, the whole surrounding district, Keswick, Grasmere, and every bridge along the Cockermouth Keswick and Penrith Railway would be swept away. Mr. J. F. Bateman, the engineer to the Corporation, is pleased to assert in his Report, that "the uses to which the water can be locally applied are small and insignificant." Upon the same principle the inhabitants of Bethnal Green might propose that we should, in the ensuing winter, fell down the trees in Kensington Gardens and in Richmond Park to supply them with firewood, because "the uses to which the wood can be locally applied are small and insignificant." This is, surely, utilitarianism run mad. Mr. Robert Somervell, of Hazelthwaite, Windermere, has just published a pamphlet in which the chief arguments against the scheme are ably and forcibly stated. This is entitled, "The Manchester and Thirlmere Scheme: An Appeal to the Public on the Facts of the Case." Mr. Somervell will, I believe, be happy to afford further information to anyone desirous of aiding to oppose the scheme, for which purpose an influential committee of gentlemen of the district, among whom we are somewhat disappointed not to find the name of Mr. Ruskin, has also been formed, and subscriptions for the "Thirlmere Defence Fund" have already been raised to the amount of over a thousand pounds.

I AM not naturally inquisitive, and altogether, I hope, exempt from that morbid curiosity which takes an interest in every detail connected with the Royal Family; but, still, I *should* like to know where the Queen gets her Indian shawls from. I don't mean from what establishment in Regent Street or Waterloo Place, for I doubt if she ever bought one anywhere; but I should like to hear how she comes by the thousands which she evidently has on hand. They do not form part of a tribute paid to her as Empress of India, because she has always possessed the same superfluity of this article, some specimen of which she is nevertheless always giving away. I don't think any girl of high rank has been married in England for the last quarter of a century who has not had a shawl from the Queen. It always stands at the head of the list of Wedding Presents published in the *Morning Post*. "From the Queen—a beautiful Indian Shawl." These articles fill the place of "the purse of sequins" given by Eastern Monarchs in the era of the Arabian Nights, and at the same time do not probably necessitate dipping into the Royal Exchequer. I suppose they are "Spoils of Ind." If an Eastern Prince sends one a thousand shawls, it is plain one can't wear them all, and

must give them away to somebody ; still, I do wish the stock could be disposed of in some other manner.

SOME attempt has been made to cast ridicule upon the fêtes that have been held at Antwerp upon the occasion of the ter-centenary of Rubens. It is easy indeed to laugh at the allegorical processions which Antwerp arranged in honour of the great painter. From the earliest times, however, men have found pleasure in such exhibitions, and the highest civilisations the world has known have not despised their aid. "Seen through the mist of ages, the triumphs" of the Roman look very dignified, and appear very different affairs from this Flemish pageantry. Shakespeare, however, estimated rightly the materials out of which a triumph was composed, and the kind of crowd by which it was witnessed. It is a striking proof of the universality of Shakespeare that he realises the fact that vulgarity is of no age or time, and, while he could see the poetical side of a pageant, could view also its prosaic aspects. The same pen which describes how on the barge of Cleopatra

The silken tackle

Swell with the touches of those flower soft hands,

or how

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs,

tells how, at the refusal of the crown by Cæsar, "The rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar." It may, of course, be pointed out that there is a wide difference between a Roman triumph, in which the events illustrated were recent, and the participators in them formed a portion of the show, and a sham display of mediævalism. Still, a Roman conqueror, Cæsar even, would not have despised such features in a triumph. At any rate, such "maimed" or mock "rites" of homage as these are to be preferred to the absolute neglect with which England treats greatness.

WHEN I suggested, two months since, that women should be allowed to confess to women, I was unaware of what has since been communicated to me by a valued correspondent, that a proposition of this kind was once seriously put to Pope John the Twenty-second. In many sermons of the Middle Age the story is told how the Abbess of Fontevrault appealed to the Pope as he passed by the convent, and asked him to give permission for its inmates to confess one to another, pleading that there were certain

sins which it was neither easy nor seemly to confess to a man. The Pope expressed his readiness to consider the proposed change, but hinted his fear that the secrecy which is the indispensable associate of confession would not be observed. Being assured that women would keep a secret better than men, he listened with respect, then left with the Abbess and the nuns a box, which he charged them to keep carefully guarded and unopened, pledging his word as Pope that if at his return the box had not been tampered with, the prayer should be granted, and menacing with eternal excommunication whoever should attempt to look at the contents. Curiosity overpowered every other sentiment; the box was opened, and a linnet which it contained flew away and could not be recaptured. On the return of the Pope the required boon was, it is needless to say, refused. This legend, like most others which bear hardly upon women, has often been used by poets. It forms the subject of "*La Linotte de Jean XXII.*," of Grécourt, which was translated into English by a poet of the eighteenth century.

THE one lesson to be learned from what, after all, is to Englishmen the question of the day—the Indian Famine—is the necessity of a large extension of our railway system in India. During recent years the great trunk lines have been made, and branch lines have been commenced. Not a tithe, however, of the means of communication necessary for the development of the country and the consolidation of our own power have been completed. At the present moment the difficulty is not in obtaining relief for the famine-stricken, but in conveying to them what has already been obtained. Strangely enough, it is ourselves who are in part responsible for the famine, since the security from slaughter which has followed from English rule is one cause of Indian over-population. India is face to face with problems which Europe in the course of a generation or two will have to confront. Meantime, as those who hold subject races are compelled by the force of opinion in Europe to prove that they hold them for the benefit of the governed, it behoves us to prove that we are in fact the benefactors of the Indians, and not their oppressors. In so doing we consolidate our own position, and fortify ourselves in more ways than one against Russian menace. It is not often that the paths of duty and those of interest are so distinctly and obviously parallel.

THERE is a good story current in a certain town in Normandy this year, much frequented by British tourists. An Englishman

lost his purse from his bedroom while staying at his hotel, and applied to the landlord for redress ; the latter explained to him that everyone in the house was a paragon of honesty ; that they would sooner perish on the scaffold than touch a sou belonging to anyone else. There were, however, two strangers in the hotel, Englishmen, concerning whose character he knew nothing, either good or bad. "Monsieur might interrogate them for himself." Monsieur did so, and found them to be Alfred Tennyson and Dean Stanley.

NOT before it is time, a Society has been formed "for the Protection of Ancient Buildings." As the names of Lord Houghton, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Mr. William Morris, and many other men of equal eminence appear in the list of supporters, it is possible that serious steps may be taken to preserve those monuments which are among the most precious records of national history. In France a like task has been undertaken by Government ; and the restoration of historical edifices which commenced nearly forty years ago, under the superintendence of M. Viollet-le-Duc, has brought about the restoration or conservation of scores of buildings of highest interest, from the Cathedral at Amiens down to the Hôtel-de-Ville at Narbonne. The existence of monuments of past art or history knows as many enemies as that of the animal creation. It is curious to think that the Huguenot iconoclasts in France were but revenging the wrongs that Pagan art suffered at the hands of the early Christians. St. Hilary, for instance, the Bishop of Arles, carried away the stones from the Roman theatre of that city, to use them in the erection of churches, not a few of which, in the south of France, are now doing duty as warehouses. It was natural that an example of this kind should be followed, and that private greed should succeed ecclesiastical rapacity. In the roads in Provence the traveller may yet see the horses drinking from troughs that are in fact stone coffins. If Stonehenge had been more accessible, there would have been little of it left to comfort the antiquary. Preservation, however, not restoration, is the aim of the new society, which asserts that the last fifty years of attempted restoration have done more for the destruction of our art treasures than previous centuries of neglect. This may be, but the line between preservation and restoration is not always easy to draw.

IT is too early yet to estimate the consequences to France of the death of M. Thiers. It may safely be said, however, that modern history supplies no similar example of a man of eighty years

whose existence was of so much importance to his country. Cloudy enough before, the future of France is now wrapt in impenetrable gloom. The principal cities of France, those especially in the south, teem with soldiers to such an extent that the whole country seems one huge barrack. Whether the maiden swords of these warriors are to be fleshed in the German foe or in their own brethren is a matter concerning which it is futile to indulge a conjecture. Meantime, the solution of this problem is awaited with interest by that German Sphinx who, at this moment, puts similar riddles to all Europe. The traveller in France can scarcely fail to note the gloom which has fallen on the nation it was once customary to hold up as a type of light-hearted and outspoken gaiety. At the *table d'hôte* a Frenchman eats his meal in silence, and does not dream (so wide-spread is distrust) of speaking to his neighbour unless he has some previous knowledge of him. Spies or *mouchards*, as they are called in France, are supposed to be at every corner, and especially near the kiosques at which the journals are sold. A prudent Frenchman, if he buys a Republican journal, takes care to buy a Conservative journal also, so as to afford no knowledge of his opinions. A plan like this must benefit at least the newspaper proprietors.

THE advocates of "Women's Rights" have sown at least one Dragon's tooth—a double-fanged one—which has sprung up an armed man, styling himself "Philo Familias," and calling upon all husbands and fathers (in a pamphlet) to put down the Insurrection of Women. He is a little violent in his sentiments, but it is well to hear the other side of every question. His object is to show the injustice husbands suffer from partial decisions of judges and magistrates; their sufferings from the extravagance of their wives, as well as from their "nagging" and bad tempers, "which has made the Married state so intolerable that single men who reflect upon the subject must be deterred from contracting Matrimony." This gentleman's statements are really alarming. "It is well known," he says, "that there are many cases of wives of considerable income who have allowed their husbands to be in receipt of parish relief." Under such circumstances, indeed, do husbands find themselves, that he wonders "what man of sound mind ventures to marry at all! what minister of religion ventures to recommend a man to marry!" He remarks that it is not uncommon for Magistrates and others to proclaim a man a brute for striking a woman in anger. "Although this to a certain extent may be true," it is a bad sort of doctrine, he thinks, to preach, and emboldens wives "to commit excesses." Un-

happily, "the public, the press, and the magistracy," are all on the side of the wives, whose acts and violence only make the victims (their husbands) the butt of ribald jokes. Finally, the wife has "the tremendous power—Rights of Women, indeed!—of imposing upon her husband, as his legal progeny, the offspring of any other man from the peer to the footman." Even "Philo Familias" does not see how this last evil is to be remedied, but for the rest he has various specifics; and he believes that if these be not adopted, "the only function open to married men will be that of Bread Winners, i.e. *Beasts of Burden*." Altogether the pamphlet is an eye-opener, and very well adapted to be read in the family circle of an evening by any man of courage.

VERY little excitement appears to have been caused either in this country or America by the death of Brigham Young. It is not likely, however, that the appointment of a successor will be viewed with absolute indifference by the United States Government, which has long entertained a purpose of rooting out Mormonism from its midst, and has only sought a fitting and convenient method of so doing. Without being one of the men whom it is impossible to replace, Brigham Young had those qualities which constitute a successful governor of men. He was long-headed, resolute, and fanatical. The old Puritan strain asserted itself in this New England apostate, who added to a zeal and courage that would have elevated him to command in Cromwell's Ironsides, a kind of intellectual subtlety which is of purely American growth. At any rate, the question will have now to be settled, whether the United States will acquiesce in the development of polygamy in their midst.

A CHARMING story of the late Mortimer Collins has been omitted from the late Memorials of him, perhaps under the idea that it would be derogatory to his reputation as a novelist: it is at all events much to his credit as a man. A Frenchman visiting England wrote to express to him the satisfaction he had derived from reading his delightful fictions, and expressing a desire to make his personal acquaintance. The flattered author flies from his country retirement to London, and asks his admirer to dinner at an hotel; he had always an idea (and it is a very good one) that to dine is to consolidate friendship. The guest arrived, and they had a most agreeable entertainment. In the middle of it, the Frenchman began to compliment his host. "Of all your werkes, Sare, I do admire most," he said, "your 'Woman in White'!"

A shell bursting on the table would probably have been less

unpleasant to poor Mortimer ; he saw of course that he had been mistaken for *Wilkie Collins* all along. Yet he did not move a muscle, or rather he continued to smile on. Not a tone in his cheery voice betrayed his disappointment. And when his guest made his adieux, he was quite ignorant that he had been addressing his attention to the wrong Dromio, and "putting his foot in it" to an extent which probably no Frenchman had ever done before.

IT is encouraging to hear of the formation of societies in Spain for the purpose of inculcating tenderness to dumb animals. Two such societies have been formed, one in Cadiz and a second in Santander. At the present moment the Spaniard is the most emphatically cruel of all beings self-styled civilised. The dissemination of views as to the duty of man to his dumb associates may do something to check the exhibition of cruelty by which the traveller in Spain is constantly shocked. Who knows, moreover, that the Spaniard, after he has learned to be humane to the brute creation, may not in time come to extend the same indulgence to his fellow-creatures ?

I AM the last person to say anything against a popular favourite, nor would I do so if I thought it would do such a person any harm ; but I do think that the enthusiasm excited by Zazel in the Gun Trick at the Westminster Aquarium is somewhat ridiculous. It is almost certain that she is ejected from the cannon by the spiral spring that is so well-known an agent in sending acrobats sixty feet into the air quite independent of their own exertions ; only in Zazel's case it is applied horizontally instead of perpendicularly. She falls very cleverly indeed, but still with comparative ease, into her net, whereas they had to step on to a platform from the top of the spring board before it shot down again—a much more difficult operation. However, there are other reasons, I confess, why I hesitate to add my voice to the acclaim that welcomes Zazel. Lulu, her predecessor in public favour, has been enough, and more than enough for me ; to think of the tender sympathy I wasted upon that engaging young woman (as I thought her), and then to find that she was all along (or at all events is now, so could have been) the *father* of two promising children ! It is perfectly monstrous that human interest should be excited under such false pretences. And how do I know that Zazel, instead of being a graceful feminine creature (the sister, it is said, of Lulu), enlisting the affections as well as the apprehensions of the sterner sex, may not be an undersized family man ?

SYLVANUS URBAN.



"I was going away," said Minola.

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MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN M^CCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"HE WRUNG BASSANIO'S HAND, AND SO THEY PARTED."

M^R. MONEY and Heron crossed the lighted and noisy enclosure in front of Westminster Hall, amid the rattling hansoms, the flashing lamps of carriages, the rushing and shouting of policemen, the cantering up of grooms with horses for the senators who were to ride home, the eager crowd going in, coming out, and hanging round generally, in the hope of seeing anything. They passed out of the enclosure, and across Parliament Square, and so into the road through the Park. A contrast was ready for them there. The place was all silent, dark, and lonely. Over the broad arid spaces that opened out before them, along by the Horse Guards and up to where the column on Waterloo Place could be seen faintly marking the dark grey sky with its darker grey, there were hardly any living figures but their own. Up to this time they had not spoken a word. Then Money began :

"That's turned out all right, Heron? You are satisfied, of course, with the way things went?"

"Oh, yes; everything turned out better even than I expected. I owe you a great deal for your part in it."

"That's nothing. They acted shabbily at first—the Government, I mean; but they always do; and it's all the better for you that they had to give in so completely. Your speech was capital; a complete success; everybody says so. You are all right, whether you choose to stay in Parliament or whether you don't."

"I don't know what I shall do," Victor said despondingly. He

was not thinking much now of his parliamentary success, or of his righted grievance. He knew that it was not to talk to him about such things that Money had brought him this way, and he waited for what he felt must be coming ; reluctant to hear it, longing to have it out and done with. There was a moment's silence ; then Money said, " Oh, you have time enough to think about all that ! "

This had reference to Victor's last answer. Victor had once more the pain of expecting that the real business was coming and of being deceived. Nothing more was said on that subject ; they walked on silent again. Victor was making up his mind to abridge his agony by telling Money that he knew what he had come to speak about, and begging that they might get to it at once ; when at last Mr. Money, after a cough or two, and one or two hasty hard puffs at his cigar, began to speak in a voice which made Heron quite certain that the real moment had arrived.

" About this little girl of mine—I am afraid, Heron, we have been getting into rather a false position, and I think we had better get out of it as soon as we can."

" Lucy has been speaking to you ? " Heron said, in the tone of one who has no defence to make.

" She has. She spoke out very sensibly, I think ; I am glad my little maid has so much sense. She has made up her mind."

" Made up her mind to what ? "

" She thinks that you and she would make a great mistake if you were to get married. You have both made a mistake already, and she thinks—and I think, Heron—it would be only making things infinitely worse, and incurable in fact, if you were to carry on the thing any longer."

" Why does Lucy think of this ? "

" She says she is convinced that between you and her there is not—well, that there is not that sort of love which would make it safe and happy for you to marry. She thinks that there is some one you would care more for if you had the chance, and who would care more for you—and, in short, she is resolved that you and she are both to be set free."

" Lucy never said a word of this to me—she never complained to me of anything—she never spoke of such a thing. Some one must have been telling her something——"

" I don't know anything about that—she has not told me, and, I have asked her no questions. I believe the truth is, Heron, that she fancies Miss Grey and you would be much better suited to each other, and that you made a sort of mistake when you thought of her,

and that she is now in the way between you and her friend ; and she is resolved not to be so any longer."

"If this is my fault——" Heron began.

"If it is your fault, Heron, it is partly my fault as well, and more mine than yours or hers——"

"Oh! as to her," Heron broke in, "what fault is there in her?—except that she fancied for a moment she could care about such a fellow as I am, wrapped up in my own trumpery affairs and my twopenny grievances. What other fault could there be in her?"

"Well, I know there is some fault in me—and I am the cause of all this, in a manner, at least. I made a dead set at you, Heron ; I confess it. I thought you would make a capital husband for my girl ; I own that I did my very best to throw you two together. Odd, isn't it, that a man should do such a thing? Her mother was as innocent of the whole affair as the child unborn. I was the match-maker. The plot was innocent enough, Heron ; for I should have done all the same if you had not sixpence in the world, or the chance of getting it ; I should have found the sixpences, if Lucy liked you and you her. I liked you, Heron, and that's a fact, and I do still ; and I thought you were the sort of man to whom I could trust my daughter's happiness when I left England, as I always knew I must do sooner or later, and went to live in a country which may be at war with this any day, heaven knows when or wherefore. I have grievances enough against the governments and the systems of this place, but I am Englishman enough to wish that my girls should both be married to genuine, loyal lovers of the old country. Well, I am disappointed ; but I see that I have myself to blame. I'll take Lucy to Russia with me ; she will not stay here, she says, although she might stay with her sister if she would."

Victor Heron groaned.

"I wish Lucy and you had never seen me," he said. "You have been the kindest friends to me that man could have—and this is how I make you amends!"

"Well," said Money, "in helping you on, of course I was playing a game of my own part of the time, for I thought I was pushing along a husband for my daughter. I don't blame you, Heron, one bit ; it would be out of the nature of things that a boy and girl should not fancy they were in love with one another who were thrown together, as I took care that Lucy and you should be. But, mind, I meant you to love each other really ; it was no part of my plan to marry my Lucelet to any man who was not deep and down-

right in love with her, and she with him. I never calculated on the possibility of both of you making a mistake."

"Then Lucy finds that *she* has made a mistake?" Heron asked, a strange light of hope burning up within him. If he could but think that Lucy wished of her own accord to be free of him, he felt that he could be happy once more.

"Yes," said Money gravely, "my daughter now thinks, Heron, that she has made a mistake. She does not think she is as much in love with you as she ought to be if you were to be married and to be happy; and I fancy she is a good deal relieved to know or to think that you are not in love with her. It will be a case of quits and good friends, I hope, Heron."

Victor was silent and thoughtful for a moment. He was stricken with amazement. It was, indeed, the profoundest relief to find that he was positively thrown over by Lucy. But who could have believed in such a sudden change? All that the worst cynics had ever said of woman could not equal this. There was something shocking in the thought that he might have been married to a girl so light of purpose. He could hardly believe it. Certainly, if anyone but Lucy's father had said it, he would have denied it angrily. Is it possible, he thought, that women generally can be like this?

"She has changed her mind very soon," Victor said; and there was a bitterness in his tone which he could not repress.

"Why she?" Money asked coldly. "Is she the only one? *You* made a mistake, Heron; so did she, it seems."

"Well, I am glad to know that Lucy will not suffer much by this; I am glad there is to be no breaking of hearts."

"On either side; yes, so am I. In truth, Heron, I don't mind admitting to you that I fear my little girl is not a very constant little person, and that she does not always know her own mind. Odd, too; for her mother was and is the most steadfast and devoted of women. But there's a great deal of stuff talked about the influence and example of parents and so forth. No, I don't think Lucelet is a girl who always knows her own mind."

"I should not have thought she was like that," Victor said.

"No; you would rather, I suppose, that she cried her eyes out when she found that you were not exactly as fond of her as she thought you ought to be? That's the way of us men, Heron, I suppose. But I don't mind saying that I am a little surprised, too; and I don't know that I am quite pleased. I am not sure that I wouldn't rather see my girl suffer a little of the heart-ache than have so little heart to suffer in. I shouldn't have thought it of her. But I remember

now that she used to be half in love with that Blanchet creature at one time. Well, she isn't like her mother in that way ; all the happier, perhaps, for her in the end."

They walked on for a while in silence. Each had enough of his own thoughts to occupy him.

"Oh ! one thing I ought to tell you," Money suddenly said, and he touched Victor lightly on the arm. "It may interest you by and by. When I first laid my plans for you, Heron—these plans that have turned out so successful—I had certain ideas of my own. I thought, perhaps, there was some one else who had a better claim on you than Lucelet, and I took some trouble to find out. I had it on the best authority, as the phrase goes, that there was no such person; I would not have moved a step otherwise. If I moved at all, it was because I was assured that the coast was clear."

"I don't think I quite understand——"

"No? I don't think you quite understood yourself at that time. Shall I put it plainer?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, as plainly as words can make it ! We have been playing at cross-purposes quite long enough."

"Very well," said Money coolly. "I talked to Miss Grey, and I asked her directly if she knew of anyone who was likely to be nearer to you than Lucelet. I tell you plainly I thought you were much more likely to care for her than for Lucelet, and that she was a girl far better suited to you. She knew perfectly well what I meant; and she answered me."

Even in the darkness of the night Victor knew that the blood was crimsoning his face. He groaned again.

"Yes, she answered me ; she told me she knew of no such woman. I believed her then, and I believe her now. I am sure that was what she thought then. It must be owned, Heron, my good fellow, that you don't seem exactly to shine in the art of knowing your own mind. You were very near making a nice muddle of this."

"I have made a nice muddle of everything. I am ashamed to look anyone in the face."

"You will get over that, I dare say. Don't make a muddle again, that's all. You are well out of this, and so are we. I am hardly sorry that Lucelet hasn't her mother's steady true heart when I think what she might have suffered. Well, that is all about it. We have said all we need to say, I think ; for the rest, the more silence the better."

"And I am dismissed?" said Heron, with a melancholy smile.

"You are dismissed. It is my daughter's wish that you and she

should see no more of each other, and under the circumstances it is mine. The thing is at an end."

"Will Lucy not even see me?"

"No; she is of opinion that it would be much better she and you should not meet again, and I think so too. She will always think of you with a friendly feeling, and so shall I. Nothing that has happened need make you and me anything but friends, I hope."

By this time they had reached the foot of the flight of steps that leads up to the column on Waterloo Place. They had been walking very slowly. Money came to a stand there as if they were to go no farther together.

"I am so confused by all this," said Heron, "I don't know what to say. I should like to ask Lucy to forgive me; I want to ask you to forgive me. I seem to myself like a criminal, and yet I think you ought to have been all more frank with me; I don't know. I am like one in a dream."

"Better remain in the dream for the present; the rights and wrongs of all this are too puzzling for you or me. All I know is, that the thing is over, and that I am disappointed, and that I feel somehow it serves me right. I bear you no ill-feeling whatever, Heron; I hope you feel the same to me. I liked you; we were good friends. I don't like many men; I am sorry to lose you, and the House of Commons, and my little Lucelet's settlement in life, which I thought was so secure, and I am glad she takes it so easily, and sorry she hasn't feelings a little deeper, perhaps; and altogether I'm somewhat in the condition of the man in the old proverb, who has lost a shilling and found sixpence, and so makes up his mind that things might have been worse."

"I don't see how things could very well have been worse," Heron said despondingly.

"Yes, they would have been a great deal worse if Lucelet and you had found out all this after you were married and not before, and I were away in Russia and couldn't look after my little girl any more. Not that you wouldn't be an excellent husband in any case, Heron, I'm sure, but it would not be the sort of thing we any of us wanted; and it would be too late to set things right then, and it is not now. That's how things might have been worse, Heron."

"There is something in all this I don't understand at all," Heron said vehemently; "I don't mean as regards you, Money, of course; but this sudden change of Lucy's. It isn't like her; I can't make it out——"

"My good fellow, would you have it otherwise? Do you want

to persuade Lucelet to change her mind again and to marry you? I tell you openly, that if there were the least chance of her doing so—which there is not—I would not allow her.”

“No, I don’t mean that; but I am sure she must have been told something about me—this is so unlike her——”

“What does all that matter? The affair is best left as it is. She says she will not marry you; you don’t want to marry her; I don’t want now that you should marry each other. In heaven’s name, what can we all do better than to say no more about it, and shake hands and part? Do you think it is a state of things that is likely to be any the better for asking the why and the wherefore of this and that? I don’t. It’s all over, Heron, and that’s the long and the short of it. I am going to a new country, and a new country is a new career, they say. I dare say you’ll hear some day of Lucelet being married to a Russian prince. Anyhow, think of us kindly as we shall of you, always, and if you can do anything here and I over there to keep the two countries on terms of friendship, let us do so, in God’s name, my boy. I don’t want to finish up my career by firing upon the old flag or failing to stand by the new one; and so good-bye.”

He held out his hand. Victor took it in silence. Indeed, he would have found it hard to say anything very coherent just then.

“Oh! by the way,” Money said, “I was near forgetting. You have a cigar-case about you?”

Victor produced his cigar-case.

“Give it to me,” Money said, “and take mine. It will be a friendly exchange, and will remind us of each other if we need any reminding. Here—that’s the cigar-case I had when we met and talked together that first night in Paris.”

Heron took the case and gave his own, saying, as well as he could, “And this is the one that I had then, too.”

“Ah, yes, I was in hopes it would be so. Well, that’s all right. You told me then I had better have nothing to do with you—don’t you remember?—because you were a man with a grievance.”

“I wish to heaven you had followed my advice.”

“No, no, Heron; don’t say that. You are not to blame for anything, and we were good friends, and we always shall be I hope, and we have had some pleasant times together, and I hope to hear lots of good news of you in every way. Well, good-bye, and whenever either of us pulls out his cigar-case to have a smoke, he can’t help thinking of the night we first talked together in Paris.”

“Yes,” Heron said, “and of the last night we talked together in London.”

Not another word was said. They shook hands again, and went their different ways. Money went up the steps to Waterloo Place, and Heron walked slowly along the dark road by the railings of the Park, hardly knowing indeed whither he was going. If, out of all the sudden confusion, some brighter way was likely to open upon him than that which he had of late been so darkly treading, it is only justice to him to say that he did not then think of that or of anything that directly concerned himself. For the moment he only thought of the voice which had always sounded so friendly in his ears since first he heard it on the balcony of the Paris hotel, which had never told him of anything but friendliness, and encouragement, and kindness, and which in all probability he was never to hear again. Had any other thoughts tried to force themselves into his mind, he would have resolutely put them away for that hour. The woman whom he loved would surely have been the last on earth to blame him, could she have known of it, because in that moment he gave up his thoughts to the friend he had lost.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A GENERAL BREAKING-UP.

WAS Lucy, then, really that fickle light-o'-love that her father had regretfully reported her to be? The answer is a little complex, as most answers are which seek to explain human character. She certainly was no light-o'-love in the sense of having actually changed in any of her personal devotion to Heron. She loved him very deeply, for the present; and her love was as likely to prove an abiding emotion if it had the chances in its favour as any sentiment entertained by a girl whose whole nature was affectionate and tender rather than strong. But she had for some time begun to doubt whether Heron was really devoted to her, and whether, if he were not so, they could be very happy together. She had begun to see that her presence was not necessary to his happiness. Many a time she had noticed that he always put aside his favourite topics when he came to talk to her. She had tried to get up such political subjects as she knew to be interesting to him, but she could not throw her soul into them; and, in spite of all that she could do, she saw that he began to think he was boring her when he talked of such things, and he persisted in turning to something else. There were times indeed, as we have already said, when Victor, stricken with a kind

of remorse because he did not love her more, became suddenly so attentive and so tender that Lucy was very happy. But even then she came by degrees to see that this, too, was only a coming down to her level, not a lover's rapturous delight in the society of her he loved. In truth, she had had the greatest desire of her young life gratified so far, and she found that she was not more happy but less happy than before. She began to look forward to the future with a deepening dread.

All this, however, was only a dim apprehension, such as might well trouble the soul of any girl about to enter into an entirely new way of life, and to give up her happiness into the keeping of one who was, after all, comparatively a stranger. Lucy had been so happy at home, so closely cared for, so tenderly loved by father and mother, that she might well feel a little doubt and sinking of the heart at the prospect of leaving for ever the nest in which she had been so sweetly sheltered. Her home life had almost no duties. She was only asked to be happy, and to love her father, mother, and sister; and she could not help doing all this in any case. It would not, therefore, be possible that she could look out with mere delight to the leaving of such a home. But if things had gone on in the ordinary course, she would, perhaps, have begun to think less and less of the danger of not being loved enough by her future husband; and once they were married, she would probably, after a few months, have ceased to think about the matter at all. For up to this time she had only feared that Victor Heron was not as much in love with her as she knew she was with him. The idea had not arisen in her mind that he might all the time be in love with some one else.

These fears and doubts came by fits and starts. There were bright days when she seemed to wake up in the morning with no fears and doubts at all. Such a day was that on which she expected and received the visit from Minola. The very evening before she had been tormented by serious alarms, and begun to think that she must lay open her doubts to some stronger intelligence than her own, and once for all take counsel. There was only one friend to whom she could trust such a confidence, and on whose heart and judgment she thought she could rely, and that was Minola Grey. She wrote to Minola therefore, begging her to come to Victoria Street and see her. This was the letter of which we have already heard, in which she insisted on seeing "dear darling Nola at once, at once," because of something "most particular" on which she wanted her advice "so much, oh, so much!" Strangely enough, when she had written the letter, and thus as she thought made up her mind to seek a confidante

and counsel, her doubts and dreads seemed to disappear at once. On the morning when she expected Minola she rose as happy as a bird. She was entirely her old self ; she had no doubts or alarms about anything. She felt as she used to do in the childish days when she thought her papa was the richest, greatest, and most powerful man in all the world, who could give his daughter anything she liked to have if it would be good for her. She was satisfied about Victor, about herself, about everything. She determined that when Nola came she would say nothing about the absurd notions that had been in her head and now were completely out of it, and that she would devise some excuse for having sent for Nola, and they would have a delightful day as of old, and she would talk a great deal to Nola about her coming happiness, and the gifts and graces of Victor ; and perhaps she would ask Nola whether it would be well for her, Lucy, to keep trying to get herself up in politics, or whether Victor would not rather be free of her embarrassing attempts to follow him up such steep and toilsome, not to say misty, heights ? She was so happy and so full of good-nature that she could not refuse her sister Theresa when the latter asked Lucy to go out with her for a short time.

Perhaps the least important person in this story came to be the one whose chance movement most deeply affected all the other persons in it. If Theresa Money had not asked her sister to go out with her that day, the lives of most of the persons we know in these pages would probably have turned out something quite different. Lucy could not refuse darling Theresa just when they were so soon to separate, in a manner at least, and she went out ; and when she came back Minola and Victor Heron were together.

She was so happy and in such high spirits. She loved them both so much. She wondered to see them, as she thought, not friendly enough to each other. She brought them together and made their hands clasp. Then she saw how the colour ran to Minola's face, and how her eyes fell, and how Victor Heron's lips quivered and his hand trembled. She looked from one to the other in surprise, and felt for the moment as if some strong electric influence had flung her forcibly out of a circle in which they two remained. Yet nothing came of it. They parted and went their way, as any mere friends might do. Lucy had not the faintest suspicion of any treachery. She was sure that she knew all that was to be known. She felt sure that if she was right in the terrible conjecture that came into her mind, it was a discovery for them as well as for her. But she could not persuade herself that she had not made a discovery. She was pierced through and through by the conviction that that one moment

had made a change in their lives which nothing on earth could repair. She was *distracte*, wild, almost hysterical, during the remainder of Minola's short visit; and Minola had not left her very long when Blanchet came and told the story he had to tell.

She did not doubt the literal truth of the story, but she did not interpret it in Blanchet's way. She was sure it was a chance meeting; but she was sure also that some words must then have passed between Minola and Victor which came of the unhappy contact she had forced upon them. Her truthful, genial soul got at the reality of things at once, and she saw Victor and Minola in the Park forming noble, disinterested plans of self-sacrifice and of utter silence for her sake. Then her mind was made up. She resolved to see her father at once and tell him that she would not marry Victor Heron; but she resolved, too, to take the burden of the change of mind wholly on herself. She would not make her father and mother unhappy by telling of her own unhappiness. If Minola and Victor were fond of each other, as now seemed but too sure, she would not offer to give Heron up in any way which might allow of a futile and barren rivalry in self-sacrifice. She would make it impossible for anyone to interfere with the course she had determined to follow. It was only wonderful to her now how she could have avoided seeing something of this before—how it never occurred to her that Minola would be a so much more suitable wife for Victor than she could ever be. Now it all seemed so obvious and clear. Now she understood the strange habitual chilliness which seemed to envelope, like an atmosphere, herself and Victor. Now she understood why their engagement, which she had so longed for, brought her so little happiness. Now her mind went back to that night when she first took Minola into her confidence, and told her of her love for Heron. She remembered how cold, and strange, and unlike herself Minola seemed then; and how from that very hour Minola had always seemed to avoid the company of Heron, with whom she had always before been so friendly; and how sometimes, as Lucy had seen with wonder, Minola had almost appeared to dislike him. "When I told her about myself," Lucy now felt certain, "she was already in love with him, and from that time out she only tried to hide it and to keep away from him."

Therefore Lucy made her sacrifice, such as it was. Let us not undervalue it, even though there had been growing up in her mind for some time a conviction that when she and Heron became engaged to each other it was the result of a sudden impulse—of an impulse rather from her than from him, and that it was a mistake. She still loved him, not indeed with the depth and strength of a more

vigorous nature, but very much. She would probably have been very happy if married to him. Her resolve was not the freak of fickleness, even if her love had not the depth of passion. For the hour, at least, she did not believe it possible she could ever love another man as she had loved Heron, and she never was more deeply impressed with this belief than in the moment when she made up her mind to say that she loved him no more.

Now the thing was done. Some days had passed over, and Lucy's family were all made aware of the change that had taken place, and of the necessity of turning public attention away from it as much as possible. They were making preparations for Theresa's marriage and for the removal to Russia. Lucy kept up her spirits remarkably well, and saw people as if nothing had happened. She even remained in the room with her mother one afternoon, when Lady Limpenny was announced, although a gentle shudder ran through her when she heard the name of the visitor. "She comes to find out all about everything," Lucy said despairingly, as Lady Limpenny rustled, fluttered, and rattled into the room, bringing with her the idea of what Heine called "a tempest in petticoats."

"My dearest Theresa, now do tell me, what is this that all the town is ringing with? I do so want to know, for it is so shocking to hear things said that one does not like to hear, and not to be able to say if they are true or false."

"What are the things, Laura?" Mrs. Money asked, in a voice the soft, deep melancholy of which had received from recent occurrences an additional depth of melancholy.

"Oh, well, everything—all sorts of things—you can't have any idea! Is it true that Mr. Money and you are going away to live in Russia?"

"It is quite true, Laura."

"And to be an enemy of this country, perhaps, when everybody says there is sure to be a war. I declare to you, darling Theresa, I felt when I heard it as if the end of the world were certainly coming. I do believe it is coming."

"I am sure I wish it would come quickly," Lucy interposed.

"Now, you dear, darling creature, why should you wish that? Of all persons in the world, you to wish that! Do tell me why you wish to have the end of the world come so quickly?"

"Because," Lucy answered coolly, "if the end of the world is to come at all, I should like it to come in my time; I should like to see it, Lady Limpenny."

"Oh, that's it? Oh, yes, yes! But I should be dreadfully afraid;

I should not have the courage ; you young people have so much courage. I am quite afraid to think of it. But it will come very soon, my dear, very soon ; you may depend on that. All the signs are there, I am told. Sir James laughs ; he only laughs—think of that ! But you are going to live in Russia, all of you, at once ?”

“ After Theresa is married,” Mrs. Money explained. “ She, of course, will not go with us.”

“ Of course not—of course not, dearest Theresa. And this darling girl whom I see before me now—does she go ?”

“ Yes, Lucy goes with us, of course.”

“ Indeed !” Lady Limpenny opened her eyes to their uttermost capacity of expansion at this answer, and she prolonged the first syllable of her “ indeed ” so that it resembled some linked sweetness of music long drawn out. When she had said the word once aloud she appeared to say it over two or three times to herself, for she turned and bowed her head with exactly the same wondering, inquiring expression which she put on when she indulged in her public demonstration of amazement.

“ Oh, yes ! Lucy goes with us, of course. She intends to pick up a Russian prince.”

This little pleasantry Mrs. Money had borrowed from her husband, believing it to be rather a subtle and clever device for throwing inquiring people off the scent.

“ Indeed ! A Russian prince. How very nice ! And to have a great many serfs, I suppose, like the lady in *Les Danischeffs*—only I know our dear young friend would not be quite so cruel ; and, besides, I believe there are no serfs now. But now tell me, you dears, how does our distinguished friend in Parliament—Mr. Heron, I mean—how does he like this ? Won’t he be apt to quarrel with the Russian prince ?”

“ Oh, dear, no !” said Mrs. Money ; “ why should he ?”

“ Why should he ? Oh, indeed ! Well, now, really, you do surprise me. Why should he ? Well, I should have thought—but of course you know best. And so you are all going to leave us, and to go to Russia ! And if there should be a war ? I thought Mr. Money was too much of a patriot——”

“ Mr. Money *is* a patriot,” his wife solemnly said ; “ he is too much of a patriot to be able to see his country degraded by an aristocratic system which is inconsistent either with her national progress or with the progress of humanity. England is not the English Government, Laura Limpenny. The English Government have always systematically denied to Mr. Money an opportunity of making his

genius serviceable to his country. His genius has no place in this land under such a system. He leaves England ; but he loves the land and the people ; it is against the system he protests."

"And you are willing to go, Theresa dearest?" Lady Limpenny asked, feeling herself quite unable to make head against the eloquence and power of this speech.

"I have urged him to go where he will be appreciated, Laura."

"Well, I shall miss you all, I am sure," Lady Limpenny said with a profound sigh ; "but these are the ways of life, I suppose. Such changes ! Our dear young friend the poet—I never can think of his name—do tell me, Lucy darling, what was the name of that very charming young man that I used to meet here."

"Mr. Blanchet?" Lucy said, not very graciously.

"Mr. Blanchet, of course. They tell me that he has left the country—gone to America, they say. He has gone to the far West ; that is in America, is it not?"

"But is this true?" Lucy asked. Her pale face coloured at the mention of the luckless poet's name. It had bitter associations for her.

"It is true, Lucy dear," her mother answered, looking at the girl with kindly, tender eyes ; "I had not time to tell you about it," she added significantly, meaning that she had not desired to bring up his name unnecessarily to poor Lucy. "He was anxious to go ; he thought he could make a career for himself out there, and he was anxious to get out of this anyhow ; and I spoke to your papa, and papa thought he had much better go as soon as possible ; and he helped him all he could, with letters of introduction and all that ; and he has taken his sister with him, and he is gone, my dear."

The helper of unhappy men did not mention the fact that the assistance she and her husband had given to Blanchet was not by any means confined to mere letters of introduction, although of these too he had goodly store.

Lucy withdrew to the window, and looked listlessly out. The poor poet ! Once she admired him greatly ; and the memories came back of that pleasant girlish time when he was a hero and a sort of god in her eyes. Lately, when he had acted with such treachery, and brought about such strange confusion, she had found some excuse for him because she fancied that perhaps it was disappointed love for her that had made him try to set her against Heron ; and although the result had been so sad for her, yet what woman during all the centuries before and since Lady Anne was born would not look with more lenient eye upon the treacheries that were done for love

of her? There was something of added loneliness in the knowledge that he too had passed beyond the horizon of her history.

"We hope he will do well in America," Mrs. Money said, "and perhaps become a great man one day, and come back to Europe and see his friends, who will be proud of his success, I am sure."

Lucy came forward again, and stood as it were in her mother's shadow. Lady Limpenny began again complacently:

"So you see, Lucy, darling, I was not wrong in all my news, and your mother knew this as well as I did. You see everybody *is* going away; and our young friend too with the odd, pretty name, the girl with all the lovely hair, you know—the hair that you tell me is really all her own. What is that pretty girl's odd name? I ought to remember it, I am sure."

Mrs. Money would much rather this pretty girl's name had not been brought up just then. But there was no escaping Lady Limpenny, and she quietly answered:

"You mean Miss Grey, Laura—Minola Grey?"

"Yes, to be sure; how could I forget that sweet, pretty, odd name? Minola Grey, of course. And she too has gone away and never means to come back any more, I am told."

"Minola Grey gone away?" Lucy asked in genuine astonishment. "It can't be, Lady Limpenny; why should she go away, mamma? Do you know anything of this too?"

"No, my dearest," her mother said; "I know nothing at all about it. Are you certain, Laura? It looks so unlikely, you know, that Minola Grey could go anywhere without letting us know something about it."

"Quite certain, darling Theresa. I have only just been at the young lady's lodgings, and so ridiculous I did seem, you can't think—oh! you really can't!"

Lucy looked as if she found no difficulty in thinking of Lady Limpenny making herself seem ridiculous.

"Because," Lady Limpenny explained, in answer to inquiring looks from Mrs. Money, "the very moment I got to the door I forgot the dear young lady's name. I could not remember it. I could only ask for the young lady. But of course they knew whom I meant, for there was no other young lady living there."

"Well, but about her—about Minola?" Mrs. Money asked with a little impatience.

"About her? Oh! yes, yes, to be sure. Well, my dear, they told me she had left that place and left London; and that they did

not expect her back any more ; they thought she was going to live abroad somewhere—Italy, I think."

" 'This is extraordinary," Lucy said. " I can't understand it, mamma ; I'll go at once and see if Minola has really gone."

" You'll find it all true, darling," Lady Limpenny affirmed, with a grave shake of the head. At first it did not seem to her a matter of great interest, for she assumed that Miss Grey had simply gone to live on the Continent with the knowledge of her friends. But now that there was evidently some mystery about it, she was disposed to make the utmost possible of the mystery, and to plume herself considerably on having been the first to find out the strange thing's occurrence. The truth was that Lady Limpenny had gone first to see Minola in the hope that, under pretence of paying her a gracious and friendly visit, she could induce Minola to tell her more about the Moneys and their present purposes than they would be likely to tell of themselves. Lady Limpenny was really very fond of the Moneys in her own way ; but she could not resist the anxiety to find out, if possible, something more about their affairs than they would wish to have known, especially since these affairs had become just now matter of rather common speculation. In Lady Limpenny's eyes, a friend was Mr. Money ; a greater friend was Mrs. Money ; but the greatest friend of all was, the truth—about their private affairs.

There was nothing more to be got now, however, about the affairs of the Moneys or of anybody else, and Lucy had announced her intention of going to find out something about Miss Grey. It was in Lady Limpenny's mind to offer her companionship, when a card was brought to Mrs. Money, who handed it to Lucy, saying significantly, " Mr. Sheppard, my dear ;" and Lady Limpenny decided at once to remain and see this visitor, about whom she had heard a great deal, and whom, from Mrs. Money's look, she at once assumed to be in some way an object of especial interest at the present moment.

Mr. Sheppard looked remarkably pale and perturbed when he entered the room. He had of late become well known to Mrs. Money, who always regarded him with a peculiar interest since the day, now seeming so long ago, when she heard from Mary Blanchet that he was a lover of Minola Grey. She knew too that her husband lately had leaned to the side of Sheppard as a possible husband for Minola, while she herself had in secret preferred the cause of Herbert Blanchet. She did not doubt that Mr. Sheppard's present visit had something to do with Minola and the strange story Lady Limpenny had been telling.

Mr. Sheppard explained that he had not at first had any intention of intruding on the ladies—no emotion or surprise could make him forego his formalism of manner—but that as he found Mr. Money was not at home, he had taken the liberty of paying them a visit. Both ladies expressed themselves as greatly delighted. Mr. Sheppard did not get much further, however, except into such matters as the weather and the debates in Parliament, and Mrs. Money made no effort to draw him into any closer converse. Lady Limpenny penetrated the meaning of this with that remarkable astuteness on which she prided herself, and which she was convinced could never be deceived. “They won’t speak before me,” she said in her own mind. “It’s something very serious and shocking; Miss Grey has gone off and married some dreadful person; or something has occurred which they don’t want me to know. But I’ll find it all out.”

She had nothing better for it at the moment, however, than to take her leave, which she did with many vows that they must all see a great deal of each other before they left England.

“Lady Limpenny is a very dear old friend of mine, Mr. Sheppard,” Mrs. Money explained, “but I did not wish to speak of anything concerning some of our friends in the presence even of her. You have come to tell us something about a very dear friend, Mr. Sheppard, have you not?”

“I have come rather to ask you for some information about a very dear friend,” Sheppard said, with white and trembling lips, as he rose from his seat and came near Mrs. Money. “I have come to ask you if you can tell me anything about Miss Grey?”

“Nothing at all, Mr. Sheppard, I am sorry to say. I thought you had come to relieve our anxiety. Is this true, this story we have just been hearing—is it true that she has left London?”

Sheppard looked from one woman’s face to the other. He was always naturally suspicious, and at first he could not believe it possible that they two were not in some plot against him.

“Don’t you really know?” he asked. “Don’t either of you ladies really know? Don’t you know where she has gone, nor why, nor anything about her? Is it possible she can have gone away from London and you not know?”

“I never heard a word about it until a moment ago,” Mrs. Money said. “I am all in amazement, Mr. Sheppard; I really felt sure that you knew, and were coming with some explanation from her, perhaps.” Mrs. Money had begun to think that perhaps for some inscrutable reason Minola might have consented to marry Mr. Sheppard, and gone down into the country or to Scotland to do it.

"From her," Sheppard said, with a sickly smile; "oh, no! I shall never be entrusted with a message from her. I only want to know now who is the person likely to be entrusted with such a message. I want you ladies to let me know the worst at once, if you can; it isn't any kindness to keep it from me."

Mrs. Money only repeated her assurances and her wonder. Lucy was standing with her eyes looking on the ground, and a faint colour in her cheeks. She did not know anything indeed, but she suspected that Minola's disappearance could in any case bode little good to the hopes of poor Sheppard. Mrs. Money glanced at her daughter with wondering, pitying eyes.

Sheppard turned to Lucy: "You were her friend, Miss Money—her dearest friend. It is impossible she can have left London for good without your knowing something of why she has done so. She could not be ungrateful; nobody that knew her could believe that of her. She must have told you—and you may tell me something. Don't think me rude or pressing; you can hardly understand my feelings, but still I would ask you to make allowance for them."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sheppard!" said Lucy gently, her eyes filling with tears, "I can perhaps understand your feelings; or, at least, I can make allowance for them. But I can't tell you why Nola has gone away, if she has gone away. She has not told me anything; only I am sure it was with some good purpose, and because she thought she was doing right—or was in some one's way—oh, indeed, I can't explain, and can hardly guess! But I do sympathise with you, Mr. Sheppard, if you will allow me to speak to you plainly and like a friend—and indeed—indeed, there is no use in your thinking of Nola. Don't be angry, mamma, and think that I am talking as a girl oughtn't to talk; I know what I am saying, and I would spare Mr. Sheppard useless pain if I could. Ah!——"

With a start and this exclamation she turned away, for a servant at that moment brought her a letter, and she saw that it was in the handwriting of Minola Grey. She left the room without saying another word.

"Your daughter knows something which she will not tell," Mr. Sheppard said gloomily.

"No," Mrs. Money answered; "she said she knew nothing; but she guesses something, perhaps, which she does not think it right to tell. It would be of no use asking her any more questions, Mr. Sheppard; and she is a good deal disturbed at present."

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Sheppard hastened to say; "I am quite aware of that: and I have to apologise again for intruding upon

you and her at such a time. I may perhaps be allowed to congratulate her and you on the happy marriage she is about to make with one who is so certain of distinction ; and indeed I had some hopes, perhaps, that her own happiness would render her only more ready to sympathise with one to whom the fates have been less kind."

"Allow me to remove a misconception, Mr. Sheppard," Mrs. Money said, turning her deep eyes on him and speaking in tones of double-distilled melancholy. "My daughter is not about to be married ; she is going to Russia with us ; any reports you may have heard to the contrary are entirely untrue."

"But—I beg your pardon," the aghast Sheppard asked ; "is it possible?—is it not true that Miss Money is to be married to Mr. Heron?"

"It is not true, Mr. Sheppard ; distinctly not true. Whatever thoughts of that kind may once have existed, exist, I can assure you, no longer. Miss Money is not going to marry anyone—at present, at least ; she is going to Russia with her father and me."

"Then I see it all ! I need not ask any more explanations, and I have only to beg pardon again for having intruded upon you. I see it all now only too clearly ; I see that I have thrown away half my life for nothing, and been made a fool of all the time—and this is the end!"

Mrs. Money looked at him in wonder. He was white with anger and excitement. She did not understand him in the least. She had not yet been told the full reason of the breaking-off of the engagement between Lucy and Heron, and knew no more than that Lucy now thought she did not care about him. Her mind was therefore filled with a certain pity for the discarded lover whom she pictured as suffering greatly in secret, and the meaning of Sheppard's words was lost on her. When with a formal bow he quitted the room, she could only think that his disappointment in love must have somewhat disturbed his brain.

Mr. Sheppard went and walked the Victoria Embankment for hours. He was very angry, bitter, and miserable ; and yet he was in his secret heart longing to know the worst. He began to be ashamed of the manner in which his life was wasting away in fruitless pursuit of a girl who he now saw could not be made to care for him. If the worst were over he thought he would begin to shake off some of his passion and be like a man again. The worst in his eyes was what he now felt an almost perfect assurance that he was soon destined to hear—the news that Minola Grey and Victor Heron had been married. Why they should have chosen to do this in secret, and by means of a sort of flight, instead of in the open light of day,

Mr. Sheppard could not guess ; but he felt sure that that would be, or was already, the end of all that long chapter of his existence. How much of his passion had been pure, unselfish love, and how much the eager desire of a self-conceited and ambitious man to succeed in something he had greatly set his heart upon, Mr. Sheppard did not himself know, and had never asked of his consciousness. There were moments, as we know, but as he did not know, when perhaps if chance had set him on to say the right word, or even to present himself at the right instant, he might have found himself in possession of his dearest hope ; and made some one else, and perhaps himself, unhappy for life. But the fates had been in league with himself against him ; and he was at last growing weary of the long pursuit in which, like the people in a dream who fain would run but cannot, he found some vague, insuperable obstruction always keeping him back. He was growing ashamed of himself. It was not in his nature voluntarily and manfully to give up so long as there seemed to him the faintest possibility that in any moment of good fortune on his side, or of weakness on Minola's, he might yet be successful. But in that bitter evening of disappointment and rage which followed his visit to Mrs. Money, he did think many a time that it would be a relief to him when the worst was known ; that he would become a different man when all this tormenting hope and futile struggle was at an end ; and that he might be able to take up his life again and turn it to better purpose. It will be a source of consolation to all tender natures to know, that after all Mr. Sheppard is not likely to die of a broken heart even if he should lose Minola Grey.

Meanwhile Lucy in her room had read the letter from Minola. It was a letter which it had cost much pain to write and surely gave much pain to read. It was full of the proud humiliation of a spirit that not willingly humbles itself, but which, brought face to face with the duty, does it to the full. Only one who like Lucy knew already most of the story it had to tell could well have understood all or half it meant to say. Minola took much for granted ; she was speaking only to the heart of her friend. She spoke in the briefest manner possible of her meeting with Heron in the Park, and of what Blanchet had told Lucy and had told her about it. She assumed that Lucy would know there was nothing in that chance meeting of which anyone had to be ashamed—except indeed the unworthy friend who had misconstrued it, and over him, too, Minola passed with the fewest words. What the letter was meant to tell was that Minola had determined to leave England, and not to return for many, many years ; making, no pretence at concealment of the truth that she did so

because of an unhappy, a long-cherished, and a long-hidden love. Long since she would have gone away, Minola said, but that she dreaded to have her secret guessed at, and believed she could otherwise conceal it for ever. So far as the letter told, it was but the unhappy love of the writer for a man she could not marry. No word in it hinted at the possibility of the unhappy love being unhappily too well returned. Minola's only thought still was to keep Lucy and Victor Heron together.

"So now, dear, dear Lucy, good-bye. I shall only be a day or two more at Keeton, and shall merely rush through London on my way outwards, so that I shan't see you any more for the present. But we shall meet again some time, when I have got over all this, and am not ashamed of myself or of you any more ; and we shall be friends, as we are. I could say ever so much more, but to what end, dear ? I leave you to do with my wretched secret as you please ; to hide it or proclaim it just as you like ; only I can't claim for this mood of mind even the courage of desperation or the merit of self-inflicted penance, for I know well enough all the time how very safe it is in your dear little kindly hands. Say whatever you think right for me in the way of good-byes and of good wishes to your father, and mother, and sister, and to anyone else you think fit ; you could not possibly say anything too strong in the way of affection and gratitude from me to all who are close to you and whom you love.

"Always, dear Lucy, your friend,

"NOLA."

As soon as she could do anything for her tears Lucy sat down and wrote a few lines to Victor Heron, telling him that Nola was at Keeton, and that if he went there at once he might find her before she left England, and bidding him go to her, and wishing her and him all happiness. This letter she gave to a servant, telling him to take a hansom cab and find Mr. Heron wherever he was, and give it to him. Then Lucy quietly came downstairs and sat by her mother's side, and whispered to her :

"Mamma, I am ready to go to Russia now any time. I think we shall be much happier there than here."

The letter found Victor Heron in a sort of despair. He had written to Minola, and got no answer ; he had gone to her old place, and found that his letter was still lying there. Nothing was known of Minola, except that she had left London, that she was not expected there any more, and that it was supposed she had gone to live "in France, or Italy, or somewhere ;" and that Mary Blanchet had gone with her brother to America.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"WHERE I DID BEGIN, THERE SHALL I END."

WHEN Minola began to realise the fact that Mary Blanchet had actually left her, and that she was now for the first time alone in very deed, an utter sense of desolation came over her. It showed itself first in the shape of complete inaction. She sat down and moodily thought, and seemed to have nothing else to do. She had never before understood how completely helpless a woman may become, nor how much she is compelled by the necessities of her being, or by the social laws, or by all together, to be a dependent creature. The falling off of Mary Blanchet seemed to be the last blow. She had now not a friend left in London, not a friend indeed in the world, to whom she could turn for guidance or comfort. The mere physical sense of loneliness was something hardly to be borne.

She ought to have found consolation, perhaps sufficient, in the knowledge that she had done no wrong, and that her troubles, such as they were, had not been the result of any fault of hers. But it is to be feared that Minola did not belong to that class of persons whose well-regulated minds can always show them when they have done no wrong, and who can therefore wrap themselves up in their comfortable mantle of self-satisfaction and go to sleep, as Byron did on the deck of the vessel when the storm was raging and he found that he could neither help nor hinder. Minola kept racking her mind to know whether she had not in some way done wrong, and been thus to blame for the troubles that had come on her and on so many of her friends. She felt as if in some way she must have done wrong to Lucy Money. Even when she found herself breaking into tears at the defection of Mary Blanchet, she went on asking herself whether there must not be something strangely defective in her own nature, seeing that she could not keep even poor Mary, for whom she had done so much, still faithful to her.

One thing was clear to her during all her depression ; and it was that, as soon as she could rally enough of mental strength to do anything, she must efface herself from the association of the few friends she had known in London. She must absolutely take herself away from those to whom her presence henceforth could only be an embarrassment. All her scheme of lonely and proud independence had been a disastrous failure ; and her only business now was to get out of it with the least harm to those she still so much loved. If she were absolutely gone out of sight and reach of Lucy and Heron, all, she thought,

might yet come right. The suddenly discovered love of Heron and her, too early seen unknown and known too late, would be but an episode in his life, to be looked back upon hereafter with kindly, unembittered emotion. For herself she should at least have always the sweet memory that she had loved and been loved when she was young.

She prepared, therefore, after one miserable night, for what she called effacing herself. She had determined to go and live in Rome. It became more and more an idea of hers that she would be able to find peace in Rome—that refuge to which so many sick hearts are always turning, they know not why. But in the mean time there must be arrangements made for enabling her project of living at Rome to be conveniently carried out. The best thing, therefore, that she could think of was to go down to Keeton and consult the lawyer in the hands of whose firm the yet unarranged affairs of her father and herself remained. She had a pleasant recollection of a motherly, kindly woman, his wife, who showed a deep interest in her during her last visit to Duke's-Keeton—that visit which was fraught with such momentous consequences. She thought, too, she would be glad to have a look at Keeton for the last time; it should, she felt resolved, be the very last time. Wherever she might go afterwards, whether she remained in Rome or wandered on to some other resting-place, she was determined that she would not return to England. She remembered one or two pleasant girls in the lawyer's house; and she thought that they would help her among them to make her arrangements, and get her some intelligent, well-brought-up Keeton lass, who would like to travel and see the world, and be her maid and companion, and who would have no brother, or sweetheart, or other male attraction of any kind whose memory must be dragged at each remove a lengthening chain. It would not take long to make these arrangements, and then she would efface herself from England for ever.

She would write, of course, to Lucy and to her mother. But not, she thought, until she was fairly out of London, and so far on her way to her project of self-exile. It would be idle to try to ignore what had happened, and to go to see the Moneys and try to make them believe, or to seem as if they believed, that she was leaving England simply because she had taken a whim for travel. All that would be absurd now. For her own sake and the sake of all others concerned she had only to go out of England as soon as possible, and begin for the second time a new life. Her arrangements for leaving town were soon made; and one soft spring evening she found herself straining her eyes from the window of a railway carriage for a last look at the London of her dreams and hopes.

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She found in Keeton all the welcome and kindness she had expected. She had no trouble in making her arrangements to go to Rome. She even went and paid a visit of friendly farewell to Mr. Saulsbury, and was civilly received, and tried at first to think the civility was warmth. But it soon grew plain, even to her disturbed powers of observation, that Mr. Saulsbury regarded her resolve to visit Rome as only a preliminary to her passing over altogether to the faith of Rome, and therefore could not bring himself to receive her on any terms of cordiality. He seemed now such an absurd old person to Minola, that she wondered how she could ever have been so foolish as to have any misunderstanding with him, or to complain of anything he said or did.

She left him, never in all probability to see him again. He felt convinced that he had impressed her rather profoundly at this their final interview, and trusted that even in Rome itself some of his severe admonitions might remain in her memory and ring in her ears.

She wrote to Lucy the letter we have already heard of ; and then she began to feel as if she had taken leave of all the breathing world, and were about to enter a tomb. If she had ever been of the faith which so alarmed poor Mr. Saulsbury, it is certain that she would have gone to Rome with the resolve to shelter herself within one of its sanctuaries.

A day or two passed away ; and she was almost on the eve of her going. She meant to travel so as to reach London at night, and only to drive from one station to another, and cross to the Continent at once. She got out a map of Rome many a time and tried to study it, as once she used to study the map of London, in order that when she arrived there she might not be a stranger. But she could not recall the old spirit ; and for fellow-traveller now she had not her friend Mary Blanchet, but a pretty and red-cheeked Keeton girl, who felt no manner of curiosity about Rome or any other place.

One farewell she had to make, which could not be dispensed with. She must see the park and the Mausoleum for the last time. She must be alone there. She must sit once more on the steps of that monument, and think of the past days there, and say it a good-bye for ever. She had been very sad there, and the sadness endeared it to her now ; she had had sweet dreams and bright hopes there, and the place where they had floated round her was sanctified like the spot where some ones we have loved lie buried.

It was a calm, beautiful evening as she passed through the streets and into the park. The business of the town, such as it

was, was still going on, and she knew that she was likely to have the trees all to herself for more than an hour to come. She went on to the Mausoleum and met no one.

The voices of the woods were sweet, musical, and melancholy in her ears. She allowed the influence of the scene and its memories to sink into her soul. As she sat on the steps of the monument, she seemed to pass through a series of experiences as long drawn out as those of the Persian king in the story, who during his moment's plunge in the water lived whole years of trial, and toil, and love, and loss. It was strange, and sweet, to close her eyes, and in the murmur of the trees to fancy that she heard the laugh of her brother as he and she played together in the old time that now for the moment seemed to-day again. Then there came back to recollection her girlish days ; her romantic fancies and hopes ; the heroes of her imaginary, harmless loves ; the weary home-life when no one within the four walls that were assumed to constitute her home appeared to care for her any more. And then Mary Blanchet, so kind, and quaint, and good ! Ah ! but if our lonely heroine meant to enjoy the dreamy, half-sensuous delight of her hour among the trees and the associations of her childhood, she ought not to have allowed any memory of Mary Blanchet to steal in among the recollections ; for with that name came all the rest : came the names of the friends she had lost ; came with such intensity of regret the thought of the one man whom she had so deeply loved, and whom she must never see more. One little moment of acknowledged love, one moment with a bitterness of secrecy and shame mingled in its passionate, fleeting joy—and this was all, and all was over ; and she was going away to lead a lonely life of renunciation and repression, and never to know one ray of happy love. It was hard ; she was so very young. She covered her face with her hands, and gave way to a passion of tears. But her tears, even in their starting, brought a new and painful memory with them—the memory of the day when she sat on those very steps before, and was resolved to leave Keeton, and go to be independent and happy in London ; and when poor Sheppard came up through these very trees and tried to make her love him. Her heart was softened to him now. He and she were in a manner companions in misfortune. She reproached herself now for having been cold, and sarcastic, and bitter to him that day. She wondered how she could have found it in her heart to be so hard and unkind to anyone who loved ; and she felt inclined to own that she deserved any fate that might have come on her since she had been so unsympathetic with others. She still kept her head down and her face hidden in her

hands, and was ashamed, reluctant to look up and meet the soft, un-pitying brightness of the sun. But she suddenly seemed to hear a sound among the trees that made her start, and she raised her face all flushed and tear-stained as it was, and, with her eyes glittering in grief and alarm, looked eagerly to see if anyone was coming, and if she must fly from her refuge. The last day when she sat in tears there, she was disturbed by the coming of poor Sheppard. He at least was not near to trouble her now. Yet her face kept its shamed and startled expression. Her quick ears had surely caught some sound which did not belong to the rustlings and murmurings of the woods, every distinct voice of which she knew and could assign to the oak, or the beech, or the chestnut, or the plane that owned it. She stood up, ready to escape if anyone should be coming. Yes, surely that was the decided, rapid sound of some one approaching through the wood. She stood in startled attitude, ready for flight, looking more handsome even than usual in her embarrassment and alarm. Up through that very path before her came poor Sheppard that day. See, there actually was some one coming—a man ; she could see him plainly. He was far enough away yet to allow her to make the most dignified retreat possible before he could reach the steps of the Mausoleum. Did she try to escape? No ; she stood still ; still as a statue, although not indeed so pale—her face crimsoned with wonder, dread, insane hope, all unspeakable emotion. “ Am I losing my reason ? ” she asked. She did not know whether to advance or escape now ; and she could not stand any longer, but sat or fell on the steps of the Mausoleum, and waited there for what was to happen. For there was no longer any possibility of mistake or doubt ; and it was Victor Heron himself who was coming with rapid steps towards her.

He was breathless when he came up to her.

“ I knew I should find you here,” he said, and he flung himself on the steps of the Mausoleum beside her.

“ Where is Lucy—has anything happened ? ” she stammered.

“ Many things have happened that concern you and me ; I’ll tell you all, only I must say this first—I am free to tell you how I love you, and to ask you to forgive me for not saying this long ago, when I ought to have known it ; and I have so much to say—and——” and seated beside her he threw his arm round her, and tried to draw her towards him.

“ But Lucy, where is Lucy ? ” Minola asked, still endeavouring to retain her self-command and to withdraw from his clasp.

“ It was Lucy who told me you were here, and sent me to you.

No, Minola, you shall not get away from me now; no more cross-purposes! I have come for you. You do love me? You will not send me away? No; I'll never leave you again."

"I was going away," said Minola, trembling, and still bewildered, and hardly knowing what she and he were saying. "I was going away to Rome for ever, to avoid you all, and leave you and Lucy to be happy and free;" and the tears came into her eyes again, and she could not say any more.

"Oh, you shan't go to Rome, or anywhere, unless I go with you!" he said; "but I have so much to tell you. Can you listen now, and understand, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, I can; I am not so absurd!" she answered; feeling, nevertheless, very absurd—if it is absurd to be greatly agitated under the influence of a sudden hope that even yet seems a bewildering impossibility.

Then he began to explain in very rapid and incoherent manner, and with his natural vivacity and impetuosity intensified a hundred-fold by the emotions of the moment. Much of what he said only she could well have followed or even guessed at; some of it she allowed to pass by without quite understanding it. The burden of it all was clear, however: Lucy had found out that she did not really love him, and the breaking off of the engagement had come from her and her father. Heron was absolutely free.

They talked together for a long time. It was strange; he did not, after the few hurried utterances of the first breathless moment, say one word about their becoming man and wife. That was understood and settled somehow without any further speech. Only when he had done his explanation, and made repeated protestations of his sorrow for his own blindness and stupidity, and had declared half-a-dozen times over that she was the most generous creature living to forgive him and endure him, he at last drew her to him and kissed her—and their compact was made.

There were many little intervals of silence. Now that the first rush of surprise and emotion was over, the lovers were rather shy of each other in their new relations.

"I am distressed about Lucy in all this," Minola said. "I wish she could be happy as well as I."

Then she became thoughtful, and glanced inquiringly into Heron's face. She wondered if he had any glimpse of the suspicion that was strong in her mind, and that filled her eyes with new tears, and made her think of Lucy as a heroine of romance and a benefactress. No, he had clearly no such thought.

"Dear, sweet, brave little Lucy!" broke from Minola's lips.

"Yes, yes," Victor said, looking up with sparkling eyes, "wasn't it spirited and sensible of her? She found that she really **could not** care about me, and she had the courage and truthfulness to **say so**. Why, another girl would have been afraid of being thought **fickle**, and would just have let the thing go on and made us both unhappy for life."

Minola remained silent for a moment. Some day, she thought, she would speak with him of all that again, but not now.

"I have to go back to town to-night," he said. "I shall leave Keeton at seven, and be in the House in time for the division."

"I think," she said hesitatingly, "I should like to go to Rome still; I should like to be away from London and from all the people we know for a little."

Heron thought for a moment.

"It would be better, perhaps," he said decisively. "I shall be free in a few days, and I will go to you there. Besides, how glorious to be married in Rome!"

She did not speak. Her heart and eyes were too full. After a moment she rose.

"We must go," she said.

They both looked around them at the scene, the trees, the paths, the Mausoleum, in silence. Victor, however, gave his looks after a moment to her upturned beautiful face.

"You are happy, dearest?" he asked, not doubtingly, but for reassurance of the happiness he felt.

"Oh, yes, only too happy! I cannot realise it—yet."

"And you don't dislike men any more?"

"No," she answered with a brightening face; and added, "Nor women either," for she was still thinking of Lucy.

"No more Miss Misanthrope?" he said, and he drew her towards him again.

"No more," she replied, with a blush and a smile; and, hardly knowing what she did, she kissed him.

Then he gently drew her arm within his, and, as the evening was beginning to fall, they went out of the park together.

The End

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.¹

NOWHERE is evidence of that irony of fate on which Solomon and Sophocles alike insist more abundantly supplied than in the history of Rabelais. Though the boldest and most outspoken of the reformers of his age, Rabelais escaped the perils to which less ardent spirits succumbed, and sailed lightly over the seas of persecution in which his friends and associates were engulfed. Of the small circle of his intimate acquaintance during his residence at Legugé, the court of the Bishop of Maillezais, or at Montpellier while prosecuting his studies in medicine, one, Etienne Dolet, was tortured first, then hanged, and lastly burned on the Place Maubert in Paris; a second, Bonaventure Despériers, the author of the "*Cymbalum Mundi*," committed suicide through fear of a similar fate; Marot, a third, after undergoing repeated imprisonment, died in banishment at Turin; and Calvin, whose intimacy with Rabelais is a matter of assumption rather than of knowledge, closed in exile at Geneva an existence in the course of which he had experienced, as well as administered, most forms of persecution. Not less active than the enemies of Dolet or of Despériers were those of Rabelais. Against him were arrayed, not only the Parliament and the Sorbonne, each of them more orthodox than the Pope or the Church, but in his later days, when his life or freedom was in most constant jeopardy, the literary circle composed of Ronsard and his followers, and known as the *Pléiade*; the whole fraternity of the monks whom Rabelais had

¹ When reference is made to the French text the edition employed is that of Esmangart and Eloi Johanneau, known as the *Edition Variorum*, 9 vols. (Paris, 1823). This edition, though overlaid with notes, supplies a clear and intelligible text. The English translation is that of Urquhart and Motteux (*Chatto & Windus*). Among the principal sources whence facts are drawn are: "*Rabelais et son Œuvre*," by Jean Fleury (Paris, 1876); "*Rabelais, la Renaissance et la Réforme*," by Émile Gebhart (Paris, 1877); "*Recherches Bibliographiques et Critiques sur les Éditions originales des cinq Livres du Roman satirique de Rabelais*," by Jacq.-Ch. Brunet (1852); Geruzez, "*Histoire de la Littérature Française*" (1863); Lenient, "*La Satire en France*" (1866); Sainte-Beuve, "*Causeries du Lundi*"; Réaume, "*Les Prosateurs Français du Seizième Siècle*" (1869); Littré, "*Littérature et Histoire*" (1875); and the works of La Bruyère, Voltaire, Philarette Chasles, Coleridge, &c. &c.

attacked with that intimate knowledge that made him

a thorn

Intestine far within defensive arms ;

and, to a certain extent, his own profession of the physicians, which in his satire he had not wholly spared. Not to be despised were any of these foes. How bitter were literary quarrels is known to the student of history, and is proven by the facts that the fate of Etienne Dolet was assignable in part to heresy in his views upon Cicero, and that the materials for his condemnation were extracted from his translation of Plato.

To what cause, then, may be attributed the comparative impunity with which the boldest and most formidable adversary of the Papacy launched his satires? It is necessary to use the qualifying word "comparative," since Rabelais, though he died in peace and in honour, did not wholly escape from the fangs of the bigots. Again and again he had to fly from one city to another, now hurrying to Rome, where, strange as it may seem, views concerning heresy were more tolerant than elsewhere in Catholic Europe, now hiding himself and living by his profession at Metz, making friends at one time with the King and at another with the Pope, and seeking always the patronage of the more liberal among the French prelates. That protection was always forthcoming was due to the fact that he sheltered himself behind the robes of a jester, and that he never failed to move the laughter of those to whom he appealed for shelter or patronage. Had his animal spirits been less sanguine, or his grimaces less extravagant, he would soon have changed the cap and bells for the *san-benito*. Dolet and Despériers were both, like him, satirists, and both, like him, had influential protectors, the former finding in Francis I. a friend who did not desert him until he was convicted of absolute heresy, and the second being *valet de chambre* to Marguerite de Navarre. Yet in neither case was the protection accorded sufficient to hold at bay the enemies whom the biting irony of the one or the scarcely concealed deism of the other had provoked. The unquenchable gaiety of Rabelais, however, kept upon his side the laughers, and these in France were the majority. His satire attacked, as a rule, institutions and classes of men rather than individuals. In the rare cases in which a living person was depicted and could be recognised, it was generally one from whom Rabelais had to fear nothing more than a literary *riposte*, and for this he was always prepared. Meantime he held up to ridicule both sides

indiscriminately, classing with the indolent and depraved monks "les moines ocieux," and with the *papimanes*, *papelards*, and *patespelues*—the blind adherents of the Papacy—the "prédestinateurs, imposteurs et séducteurs," by which terms he speaks of the Calvinists. In one case, indeed, he mentions Calvin by name, alluding to the "démoniacles Calvins *imposteurs de Genève*." The English version omits this name, together with the mention of Geneva, the passage being translated as follows:—

"Since that she" (anti-physic or anti-nature) "begot the hypocritical tribes of eaves-dropping dissemblers, superstitious pope-mongers, and priest-ridden bigots, the frantic pistolets, the scrapers of benefices, apparitors with the devil in them, and other grinders and squeezers of livings, your mad herb-stinking hermits, gulligutted dunces of the cowl, church vermin, false zealots, devourers of men, and many more other deformed and ill-favoured monsters, made in spite of nature." —Book iv. chap. xxxii. p. 469.¹

Steering clear, then—with very arduous exertion, it must be confessed—of the rocks of heresy, Rabelais sailed into the harbour of success, and died, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least in the discharge of priestly functions. Before his body was cold his enemies began their triumph, and the monks, whom as obscene beasts he had presented at the death-bed of Rondibilis, the physician, circulated every species of calumny concerning him. The device of the priest, who, when no contradiction can be feared, asserts that a man whose life has been spent in hostility to superstition dies penitent or in the midst of horrors, had not then become familiar, and the story among the opponents of Rabelais found real or pretended credence.

Meantime, while laughing himself and causing laughter in others, Rabelais had a serious purpose, which he never forsook. What that

¹ The original passage is as follows :—"Depuis elle engendra les matagots, cagots et papelars : les maniacles pistolets, les démoniacles Calvins imposteurs de Genève : les enraigcz Putherbes, briffaulx, caphars, chattemites canibales, et aultres monstres difformes et contrefaits en despit de Nature." Vol. vi. p. 309. The omission of some epithets and the mistranslation of a portion of the sentence are assignable in part to intention and in part to oversight. From the edition of 1596 the reference to Calvin is struck out, and in three editions which appeared in Lyons in the sixteenth century the words "démoniacles chiquanous, et racleurs de bénéfices" are substituted. Urquhart's share in the translation did not extend beyond the first three books. Motteux, who is responsible for the remainder, was a Huguenot refugee, and, in spite of the license he allowed himself in language, a staunch Protestant. He followed accordingly the editions which omitted the condemnation of Calvin. That an allusion was intended by Rabelais to Gabriel de Puy-Herbaut, a monk of Fontevault and his bitter enemy, Motteux failed to see. He calls him accordingly "a mad, herb-stinking hermit." The real rendering should be "a well infected with herbs that produce madness." The entire passage is loosely translated.

purpose was will shortly be seen. As it comprised an arraignment of most forms of existing authority, and included in one sweeping condemnation Papal claims, monarchical practice, ecclesiastical assumption, and scholastic pretension, it was only less dangerous than absolute heresy. What, then, was the special protection that Rabelais enjoyed, that enabled him to escape the fate of his fellows in an age when, according to the testimony of a contemporary,

Chacun, pour cacher son malheur,
S'attache le ris au visage
Et les larmes dedans son cœur?

It was his coarseness. As Coleridge says in his "Table Talk," "you will observe that, after any particularly deep thrust—as the 'Papimania,' for example—Rabelais, as if to break the blow, and to appear unconscious of what he has done, writes a chapter or two of pure buffoonery. He, every now and then, flashes you a glimpse of a real face from his magic lantern, and then buries the whole scene in mist"—and stink, Coleridge might have added. It must be admitted that the unsavouriness of Rabelais is unutterable and indescribable, and it is difficult to believe that he took no pleasure in the details he multiplied. A man, however, has cause to prize a cloak by aid of which he dwells unmolested in times of trouble and escapes with clothes unsinged from the fires of persecution which surround him.

Strange, however, it is that the dirt—there is no other word for it—which saved the man from the flames has almost been the means of consigning thither his books. I speak, of course, of England alone. A society that at one time, through its officers, fell into the error of supposing itself a censor of literature, discovered that Rabelais was unclean, and essayed to limit or suppress the circulation of the English edition of his works. It sought, and in part succeeded, since the edition of the English translation in "Bohn's Library" has been withdrawn by its publishers. The days are not yet reached when the greatest intellect of the Renaissance can be suppressed, nor is the world willing to sacrifice at the bidding of prudery the written words of its wisest men. An effort to suppress Rabelais is sure accordingly to arouse opposition. The fact, however, that men who rushed to the defence of Rabelais have incurred charges not unlike those to which the great teacher was himself subject, supplies a reason, were none other extant, why they should vindicate their faith in him and place him in the position he is entitled to hold. An explanation of the leading ideas by which Rabelais was animated is all for which a magazine affords

space. A volume is necessary in order to present to the world an analysis of his method and an insight into his merits.

Rightly to estimate the position and influence of Rabelais, it is necessary to take into account the state of society at the period of his advent. That intellectual fervour which in England attained its climax in the reign of Elizabeth had already commenced, and the two great movements of the Renaissance and the Reformation began with him, accompanied him, and, so to speak, attended upon his progress. Assuming to be correct the date of 1483, which is most frequently advanced as that of his birth,—though, according to other computations, the event must have taken place a decade later,—we find that the same year witnessed in Germany the birth of Luther and in England the publication by Caxton of the first vernacular version of the Lord's Prayer. Machiavelli was at that time fourteen years of age. Erasmus, two years older, was in a monastery in Brabant. Ariosto had attained his ninth year, and Pico della Mirandola and Angelo Poliziano were near the close of their careers. Bembo was cultivating the poetical vein which was to procure him a cardinal's hat; Savonarola was still at Ferrara, where his preaching electrified the crowd, and had not yet gone to Florence to meet the fate of a revolutionary and a heretic. Galileo, at Pisa, was confuting by practical experiments some of the scientific theories of Aristotle, and laying the foundation of his future discoveries. Printing, still in its infancy, was strangling in its cradle, like a young Hercules, the snakes of ignorance and superstition; and Columbus was pressing upon the King of Portugal the expediency of exploring that western route to India the search after which, a few years later, was to bring about the discovery of America.

Everywhere the blood of nations was stirring—

Brisk as the April buds in primrose season—

and everywhere was commencing that fury of study which was to shake to its foundations the huge edifice of ecclesiastical empire. Already the perusal of the writings of the ancients had begun, and the armies of the Reformation were gathering before Luther summoned them to battle. More than a century before this time Wicliffe in England, and Huss in Bohemia, had exposed the abuses and crimes of the Church, while the evil practices and base lives of the monks were the subjects of bitter and incessant satire.

Like most of those who took an active part in upsetting the power of the Papacy, and letting the light of day into the darkest caves of monasticism, Rabelais was at one time a monk. It

seemed indeed necessary for a man to have had a practical experience of the baseness of monastic life to know how prejudicial to social welfare was the prolonged existence of conventual institutions. Most circumstances in the life of Rabelais are wrapped in more or less of mystery. It is less, however, from want of materials than from excess that the student suffers. There appears to have been a competition on the part of friends and enemies as to which should narrate the most absurd and preposterous stories concerning him. Like most wits, he found himself the centre of the floating gossip of the day, and every unfathered joke was fastened upon him with as much certainty as it would have been fastened upon Foote in England during the past century or upon Theodore Hook in the present. Malignity, however, contributed in the present case as much matter as gossip. Those who grudged him his escape from the stake invented concerning him every variety of infamy. He was scarcely cold in his grave before a monk, avenging the wrongs of his order, declared that he had died drunk, a calumny which the whole course of his life went to disprove. Stories which were in existence before he was born were told of him by men of the same order. Thus he was said, when dying, to have made a burlesque will—"I owe much; I have nothing; the remainder I leave to the poor"—by those who ignored that the same will is quoted in a letter from Erasmus to Beda, the persecutor of Henri Estienne, which bears date 1527, or a quarter of a century before his death. His famous utterance, "Draw the curtain: the farce is over," is of course a recollection of the death of Augustus Cæsar. Besides these two stories, the origin of which is known, it is said that when the priest brought him the Communion, he exclaimed, "I seem to see my God as He appeared when He entered Jerusalem, triumphing and carried by an ass." Donning a black robe known as a domino, he is reported to have uttered the words: "Beati sunt qui moriuntur in Domino." The administration of supreme unction he called greasing his boots for the great journey; and his last words are said to have been, "Je vais quérir un grand Peut-être."

That some of these expressions were uttered by Rabelais is probable enough. There is, however, no authority for any; and the reader will believe or disbelieve them according to the estimate he forms of the man. That Rabelais was capable of such speeches none familiar with his writings will deny. The malice of his enemies, however, laid to his charge, while he was living, the composition of impious or indecent works with which he repudiated all connection. With how much danger such a course was attended was known by Rabelais,

who had before his eyes the fate of Etienne Dolet, arrested and burnt on the strength of his name being found on a parcel of prohibited books, where it had been placed without his cognizance, as he declared, by those who sought his death. The very animals associated with Rabelais shared in his evil reputation, and the ass on which he rode was said, prompted by the Devil, to have entered a church and drunk the holy water.

Voltaire, who at the outset of his career was notoriously unjust to Rabelais, speaking of him at one time as a drunken monk, and again as "un philosophe ivre, qui n'a écrit que dans le temps de son ivresse," warns his readers against believing the stories concerning Rabelais, "imaginées par des gens de la lie du peuple dans un cabaret."

What facts are known concerning Rabelais occupy comparatively little space. He was born towards the close of the fifteenth century—the date is uncertain, but it was not earlier than 1483—at Chinon, in Touraine, a town situated on the Vienne near where it falls into the Loire. The district is known as the Garden of France, and the town itself is always spoken of by Rabelais with affection. His father is supposed to have been an apothecary, or else an innkeeper, who kept the *auberge* of "La Lamproie," to which his son makes frequent reference. Beneath the shelter of the paternal roof Rabelais passed his hours in a fashion like that of one of his own heroes—in "drinking, eating, sleeping; eating, sleeping, drinking; sleeping, drinking, eating." His studies commenced at an abbey in the village of Seuillé, and were continued at the convent of La Basmette, near Angers, if not, as some assume, at the University of Angers. Thence he went to the Convent of Fontenay-le-Comte, in Poitou, where, after passing his novitiate, he was received about 1511 into the order of the Franciscans. Then followed the worst period of his life. A keen and close student, his proceedings gave rise to constant suspicion and persecution on the part of those who had taken upon themselves, as has been said by Colletet, vows of ignorance as well as of poverty. His books were confiscated, and he himself, in answer doubtless to the raillery with which he assailed his persecutors, was condemned to the *in pace*—a subterranean cell within the convent, in which for the remainder of his life he was, like a toad, "to live upon the vapour of a dungeon." His learning and his animal spirits had, however, already secured him friends. His former comrades, the brothers Du Bellay, who had now risen to ecclesiastical or civil distinction, Geoffroi d'Estissac, prior of Legugé, and André Tiraqueau, lieutenant-general of the *bailliage* of Fontenay, interfered on his behalf, and in 1524 an indult (or exceptional favour) of Pope Clement VII. permitted him to

exchange the vows of the Franciscans for those of the Benedictines, and to enter into the abbey of Maillezais, in Poitou. Soon afterwards he abandoned altogether the monkish costume, and took the habit of a secular priest. For a time he lived peacefully at Legugé, protected by the Bishop of Maillezais. Feeling, it may be supposed, a desire for more active life, he went to Montpellier, where he studied medicine. In 1532 he was at Lyons, having quitted Montpellier without taking his degree of Doctor. Here he published an edition of certain treatises of Hippocrates and Galen. To repay the publisher for the loss he is said to have sustained from this experiment, Rabelais gave him the "*Chronique Gargantuine*," the first sketch of his great work. This trifle, which is not included in his collected works, is an extravaganza not much more serious than the tales of Jack the Giant-killer. Such was its reception that Rabelais states in the prologue to his "*Pantagruel*" that "the printers have sold more of them in two months' time than there will be bought of Bibles in nine years."¹

In 1533 the first book of "*Pantagruel*," which stands second of the complete work, was given to the world before the first. From 1532 to 1534 we find Rabelais attached as physician to the Hôtel-Dieu in Lyons. He published during this period and succeeding years a variety of treatises upon archæology, jurisprudence, and medicine, and gave to the world some almanacs, in which he ridiculed the pretensions to prophecy of the composers of those works. In 1534 he paid his first visit to Rome as physician in the household of the Cardinal Jean du Bellay, his former companion, now ambassador to Rome from France. The object of the Cardinal's visit was to support, on the part of France, the application for a divorce of Henry VIII. of England. During his journey Rabelais largely augmented his knowledge of herbs and vegetables, and added Arabic to the many languages he had acquired. On his second journey to Rome in 1536, with the same protector, Paul III. was Pope in place of Clement VII. From him Rabelais obtained permission to hold possession of whatever ecclesiastical benefices might be conferred upon him, and at the same time to practise medicine. The limitations usual in the case of a priest were imposed; he must not receive payment, nor use iron or fire in his surgical operations. Rabelais' jocose references to these restrictions will afford matter for subsequent comment. In the course of these visits to Rome, Rabelais, according to M. Drouyn de Lhuys,² brought back for the

¹ P. 119. ² "*Discours prononcé à la Société d'Acclimatation*," 1860.

Bishop of Maillezais the melon, the artichoke, and the Alexandria pink, strangers until that time in France. He had previously brought garum from the isles of Hyères, of which he styled himself Caloyer. What that imaginary dignity might mean is a point yet in dispute. These contributions to his country are sufficient in themselves to dispose of the accusation brought against him by his enemies of accompanying the Cardinal in the quality of buffoon rather than of physician. In 1537 he took at Montpellier the degree of physician. His robe was afterwards kept, and was used on similar occasions by all subsequent students until so late as the last century. Next year he is heard of following his profession at Narbonne and Castre, and again at Lyons—always a favourite spot with him. His reputation augmented, and his cures and his lectures on anatomy were celebrated in contemporary literature. This year too saw him at Paris, which city he is said to have reached by a quaint but improbable stratagem. Wanting means for the journey, he allowed himself, according to one legend, to be discovered, or by another account he proclaimed himself, possessor of subtle poisons to be employed against the King and members of his family. Arrested by the zealous authorities of Lyons, he was sent before Francis, whom he convinced of the innocence of his intentions, and by whom he was warmly welcomed. In 1535 the book of "*Gargantua*," second in order of composition, but first in that of the arrangement of the entire work, was given. Great success attended the two books, which were frequently reprinted in Lyons, in Poitiers, and in Paris. The revenues of the canonry of Saint-Maur-des-Fosses, given him by his friend the Cardinal, were now his. Remarkable boldness was accordingly displayed, when he published the third book, in substituting for the anagram he had hitherto used of *Alcofribas Nasier* his real name of François Rabelais. Persecution had already begun, and the fires prepared for heretics were already a-light, when Rabelais, strong in the royal favour, challenged again the enmity of the monks and theologians. His book was condemned by the Sorbonne, which, however, was compelled by Francis to withdraw its censure.

After the death of Francis, Rabelais, in affright, it may be assumed, joined the Cardinal du Bellay in Rome. Henri II., however, was not less favourable to him than Francis I. had been, and new privileges were accorded him. The patronage of the House of Lorraine was also secured. His fourth book was dedicated to the Cardinal Odet de Chastillon, who soon afterwards became a Protestant, and was married, as it is said, in his cardinal's robe. At this time Rabelais was curé of Meudon, another gift of his staunch friend,

the Cardinal du Bellay. A statement has of late been made that, previously to issuing the fourth instalment of his book, he resigned the two benefices he then enjoyed—those, namely, of Saint-Christophe du Jambet, in the diocese of Le Mans, and of Saint-Martin de Meudon, in the diocese of Paris. Be this as it may, it required all the influence he could [bring to bear to overcome the condemnation of the Sorbonne and the interdict of Parliament which it provoked. Shortly after the publication of this book Rabelais died, and the materials of the fifth and concluding book were shapen and issued by another hand—assumably that of Henri Estienne. The place and time of his death are alike uncertain; Lyons, Saint-Ay, Chinon, Meudon, and Paris have been variously advanced as the scene, and the time has been fixed at dates as remote from each other as 1553 and 1559. The statement generally received is that of Colletet, that Rabelais died in Paris in the Rue des Jardins, and was buried in the cemetery of the parish of Saint-Paul.

By swelling out with legendary anecdotes this bald statement of facts, the life of Rabelais might be rendered longer and more diverting. The case is, however, analogous to that of Shakespeare. Those who have studied most closely the life of the English poet attach least credence to the tales of his boyish escapades in the deer forests at Charlote, or of his diversions at Oxford. Where there is no absolute authority for legends of the kind, no sufficient cause for recording them is afforded in the fact that, all things considered, they are not improbable.

Such was the life of this great railer of France, as Bacon called Rabelais—a life which in itself reconciled two forms of existence apparently irreconcilable. Superficially considered, it awoke recollections of the vagabond, the jester, the Bohemian, like François Villon; on the other hand, in its resoluteness of purpose and in its devotion to learning, it recalls Erasmus reading by moonlight to save a torch, and begging an alms for the love of learning. Addressing Benserade, Erasmus wrote, “I am ready to pawn my clothes rather than lose my Greek books.”¹ In like manner Rabelais writes to the Cardinal du Bellay, “Si vous n’avez de moi pitié, je ne sache que doive faire, sinon, en dernier désespoir, m’asservir à quelqu’un de par deçà, avec dommage et perte évidente de mes estudes. Il n’est possible de vivre plus frugalement que je fais.” It was characteristic of that time to be fiercely in earnest in war, in theology, in learning, and, as many found to their cost, in persecution. When the works

¹ Epist. 58.

of the classic writers of Greece and Rome, instead of lurking in rare and precious manuscripts, became obtainable by all, the student woke to the knowledge that there was a life outside that existence, "cabined, cribbed, confined," which the Church had tolerated. Abuse of the evil lives of the monks, which had formed the principal theme of early writers, now gave way to investigations into the origin of authority ; and the mind, released for the first time from its fetters, was bold in its flight and undaunted in its explorations. For a while the Church seemed likely to take the lead in the movement. The narrowest Pope appeared liberal beside provincial boards and chapters, and it was to Rome that the freethinker or the heretic fled when he found his life imperilled in Paris or in Lyons. It was not until later that a full knowledge of the tendencies of the Reformation drove the Papacy into alliance with the butchers of the Parliament and the Sorbonne. It is difficult now to imagine how liberal was Rome in the days of Clement VII. and Paul III. The cultivated pantheism of Leo X. had rendered difficult a return to severity in matters of faith ; and the Pontiffs, sensible of the abuses of which complaints were made, had commenced from within the task of reformation. Protestants in heart appear to have been all the Du Bellays, as well as the Cardinal du Chastillon, the Bishop of Maillezais, and others who were the constant supporters of Rabelais, and it seemed at one time as if the Church might, by a movement from within, have purified itself and dispensed with the need of the Reformation. With this we are only so far concerned that it explains the position of Rabelais. In the first two books of the "*Lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel*" Rabelais, like his friends Marot, Dolet, Despériers and Calvin, was a reformer. It was after his visits to Rome that he changed his opinions, becoming much more sceptical, on the one hand, and much less inclined, on the other, to believe in the value of the reformation which was likely to come from Geneva.

It is well known that the boldness of his attacks upon existing institutions was modified and tempered by his fear of the stake. Parodying the restrictions on the permission given him by the Pope to practise medicine, he professed his readiness in matters of opinion to advance "*jusqu'au feu exclusivement*," a statement he more than once repeats. Montaigne, who with Rabelais divides the empire of the Renaissance, declares that he is attached to the truth "*en deçà du feu*."

Marot likewise proclaims his fear of the fagots. He writes :—

Tant de brouillis qu'en justice on tolère,
Je l'écrirois, mais je crains la colère ;

L'oisiveté des prêtres et cagots,
 Je la dirois, mais gare les fagots ;
 Et des abus dont l'Eglise est fourrée,
 J'en parlerois, mais gare la bourrée.¹

If Rabelais went nearer the stake than any of his contemporaries who escaped uninjured, it is for reasons that have already been advanced.

Turning from the man to the book, we find ourselves on surer ground. Coarse in portions beyond anything else in literature, it is, as a whole, of more exalted morality and deeper insight than any book of its epoch. Incomprehensible in portions, it is clearness itself as a whole. It is well to bid the reader dismiss from his mind the idea that people once living are sketched in its principal characters, and that it may be accepted as a caricature history of any Court. Much ingenuity has been wasted in the effort to fit the various characters to the Court of France or that of Béarn. Single episodes may contain historical allusions. The entire scheme is, however, wholly imaginary. The illustrations also, those of M. Doré included, are more of a hindrance than of an aid to the student. M. Doré's designs are admirable as illustrations of mediæval life ; as regards Rabelais, they are without significance. By aid of a story which was in existence long before his time our author sought to express his opinion upon existing society and institutions, and to contrast a world such as he imagined with that he found to his hand. We are not among those who forget that Rabelais was a humourist, and who seek to see in him the most earnest of reformers. A purpose of reforming and improving society, however, existed with him, and he is betrayed into earnestness as he proceeds. The monarchy, the Papacy, the judicial bench, the clergy, the Parliament, are in turn assailed, a special object of the satirist being to deride those scholastic rules which had long held in bondage the human mind, and to supply an education higher than, and altogether different from, that which the schoolmen had provided. The constructive portion of his mind is brought out in the early books, in which he sets before the world the example of a perfect king, and expounds his views concerning education and other social problems of highest importance. In the later and more strictly satirical portion he accompanies Pan-tagruel and Panurge, and the cortège he has provided them, in a species of Odyssey, in the course of which he brings them to worlds peopled by those in whose proceedings he caricatures existing follies. The voyage of Panurge in pursuit of the oracle of Bacchus

¹ "Œuvres," ed. Auguis, 1823, t. iii. p. 64.

corresponds to that of Gulliver, which of course is taken from it. As Rabelais continues, he is roused to such indignation that he grows afraid of the consequences, and then he breaks forth into extravagance or indecency. According to M. Littré, "il compte sur ses bouffonneries pour se faire pardonner ses témérités,"¹ and according to M. Geruzez, "il déconcerte ses partisans les plus zélés par les impuretés de sa verve, et ses détracteurs les plus acharnés par le pur éclat de sa raison."²

With the true instinct of the comedian, Rabelais seeks to "shoot folly as it flies." In this effort he discloses such gifts as no previous writer and few subsequent writers in France have displayed. In the same manner that criticism in England has occupied itself with an attempt to prove that Shakespeare must have belonged to various professions, it has sought in France to show that Rabelais, besides first giving the prose language of France the shape it has since retained, and sounding the entire gamut, is, in fact, a poet and a dramatist. Sainte-Beuve protests against attaching too much faith to the serious purpose of Rabelais as a course which "doit bien prêter à rire à Rabelais s'il se soucie de nous chez les Ombres ;"³ but he, even, speaks of the scheme of education of Gargantua as an "admirable tableau idéal," and he quotes with strong approval the remarks of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, which place Rabelais in the true light.

C'en était fait du bonheur des peuples, et même de la religion, lorsque deux hommes de lettres—Rabelais et Michel Cervantes—s'élevèrent, l'un en France et l'autre en Espagne, et ébranlèrent à la fois le pouvoir monacal et celui de la chevalerie. Pour renverser ces deux colosses, ils n'employèrent d'autres armes que le ridicule, ce contraste naturel de la terreur humaine. Semblables aux enfants, les peuples rirent et se rassurèrent.⁴

Within the limits imposed we can indicate few of the points that are of highest importance in the "Life of Gargantua and of Pantagruel." The pleasant task of extracting from the work all that is of value, and that might be commended to general perusal, is altogether beyond present reach.

Rabelais' own estimate of his work, and his aim in producing it, are explained by himself in the prologue to the first book.⁵ We are compelled to avail ourselves of the translation, since the original French offers difficulties with which the average Englishman cannot

¹ "Littérature et Histoire," 1875, p. 152.

² "Histoire de la Littérature Française," vol. i. p. 318.

³ "Causeries du Lundi," tom. iii. p. 6.

⁴ Ibid. p. 10.

⁵ Vol. i. p. 9.

expect to cope. After asserting that many are too ready to judge that there is nothing in his work but jests, mockeries, lies, and unedifying discourse, he proceeds :—

But truly it is very unbecoming to make so slight account of the works of men, seeing yourselves avouch that it is not the habit makes the [monk, many being monasterially accoutred who inwardly are nothing less than monachal, and that there are of those that wear Spanish cloaks who have but little of the valour of Spaniards in them. Therefore is it that you must open the book, and seriously consider of the matter treated in it; then shall you find that it containeth things of far higher value than the box did promise—that is to say, that the subject thereof is not so foolish as by the title, at the first sight, it would appear to be.

And put the case, that in the literal sense you meet with matters that are light and ludicrous, and suitable enough to their inscriptions; yet must not you stop there, as at the melody of the charming sirens, but endeavour to interpret that in a sublimer sense which, possibly, you might think was spoken in the jollity of the heart. Did you ever pick the lock of a cupboard to steal a bottle of wine out of it? Tell me truly, and if you did, call to mind the countenance which then you had. Or did you ever see a dog with a marrow-bone in his mouth—the beast of all others, says Plato (lib. ii. “*De Republicâ*”) the most philosophical? If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what caution and circumspectness he wards and watcheth it; with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what affection he breaks it; and with what diligence he sucks it. To what end all this? what moveth him to take all these pains? what are the hopes of his labour? what doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little marrow. True it is, that this little is more savoury and delicious than the great quantities of other sorts of meat, because the marrow, as Galen testifieth (3 “*Facult. Nat.*” et 11 “*De Usu Partium*”), is a nourishment most perfectly elaborated by nature.

In imitation of this dog, it becomes you to be wise—to smell, feel, and have in estimation these fair, goodly books, stuffed with high conceptions, that seem easy and superficial, but are not so readily fathomed; and then, like him, you must, by a sedulous lecture and frequent meditation, break the bone, and suck out the substantial marrow—that is, my allegorical sense, or the things I to myself propose to be signified by these Pythagorical symbols—with assured hope that in so doing you will at last attain to be both very wise and very brave; for, in the perusal of this treatise, you shall find another kind of taste, and a doctrine of a more profound and abstruse consideration, which will disclose unto you the most glorious doctrine and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth our religion as matters of the public state and life economical.

Not difficult is it for a genuine student to suck out this marrow of wisdom. The reader for mere amusement is not concerned in the advice, since such, however much stimulus may be afforded by the representations of impropriety that have been made, will never advance beyond a few pages.

The “*Chronique Gargantuine*,” which was the first sketch of the subsequent work, tells a cock-and-bull story of Gargantua, who is the

son of Grant-Gosier and Galemelle, and owes his birth to a rather roundabout process, by which Merlin seeks to provide a protector for King Arthur against the attacks of the Irishmen and the Dutchmen ("Irlandoys et Holendoys"). Of these marauders "en peu de temps il en tua cent mille deux cents et dix justement, et vingt qui faisoient les mors sous les autres." Some of the more extravagant incidents of the satirical romance are anticipated herein. Gargantua thus hides his prisoners in a hollow tooth, in which there is a *jeu de paulme*, or tennis court. It is, however, a work of little value, and only noteworthy because it forced, so to speak, upon Rabelais the machinery he subsequently employed.

To its remarkable and speedily achieved popularity it is ascribable that Rabelais extended and amplified the legend, dropping, however, the conditions which linked it to the works of the Arthurian cycle, and regarding or disregarding at pleasure the gigantic shape that he assigned his heroes. When by some *cog-à-l'âne* story he seeks to delight his royal or ecclesiastical patrons, he tells how Gargantua combed out of his head cannon-balls, or ate six pilgrims in a salad, or how Pantagruel covered with his tongue a whole army. When a serious argument has to be maintained, all thought of the gigantic proportions of the characters is dismissed. It is useless to perplex ourselves with the pedigree of Pantagruel or that of Gargantua, which Rabelais traces back to remotest antiquity. The three male personages of giant build with whom the reader is concerned are Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, representing three successive generations. A very commonplace giant is Grandgousier at the outset, "a good fellow in his time, and notable jester." He loved "to drink neat," and eat in proportion of bacon and other salt meats. Gargantua, his son, is born in grotesque fashion—from his mother's ear—after a banquet of abnormal proportions. As soon as he sees the light he cries out, "Some drink! some drink! some drink!" in a voice so loud that it is "heard in both the countries at once, of Beauce and Bibarois." Altogether animal, not to say brutal, are the first proceedings of the young giant during his infancy; and the author, in describing them, seems to have had no purpose beyond showing his erudition, which was enormous, and deriding, it may be, existing legends. After a time the child is sent to learn Latin of a sophist Master Tubal Holophernes. By him he is trained in all the teaching of the schoolmen, the result being that, after spending years in study, he grows the more "foolish, simple, doted, and blockish." With the ignorance of his son Grandgousier is able to contrast the information of a young page, Eudemon, not yet twelve

years old, who has been taught on a different system. While Eudemon accordingly, "with his cap in hand, a clean and open countenance, beautiful and ruddy lips, his eyes steady, with a youthful modesty, standing up straight on his feet,"¹ delivers a eulogium of Grandgousier worthy of Cicero, Gargantua falls a-crying like a cow, hiding his face in his cap, and refuses to speak a single word. So mortified is Grandgousier at this exhibition that he is scarcely restrained from slaying Master Jobelin Bridé, the successor of Holophernes. It is then determined to send the young giant to school to Ponocrates, the instructor of Eudemon. Gargantua is accordingly despatched to Paris, where he plays some rough practical jokes on the Parisians, taking away the bells of Notre Dame. He listens to the oration of Master Janotus de Bragmardo, who is sent to plead for their restoration. In the discourse of this worthy the style of the sophists is cleverly and whimsically parodied. Now commences the course of instruction by Ponocrates, in which Rabelais advocates his own theories as to the education of youth. It is much to be regretted that an explanation of this system would in itself occupy the space of an entire essay. It contains, however, not only the germ, but much of the absolute development of the succeeding theories of Montaigne, Locke, Rousseau, and more modern writers. At four o'clock in the morning Gargantua awoke under this new rule. "While they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page, born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God whose word did show His majesty and marvellous judgment."² During his dressing hours the lessons of the day before were repeated. Three good hours were then devoted to reading, after which, discussing the subject, they walked to a field set apart and played at various athletic games—as the ball, the long tennis, &c.—until they were weary. After being well dried, they changed their clothes for dinner. At the commencement of dinner some pleasant history of warlike times was read; which formed a subject of debate during the later portion of the meal. At other times the nature and properties were discussed of the various things served at table. The hands and face washed with fair fresh water, and thanks given to God "in some fine canticks made in praise of the Divine bounty and munificence," cards were brought forth, not to play, but to

¹ Bk. i. cap. xv.² Bk. i. cap. xxiii.

learn tricks and inventions grounded on arithmetic. Music, vocal and instrumental, followed, and then came three hours of close study. After this horse exercise, swimming, rowing, and warlike exercises, followed by a discourse on trees, plants, and natural objects, occupied the time until supper. The final meal of the day was copious, and was taken, like dinner, to an accompaniment of revelry and conversation. The hours before rest were sometimes consumed in frolicking, feats of legerdemain and the like, in visits to learned men, or, when the nights were clear, in a study of astronomy. "Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before Him, and strengthening their faith towards Him, and glorifying Him for His boundless bounty ; and giving thanks unto Him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to His Divine clemency for the future; which being done, they went to bed and betook themselves to their repose and rest."¹

Some variation was introduced upon wet days, such as the substitution of indoor exercise for outdoor. Once a month, a day was set apart for an excursion to some neighbouring village, where the time was spent "in making the greatest cheer that could be devised—sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs" (literally cray-fish, or *escrevisses*).²

This scheme, of which a few leading points have been thus baldly narrated, has won the admiration of all thinkers, and remains in its way unsurpassed.

An opportunity is now afforded Gargantua of turning to profit the education thus obtained. Upon a frivolous pretext—that of some supposed wrong done to his subjects the cake-bakers of Lerne—King Picrochole, a neighbouring potentate, declares war against Grandgousier, and, before any time is afforded for remonstrance or resistance, seizes the fortress of Clermond. Very noticeable, for many reasons, is this portion of the book. The war thus caused proves the means of introducing to Pantagruel Friar John of the Funnels, to preserve to him a name of Sir Thomas Urquhart's invention, which fits him better than that assigned him by Rabelais. As a fact, the meaning of Frère Jean des Entommeures is Friar John of the Chopping Knives ; Urquhart was misled by the resemblance of the word *entommeures* to *entonnoir*, a funnel. Friar John and Panurge are the two most interesting characters in the romance, and the contrast afforded between the two shows how strongly developed in Rabelais

¹ Bk. i. cap. xxiii.

² Bk. i. cap. xxiv.

was the dramatic instinct. The former worthy comes upon the stage in a characteristic fashion. In the course of their as yet unopposed progress, the soldiers of Picrochole seize upon the abbey, in which, as a *moyne claustrier* (cloistered monk), Friar John resides. Until they commence to destroy the vines of the abbey, the monk takes little cognisance of their proceedings. This wanton outrage, however, stirs him to action. Condemning, in language of sufficient vigour, his fellows for their cowardice, he throws off his monk's habit as incommoding his movements, seizes on the staff of the cross, which is made of a stout piece of sorb-apple tree, and assaults the invaders, who, dreaming of no resistance, are loaded with the spoil of the garden. His example at length rouses the monks to aid him, until in the end, Rabelais says, with that union of apparent accuracy and absurd exaggeration which is a part of his method in art, "by his prowess and valour were discomfited all those of the enemy that entered into the close of the abbey, unto the number of thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-two, besides the women and little children, which is always understood."¹

News of this exhibition of valour is carried to Gargantua, and from this time forward Friar John of the Funnels, with Epistemon, Ponocrates, and others, form a portion of the surroundings of Gargantua, and subsequently of Pantagruel. Friar John stands for the type of ready action and undismayed enjoyment, as well as of that Pantagruelism which Rabelais defines as "*une certain gaieté d'esprit confite en mespris des choses fortuites*," just as he declares Pantagruel himself to be "*l'idée et exemplaire de toute joyeuse perfection*."

What gives, however, its special value to this portion of the story is the boldness of the utterances of Rabelais concerning monarchs. "*Ces diables de rois*," cries Panurge in another part of the book, "*ne sont que veaux, et ne savent ni ne valent rien, sinon à faire des maux ès pauvres sujets et à troubler tout le monde par guerre pour leur inique et detestable plaisir*." Curious words these with which to tickle Francis I. and obtain the shield of his protection. In Picrochole, Rabelais shows a weak-minded and ambitious monarch—a species of would-be Alexander—surrounded by flatterers and evil counsellors, who, hiding from him the evils of war, strive only to lure him on by dreams of gain and distinction. Grandgousier, on the contrary, is a powerful, God-fearing king, who seeks before all things the good of his subjects. Every step that may be taken to avoid war is taken by him, even to the extent of restitution of the property the

¹ Bk. i. cap. xxvii.

seizure of which afforded a pretended cause of quarrel. When the struggle after peace is vain, war is undertaken in earnest, and Picrochole, overthrown in the field and deserted by his evil counsellors, flies for his life. Grandgousier, "sitting over the fire, and telling to his wife and the rest of the family pleasant old stories and tales of former times," hears of the outbreak. This is his manner of receiving the intelligence :—

"*Halas ! halas ! alas !*" said Grandgousier, "what is this, good people ? Do I dream, or is it true what they tell me ? Picrochole, my ancient friend of old time, of my own kindred and alliance, comes he to invade me ? What moves him ? What provokes him ? What sets him on ? What drives him to it ? Who hath given him this counsel ? *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,* my God, my Saviour, help me, inspire me, and advise me what I shall do. I protest, I swear before Thee, so be Thou favourable to me, if ever I did him or his subjects any damage or displeasure, or committed any the least robbery in his country ; but, on the contrary, I have succoured and supplied him with men, money, friendship, and counsel upon any occasion wherein I could be steadable for his good ; that he hath therefore at this nick of time outraged and wronged me, it cannot be but by the malevolent and wicked spirit. Good God, Thou knowest my courage, for nothing can be hidden from Thee. If perhaps he be grown mad, and that Thou hast sent him hither to me for the better recovery and re-establishment of his brain, grant me power and wisdom to bring him to the yoke of Thy holy will by good discipline. *Ho, ho, ho, ho,* my good people, my friends, and my faithful servants, must I hinder you from helping me ? Alas ! my old age required henceforward nothing else but rest, and all the days of my life I have laboured for nothing so much as peace. But now I must (I see it well) load with arms my poor, weary, and feeble shoulders, and take in my trembling hand the lance and horseman's mace, to succour and protect my honest subjects. Reason will have it so ; for by their labour am I maintained, and with their sweat am I nourished, I, my children, and my family. This notwithstanding, I will not undertake war until I have first tried all the ways and means of peace ; that I resolve upon."¹

Equally noble are the letter which Grandgousier writes to his son, and the speech which his ambassador, Ulrich Gallet, delivers to Picrochole, both of them affording a lesson to rulers by which they have as yet failed greatly to profit.

The war concluded, Rabelais judges it necessary to recollect he is a jester. He introduces accordingly the comic business of Gargantua eating the pilgrims in a salad, and abundance of other absurdities, before the prince delivers to his victorious army an oration which is a further protest against war. With the erection of the Abbey of Thélème the book ends. In the chapters he devotes to a description of this abbey, Rabelais affords further proof of his hatred to the monks by basing the institution upon rules the exact converse of those they affect. It is to be, as Friar John, the first abbot, insists,

¹ Bk. i. cap. xxviii.

contrary to all others. No wall is to surround it; no clock or dial is to announce the time, the greatest loss of time being, according to Gargantua, to count the hours. None are to be admitted, except they are, in the case of women, fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; and in that of men, comely, personable, and well-conditioned. Men and women are allowed to assemble promiscuously, and the door is always open for the departure of those who are weary of what can scarcely be called restraint. The abbey is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Loire, and is described with such exactitude that an architect could follow out every instruction given. The dress of the monks is to be the richest and most tasteful that can be obtained, and the motto of all is the now immortal phrase, "Fay ce que voudras" ("Do as you please"). The three vows which were taken in all religious communities are thus set at naught and defied in this abode of learning and delight, the idea of which Rabelais is supposed to have formed during his happy residence at Legugé. The first book then concludes, Rabelais having by its means condemned the system of instruction of the pedants, sophists, and schoolmen, and afforded a splendid system of physical, intellectual, and moral education, denounced wars of conquest and ambition, shown that the noblest crown for a monarch is the love of his subjects, and supplied—in place of those homes of ignorance, intolerance, and vice, the convents—a model institution in which truth, wisdom, and science may be followed, and men leading pure lives under righteous laws may feel the pleasure described by Spenser:—

What greater happiness can come to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?

The second book shows us Gargantua a widower, his wife, Badebec, having died in giving birth to Pantagruel, with whose adventures Rabelais is henceforward concerned. Instead of following this young giant from his birth, and recounting his youthful adventures, we touch upon one or two points only. While yet a student, Pantagruel gives a lesson in plain speaking to a young Limosin, who addresses him in an affected gibberish akin to, though more extravagant than, the style of writing introduced into England by Lilly, and known as Euphuism. A chapter which follows upon the Library of St. Victor supplies a selection of quaint titles of books of theology and devotion, some fantastical, others taken from existing works. In the eighth chapter Pantagruel receives a letter from his father, directing him in his studies. This is interesting, as it is complementary to the educational scheme before described. Still more valuable is it in the

portraiture of the Renaissance, as seen by those who aided in its progress:—

Now it is that the minds of men are qualified with all manner of discipline, and the old sciences revived, which for many ages were extinct : now it is that the learned languages are to their pristine purity restored—viz. Greek (without which a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar), Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, and Latin. Printing likewise is now in use, so elegant, and so correct, that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out in my time but by Divine inspiration ; as by a diabolical suggestion, on the other side, was the invention of ordnance. All the world is full of knowing men, of most learned school-masters, and vast libraries ; and it appears to me as a truth, that neither in Plato's time, nor Cicero's, nor Papinian's, there was ever such convenience for studying, as we see at this day there is. Nor must any adventure henceforward to come in public, or represent himself in company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the shop of Minerva. I see robbers, hangmen, freebooters, tapsters, ostlers, and such like, of the very rubbish of the people, more learned now than the doctors and preachers were in my time.

What shall I say? The very women and children have aspired to this praise and celestial manna of good learning : yet so it is, that at the age I am now of, I have been constrained to learn the Greek tongue, which I contemned not, like Cato, but had not the leisure in my younger years to attend the study of it. And I take much delight in reading Plutarch's *Morals*, the pleasant *Dialogues* of Plato, the *Monuments* of Pausanias, and the *Antiquities* of Athenæus, whilst I wait the hour wherein God my Creator shall call me, and command me to depart from this earth and transitory pilgrimage. Wherefore, my son, I admonish thee to employ thy youth to profit as well as thou canst, both in thy studies and in virtue. Thou art at Paris, where the laudable examples of many brave men may stir up thy mind to many gallant actions ; and hast likewise for thy tutor the learned Epistemon, who by his lively and vocal documents may instruct thee in the arts and sciences.¹

Immediately after this Pantagruel meets Panurge, the scholarly, gay, indomitable, cowardly, and wholly unreasonable Panurge, the type of pleasant and opinionated self-seeking, in whom different writers have seen the ancestor of half the most mirthful characters in literature, inclusive of Falstaff and Sancho Panza. The chapter in which, when first met, Panurge answers in various languages the questions put to him, has been said to be a passage in Rabelais' own life. From the time of his appearance Panurge becomes the favourite of the public, as he is that of the author, and the doings of Pantagruel, and those even of Friar John, sink into comparative insignificance. The first occupation of Panurge, after narrating his adventures among the Turks, is to defeat an Englishman who disputes by signs. Other points of importance in this book are the manner in which Pantagruel decides the legal quarrel between two lords, ridiculing in so doing the absurd forms of legal phraseology, and the visit of Epistemon to

¹ P. 144.

the other world, where he sees the kings and great ones of the earth fulfilling menial functions, while the philosophers, who lived in penury here, are there exalted to position and affluence. If the second book is in every way inferior to its predecessor, it must be remembered that, though second in the order it assumes, it was the first in that of composition, and that Rabelais, as he progressed, besides becoming increasingly serious, grew less hampered with the giant machinery, with which indeed in later books he scarcely concerned himself.

Book the third, by introducing the question of the marriage of Panurge, gives a consistency to the story it has previously lacked. Before we arrive at this, however, we have the famous chapters in which Panurge and Pantagruel discuss the advantages or disadvantages of debt, perhaps the best known portion of Rabelais. The question why newly married men are prevented from going to the wars operates upon the mind of Panurge, and sets it dreaming upon matrimony. Determining from the first to marry a wife and have children, Panurge commences to take counsel of those around him, resolved to accept such portion of it only as is agreeable to himself or conformable to his ideas. Finding the opinions of Pantagruel, Friar John, and others adverse, he commences to try the various forms of divination which then found acceptance. One oracle after another is tried, and each gives an answer, the obvious significance of which is that the fate Panurge dreads will befall him. He himself forces upon the predictions a more cheerful construction. In the end, when dreams and sibyls, dumb men, dying men, fools, and other worthies have all used dissuasive counsels, Panurge, on the advice of Pantagruel, accompanied by his patron and his friends, goes to sea to consult the oracle of the Bottle. The two last books are occupied with the search after truth, supposed to be typified by this voyage. Contrary to general opinion, we hold that Rabelais, in the course of these later books, is seen at his best. We can but indicate the parts that are most deserving of study. The most dramatic and humorous chapters in Rabelais are those in which Panurge cheapens the sheep of Dingdong, and those descriptive of the storm at sea and the behaviour of Panurge and Friar John. For bitter irony the description of the Ringing Island is unique in literature, while that of Judge Gripe-men-all (Grippeminaud) and the furred law cats is an absolutely scathing satire upon the rapacity and subserviency of lawyers and judges. Each of these chapters demands a consideration that is only refused because a volume must thus be occupied. One short piece of satire is all we will quote. It is worthy in all respects of Voltaire. After he has seen the various members of the ecclesiastical hier-

archy in the Ringing Island, disguised as birds, and classed under such names as popehawks, cardinhawks, bishhawks, &c., Friar John is about to hit one with a stone, to make it sing. This action alarms an inhabitant of the island with whom he is conversing, who bursts into a protest. "Hold, hold, honest friend; strike, wound, poison, kill, and murder all the kings and princes in the world by treachery, or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou wouldest, unnestle the angels from their cockloft—Popehawk will pardon thee all this—but never be so mad as to meddle with these sacred birds, as much as thou lovest the profit, welfare, and life not only of thyself and thy friends and relatives, alive or dead, but also of those that may be born hereafter to the thousandth generation; for so long thou wouldest entail misery upon them."¹

After visiting the land of Queen Whim and the Islands of Odes and of Sandals, with the land of Satin, Lanternland is reached, and our travellers are enabled to consult the divine oracle. The word of this is "Trinc"—DRINK.

Many interpretations have been put upon this final exhortation. It must be read by what has gone before, and its significance is then scarcely doubtful. The teaching of Pantagruelism is the same as that of the highest development of Greek thought. Take life healthfully, cheerfully, and with fortitude; spend no time in vain debates upon that which cannot be foreseen, or seen cannot be prevented. Accept the good life affords, and while you prosecute the search after wisdom do not scorn to pluck the flowers of enjoyment by the wayside. Every student of Rabelais finds a different meaning for this passage. It is often thus with high work, since what the mind brings to the study is a part of the problem to be solved. Teaching higher than Pantagruelism may be imagined, yet Rabelais was in this respect the precursor of Goethe, as in his humour he was a forerunner of Molière, La Fontaine, and Sterne; in his philosophy an anticipator of Montaigne and Locke, and in his moralisings a teacher of Swift and Diderot.

His position in literature is not difficult to estimate. He was the first Frenchman of the modern school, the precursor of those who are now the delight of intellectual Europe. He was the first to give the language its amplitude, its character, and its shape, ordering, limiting, and enriching it at the same time. His book was a species of mill, into which came the whole of the stories and jokes of the Middle Ages, to issue forth improved after a fashion not unlike that in which Shakespeare improved the old legends with which he

¹ Bk. v. cap. vii

dealt. It is difficult for one who has not studied him to know what proportion of subsequent fable can be traced to him, or to conceive how men so unlike one another as Molière and Beaumarchais drew upon him, and how the lighter literature of the eighteenth century would be emasculated if what has been suggested or supplied by him were removed. Such things have to be borne in mind by those who hear of him only as a buffoon. We in England should at least cherish and preserve his reputation. The question how far he was a Protestant still excites discussion in France. It is probable that the acerbity and narrowness of Calvin repelled this lover of gaiety and freedom. It is none the less a fact that the share of Rabelais in throwing off the yoke of priestcraft, so far as France is concerned, has been greater than the combined influence of all the acknowledged leaders of the Reformation. Over his own age, Rabelais dominates. He is as much the master spirit of the Renaissance as Dante in Italy, Froissart in France, and Chaucer in England were the master spirits of mediæval times.

JOSEPH KNIGHT.

SUN-SPOT, STORM, AND FAMINE.¹

DURING the last five or six years a section of the scientific world has been exercised with the question how far the condition of the sun's surface with regard to spots affects our earth's condition as to weather, and therefore as to those circumstances which are more or less dependent on weather. Unfortunately, the question thus raised has not presented itself alone, but in company with another not so strictly scientific, in fact, regarded by most men of science as closely related to personal considerations—the question, namely, whether certain indicated persons should or should not be commissioned to undertake the inquiry into this scientific problem. But the scientific question itself ought not to be less interesting to us because it has been associated, correctly or not, with the wants and wishes of those who advocate the endowment of science. I propose here to consider the subject in its scientific aspect only, and apart from any bias suggested by the appeals which have been addressed to the administrators of the public funds.

It is hardly necessary to point out, in the first place, that all the phenomena of weather are directly referable to the sun as their governing cause. His rays poured upon our air cause the more important atmospheric currents directly. Indirectly they cause modifications of these currents, because where they fall on water or on moist surfaces they raise aqueous vapour into the air, which when it returns to the liquid form, as cloud, gives up to the surrounding air the heat which had originally vaporised the water. In these ways, directly or indirectly, various degrees of pressure and temperature are brought about in the atmospheric envelope of the earth; and speaking generally, all air currents, from the gentlest zephyr to the fiercest tornado, are movements by which the equilibrium of the air is restored. Like other movements tending to restore equilibrium, the atmospheric motions are oscillatory. Precisely as when a spring has been bent one way, it flies not back only, but beyond the mean position, till it is almost equally bent the other way, so the current of air which rushes in towards a place of unduly diminished pressure does more than

¹ This article was already in type when the article in the *Nineteenth Century* for November appeared.

restore the mean pressure; so that presently a return current carries off the excess of air thus carried in. We may say, indeed, that the mean pressure at any place scarcely ever exists, and when it exists for a time the resulting calm is of short duration. Just as the usual condition of the sea surface is one of disturbance, greater or less, so the usual condition of the air at every spot on the earth's surface is one of motion, not of quiescence. Every movement of the air, thus almost constantly perturbed, is due directly or indirectly to the sun.

So also every drop of rain or snow, every particle of liquid or of frozen water in mist or in cloud, owes its birth to the sun. The questions addressed of old to Job, "Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew? out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?" have been answered by modern science, and to every question the answer is, "The Sun." He is parent of the snow and hail, as he is of the moist warm rains of summer, of the ice which crowns the everlasting hills, of the mist which rises from the valleys beneath his morning rays.

Since, then, the snow that clothes the earth in winter as with a garment, and the clouds that in due season drop fatness on the earth, are alike gendered by the sun; since every movement in our air, from the health-bringing breeze to the most destructive hurricane, owns him as its parent,—we must at the outset admit, that if there is any body external to the earth whose varying aspect or condition can inform us beforehand of changes which the weather is to undergo, the sun is that body. That for countless ages the moon should have been regarded as the great weather-breeder, shows only how prone men are to recognise in apparent changes the true cause of real changes, and how slight the evidence is on which they will base laws of association which have no real foundation in fact. Every one can see when the moon is full, or horned, or gibbous, or half-full; when her horns are directed upwards, or downwards, or sideways. And as the weather is always changing, even as the moon is always changing, it must needs happen that from time to time changes of weather so closely follow changes of the moon as to suggest that the two orders of change stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. Then rough rules (such as those which Aratus has handed down to us) came to be formed, and as (to use Bacon's expression) men mark when such rules hit, and never mark when they miss, a system of weather lore gradually comes into being, which, while in one sense based on facts, has not in reality a particle of true evidence in its favour—every single fact noted for each relation having been contradicted by several unnoted facts opposed to the relation. There

could be no more instructive illustration of men's habits in such matters than the system of lunar weather wisdom in vogue to this day among seamen, though long since utterly disproved by science. But let it be remarked in passing, that in leaving the moon, which has no direct influence and scarcely any indirect influence on the weather, for the sun, which is all-powerful, we have not got rid of the mental habits which led men so far astray in former times. We shall have to be specially careful lest it lead us astray yet once more, perhaps all the more readily because of the confidence with which we feel that, at the outset anyway, we are on the right road.

I suppose there must have been a time when men were not altogether certain whether the varying apparent path of the sun, as he travels from east to west every day, had any special effect on the weather. It seems so natural to us to recognise in the sun's greater midday elevation and longer continuance above the horizon in summer, the cause of the greater warmth which then commonly prevails, that it seems difficult to believe that men could ever have been in doubt on this subject. Yet it is probable that a long time passed after the position of the sun as ruler of the day had been noticed, before his power as ruler of the seasons was recognised. I cannot at this moment recall any passage in the Bible, for example, in which direct reference is made to the sun's special influence in bringing about the seasons, or any passage in very ancient writings referring definitely to the fact that the weather varies with the changing position of the sun in the skies (as distinguished from the star-sphere), and with the changing length of the day. "While the earth remaineth," we are told in Genesis, "seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease;" but there is no reference to the sun's aspect as determining summer and winter. We find no mention of any of the celestial signs of the seasons anywhere in the Bible, I think, but only such signs as are mentioned in the parable of the fig-tree—"When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh." Whether this indicates or not that the terrestrial, rather than the celestial signs of the progress of the year were chiefly noted by men in those times, it is tolerably certain that in the beginning a long interval must have elapsed between the recognition of the seasons themselves, and the recognition of their origin in the changes of the sun's apparent motions.

When this discovery was effected, men made the most important and, I think, the most satisfactory step towards the determination of cyclic associations between solar and terrestrial phenomena. It is

for that reason that I refer specially to the point. In reality, it does not appertain to my subject, for seasons and sun-spots are not associated. But it admirably illustrates the value of cyclic relations. Men might have gone on for centuries, we may conceive, noting the recurrence of seed-time and harvest-time, summer and winter, recognising the periodical returns of heat and cold, and (in some regions) of dry seasons and wet seasons, of calm and storm, and so forth, without perceiving that the sun runs through his changes of diurnal motion in the same cyclic period. We can imagine that some few who might notice the connection between the two orders of celestial phenomena would be anxious to spread their faith in the association among their less observant brethren. They might maintain that observatories for watching the motions of the sun would demonstrate either that their belief was just or that it was not so; would, in fact, dispose finally of the question. It is giving the most advantageous possible position to those who now advocate the erection of solar observatories for determining what connection, if any, may exist between sun-spots and terrestrial phenomena, thus to compare them to observers who had noted a relation which unquestionably exists. But it is worthy of notice that if those whom I have imagined thus urging the erection of an observatory for solving the question whether the sun rules the seasons, and to some degree regulates the recurrence of dry or rainy, and of calm or stormy weather, had promised results of material value from their observations, they would have promised more than they could possibly have performed. Even in this most favourable case, where the sun is, out of all question, the efficient ruling body, where the nature of the cyclic change is most exactly determinable, and even where the way in which the sun acts can be exactly ascertained, no direct benefit accrues from the knowledge. The exact determination of the sun's apparent motions has its value, and that value is great, but this value is most certainly not derived from any power of predicting the recurrence of those phenomena, which nevertheless depend directly on the sun's action. The farmer who in this present year 1877 knew from the almanac the exact duration of day, and the exact midday elevation of the sun for every day in the year, is not one whit better able to protect his crops or his herds against storm or flood than the tiller of the soil or the tender of flocks a hundred thousand years or so ago, who knew only when seed-time and summer and harvest-time and winter were at hand or in progress.

The evidence thus afforded is by no means promising, then, so far as the prediction of special storms, or floods, or droughts is con-

cerned. It would seem that if past experience can afford any evidence in such matters, men may expect to recognise cycles of weather change long before they recognise corresponding solar cycles (presuming always that such cycles exist), and that they may expect to find the recognition of such association utterly barren, so far as the possibility of predicting definite weather changes is concerned. It would seem that there is no likelihood of anything better than what Sir John Herschel said *might* be hoped for hereafter. "A lucky hit may be made : nay, some rude approach to the perception of a cycle of seasons may *possibly* be attainable. But no person in his senses would alter his plans of conduct for six months in advance in the most trifling particular on the faith of any special prediction of a warm or a cold, a wet or a dry, a calm or a stormy, summer or winter"—far less of a great storm or flood announced for any special day.

But let us see what the cycle association between solar spots and terrestrial weather actually is, or rather of what nature it promises to be, for as yet the true nature of the association has not been made out.

It has been found that in a period of about eleven years the sun's surface is affected by what may be described as a wave of sun-spots. There is a short time—a year or so—during which scarce any spots are seen ; they become more and more numerous during the next four or five years, until they attain a maximum of frequency and size ; after this they wane in number and dimensions, until at length, about eleven years from the time when he had before been freest from spots, he attains again a similar condition. After this the spots begin to return, gradually attain to a maximum, then gradually diminish, until after eleven more years have elapsed few or none are seen. It must not be supposed that the sun is always free from spots at the time of minimum spot frequency, or that he always shows many and large spots at the time of maximum spot frequency. Occasionally several very large spots, and sometimes singularly large spots, have been seen in the very heart of the minimum spot season, and again there have been occasions when scarcely any spots have been seen for several days in the very heart of the maximum spot season. But, taking the average of each year, the progression of the spots in number and frequency from minimum to maximum, and their decline from maximum to minimum, are quite unmistakable.

Now there are some terrestrial phenomena which we might expect to respond in greater or less degree to the sun's changes of condition with respect to spots. We cannot doubt that the emission both of light and of heat is affected by the presence of spots. It is not altogether clear in what way the emission is affected. We cannot at

once assume that because the spots are dark the quantity of sunlight must be less when the spots are numerous ; for it may well be that the rest of the sun's surface may at such times be notably brighter than usual, and the total emission of light may be greater on the whole instead of less. Similarly of the emission of heat. It is certain that when there are many spots the surface of the sun is far less uniform in brightness than at other times. The increase of brightness all round the spots is obvious to the eye when the sun's image, duly enlarged, is received upon a screen in a darkened room. Whether the total emission of light is increased or diminished has not yet been put to the test. Professor Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, near Pittsburg, U.S., has carefully measured the diminution of the sun's emission of light and heat on the assumption that the portion of the surface not marked by spots remains unchanged in lustre. But until the total emission of light and heat at the times of maximum and minimum has been measured, without any assumption of the kind, we cannot decide the question.

More satisfactory would seem to be the measurements which have been made by Professor Piazzi Smyth, at Edinburgh, and later by the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, into the underground temperature of the earth. By examining the temperature deep down below the surface all local and temporary causes of change are eliminated, and causes external to the earth can alone be regarded as effective in producing systematic changes. 'The effect is very slight,' I wrote two or three years ago, 'indeed barely recognisable. I have before me as I write Professor Smyth's sheet of the quarterly temperatures from 1837 to 1869 at depths of 3, 6, 12, and 24 French feet. Of course the most remarkable feature, even at the depth of 24 feet, is the alternate rise and fall with the seasons. But it is seen that, while the range of rise and fall remains very nearly constant, the crests and troughs of the waves lie at varying levels.' After describing in the essay above referred to, which appears in my "Science Byways," the actual configuration of the curves of temperature both for seasons and for years, and the chart in which the sun-spot waves and the temperature waves are brought into comparison, I was obliged to admit that the alleged association between the sun-spot period and the changes of underground temperature did not seem to me very clearly made out. It appears, however, that there is a slight increase of temperature at the time when the sun-spots are most numerous.

That the earth's magnetism is affected by the sun's condition with respect to spots seems to have been more clearly made out, though it must be noted that the Astronomer Royal considers the Greenwich magnetic observations inconsistent with this theory. It

seems to have been rendered at least extremely probable that the daily oscillation of the magnetic needle is greater when spots are numerous than when there are few spots or none. Magnetic storms are also more numerous at the time of maximum spot-frequency, and auroras are then more common. The reader will not fall into the mistake of supposing that magnetic storms have the remotest resemblance to hurricanes, or rainstorms, or hailstorms, or even to thunderstorms, though the thunderstorm is an electrical phenomenon. What is meant by a magnetic storm is simply such a condition of the earth's frame that the magnetic currents traversing it are unusually strong.

Thus far, however, we have merely considered relations which we might fairly expect to find affected by the sun's condition as to spots. A slight change in his total brightness and in the total amount of heat emitted by him may naturally be looked for under circumstances which visibly affect the emission of light, and presumably affect the emission of heat also, from portions of his surface. Nor can we wonder if terrestrial magnetism, which is directly dependent on the sun's emission of heat, should be affected by the existence of spots upon his surface.

It is otherwise with the effects which have recently been associated with the sun's condition. It may or may not prove actually to be the case that wind and rain vary in quantity as the sun-spots vary in number (at least when we take in both cases the average for a year, or for two or three years), but it cannot be said that any such relation was antecedently to be expected. When we consider what the sun actually does for our earth, it seems unlikely that special effects such as these should depend on relatively minute peculiarities of the sun's surface. There is our earth, with her oceans and continents, turning around swiftly on her axis, and exposed to his rays as a whole. Or, inverting the way of viewing matters, there is the sun riding high in the heavens of any region of the earth, pouring down his rays upon that region. We can understand how in the one case that rotating orb of the earth may receive rather more or rather less heat from the sun when he is spotted than when he is not, or how, in the other way of viewing matters, that orb of the sun may give to any region rather more or rather less heat according as his surface is more or less spotted. But that in special regions of that rotating earth storms should be more or less frequent or rainfall heavier or lighter as the sun's condition changes through the exceedingly small range of variation due to the formation of spots, seems antecedently altogether unlikely; and equally unlikely the idea that peculiarities affecting limited regions of the sun's surface should affect appreciably the

general condition of the earth. If a somewhat homely comparison may be permitted, we can well understand how a piece of meat roasting before a fire may receive a greater or less supply of heat on the whole as the fire undergoes slight local changes (very slight indeed they must be, that the illustration may be accurate) ; but it would be extremely surprising if, in consequence of such slight changes in the fire, the roasting of particular portions of the joint were markedly accelerated or delayed, or affected in any other special manner.

But of course all such considerations as to antecedent probabilities must give way before the actual evidence of observed facts. Utterly inconsistent with all that is yet known of the sun's physical action as it may seem on *à priori* grounds to suppose that spots, currents, or other local disturbances of the sun's surface could produce any but general effects on the earth as a whole, if we shall find that particular effects *are* produced in special regions of the earth's surface in cycles unmistakably synchronising with the solar-spot cycle, we must accept the fact, whether we can explain it or not. Only let it be remembered at the outset that the earth is a large place, and the variations of wind and calm, rain and drought, are many and various in different regions. Whatever place we select for examining the rainfall, for example, we are likely to find, in running over the records of the last thirty years or so, some seemingly oscillatory changes ; in the records of the winds, again, we are likely to find other seemingly oscillatory changes ; if none of these records provide anything which seems in any way to correspond with the solar-spot cycle, we may perchance find some such relation in the rain-fall of particular months, or in the varying wetness or dryness of particular winds, and so forth. Or, if we utterly fail to find any such relation in one place, we may find it in another, or not improbably in half-a-dozen places among the hundreds which are available for the search. If we are content with imperfect correspondence between some meteorological process and the solar-spot cycle, we shall be exceedingly unfortunate indeed if we fail to find a score of illustrative instances. And if we only record these, without noticing any of the cases where we fail to find any association whatever,—in other words, as Bacon puts it, if “we note when we hit and never note when we miss,”—we shall be able to make what will seem a very strong case indeed. But this is not exactly the scientific method in such cases. By following such a course, indeed, we might prove almost anything. If we take, for instance, a pack of cards, regard the cards in order as corresponding to the years 1825 to 1877, and note their colours as dealt *once*, we shall find it very difficult to show that there is any connection

whatever between the colours of the cards corresponding to particular years and the number of spots on the sun's face. But if we repeat the process a thousand times, we shall find certain instances among the number, in which red suits correspond to all the years when there are many spots on the sun, and black suits to all the years when there are few spots on the sun. If now we were to publish all such deals, without mentioning anything at all about the others which showed no such association, we should go far to convince a certain section of the public that the condition of the sun as to spots might hereafter be foretold by the cards; whence, if the public were already satisfied that the condition of the sun specially affects the weather of particular places, it would follow that the future weather of these places might also be foretold by the cards.

I mention this matter at the outset, because many who are anxious to find some such cycle of seasons as Sir John Herschel thought might be discovered, have somewhat overlooked the fact that we must not hunt down such a cycle *per fas et nefas*. "Surely in meteorology, as in astronomy," Mr. Lockyer writes, for instance, "the thing to hunt down is a cycle, and if that is not to be found in the temperate zones, then go to the frigid zones or the torrid zone to look for it; and if found, then above all things and in whatever manner, lay hold of, study, and read it, and see what it means." There can be no doubt that this is the way to find a cycle, or at least to find what looks like a cycle, but the worth of a cycle found in this way will be very questionable.¹

I would not have it understood, however, that I consider all the cycles now to be referred to as unreal, or even that the supposed connection between them and the solar cycle has no existence. I only note that there are thousands, if not tens of thousands, of relations among which cycles may be looked for, and that there are perhaps twenty or thirty cases in which some sort of cyclic association between certain meteorological relations and the period of the solar spots presents itself. According to the recognised laws of probability, some at least amongst these cases must be regarded as accidental. Some, however, may still remain which are not accidental.

¹ In 1860, a year of maximum sun-spot frequency, Cambridge won the University boat-race; the year 1865, of minimum sun-spot frequency, marked the middle of a long array of Oxford victories; 1872, the next maximum, marked the middle of a Cambridge series of victories. May we not anticipate that next year, the year of minimum spot-frequency, Oxford will win? I doubt not similar evidence might be obtained about the inter-University cricket matches, billiard matches, and so forth.

Among the earliest published instances may be mentioned Mr. Baxendell's recognition of the fact that during a certain series of years, (about thirty, I think,) the amount of rainfall at Oxford was greater under west and south-west winds than under south and south-east winds, when sun-spots were most numerous, whereas the reverse held in years when there were no spots or few. Examining the meteorological records of St. Petersburg, he found that a contrary state of things prevailed there.

The Rev. Mr. Main, Director of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford, found that westerly winds were slightly more common (as compared with other winds) when sun-spots were numerous than when they were few.

Mr. Meldrum, of Mauritius, has made a series of statistical inquiries into the records of cyclones which have traversed the Indian Ocean between the equator and 34 degrees south latitude, in each year from 1856 to 1877, noting the total distances traversed by each, the sums of their radii and areas, their duration in days, the sums of their total areas, and their relative areas. His researches, be it marked in passing, are of extreme interest and value, whether the suggested connection between sun-spots and cyclones (in the region specified) be eventually found to be a real one or not. The following are his results, as described in *Nature* by a writer who manifestly favours very strongly the doctrine that an intimate association exists between solar maculation (or spottiness) and terrestrial meteorological phenomena :—

“The period embraces two complete, or all but complete, sun-spot periods, the former beginning with 1856 and ending in 1867, and the latter extending from 1867 to about the present time. The broad result is that the number of cyclones, the length and duration of their courses, and the extent of the earth's surface covered by them all, reach the maximum in each sun-spot period during the years of maximum maculation, and fall to the minimum during the years of minimum maculation. The peculiar value of these results lies in the fact that the portion of the earth's surface over which this investigation extends, is, from its geographical position and what may be termed its meteorological homogeneity, singularly well fitted to bring out prominently any connection that may exist between the condition of the sun's surface and atmospheric phenomena.”

The writer proceeds to describe an instance in which Mr. Meldrum predicted future meteorological phenomena, though without specifying the exact extent to which Mr. Meldrum's anticipations were fulfilled or the reverse. “A drought commenced in Mauritius early in

November," he says, "and Mr. Meldrum ventured (on December 21) to express publicly his opinion that probably the drought would not break up till towards the end of January, and that it might last till the middle of February, adding that up to these dates the rainfall of the island would probably not exceed 50 per cent. of the mean fall. This opinion was an inference grounded on past observations, which show that former droughts have lasted from about three to three and a half months, and that these droughts have occurred in the years of minimum sun-spots, or, at all events, in years when the spots were far below the average, such as 1842, 1843, 1855, 1856, 1864, 1866, and 1867, and that now we are near the minimum epoch of sun-spots. It was further stated that the probability of rains being brought earlier by a cyclone was but slight, seeing that the season for cyclones is not till February or March, and that no cyclone whatever visited Mauritius during 1853-56 and 1864-67, the years of minimum sun-spots. From the immense practical importance of this application of the connection between sun-spots and weather to the prediction of the character of the weather of the ensuing season, we shall look forward with the liveliest interest to a detailed statement of the weather which actually occurred in that part of the Indian Ocean from November to March last."

It was natural that the great Indian famine, occurring at a time when sun-spots were nearly at a minimum, should by some be directly associated with a deficiency of sun-spots. In this country, indeed, we have had little reason, during the last two or three years of few sun-spots, to consider that drought is one of the special consequences to be attributed to deficient solar maculation. But in India it may be different, or at least it may be different in Madras, for it has been asserted that in some parts of India the rain-fall increases in inverse, not in direct, proportion to the extent of solar maculation. Dr. Hunter has shown to the satisfaction of many that at Madras there is "a cycle of rainfall corresponding with the period of solar maculation." But Mr. E. D. Archibald, who is also thoroughly satisfied that the sun-spots affect the weather, remarks that Dr. Hunter has been somewhat hasty in arguing that the same conditions apply throughout the whole of southern India. "This hasty generalisation from the results of one station situated in a vast continent, the rainfall of which varies completely, both in amount and the season in which it falls, according to locality, has been strongly contested by Mr. Blanford, the Government meteorologist, who, in making a careful comparison of the rainfalls of seven stations, three of which (Madras, Bangalore, and Mysore) are in southern India,

the others being Bombay, Najpore, Jubbulpore, and Calcutta, finds that, with the exception of Najpore in Central India, which shows some slight approach to the same cyclical variation which is so distinctly marked in the Madras registers, the rest of the stations form complete exceptions to the rule adduced for Madras, in many of them the hypothetical order of relation being reversed. Mr. Blandford, however, shows that, underlying the above irregularities, a certain cyclical variation exists on the average at all the stations, the amount, nevertheless, being so insignificant (not more than 9 per cent. of the total falls) that it could not be considered of sufficient magnitude to become a direct factor in the production of famine. It thus appears that the cycle of rainfall which is considered to be the most important element in causing periodic famines has only been proved satisfactorily for the town of Madras. It may perhaps hold for the Carnatic and Northern Siccars, the country immediately surrounding Madras, though perhaps, owing to the want of rainfall registers in these districts, evidence with regard to this part is still wanting." On this Mr. Archibald proceeds to remark that, though Dr. Hunter has been only partially successful, the value of his able pamphlet is not diminished in any way, "an indirect effect of which has been to stimulate meteorological inquiry and research in the same direction throughout India. The meteorology of this country (India), from its peculiar and tropical position, is in such complete unison with any changes that may arise from oscillations in the amount of solar radiation, and their effects upon the velocity and direction of the vapour-bearing winds, that a careful study of it cannot fail to discover meteorological periodicities in close connection with corresponding periods of solar disturbance."

So, indeed, it would seem.

The hope that famines may be abated, or, at least, some of their most grievous consequences forestalled by means of solar observatories, does not appear very clearly made out. Rather it would seem that the proper thing to do is to investigate the meteorological records of different Indian regions, and consider the resulting evidence of cyclic changes without any special reference to sun-spots; for if sun-spots may cause drought in one place, heavy rainfall in another, winds here and calms there, it seems conceivable that the effects of sun-spots may differ at different times, as they manifestly do in different places.

Let us turn, however, from famines to shipwrecks. Perhaps, if we admit that cyclones are more numerous, and blow more fiercely, and range more widely, even though it be over one large oceanic

region only, during sun-spot seasons than at other times, we may be assured, without further research, that shipwrecks will, on the whole be more numerous near the time of sun-spot maxima than near the time of sun-spot minima.

The idea that this may be so was vaguely shadowed forth in a poem of many stanzas, called "The Meteorology of the Future : a Vision," which appeared in *Nature* for July 5, 1877. I do not profess to understand precisely what the object of this poem may have been ; I mean, whether it is intended to support or not the theory that sun-spots influence the weather. Several stanzas are very humorous, but the object of the humour is not manifest. The part referred to above is as follows :—Poor Jack lies at the bottom of the sea in 1881, and is asked in a spiritual way various questions as to the cause of his thus coming to grief. This he attributes to the rottenness of the ship in which he sailed, to the jobbery of the inspector, to the failure of the system of weather telegraphing, and so forth. But, says the questioner, there was one who

In fame to none will yield :
He led the band who reaped renown
On India's famine field.

Was he the man to see thee die?
Thou wilt not tax him—come?
The dead man groaned—'*I met my death
Through a sun-spot maximum.*'

The first definite enunciation, however, of a relation between sun-spots and shipwrecks appeared last September. Mr. Henry Jeula, in the *Times* for September 19, stated that Dr. Hunter's researches into the Madras rainfall had led him to throw together the scanty materials available relating to losses posted on Lloyd's Loss-book, to ascertain if any coincidences existed between the varying number of such losses and Dr. Hunter's results. "For," he proceeds, "since the cycle of rainfall at Madras coincides, I am informed, with the periodicity of the cyclones in the adjoining Bay of Bengal" (a relation which is more than doubtful), "as worked out by the Government Astronomer at Mauritius" (whose researches, however, as we have seen, related to a region remote from the Bay of Bengal), "some coincidence between maritime casualties, rainfalls, and sun-spots appeared at least possible." In passing I may note that if any such relation were established it would be only an extension of the significance of the cycle of cyclones, and could have no independent value. It would certainly follow, if the cycle of cyclones is made out, that

shipwrecks being more numerous, merchants would suffer, and we should have the influence of the solar spots asserting itself in the gazette. From the cyclic derangement of monetary and mercantile matters, again, other relations also cyclic in character would arise. But as all these may be inferred from the cycle of cyclones, once this is established, we could scarcely find in their occurrence fresh evidence of the necessity of that much-begged-for solar observatory. The last great monetary panic in this country, by the way, occurred in 1866, at a time of minimum solar maculation. Have we here a decisive proof that the sun rules the money market, the bank rate of discount rising to a maximum as the sun-spots sink to a minimum, and *vice versa*? The idea is strengthened by the fact that the American panic in 1873 occurred when spots were very numerous, and its effects have steadily subsided as the spots have diminished in number; for this shows that the sun rules the money market in America on a principle diametrically opposed to that on which he (manifestly) rules the money market in England, precisely as the spots cause drought in Calcutta and plenteous rainfall at Madras, wet south-western and dry south-eastern at Oxford, and wet south-eastern and dry south-western at St. Petersburg. Surely it would be unreasonable to refuse to recognise the weight of evidence which thus tells on both sides at once.

To return, however, to the sun's influence upon shipwrecks.

Mr. Jeula was "only able to obtain data for two complete cycles of eleven years, namely, from 1855 to 1876 inclusive, while the period investigated by Dr. Hunter extended from 1813 to 1876, and his observations related to Madras and its neighbourhood only, while the losses posted at Lloyd's occurred to vessels of various countries and happened in different parts of the world. It was necessary to bring these losses to some common basis of comparison, and the only available one was the number of "British registered vessels of the United Kingdom and Channel Islands"—manifestly an arbitrary one. I consequently cast out the percentage of losses posted each year upon the number of registered vessels for the same year, and also the percentage of losses posted in each of the eleven years of the two cycles upon the total posted in each complete cycle, thus obtaining two bases of comparison independent of each other."

The results may be thus presented:—

Taking the four years of each cycle when sun-spots were least in number, Mr. Jeula found the mean percentage of losses in registered vessels of the United Kingdom and Channel Islands to be 11·13,

and the mean percentage of losses in the total posted in the entire cycle of eleven years to be 8·64.

In the four years when sun-spots were intermediate in number, that is in two years following the minimum and in two years preceding the minimum, the respective percentages were 11·91 and 9·21.

Lastly, in the three years when sun-spots were most numerous, these percentages were, respectively, 12·49 and 9·53.

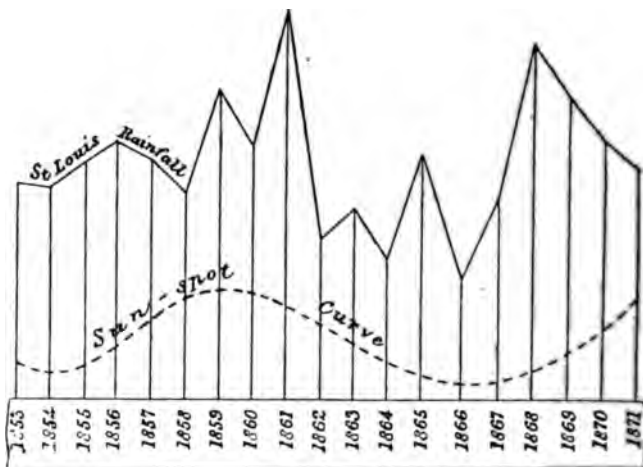
That the reader may more clearly understand what is meant here by percentages, I explain that while the numbers 11·13, 11·91, and 12·49 simply indicate the average number of wrecks (per hundred of all the ships registered) which occurred in the several years of the eleven-year cycle, the other numbers, 8·64, 19·21, and 9·53, indicate the average number of wrecks (per hundred of wrecks recorded) during eleven successive years, which occurred in the several years of the cycle. The latter numbers seem more directly to the purpose ; and as the two sets agree pretty closely, we may limit our attention to them.

Now I would in the first place point out that it would have been well if the actual number or percentage had been indicated for each year of the cycle, instead of for periods of four years, four years, and three years. Two eleven-year cycles give in any case but meagre evidence, and it would have been well if the evidence had been given as fully as possible. If we had a hundred eleven-yearly cycles, and took the averages of wrecks for the four years of minimum solar maculation, the four intermediate years, and the three years of maximum maculation, we might rely with considerable confidence on the result, because accidental peculiarities one way or the other could be eliminated. But in two cycles only, such peculiarities may entirely mask any cyclic relation really existing, and may thus appear to indicate a relation which has no real existence. If the percentages had been given for each year the effect of such peculiarities would doubtless still remain, and the final result would not be more trustworthy than before ; but we should have a chance of deciding whether such peculiarities really existed or not, and also of determining what their nature might be. As an instance in point, let me cite a case where, having only the results of a single cycle, we can so arrange them as to appear to indicate a cyclic association between sun-spots and rainfall, while, when we give them year by year, such an association is discredited, to say the least.

The total rainfall at Port Louis, between the years 1855 and 1868 inclusive, is as follows ;—

		<i>Rainfall.</i>			<i>Condition of Sun.</i>
In 1855	...	42·665 inches	...		Sun-spot minimum.
1856	...	46·230 "			
1857	...	43·445 "			
1858	...	35·506 "			
1859	...	56·875 "			
1860	...	45·166 "	...		Sun-spot maximum.
1861	...	68·733 "			
1862	...	28·397 "			
1863	...	33·420 "			
1864	...	24·147 "			
1865	...	44·730 "			
1866	...	20·571 "	...		Sun-spot minimum.
1867	...	35·970 "			
1868	...	64·180 "			

I think no one, looking at these numbers as they stand, can recognise any evidence of a cyclic tendency. If we represent the rainfall by ordinates we get the accompanying figure, which shows the rainfall for eighteen years, and again I think it may be said that a very lively imagination is required to recognise anything resembling that wave-like undulation which the fundamental law of statistics requires where a cycle is to be made out from a single oscillation.



Certainly the agreement between the broken curve of rainfall and the sun-spot curve indicated by the waved dotted line is not glaringly obvious. But when we strike an average for the rainfall, in the way adopted by Mr. Jeula for shipwrecks, how pleasantly is the theory of

sun-spot influence illustrated by the Port Louis rainfall. Here is the result, as quoted by the high-priest of the new order of diviners, from the papers by Mr. Meldrum :—

Three minimum years,	total rainfall	133'340
Three maximum years	„	170'774
Three minimum years	„	120'721

Nothing could be more satisfactory, but nothing, I venture to assert, more thoroughly inconsistent with the true method of statistical research.

May it not be that, underlying the broad results presented by Mr. Jeula, there are similar irregularities?

When we consider that the loss of ships depends, not only on a cause so irregularly variable (to all seeming) as wind-storms, but also on other matters liable to constant change, as the variations in the state of trade, the occurrence of wars and rumours of wars, special events, such as international exhibitions and so forth, we perceive that an even wider range of survey is required to remove the effects of accidental peculiarities in their case, than in the case of rainfall, cyclones, or the like. I cannot but think, for instance, that the total number of ships lost in divers ways during the American war, and especially in its earlier years (corresponding with two of the three maximum years of sun-spots) may have been greater, not merely absolutely but relatively, than in other years. I think it conceivable, again, that during the depression following the great commercial panic of 1866 (occurring at a time of minimum solar maculation, as already noticed) the loss of ships may have been to some degree reduced, relatively as well as absolutely. We know that when trade has been unusually active many ships have sailed, and perhaps may still (despite Mr. Plimsoll's endeavours) be allowed to sail, which should have been broken up; whereas in time of trade-depression the ships actually afloat are likely to be, *on the average*, of a better class. So also, when for some special reason passenger traffic at sea is abnormally increased. I merely mention these as illustrative cases of causes not (probably) dependent on sun-spots, which may (not improbably) have affected the results examined by Mr. Jeula. I think it possible that those results, if presented for each year, would have indicated the operation of such causes, naturally masked when sets of four years, four years, and three years are taken instead of single years.

I imagine that considerations such as these will have to be taken into account and disposed of before it will be unhesitatingly admitted that sun-spots have any great effect in increasing the number of shipwrecks.

The advocates of the doctrine of sun-spot influence—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, the advocates of the endowment of sun-spot research—think differently on these and other points. Each one of the somewhat doubtful relations discussed above, is constantly referred to by them, first as a demonstrated fact, and next as a demonstrative proof of the theory they advocate. For instance, Mr. Lockyer, in referring to Mr. Meldrum's statistical researches into the frequency of cyclones, does not hesitate to assert that according to these researches "the whole question of cyclones is merely a question of solar activity, and that if we wrote down in one column the number of cyclones in any given year, and in another column the number of sun-spots in any given year, there will be a strict relation between them—many sun-spots, many hurricanes; few sun-spots, few hurricanes." And again, "Mr. Meldrum has since found" (not merely has since found reason to believe, but definitely, "has since found") "that what is true of the storms which devastate the Indian Ocean is true of the storms which devastate the West Indies; and on referring to the storms of the Indian Ocean, Mr. Meldrum points out that at those years where we have been quietly mapping the sun-spot maxima, the harbours were filled with wrecks, vessels coming in disabled from every part of the Indian Ocean." And again, Mr. Balfour Stewart accepts Mr. Jeula's statistics confidently as demonstrating that there are most shipwrecks during periods of maximum solar activity. Nor are the advocates of the new method of prediction at all doubtful as to the value of these relations in affording the basis of a system of prediction. They do not tell us precisely *how* we are to profit by the fact, if fact it is, that cyclones and shipwrecks mark the time of maximum solar maculation, and droughts and famine the time of minimum. If we can manage to get at these things, says Mr. Lockyer, "the power of prediction, that power which would be the most useful one in meteorology if we could only get at it, would be within our grasp." And Mr. Balfour Stewart, in a letter to the *Times*, says, "If we are on the track of a discovery which will in time enable us to foretell the cycle of droughts, public opinion should demand that the investigation be prosecuted with redoubled vigour and under better conditions. If forewarned be forearmed, then such research will ultimately conduce to the saving of life both at times of maximum and minimum sun-spot frequency."

If these hopes are really justified by the facts of the case, it would be well that the matter should be as quickly as possible put to the test. No one would be so heartless, I think, as to reject through an

excess of scientific caution, a scheme which might issue in the saving of many lives from famine or from shipwreck. And on the other hand, no one I think would believe so ill of his fellow men as to suppose for one moment that advantage could be taken of the sympathies which have been aroused by the Indian famine, or may from time to time be excited by the record of great disasters by sea and land, to advocate bottomless schemes merely for purposes of personal advancement. We must now, perforce, believe that those who advocate the erection of new observatories and laboratories for studying the physics of the sun, have the most thorough faith in the scheme which they proffer to save our Indian population from famine and our seamen from shipwreck.

But they, on the other hand, should now also believe that those who have described the scheme as entirely hopeless, do really so regard it. If we exonerate them from the charge of responding to an appeal for food by offering spectroscopes, they in turn should exonerate us from the charge of denying spectroscopes to the starving millions of India, though knowing well that the spectroscopic track leads straight to safety.

I must acknowledge I cannot for my own part see even that small modicum of hope in the course suggested which would suffice to justify its being followed. In my opinion, one ounce of rice would be worth more (simply because it would be worth something) than ten thousand tons of spectroscopes. For what in the first place has been shown as to the connection between meteorological phenomena and sun-spots? Supposing we grant, and it is granting a great deal, that all the cycles referred to have been made out. They one and all affect averages only. The most marked among them can so little be trusted in detail that while the maximum of sun-spots agrees *in the main* with an excess or defect of rain or wind, or of special rains with special winds, or the like, the actual year of maximum may present the exact reverse. Of what use can it be to know, for instance, that the three years of least solar maculation will probably give a rainfall less than that for the preceding or following three years, if the middle year of the three, when the spots are most numerous of all, may haply show plenteous rainfall? Or it may be the first of the three or the last which is thus well supplied, while a defect in the other two, or in one of the others, brings the total triennial rainfall below the average. What provision could possibly be made under such circumstances to meet a contingency which may occur in any one of three years?—or at least, what provision could be made which would prove nearly so effective as an arrangement which could readily be made fo

keeping sufficient government stores at suitable stations (that is, never allowing such stores to fall at the critical season in each year below a certain minimum), and sending early telegraphic information of unfavourable weather? Does anyone suppose that the solar rice-grains are better worth watching for such a purpose than the terrestrial rice-grains, or that it is not well within the resources of modern science and modern means of communication and transport, to make sufficient preparation each year for a calamity always possible in India? And be it noticed that if, on the one hand, believers in solar safety from famine may urge, that in thus objecting to their scheme, I am opposing what might in some year of great famine and small sun-spots save the lives of a greater number than would be saved by any system of terrestrial watchfulness, I would point out, on the other, that the solar scheme, if it means anything at all, means special watchfulness at the minimum sun-spot season, and general confidence (so far as famine is concerned) at the season of maximum solar maculation; and that while as yet nothing has been really proved about the connection between sun-spots and famine, such confidence might prove to be a very dangerous mistake.

Supposing even it not only proved that sun-spots exert such and such effects, but that this knowledge can avail to help us to measures of special precaution, how is the study of the sun going to advance our knowledge? In passing, let it be remarked that already an enormous number of workers are engaged in studying the sun in every part of the world. The sun is watched on every fine day in every quarter of the earth with the telescope, analysed with the spectroscope, his prominences counted and measured, his surface photographed, and so forth. What more ought to be or could be done? But that is not the main point. If more could be done, what could be added to our knowledge which would avail in the way of protection? "At present," says Mr. Balfour Stewart, "the problem has not been pursued on a sufficiently large scale or in a sufficient number of places. If the attack is to be continued, the skirmishers should give way to heavy guns, and these should be brought to bear without delay now that the point of attack is known." In other words, now that we know, according to the advocates of these views, that meteorological phenomena follow roughly the great solar-spot period, we should prosecute the attack in this direction, in order to find out—what? Minor periods, perhaps, with which meteorological phenomena may still more roughly synchronise. Other such periods are already known with which meteorological phenomena have never yet been associated. New details of the

sun's surface? No one has yet pretended that any of the details already known, except the spots, affect terrestrial weather, and the idea that peculiarities so minute as hitherto to have escaped detection can do so, is as absurd, on the face of it, as the supposition that minute details in the structure of a burning coal, such details as could only be detected by close scrutiny, can affect the general quality and effects of the heat transmitted by the coal, as part of a large fire, to the farther side of a large room.

Lastly, I would urge this general argument against a theory which seems to me to have even less to recommend it to acceptance than the faith in astrology.¹ *If it requires, as we are so strongly assured, the most costly observations, the employment of the heaviest guns (and*

¹ It must be understood that this remark relates only to the theory that by close scrutiny of the sun a power of predicting weather peculiarities can be obtained, not to the theory that there may be a cyclic association between sun-spots and the weather. If this association exists, yet no scrutiny of the sun can tell us more than we already know, and it will scarcely be pretended that new solar observatories could give us any better general idea of the progress of the great sun-spot period than we obtain from observatories already in existence, or, indeed, might obtain from the observations of a single amateur telescopicist.

I think it quite possible that, from the systematic study of terrestrial relations, the existence of a cyclic association between the great spot period and terrestrial phenomena may be demonstrated, instead of being merely surmised as at present.

By the way, it may be worth noting that a prediction relative to the coming winter has been made on the faith of such association by Professor Piazzi Smyth. It runs as follows :—

“ Having recently computed the remaining observations of our earth-thermometers here, and prepared a new projection of all the observations from their beginning in 1837 to their calamitous close last year—results generally confirmatory of those arrived at in 1870 have been obtained, but with more pointed and immediate bearing on the weather now before us.

“ The chief features undoubtedly deducible for the past thirty-nine years, after eliminating the more seasonal effects of ordinary summer and winter, are :—

“ 1. Between 1837 and 1876 three great heat-waves, from without, struck this part of the earth, viz., the first in 1846·5, the second in 1858·0, and the third in 1868·7. And unless some very complete alteration in the weather is to take place, the next such visitation may be looked for in 1879·5, within limits of half a year each way.

“ 2. The next feature in magnitude and certainty is, that the periods of minimum temperature, or cold, are not either in, or anywhere near, the middle time between the crests of those three chronologically identified heat-waves, but are comparatively close up to them *on either side*, at a distance of about a year and a half, so that the next such cold wave is due at the end of the present year.

“ This is, perhaps, not an agreeable prospect, especially if political agitators are at this time moving amongst the colliers, striving to persuade them to decrease the out-put of coal at every pit's mouth. Being, therefore, quite willing, for the general good, to suppose myself mistaken, I beg to send you a first impression of plate 17 of the forthcoming volume of observations of this Royal Observatory,

"great guns" are generally expensive), twenty or thirty years of time, and the closest scrutiny and research, to prove that sun-spots affect terrestrial relations in a definite manner, effects so extremely difficult to demonstrate cannot possibly be important enough to be worth predicting.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

and shall be very happy if you can bring out from the measures recorded there any more comfortable view for the public at large.

"PIAZZI SMYTH,

"Astronomer-Royal for Scotland."

If this prediction shall be confirmed, it will afford an argument in favour of the existence of the cyclic relation suggested, but no argument for the endowment of solar research. Professor Smyth's observations were not solar, but terrestrial.

TIMONEDA.

UNDER the title of Miscellaneous Novels the Spanish critics have agreed to include all short tales, stories, or anecdotes distinguished by a very simple plot, or, if there be no plot, at least by some witty saying. Their essence is natural humour, as opposed to studied affectation. The talkative Andalusian excels in them. The best samples of miscellaneous novels, like the ancient romances, were probably long existent before they were reduced to print. They had become, like the pebbles on the shore polished by the ocean waves, smooth and shining and well-shaped in the mouths of the people, ages before they were written in a book. There are, therefore, none of them to be seen in the literature of a later time. But some three centuries ago there were continual harvests, ripe and golden—and not in a single season only; harvests so copious that none cared to gather them in his bosom or set them in barn or storehouse, esteeming them as the spontaneous fruit of the soil, which, for its very abundance, was of trifling value. So free was early Spain, at all events in this respect, from that intellectual barrenness with which it has been inconsiderately reproached.

Among the first to bind together the shining sheaves which enriched his fatherland, was Juan Timoneda, a bookseller of Valencia in the beginning of the sixteenth century. To him, probably, is owing the preservation of the dramatic works of Lope de Rueda. Cervantes, at least, seemed of that opinion when he wrote in his "Voyage to Parnassus"—

Fué de ejemplo Juan de Timoneda,
Que con solo imprimir se hizo eterno
Las comedias del gran Lope de Rueda.

A great number of works on which that worthy bookseller is known to have busied himself are not to be found in our national library. Thirty years ago, one of his volumes, called the "Rose of Romances," was discovered at Vienna. It is a collection of amatory poems and

arguments, histories, Roman, Trojan, and Spanish, and remarkable events in the lives of kings, princes, viceroys, and archbishops.

In the year 1569 Timoneda presented the Valencian public with his "Cuentos de Sobremesa y Alivio de Caminantes," "Tales of the Tablecloth, and The Rovers' Restorative," containing affable and gracious sayings, and heroic tales of much sententiousness and doctrine. The book is divided into two parts; the first comprising pleasant stories and very witty speeches, the second very elegant speeches and wise replies, and most acute examples for those who can refer to them in this fine life of ours. The tales, some of them in the Valencian dialect, are told in prose, but there is a short stanza at the conclusion of the second book, which says, "Here, friend, the promise I made in the conclave of love is completed; here the Tablecloth, having divided its tales into two books, terminates; here it humbles itself, and resolves to submit to every sort of correction—here it asks and supplicates the readers to amend and forgive its faults." The concluding line is, of course, well known to the student of the Spanish drama. Nowhere is an instance of the accursed habit of curtailing books, at the call of what is understood to be conscience, more conspicuous than in this unfortunate Spanish "Joe Miller." Not half a dozen years after the edition in Valencia, another was published in Alcalá de Henares, which cuts out no fewer than sixty-five tales of the whole number, one hundred and sixty-one, and sets this impudent advertisement after a mangled title: "In this latest edition many matters which were in the others, superfluous, dishonest, and ill-sounding, have been suppressed."

In 1576 was published the work on which Timoneda's fame chiefly rests, his "Patañuelo," or "Bundle of Fictions." "Wonderful tales will you find in them," says the author; "gracious intrigues and delicate inventions, for the wise and discreet reader to refer to." In a letter to his most loving reader, he informs him that as the present work is solely intended for some pastime and recreation, he must not suppose it to be all true, most of it being feigned and made up out of his own little knowledge and low intelligence. The very name, says he, will declare distinctly the nature of the book, since *Patañuelo* is derived from *pataña*, which is nothing but a matter of fiction prettily made up so as to resemble the truth.

Timoneda seems to have had in view, next to the amusement of the public, the improvement of professional conversationalists, and he advises them so to manage that these tales of his be not dragged in by the hair, but arise naturally out of their talk. Many of them might be told at the present day to relieve the solemn dulness of an

English dinner with good effect. They are drawn from various wells. Timoneda evidently intended to imitate the Italian *novellieri*, and at least one of his novels he owes to Boccaccio, though the series of them has no frame of connection as in the "Decameron." The tale referred to is the well-known one of Griselda, or Patient Grizzel. This, like every tale in the collection, is preceded by a quartette, in which the two extreme and two middle lines rhyme. The quartette appropriated to Patient Grizzel goes in our language something like this—the metre is the dimeter Trochaic acatalectic of the original :—

Grizzel by her grace prevailing,
Grew to be a peeress ermined ;
Did whate'er her lord determined,
With a patience never failing.

So the eleventh tale, one of the longest of all, is the old story of Apollonius' marriage with the daughter of Antiochus, with his many misfortunes by land and sea, which, originally drawn from the "*Gesta Romanorum*," is made familiar to us in the drama of "Pericles."

Of the miscellaneous novels, or rather romances, in the *Rose of Timoneda*, some are, to use the expression of Cervantes, *hijos de su ingenio*, of his own composition, and others are simply crystallised from the solution of common talk, and, as the Spaniards say, *recopilados*. Of these latter may be quoted two which come under the category of romances of chivalry and love. The first is the romance of Espinelo, the second that of the woman who was mother of 370 children. The original is in the metre above mentioned.

Espinelo lay very ill on a bed. Its sides were gold, and its planks fine silver ; the mattress was of rich holland, the sheets were invisible in water, and the counterpane covered with pearls. Matleona, his mistress, stood at the bed's head fanning her face with peacock's feathers. She said to him, "Thou wert born on a full moon, tell me the story of thy life." "I will tell it thee, O lady ! with love and courtesy. My father was a king of France. My mother made a law that any woman bringing forth two at a birth should be burned or drowned as an adulteress. God and my luck determined that she should herself bear twins. She consulted a captive Moorish lady, learned in necromancy, who told her to take which child she chose, and having shut it up in a costly chest well covered with pitch, containing gold and precious stones, cast it straightway into the sea. Accordingly I was committed to the deep. This after a season landed me at the foot of a hawthorn (*espino*), whence I have my name. Some sailors saw me, and carried me

to the great Sultan of Syria, who, having no sons, adopted me. The great Sultan is now dead, and I am the Sultan."

The other romance runs thus—it could scarcely have prevailed anywhere but in a country so degraded by superstition as Spain. It happened in Ireland, and, beyond all question, it is true. A poor woman with many beautiful children, came to Madame Marguerite, as some call her, though others say Princess of Ireland, and besought charity. The lady asked if she were the mother of so many children? She answered "Yes, and that they were begotten of one father, at the lady's service." "It is impossible," quoth the lady, "rather they come of many fathers, and thou canst not deny it." The poor woman, afflicted by this calumny, raised her hands to heaven, and, kneeling on the ground, cried, "May it please God, who is able to bring it to pass, that thou shalt, O lady, obtain from one father so many children as not to be able to nourish them all, nor even know them." This prayer was heard, and the lady brought forth 370 children. A very wonderful circumstance, she brought them all forth on one day, without any delay or danger, small as so many mice, and as lively, —not one was wanting. The bishop baptised the lot in a silver fountain. After, they departed to enjoy that supreme glory which cannot be too highly appreciated. This very fountain was shown to our Emperor Charles. The truth of the event is witnessed by authors of the first estimation. One is Baptista Fulgoso, besides Algozar, and the great Valencian doctor, Vives, who cannot be forgotten.

This enumeration of credible witnesses to a palpable lie cannot fail to remind the reader of our modern advertisement puffs, in which cures equally questionable, the result with God's blessing of taking Robinson's Liver Pills, are testified by no few respectable country parsons.

Many of the good bookseller's romances are old and well known, and many, especially the most religious, are likely to offend from being what the French have conveniently called *contes gras*. Many, too, of the witty speeches and acute examples in the "Tales of the Tablecloth" are very well known to the ears of this generation. There is, for instance, that story of the mattress on which slept the man who owed so great a debt, which, according to Timoneda, was bought by a certain king as a sedative and opiate; though the purchaser in another version is a Greek philosopher. We have, too, the story of the hungry man, who obtained a good dinner at an inn by sitting down among those dining, and certifying that he was the public executioner, or, as in other versions, just out of bed from an attack of typhus fever.—Of the lady who, having adorned a poor room with rich furniture, and asked a certain

one how it seemed to him, was told that her apartment was like a sucking pig, of which the best was the crackling.

Of those tales which appear new, we have that of the heathen philosopher who every morning set his son with hat in hand to demand something of the stone statues of the city, and when asked why, answered, To teach him patience, the portion of the poor!—Of the old miser, who being *in extremis*, and his son lighting the customary candle, and admonishing him to remember God's passion, said, I don't forget it, my child, but don't you forget in your turn, as soon as ever I'm dead, to put out the light.

Some of the tales are very cleverly told. Timoneda had had long practice, and knew how to serve them in the most appetising manner. If he offers a salt-fish sometimes, he never neglects the egg-sauce. A certain knave once saw a parson putting up money in his pouch, and followed him afar off. The parson stopped to talk with a friend near the shop of an embroiderer who had a chasuble hanging up before his door. Into this shop entered the knave and bartered for the raiment, but wished before paying to see how it would look on a priest. Just then in the nick of time the parson, having parted with his friend, came by. "Reverend sir," quoth the rogue, "be good enough to enter and try on this garment." The parson with his purse hanging to his girdle entered, and with much charity put on the chasuble. "Prithee turn round, Reverend, that I may see how it suits behind," said the knave. The parson turned himself, and the knave, seizing the opportunity and the purse, ran down the street. After him ran the Reverend, chasuble, livery, and all. After the Reverend ran the embroiderer, well assured that all was but an artifice to rob him of the raiment. The fat ecclesiastic was soon caught by the embroiderer; but while that merchant was examining him as to his complicity, the thief escaped. We find this same tale—it must have been a common one of the time—in the *Selva Curiosa* of Juan Iniquez de Medrano, who speaks of it somewhat angrily as a diabolical device. The immoral ingenuity of this anecdote is inferior to that of another in the second part of the Tablecloth Tales, which offers to explain the proverbial Spanish phrase, "Neither one nor both." The pretty and faithless wife of a rustic who spent a large portion of his earnings, and seems to have been the heaven of his eyes, hell of his heart, and purgatory of his purse, was a little too fond of a holy father—a father indeed—who professed himself her husband's friend. One day the holy man was invited to partake of a brace of partridges, but the woman being hungry, and seeing that both the holy man and her husband lingered,

ate them. When they arrived, she at once sent the latter to sharpen his knife in the yard. Then fair and softly she came up to the former, and whispered, "Away! for he has found out our love, and is even now whetting his knife to cut off both your ears." The holy man vanished without a word. Then she cried aloud to her husband, "The precious priest has made off with both the birds." Out ran the rustic after him, with his knife ready in his hand, roaring "At least, let me have one of them." But the holy man answered, "Oh, son of an unfortunate! neither one nor both."

It is difficult to omit a touching example of wife-like tender forethought and wisdom. A rich old man, very respectable, a *señor de salva* as the author calls him—that is one who had a servant to taste his meat and drink before him, for fear it should be poisoned, such was the trustful felicity of those good old times—with a young and pretty wife, had an unpleasant suspicion about her and a merchant his neighbour. Falling sick in due time, and feeling himself about to die, he summoned his wife to his bedside and besought her as a last favour, with tears in his poor old eyes, not to marry that merchant his neighbour when he was gone. "I will not," said the dutiful woman. "I will not, my dear husband; be in no concern for him: nay, I could not, for I have been for some years past engaged to another!"

The reader of Lessing will remember the fable in which there is a dispute as to precedence between the owl and the eagle, the latter of which is raised nearly to heaven by its own wings, but the former carried into the midst thereof by the helmet of Minerva. Timoneda must content himself with the condition of the owl; he cannot, perhaps he would not wish to, lay claim to that of the eagle. By judicious selection he has attained a higher place than many who pride themselves on soaring solely by the assistance of the wings of what is called originality. He was of the opinion of Voltaire, that books can only be made by books. No doubt he would have defined genius, as indeed it has been lately defined by no mean authority, to be the result of accretion. His tales are those *Contes de la mère, l'oie, de la cicogne, de bonnes femmes*, amongst which Victor Hugo has classed the Iliad of Homer. Differing from fables, as being without any moral end or instructive purpose; from romances (which, by the way, are comparatively modern creations) in their shortness and want of those thrilling scenes of imaginary adventure which excite, but scarcely perhaps purify, as Aristotle says tragedy ought to do, the passions; from what is now generally understood by novels as containing little of the ordinary and familiar; they profess only to provide amusement, to quench the thirst of admiration, to satisfy the hunger of curiosity.

The grown-up child is generally as anxious to hear a pretty story as he was when he sat upon his nurse's knee; and he is, alas! in nine cases out of ten, just as careless of the moral as he was when he hid his face for fear of the giant, the author of those weird and mystic utterances *Fi! Fo! Fum!* in the folds of his mother's dress.

He will not find this moral, this unwelcome appendage, this black draught after the feast, in the tales of Timoneda. His is the mirth which after no repentance draws. He is supremely and serenely regardless of his reader's ethical amelioration, who is not beguiled into the dark waters of wisdom by a will-o'-the-wisp of amusement. The stories which had appeared ages before Timoneda was born, the emotional cravings of generation after generation, listening to them by the fireside in long winter evenings, were not written or rather spoken with a purpose. Our old favourites, Cinderella and Jack and the Bean-stalk, were not, it is humbly conceived, composed with a purpose; but where shall we find any professedly moral tales to compete with them, either in interest, in popularity, or age? In the "*Patrañuelo*" are no taffeta phrases or three-piled hyperboles. All is expressed in the simplest language. There is nothing hard to understand. In these *contes à dormir debout* we feel, too, that no more is said than is necessary; the exact amount of words is carefully dispensed; there is no disproportion between the bread and the sack. Every story has a distinct individuality of its own. It is not, as it is with many novelists of the present day, *toujours perdrix*, but always with a different sauce. It is not, as it was with that company of eighteen tailors, *πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφή μία*, to whom Hood is reported to have said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both good day!"

No! every one of Timoneda's fictions is distinct, though many have become fairly familiar. There is the story of the three questions proposed to the abbot by the king: What is my value? What is the earth's centre? What am I thinking about?—Of the abbot consulting his books in vain, and being at length assisted by his cook, who, disguised in the abbot's dress, answered to the first query: "Twenty-nine pieces of silver, seeing that Christ only fetched thirty"—to the second, "Your highness's feet, seeing that the earth is round as a ball"—and to the third, "That you are speaking to an abbot, but it is not so, seeing that you hold converse with a cook." This story may be traced to Sacchetti, and is familiar to us under the title of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury in the "*Percy Reliques*." The eighth anecdote, which gives so true and affecting a description of that faith, tender feeling, and honour to be found in all women, reflects the relation told by the experienced village landlord to King

Rodomont in Ariosto. The sixth, a foreign anecdote, as fit to be translated for our amusement as corn and wine to be imported for our sustenance, is a brave story of a labourer who found a bag with a hundred pieces of gold, and while counting them out to his wife accidentally dropped one. A reward is offered, and the man, in spite of his wife's remonstrance, comes forward honestly enough to restore the bag. As one gold piece is wanting, the judge before whom the matter is brought declares the merchant who had lost the bag, and whom he suspects of fraud, not to be the owner. The rustic goes on his way rejoicing, bearing his bag with him, and meeting with a donkey stuck deep in the mud, in a compassionate but injudiciously directed endeavour to disinter the beast, pulls off its tail. The owner of it, deeply disgusted at this incident, and reckoning the value of the donkey much deteriorated thereby, roundly abuses the labourer, who, running in his confusion against a pregnant woman and causing an abortion, is taken up by a constable. Then the labourer, the owner of the donkey, and the husband of the woman, appear before the alcalde. That astute official, whose wisdom reminds us of that of some of our own worthy magistrates, directs the labourer to take the donkey and use him till his tail be grown, and adds a decree respecting the woman which is the reverse of delighting the labourer's wife, nor quite satisfactory to the husband of the injured party. Eventually she is restored to her husband, while the bag of gold, of which the labourer has spent a good portion, and the de-tailed *des-rabado* donkey revert to their original proprietors. The humorous absurdities of this miscellaneous novel, as the Spaniards are pleased to name it, cannot fail to bring to the reader's mind some of the mysteries of the famous Eulenspiegel, or Owl-glass, as we have corruptly turned what means in Low German "Clean the glass." The supposed author, Thomas Murner, of this monument of national wit and *espèglerie*, stands in much the same relation to it as Timoneda to his "Patrañuelo." Living about the same time as the Valencian bookseller, he in Germany, like Timoneda in Spain, did little more than collect and embellish, as far as he could, the current tales of his era. Few of the *Schwänke* of the one or of the *patrañas* of the other belong to them, more than the proverbs which are called Solomon's to that sage Sultan.

The reader who wishes for a more extended sample of Timoneda's literary style may meet with it in the following two stories, which are, with certain necessary omissions, fair renderings of the original. One day the King of Thrace went a-hunting, and following a hart too eagerly, separated himself from his retinue. Finding himself alone in a wild wood, and the night beginning to close in with a

heavy rain, he sounded his horn several times, but to no purpose, and at last left the reins on his horse's back for the beast to carry him out of his difficulty whithersoever he would. The steed went on slowly, till his master descried a small light at a distance. Riding towards it, he found a shepherd's hut, in which were the shepherd, his wife, and their child Julian, a boy of about fifteen. The king besought them to give him shelter, and they willingly complied. The old man dried his clothes, the woman prepared his supper, and the boy attended to his horse. Then the king, admiring the lad, asked his parents why they did not allow him to go out into the world, and make his fortune. The mother prayed her guest not to put any such notions into his head, that he had already on one occasion wished to go to the war, and only her tears had restrained him. The king said he was fit for the royal service. The old couple thought he was ridiculing them, and taking no more notice of it, in time all retired to rest. Next morning early came the king's people in search of him. They asked Julian, who was standing at the door, if he had seen any such person, and were directed by him to the room where the king lay. The *anagnorisis* then takes place, accompanied with the usual farce of kneeling and kissing of hands. The king departs, taking Julian with him, by his parents' permission. Now there was a certain Estacio, a cupbearer, whose place, by reason that he was old, the king gave to Julian. This Estacio, moved by envy, one day took Julian aside, and told him he had heard the king complain of the foul breath of his new cupbearer, and that he would therefore do well whenever he spoke to the king to turn away his head as much as possible. This Julian in perfect good faith accordingly did. Then that old deceiver took aside the king also, and said, "Your new favorite shows how little trust is to be placed in folk of low descent." "How so?" asked the king. "Because," said the other, "he publishes abroad that your breath is so foul that none can bear it, and if you don't believe me, see how he turns his head away when he serves your highness!" The king noticed this peculiarity, and in a pet resolved to have Julian put out of the way at once. So he went to some charcoal-burners, and said, "My good sirs! if one of my servants comes to-morrow and inquires if you have done what the king ordered you, prithee bundle him, clothes and all, into the pit where you burn your charcoal." Then the king, with a pacified mind, returned to his palace, and told Julian to go in the morning to the charcoal-burners', to ask the thing you wot of. Julian set out, but on his road stopt at a certain church to say his prayers. Meanwhile Estacio, who knew the king had

given orders to the charcoal-burners about Julian, but knew not the countersign, went to them and asked if they had done what the king ordered. Scarcely had he finished asking, when he was already baked in the charcoal-pit. Then Julian, having finished his supplications, came to the burners, and having put the same question, and being answered in the affirmative, returned and told the king that what he ordered had been done. The king, in a terrible taking, questions Julian at some length, and learns from him the whole deceit. The moral seems to be, Always say your prayers, when you are sent on an errand.

The second story requires much curtailing before it can be committed with confidence to the modern purity of the public ear. Tancred, a gentleman in love with Celicea, a married woman who lived hard by a barber's house, had often conversation with Marquina, the barber's wife. One day finding her weeping, he said, "O lady, may I know the cause of your lamentation?" She answered, "Have I not reason for regret, when my husband has not supped with me nor paid me other attention for the space of three months?" Quoth he, "Why, O lady?" She answered, "Since it is his own fault, for he will not give me the thirty ducats he promised me to buy one of those gold chains which are all the fashion." Said Tancred, "Grieve not at this, I will give it if you will get Celicea to do what I have asked her so often." Marquina was anxious to possess the chain promised, and told Celicea what pangs of love Tancred suffered for her, and, what was more to the purpose, that he was a man of property. Celicea, by reason of the great importunity of the barber's wife, consented to see Tancred, with the condition that he came to visit her through the barber's house in two days' time, when her good man would be gone on a journey. Now he, being not without some suspicion, borrowed a razor, saying he had a pressing need for it, from the barber's wife, and then went his way. At the time agreed upon came Tancred through the roof of the barber's house, and scarcely had he got into Celicea's than he was out of it, for the husband was heard knocking at the door. Some little matrimonial unpleasantness occurs, and Celicea is left tied to a pillar by her husband, who having bound her to his satisfaction goes to bed. Then came Marquina, who had been watching through a hole the while, and suggested, seeing her chance of the gold chain was otherwise gone, that she should take Celicea's place by the pillar, while that good lady sought her pastime elsewhere. After a while the husband awaking called to his wife, but Marquina not being able to counterfeit a voice made no answer. Then the husband waxing angry, took the

razor he had on loan, and having neatly cut off her nose leapt into bed again. Then after a season Celicea came back, and having unbound Marquina, Marquina bound her in turn, and having communicated to her the absence of her nose, retired considerably annoyed to her own private apartment.

Eftsoons began Celicea to send up to heaven a holy supplication, "O Lord God, who knowest if this iniquity I am charged withal by my husband be mine, work I beseech thee a miracle, and make my nose whole." And then after a little while, she added, "I thank thee, O Lord, for this thy mercy, for my nose is sound as ever in spite of my sot of a husband." He hearing all this, lit a lamp, and coming to where his wife stood, and recognizing her nose, knelt at her feet and humbly asked her to forgive him his folly in supposing her false. She forgave him, and they retired for the night. At early dawn rose the barber, having to shave a customer outside the city, and missing the razor out of his case asked his wife what had become of it. As she cared not to answer him, he cast the case at her head. Then she cried out at him, "O traitor and naughty man, who hast cut off my nose." At the noise a constable came in and took the ill-starred barber into custody. He was sentenced to be whipped through the city. And so for a wish for a gold chain, the barber's wife went without a nose, and the poor barber without the skin on his back. The moral seems to be, Eschew the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

JAMES MEW.

TRUFFLES.

"La Truffe est le diamant de la cuisine."—*Brillat-Savarin*.

"La Trufficulture est le grand auxiliaire du reboisement."—*Valserres*.

IF man, and still more so woman, in common with the pig, love this exquisite fungus gastronomically, it can hardly be presumed, if birds possess instincts, that the turkey, the goose, and the capon regard it with feelings of devotion. The bird of Michaelmas and the Capon is especially victimised by its association with the truffle; since after its liver has been artificially dilated to the proportions of that of a nabob of the golden times of pagoda-trees, that cruelly tortured member of its interior economy is not considered as perfectly worthy to appear at the table of the gourmet unless freely interlarded with what a young lady of our acquaintance stigmatised as blackbeetles. Needless to say, she had not arrived at years of discretion! Of all truffivorous animals ladies are the most determined, and the appetite seems to increase as the moralities diminish.

The common proclivity for the truffle entertained by the *genus homo* and the *genus porcus* is amusingly illustrated by the following anecdote:—

"I once heard an epicurean friend of mine, as he scratched an old hog in a farm-yard in a most affectionate manner, say to the grunting recipient of these attentions: 'Ha! you dirty, lucky wretch; a delightful time *you* must have of it, always hunting up truffles.' And then turning aside, and most pathetically sighing, my poor friend added: 'Ah! why was I not born a hog?'"

Though *pâté de foie gras*, truffled turkey, and such triumphs of the culinary art as *timbale de truffes à la Talleyrand*, were necessarily unknown to the epicures of Rome, yet the association of the goose and the capon with the "daughter of Thunder," as the "*Tuber gulosorum*" was sometimes poetically designated in classical times, is curiously exemplified by the following lines from Juvenal, which we have translated literally for the benefit of the few ladies who nowadays do not know Latin¹:—

¹ "Anseris ante ipsum *magni jecur*, anseribus par
Altilis, et flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
 Fumat aper: post hunc tradentur *tubera*, si *ver*
 Tunc erit, et facient optata *tonitrua* coenas
 Majores. Tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,
 O *Libye*, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas."

Juv. Sat. v. 114-119.

"In front of him smokes the liver of a huge goose, and a capon meet to vie with geese : a wild boar, too, worthy of its death-blow from golden-haired Meleager: then truffles are to be brought in, if it be springtime (or, if Jupiter be wrath), and the wished-for thunderstorms afford more ample repasts. 'Keep your corn at home, oh Libya,' cries Alledius; 'unyoke your oxen, as long as you send us truffles.'"

The various allusions in this passage contain much that is interesting and peculiar in the history of the truffle. The quotation shows that the Roman epicures were well aware with what it should be a concomitant, and that gastronomy as well as history repeats itself. The theory which connected the growth of the *tubera terræ* with the bolts of Jove has found advocates even in modern times. The supporters of the subterranean gall-nut theory maintain that the leaves of trees which are favourable to the production of truffles are, on account of the roughness of their surface, more susceptible to the action of electricity.¹ A fuller knowledge of all the influences of this wonderful force is doubtless reserved for a future generation, and this article is no place to discuss problematical questions of science. Pliny,² besides expressing his opinion that "when there have been frequent thunderstorms truffles are produced," supports the notion, which was subsequently entertained by Plutarch,³ that the origin of truffles was due to a spontaneous association of impure elements by his account of the incident which happened to Lartius Licinius, a Governor of Spain, who, on biting into a truffle with eager anticipation, nearly broke his front teeth against a denarius, which by juxtaposition had become involved in the centre of the conglomeration. Athenæus informs us in his "Deipnosophists"⁴ that, at a still earlier period, the origin of truffles had been attributed to seed, and quotes Theophrastus as his authority. Thus early in the history of the truffle did discrepant views exist as to its organology, though disputes regarding it were not carried on with the bitter acrimony which marks the recent controversy in France.

The allusion to Libya is explained by the fact, that the truffles produced in the "parts of Libya about Cyrene" were the most esteemed by the epicures of Greece and Rome. Périgord and Provence were still unploughed by the snout of the sow, and Asia Minor and Africa mainly supplied the luxury markets of Athens and Rome. Sparta

¹ e.g. the *Quercus pubescens*.

² Pliny. *Nat. Hist.* xix. ii.

³ Plut. *Symp.* iv. 2.

⁴ Ath. *Deip.* ii. 60.

can hardly have indulged in so unlaconian a dainty! This Cyrenian truffle was white in colour and globular or piriform in shape, but without those hexagonal facets which distinguish our black truffle ; it seldom attained a large size, but its flavour was delicious, and Columella speaks highly in its praise. It is not known in our London market ; in fact, it is now never exported, and even the truffle-loving French make scarcely any use of the tubers indigenous to their colony of Algeria. The white truffle of Piedmont, however, is occasionally met with, and enjoys a high reputation in the north of Italy and other parts of the Continent ; it has the disadvantage of not keeping so well as the black species.

The due appreciation of truffles in Roman times is shown by another passage, in which the esculent is mentioned. "Nor will that youth allow any of his kin to form better hopes of him who has learnt to peel truffles."¹ Soyer knew better than to allude to such an atrocity as peeling a truffle otherwise than in terms of the keenest reproach, for by this mutilation the aroma is destroyed, and the tuber is deprived of half its flavour, and some enthusiasts go so far as to say that the esculent is only quite perfect when cooked in its jacket in the embers.

Martial's epigram,² "We, who with tender head burst through the earth that nourishes us, are truffles, second only to mushrooms," seems hardly applicable to the truffle, for this fungus does not rise above the level of the soil, though its presence may occasionally be detected by a slight hemispherical upheaval of the surface. The morel is probably the fungus alluded to. Thus in the same way some of Pliny's allusions lead to the belief that the morel and the truffle were often confounded together, just as, according to Badham, "fusseball" in old English was used to designate both the truffle and the puff-ball (*Lycoperdon giganteum*). Again, when Dioscorides says pigs dig up truffles in the spring, it cannot apply to the black truffle, as the latest specimens of *tuber cibarium* attain maturity by the end of January.

Before leaving the subject of the truffle as known to the ancients, it may be remarked that Apicius gives receipts for its preparation, that Isodorus dwells on its natural history, and that Dioscorides

¹ Juv. *Sat.* xiv. 7 :

Nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
Concedet juvenis, qui radere *tubera terre* (didicit).

² Mart. *Epig.* xiii. 50 :

Rumpimus altricem, tenero quæ vertice terram
Tubera, boletis poma secunda sumus.

Galen, and other writers dwell on its medicinal properties. In modern times it no longer enjoys a place in the pharmacopœia, and medical men are more frequently engaged in counteracting its results than in administering it as a curative. It is generally considered as a powerful agent in producing indigestion. This Brillat-Savarin indignantly denies, and says that people stuff themselves with all manner of dishes at some banquet, and then lay the blame, when they experience uneasy sensations, on the innocent truffles. The enthusiastic gastronome relates that a barrister-at-law of his acquaintance (and he states that gentlemen of this profession are highly truffivorous) ate enough truffles in his lifetime to stuff an elephant, and yet lived to the good old age of eighty-six. He asserts that only complete mastication is requisite for truffles to be wholesome in any quantities. We confess to entertaining a lingering scepticism on this score.

A story told in the "*Physiologie du Goût*" illustrates the writer's views on the subject of indigestion ; we give it in the original French, and even then feel that some apology is due for a possible want of refinement noticeable in the anecdote :—

"J'avais un jour invité à dîner M. S——, vieillard fort aimable, et gourmand au plus haut de l'échelle. Soit parce que je connaissais ses goûts, soit pour prouver à tous mes convives que j'avais leur jouissance à cœur, je n'avais pas épargné les truffes, et elles se présentaient sous l'égide d'un dindon vierge avantageusement farci.

"M. S—— en mangea avec énergie ; et comme je savais que jusque-là il n'en était pas mort, je le laissai faire, en l'exhortant à ne pas se presser, parce que personne ne voulait attenter à la propriété qui lui était acquise.

"Tout se passa très-bien, et on se sépara assez tard ; mais, arrivé chez lui, M. S—— fut saisi de violentes coliques d'estomac, avec des envies de vomir une toux convulsive, et un malaise général.

"Cet état dura quelque temps et donnait de l'inquiétude ; on criait déjà à l'indigestion des truffes, quand la nature vint au secours du patient. M. S—— déchargea violemment un seul fragment de truffes.

"Au même instant tous les symptômes fâcheux cessèrent, la digestion reprit son cours, le malade s'endormit, et se reveilla le matin dispos et tout à fait sans rancune.

"La cause du mal fut bientôt connue. M. S—— mange depuis longtemps ; ses dents n'ont pu soutenir le travail qu'il leur a imposé ; plusieurs de ces précieux osselets ont émigré, et les autres ne conservent pas la coïncidence désirable.

"Dans cet état de choses, une truffe avait échappé à la mastication, et s'était, presque entière, précipitée dans l'abîme ; l'action de la digestion l'avait portée vers le pylore, où elle s'était momentanément engagée ; c'est cet engagement mécanique qui avait causé le mal, comme l'expulsion en fut le remède.

"Ainsi il n'y eut jamais indigestion, mais seulement supposition d'un corps étranger.

"C'est ce qui fut décidé par le comité consultatif qui vit la pièce de conviction et qui voulut bien m'agréer pour rapporteur."

All through the Dark and Middle Ages the truffle but rarely shed its aroma at the board of the epicure, and as recently as one hundred years ago this dainty esculent was rare even in Paris. In 1780 Brillat-Savarin says that this luxury was only to be procured at the Hôtel des Américains and the Hôtel de Provence, whilst its importation into England in any appreciable quantities is of still later date. In Italy the tuber appears to have asserted its claims somewhat earlier; not only the white Piedmont truffle, but the black species which still abounds near Rome, Florence, Siena, and in the Nursian hills, especially at Norcia, the birthplace of St. Benedict, whence truffles are frequently called in Italian "*tartuffi di Norcia*," whilst the simple term "*tartuffi*" is applied to Jerusalem artichokes.

When the statement is made that the truffle only came into vogue in the higher branches of the *cuisine* with the present century, indications are not wanting to show that the man of wealth and the *bon-vivant* had long been aware how much was lost by allowing the tuber to decay unseen and waste its fragrance on the pigs. The precious comestible was, at any rate, imported into this country from France as early as the end of the 17th century; and that hunting for the tuber with sows was not unknown in England at that period is shown by the following quotations from John Evelyn, whose description of the truffle is worthy of notice, as displaying an appreciation worthy of Soyer or Francatelli. We read in the "French Gardiner," "Concerning Morilles and Truffs (the first whereof is a certain delicate red Mushroom, and the other an *incomparable* kind of round Russet Excrescence, which grows in dry Ground, without any Stalk, Leaf, or Fibers to it, and therefore used to be found out by a Hog kept and trained up in the Mystery), there are but very few places which do naturally produce them."

And in the "Acetaria": "Among these comes in the *Fungus Reticularis*, to be found about London, as at Fulham and other places; whilst at no small charge we send for them to France; as we also do for Truffles, Peg-nuts, and other subterraneous *Tubera*, which in Italy they fry in Oyl, and eat with *Pepper*. They are commonly discovered by a *Nasute Swine*, purposely brought up; being of a Chessnut Colour and heady Smell, and not seldom found in England, particularly in a Park of my Lord Cotton's, at Rushton or Rusbery in *Northamptonshire*, and doubtless in other places too, were they sought after."

That the truffle must also have been popular in France long before the date mentioned by Brillat-Savarin is shown by the following extract from Barbier's Journal for February 1733:—"Presque tout le monde a été attaqué du rhume, de façon qu'à l'opéra, au

lieu d'offrir des liqueurs fraîches et des truffes comme à l'ordinaire, le limonadier offre et vend de la pâte de guimauve." What a blessing it would be nowadays at some of our theatres if an energetic caterer went round with paregoric and jujubes when the wintry winds do blow !

Both France and Germany formerly drew considerable supplies of truffles from Italy. In the latter country the price during the last century was very high, the pound averaging as much as 35s.; whilst the tuber itself was not the only export in this branch of economy, as the trained dogs of Piedmont and the Milanese were in great request to hunt for the truffles which grow freely in many parts of Germany. Thus King Frederick William I. had truffle-dogs brought to his court from Lombardy. The quality of the German truffle is, however, far from rivalling that of the tubers discovered in the most favoured districts of France. The neighbourhood of Bayreuth is perhaps the most noted for this eccentric production of nature ; if electricity really have any effect on their growth, they should germinate freely in a spot which heard the thunders of the music-god of the future !

To conclude our consideration of the truffle as a fungus indigenous to England, we may mention that this tuber was, and perhaps is, more common than is usually supposed. In spite of the onward march of the spade and the plough, and the planting of those hedge-rows which form a natural and a national bulwark, the *tuber cibarium* may still be found in several counties of England, and may occasionally be seen in the markets; but truffle-hunting is never likely to become a recognised or lucrative occupation in this country. Several causes conduce to this end. First and foremost, the truffles produced in our English soil and climate are very decidedly inferior to those we import from France, whilst in our over-populated country we have but little waste land which could be devoted to a systematic cultivation of this fungus. This will be clear to the reader when we detail the various desiderata requisite for a successful truffle-harvest in France. The truffle is most frequently met with in the southern counties of England, in the chalky soil of the South Downs, and an experienced truffle-hunter who came from the West Indies about the year 1790, after investigating the whole coast from the Land's End to the mouth of the Thames, pitched upon Patching, five miles east of Arundel, as the most favourable spot for the scene of his future operations, and there he appears to have been fairly successful ; whilst in "Notes and Queries" we have an account of a search conducted in Hampshire, which, though on a limited scale, was remunerative

enough to form the support of two families. "Swine-bread" is said to have been the somewhat unromantic name bestowed on our "*diamant de la cuisine*" by the rural population, though we rather suspect that some confusion must have arisen in the bucolic mind with the "pig-nut," the bulbous root of the *Bunium bulbo-castanum*, of which swine are very fond.

If, however, the English truffle is seldom an article of commerce, our French neighbours have taken zealously and systematically to the production of the tuber, and the trade in this comestible has more than quadrupled itself in the course of the present generation. Not only do the districts of long-established renown, such as Périgord and Haute Provence, produce the usual quantities of the dainty fungus, but new localities have been chosen as eminently suited for the production of truffles, and there every possible means have been employed to insure their successful growth artificially; amongst these may be mentioned Vaucluse and Vienne. But in spite of recent successful experiments, and notwithstanding the tangible advantages and comfortable banking balance accruing from model plantations like Montagnac, delicious associations must always be aroused in the epicure's mind when he hears the names so dear of old. The mention of Périgord must stir his epigastrium as the blast of a trumpet rouses the dying fire in some decrepit charger; whilst, as M. Roqueplan says, "to pronounce the joyous name of *Brives-la-Gaillarde* is almost to dine, as to say 'Paphos' is almost to be in love. There are associations with Molière and Brillat-Savarin, with gay and piquant stories, bound up for ever with this spot."

In 1874 M. Valserres published a monograph in which he expounded his novel and startling views on the subject of the origin of truffles. He contends that the truffle is not a fungus at all, but merely a subterranean gall-nut, and that in order to produce it nothing is required but what he calls the truffle-oak and the truffigenous fly. He considers the tubercle simply a radical excrescence resulting from the puncture of the roots of the oak by an insect, and that the parasite draws its life and substance from the tree on which it is formed. M. Valserres supports his theory by what he and his supporters consider the analogous genesis of the oak-apple, or gall-nut proper, which is unquestionably engendered by the insect *cynips* pricking the stalks, leaves, and buds of the oak, and depositing its eggs in the receptacle thus formed. Right wroth does M. Valserres wax with the *Académie des Sciences* for not at once concurring with his views, and most withering is the satire he lavishly bestows on that benighted body, as well as on all authorities of recent date who

venture to differ from him. But whilst making his attacks on the Academy, M. Valserras seems to forget that the truffle is accepted and classified as a fungus by a vast majority of the learned men of Europe, and by the most erudite and experienced mycologists of the day. Difficult as it is to arrive at the secrets of subterraneous plants, Englishmen and Frenchmen, Germans and Italians, unwaveringly concur in assigning the truffle its proper place in the vegetable kingdom; and in their studies of hypogæic life, authorities like Badham and Cooke, like Tulasne and Figuié, like Von Bornholz and Fischer, have succeeded in throwing light on the organography of the truffle, and in forming rational conclusions as to the cryptogamic evolution of its sporidia.

We will not weary our readers with more technical terms than are necessary, and merely state that the truffle belongs amongst Fungi to the class of Ascomycetes; that these asci, or sacks, are scattered on a serpentine vein-like hymenium, and enclosed in a stout case or peridium. It seems now established that the sporidia which were contained in the asci till the decomposition of the mother truffle, possess, on becoming young truffles, a mycelium in the shape of microscopical filaments, which, however, the truffinelle loses when it attains a certain age. Bulliard and Ventenat assert that young truffles possess umbicular cords, which disappear with growth. The growing truffle draws its nourishment from the earth around it by means of veins which run from the interior of the tuber to its nodulated surface. Two distinct sets of veins, some white and others coloured, traverse the full-grown truffle, and give it that mottled appearance which has caused it to be compared to the nutmeg. The truffle during its growth is white or grey in colour, and only assumes a black hue on attaining maturity.

We must now return to M. Valserras, and the oak-plantations and artificial truffle-beds of Southern France. There is one most powerful argument in favour of the subterraneous gall-nut hypothesis, and that is success; for, however fallacious may be the premisses, and however illogical the reasoning, the conclusion arrived at is *L. s. d.*, and a practical and beneficial result is attained by the extensive oak-plantations which are rapidly springing up over many hitherto unproductive districts of Southern France. This planting of otherwise unprofitable land with oak-trees, primarily with a view to gathering truffle-crops, and subsequently for the sake of the value of the timber, was commenced almost at the beginning of the present century, but the experiments made were on a small scale, and only imperfectly carried out. It needed the Exposition Universelle at

Paris of 1855 to bring the question of trufficulture into public notice, and give a stimulus to its development. At that exhibition an energetic and persevering grower of artificially-raised truffles, by name M. Rousseau, gained a medal of the first class for his preserved truffles. The attention of the press was directed to the subject, and an official report on trufficulture was drawn up, and a circular addressed to the sub-prefects of the various departments containing land suitable for the purpose, recommending the planting of oak-trees, both the common oak and the holm or evergreen oak (*ilex*), with a view to the production of truffles as likely to secure a speedy return for the outlay. It would carry us too far to trace the rapid development of the truffle trade and the growth of oak-forests in Vaucluse, Vienne, and other suitable localities in Southern France ; but we may mention the fact that in the department of Vaucluse alone more than 4,000 hectares (the hectare is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ acre) were planted with various kinds of oak as early as the year 1866 ; whilst in the two great market centres of Apt and Carpentras the yearly value of the truffle harvest is calculated to exceed £100,000 ; whilst at Montagnac the average value of the yearly yield per hectare is calculated at £28. Oak-plantations, judiciously managed, are, therefore, indubitably conducive to the propagation and growth of the truffle ; but it remains to be proved that, because the tubercle affects the neighbourhood of the oak, therefore it is a parasite and excrescence of that tree, or that it is produced by the puncture of a fly. The great argument adduced in favour of the gall-nut theory is, that it is an incontrovertible fact that truffles are produced freely in these oak-plantations in localities where they have never been found before, and where no mycelium, sporidia, or parings of the tuber have been sown. This is still a mystery of subterraneous vegetation ; but when we consider the unexplored secrets of mycology, even when our investigations relate to the propagation of the minor agarics, is it surprising that science has not as yet attained to a full knowledge of a cryptogamic and at the same time hypogæic genesis ? We can only attribute the growth of the truffle in the instances we have mentioned to a spontaneous vegetation, with the workings of which we have no intimate acquaintance ; nor is this spontaneous appearance of the *tuber cibarium* a greater marvel than the growth of hydatids in animal bodies, or than the presence of infusoria in water containing organic matter, or, to draw an illustration from the Fungi, than the *Mould* which M. Deslongchamps found in the air-cells of the eider duck while alive, and which Professor Owen discovered in the lungs of a flamingo. It must be remembered that the Fungi, like the *Algae*,

hold a sort of middle position between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and have been well described as the educts rather than the products of the latter.

Against the gall-nut theory we will only advance a few of the many objections which readily strike us. (1st.) How have truffles been, as they undoubtedly have been artificially produced by preparing truffle-beds, and there depositing ripe truffles brought for that purpose from other localities? This has occurred, not in isolated instances, but repeatedly after various experiments in different countries of Western Europe. It is true that these experiments never proved lucrative, and were consequently abandoned; whilst in some instances they were altogether unsuccessful, as in the case of the celebrated naturalist Buffon, whose want of success M. Valserres does not fail to make the most of. (2nd.) How can the fact be ignored that unprejudiced and experienced naturalists and mycologists have undeniably recognised the existence of sporidia in the prolific veins of the tuber, even if the presence of a mycelium be not universally admitted in the case of the immature fungus? (3rd.) How can the fact be explained that the *tuber cibarium* has been frequently found in the proximity of trees other than oaks, such as the beech, the birch, the maple, the yoke-elm, the willow, and even fruit-trees, such as the apple and the pear? Again, how have cognate species of the genus been found where there were no trees at all, for the white truffle and the Algerian and Australian varieties are met with under such conditions? (4th.) If the truffle be an excrescence of the oak-root, how is it that the tuber when dug out in hunting is never found to be attached to the object of which it is asserted to be a parasite? The gall-nut theorists get over this difficulty by assuming that the tubercle on attaining maturity falls away from its support, as a ripe apple drops from a bough. They fail, however, to explain how the gall-nut acquires its migratory powers! Again, it is an undoubted fact that the depth of truffles in the soil varies according to the dryness and humidity of the atmosphere. Sometimes they are found quite at the surface, whilst occasionally it is necessary to search for them to a depth of two feet. (5th.) As there are twenty-four species of truffles, according to M. Tulasne, does it not follow that there must be twenty-four species of truffigenous flies? The gall-nut theorists do not oppose this deduction, and seem quite willing to accept the axiom, "quot tubera tot muscæ." The very existence of truffigenous flies seems to us rather problematical, nor does the following quotation from M. Valserres' work tend to lessen our incredulity: "Que deviennent ces mouches? L'observation ne

nous l'a point encore appris. On pourrait supposer seulement que c'est vers le mois de juin qu'elles commencent leur travail, et qu'elles le prolongent vers la fin de septembre. C'est là une question fort obscure et sur laquelle nous avons garde de nous prononcer." We must fire a Parthian shot at the gall-nuttists by inquiring how far they are prepared to extend their theory. Do they view as excrescences and parasites the various Lycoperdons, the pig-nut, the morel, and other fungi almost identical with the truffle in organisation?

The soil most suitable to the *tuber cibarium* is a calcareous or chalky marl, intermixed with ferruginous sand. Its favourite habitat is a somewhat moist locality, where it is protected from the too ardent rays of the sun by the branches of forest trees, particularly oaks, standing at some distance from each other, and where it is not deprived of the fresh breeze or the currents of air by thick underwood. In France the oak-trees are planted systematically and by measurement, and vines are grown with advantage in the alleys thus formed. The oaks are always raised from acorns gathered from truffle-oaks, and the holm-oak and *kermès*, or cochineal-oak, have been found to be the most advantageous for the production of truffles, and it seems highly probable that the tannin contained in the various kinds of oak-trees has an influence on the production and growth of truffles. The ilex will grow up to an elevation of 800 mètres, the truffle up to 900, whilst the ordinary oak is met with at an altitude of 1,600 mètres. But the higher one ascends, or the more northward one proceeds, the more does the truffle deteriorate both in perfume and quality. Sun is essentially necessary for its production in perfection. The basin of the Rhône between Avignon and Valence now produces the best truffles in the world, raised on the lower sunny slopes of the spurs of the Alps. Northward of Valence the tuber begins to lose perfume; in Le Lot it begins to lose colour, whilst in Burgundy it is grey, and its taste and aroma are sensibly diminished. Monthéry, remarks an epicure, is the farthest place north where the truffles are eatable; they are only edible in a higher latitude. Truffles are found in the neighbourhood of Paris: "There are truffles and truffles," exclaimed Fin-Bec.

As regards the price, it does not seem at all likely that it will fall. With new facilities for locomotion and transmission the demand has kept pace with the rapid increase of the supply. The railway is a rare caterer for the epicure, and the era of the plutocrats has only just dawned. Cotton and iron will go a long way even when expended on hyacinth glasses containing half a pound weight of inferior

preserved truffles for half a pound sterling. The feeling may some day or other be prevalent in London, as it is now in Paris, that it is a social degradation to have dined at a party where truffles did not form an ingredient in at least two of the courses ; ostracism would be the result of exposure. Truffles were dearer last century than they are now, chiefly because they were scarcer. In Germany the price of Italian truffles was exorbitant, sometimes as high as £3. 10s. a pound. In Covent Garden in 1833 fresh English truffles fetched 10s. per pound, and 14s. in 1837. The average price at Apt and Carpentras, the two great artificial truffle centres, is 15 francs per kilogramme at the former, and 20 francs at the latter market ; the kilogramme is equivalent to nearly 2½ lbs. avoirdupois. The price of French truffles varies in our Italian warehouses according to the favourable nature of the past season. The average price of preserved truffles (generally by the Appert process) may be set down at 15s. Still more has to be paid for fresh French truffles, but the epicure does not begrudge having to pay for the envelope of soil which he has to buy with the tuber, and which is allowed to remain so that the perfume may as far as possible be retained. Mr. Hayward tells a tale of a magnificent turkey stuffed with truffles by Morel and sold for something like £20. Perhaps, after all, it is as well that truffles should remain an expensive luxury ; they are very far from being an essential, and it is as just that the rich should have to pay for them as for their armorial bearings and their footmen's powder, whilst if they became cheap, it is not impossible that the much-sought-for esculent might again undergo burial as in the ages of the past. What is cheap is seldom esteemed ; as the story runs :—

“ ‘Réjouissez-vous, chère amie,’ disais-je, un jour à Madame de V., ‘on vient de présenter à la Société d’Encouragement un métier au moyen duquel on fera de la dentelle superbe, et qui ne coûtera presque rien.’ ‘Eh !’ me répondit cette belle, avec un regard de souveraine indifférence, ‘si la dentelle était à bon marché, croyez-vous qu’on voudrait porter de semblables guenilles ?’ ”

We must add a few words regarding truffle-hunting, or truffle-searching, as it should properly be called, unless we assign the tuber altogether to the animal kingdom. This is pursued in various manners, the two principal of which are the cultivation of the power of scent possessed by the dog and the pig respectively. The other methods need only be cursorily alluded to, as practically they are but rarely resorted to. One is the careful watching of the movements of the truffivorous flies during the season of maturity of the truffles, and then digging carefully at the spots where they alight. This method is mainly pursued in Burgundy ; whilst in some districts the tubers

are discovered by what is called indication only, for the appearance of the soil will guide the experienced searcher to spots where the truffles lie close to the surface of the soil after warm, continuous showers; but this method of gathering is open to the drawback, that under these circumstances the tuber is exposed to the attacks of its many admirers, not the most insignificant among whom were the truffle-poachers, who, till a recent enactment was passed, considered they had as much right to hunt for truffles as people had to glean in the fields or search for grape-clusters which had escaped the vigilance of the vintager. For all information regarding the search for truffles with dogs and pigs, as well as for full details concerning the training of those animals for that purpose, the reader cannot do better than consult the elaborate article on the subject by V. F. Fischer, and which appeared translated from the German in vol. xiii. of the "Gardener's Magazine" in the year 1837. The respective merits of the dog and the sow are there fully discussed, and ample instructions given for training these animals. Each of the quadrupeds has its qualifications and demerits. The dog is employed in Germany and Italy; but the sow is the animal which discovers the delicious French truffles which we use in England, and is exclusively employed by French growers, except by the poachers, who use a dog, as an animal more likely to effect its escape in case of a *sauve qui peut*. Who would think that anything so costly and delicious should be discovered by the snout of an animal who is not in good odour even amongst Christians, and who figures in the *Index Expurgatorius* of Eastern creeds? We can almost enter into the feelings of an old epicure who, in the intensity of his affection for the grunting hunters of Périgord, proposed to erect baths for them in the neighbourhood, to be supported, after the fashion of our baths and washhouses for the labouring classes, by voluntary contributions. A good truffle-sow, when trained, is worth about 200 fr., but they have been sold for as much as 750 fr. (£30) when they possessed peculiar qualifications for their task. The dog is decidedly harder to train, principally because he is not imbued with that intense appreciation of the truffle as an article of diet which stimulates the sow. The scent of the dog is as keen, but he is not able to grub up the tuber when he finds it. We really did not intend this *jeu de mot* when the foregoing sentence was written; but it is, in fact, a drawback to truffle-hunting with swine that the animal will occasionally, in spite of all precautions, devour the tuber after it has excavated it. The dogs most suitable for truffle-hunting are poodles, spaniels, and setters; but poodles are generally preferred, as they have little inclination to pursue game.

The present article can perhaps have no better conclusion than an anecdote related of Buffon, which illustrates at once a Frenchman's wit and our remarks as to the habitat of truffles:—

“A truffled turkey was to be eaten at a house to which Buffon was invited. A few minutes before sitting down to table, an elderly lady inquired of the celebrated naturalist where the truffle grew. ‘At your feet, Madame.’ The lady did not understand, but it was thus explained to her: ‘*C’est au pied des charmes*’ (yoke-elm tree). The compliment appeared most flattering. Towards the end of dinner, some one asked the same question of the illustrious writer, who, forgetting that the lady was beside him, innocently replied, ‘They grow *aux pieds des vieux charmes*.’ The lady overheard him, and no longer thought anything of his amiability.”

Not a word of philology, for fear of our truffle article proving indigestible. But some reader may inquire, “What do you call this article, ‘tru’ffles’ or ‘truf’fles,’ or in phonetic jargon ‘troofels’ or ‘truffels’?” Both pronunciations are made use of by persons of education, and by either name the tuber will taste as sweet. If any one wish to sing its praises in verse, we should recommend “truffel,” as more prolific of rhymes such as muffle, ruffle, scuffle, &c., whilst “troofel” suggests only the epithet applied to the lady in “Our Mutual Friend.” Thus, submitting Truffles to be discussed both in a literary and gastronomic point of view, we take our leave, in the words of Macbeth:—

May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

W. COLLETT-SANDARS.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM is so commonly regarded as essentially unselfish, that it may appear paradoxical to speak of self-conceit and self-interest as the special defects characterising the faulty side of patriotism. In lines which every one knows by heart, Scott takes selfishness as the natural antithesis to patriotism. If the man breathe, he says, whose heart has never burned with thoughts of home and fatherland, then, "high though his title,"

. . . proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despise those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, *concentred all in self*,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,

and in death be utterly contemned. But however excellent a virtue patriotism may be when properly subordinated to other qualities, and however essential it may be to the well-being of a nation that its people should be patriotic in due measure, patriotism, like other virtues, has its seamy side ; and the fault which specially characterises the seamy side of patriotism is selfishness. This we purpose now to show.

In the lowest stages of man's development self-praise is not regarded as an offence against good taste. The savage warrior sings his own praises with effusion, and his fellows listen without disapproval until their own turn arrives. But so soon as man has risen above the condition of the savage, he learns to regard self-praise as contemptible. This is a first step towards better taste : it continues to be thought right, nay, to be thought a matter of duty, to praise near relatives. Only when men have made a further advance towards true civilisation, do they begin to recognise in the praise of near relations only a modified form of self-praise. The essential objection to the praise of parents or sons, brothers or sisters, is well indicated in the sarcastic reply of Talleyrand to one who praised too much and too often his mother's beauty : "I perceive, then, that it was your father who was ugly."

One step farther from actual self-praise brings us to the quality

sometimes called Provincialism—a quality held in high esteem where it is prevalent, but elsewhere in exceeding contempt. To be thoroughly valued in Little Peddlington, the Little Peddlingtonian must regard his birthplace as the best of all towns, its inhabitants the most favoured of the human race. The larger provincialism of the Yorkshireman's "I'se Yorkshire," the Cornishman's "One and all," the north countryman's contempt for the south, the southerner's dislike of the northerner, are in like manner regarded, where they flourish, as virtues, however ludicrous they may appear to the rest of the world. Others are quick, however, to discern self-conceit in provincialism. They perceive that the man who "stands up" for the men of *his* county, for "the men where *he* comes from," stands up for himself. He disguises his self-conceit but thinly. In his own mind he may be persuaded that he is showing loyalty and staunchness. Not unfrequently, indeed, we find him expressing contempt for those of his fellow-countrymen who are less outspoken than himself in praising their own district. But the true mainspring of provincial loyalty is self-conceit, where it is not (as it not unfrequently is) a combination of self-conceit and self-interest.

The writer has here taken illustrations of provincialism from his own country, for the same reason which led Orlando to rail against "no breather in the world but himself, against whom he knew most faults." But provincialism is as obtrusive in other countries. The most virulent abuse of England by Americans, or of America by Englishmen, is far less bitter than the abuse which we have heard poured on New England by Southern Americans, and on the Eastern States by the Western—though not *vice versa*. The famous speech of the Mississippi man is assuredly not an exaggerated illustration of such feelings. It admirably illustrates the self-conceit underlying provincialism. "This may suit you," says the brown forester, speaking of an excessive influx of passengers, "but it don't suit me. This may be all very well with Down Easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure nohow; and no two ways about that! and so I tell you. Now! I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, *I* am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where *I* live. We're rough men there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising like this, I'm glad of it; but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, it does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like *me*, they won't," and so forth.

But while provincialism is seen by all men of sense and culture to be absurd, while all forms of class bias have long been a theme for ridicule, men have not yet learned to reject a form of patriotism which is but a larger kind of provincialism. I do not speak of true patriotism, that loyalty of heart which leads a man to be ready to sacrifice his own interests for his country's sake, and to stand by his countrymen when they are oppressed or wronged. Precisely as, even when we note the bad taste of praising kinfolk, we recognise the value of filial piety, so, in noting the defects which mark the seamy side of patriotism, we recognise as a noble virtue the self-forgetting love of country which constitutes true patriotism.

The false patriotism which has its birth in self-conceit is at once more common and more obtrusive than real patriotism. The noisiest patriots are those with whom the praise of country is either a form of self-praise or a means of advancing their own interests. The man who is really loyal to his country, and is ready to sacrifice his own interests in her cause, makes no vaunt of his patriotism.

Strangely enough, self-esteem is encouraged, not alone by considerations of nationality, but by those features of a country for which its inhabitants can claim no credit. We have heard the Mississippi man vaunting his brown forests and the sun which shines so fully upon his home. The Englishman sees in his "right little, tight little island" a reason for the good qualities of its inhabitants, and though he reviles at home the climate of that right little island, he considers it in his heart well suited to nourish a strong and enduring race of people. The Frenchman finds in the sunny plains of France the natural source of French spirit and wit, and praises "la belle France" with no indirect reference to his own possession of corresponding good qualities. The Northman recognises in the sternness and wildness of his home such evidence of his own fitness to contend against difficulties, that he never wearies of lauding the

Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood ;

or of asking, with profound though not quite obvious significance,

What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits him to its rugged strand ?

Every American, whether from Northern or Southern, Eastern, Middle, or Western State, takes pride in the wide extent of the United States as in some mysterious way imparting largeness to his own nature ; though many Americans are generous enough to admit that English-

men may possibly not be quite so small-natured as the minuteness of the old country might seem, in this way of viewing matters, to suggest. Possibly the wide extent of British Colonial possessions (the region over which the British flag waves exceeding the United States nearly twofold in extent) may have something to do with this condescension, or else a faint recollection of the fact that, small as Great Britain is, the ancestry of nine-tenths of the present population of America were here once "cabined, cribbed, confined."

But it is when we turn from the physical aspect of a country to the manners of the people, their mode of living, the training they undergo in youth, their way of dealing, either as individuals or as a nation, with other races and nations, that the seamy side of patriotism is most offensively displayed. Men who would be ashamed to praise themselves or their own family, or to boast of the extent and quality of their own education—men who, having risen a step higher towards good taste, would avoid as ridiculous the pretensions of provincialism—act as though it were a point of honour to praise their country, right or wrong. They exaggerate its good qualities, deny its defects, overlook its short comings. When it has done well, they praise its conduct in unmeasured terms; when it has simply done what was just, they laud its behaviour in terms only suited to great achievements or sacrifices; and when it has done ill (which every nation and every people does, at times, as surely as every person), they are ready with excuses, the poverty of which they would be the first to ridicule if urged in favour of any country but their own. While thus magnifying the good deeds and overlooking the deficiencies of their own country, they undervalue the successes and exaggerate the shortcomings of other countries. They fail to perceive that their way of speaking of their own country and others is but a modified form of that provincialism which they justly regard as ridiculous and contemptible.

We need not go beyond our own country for illustrations of such offences against good taste. Though the sentiment "Our country, right or wrong" belongs, not to us, but to the other chief branch of the English-speaking family, and though perhaps no Englishman has ever spoken of that sentiment as a reasonable one, too many of us speak and act as though it were altogether sound and just.

We do not wish, however, to assert that in these respects our countrymen err more markedly than others. Only, as when a personal fault is to be corrected it is better to begin with oneself, so when a national fault is to be corrected the better course is to consider one's own nation in the first instance. The fault is one which has its

attractive side. So long, indeed, as we overlook the element of self-conceit which underlies the praise of our own country and the disparagement of other nations, it is very easy to mistake the fault for a virtue. Moreover, the fault is not one which can be replaced with advantage by a fault on the other side. Precisely as constant self-disparagement is a not less serious offence against good taste than constant self-praise, so the man who says nothing but ill of his own country is as unwise as one who constantly praises it. What should be aimed at is to see our country and other countries as they really are. "To see," says Herbert Spencer, "how things stand, apart from personal and national interests, is essential before there can be reached balanced judgments respecting the course of human affairs in general." "To be convinced of this," he proceeds, "it needs but to take a case remote from our own. Ask how the members of an aboriginal tribe regard that tide of civilisation which sweeps them away. Ask what the North American Indians said about the spread of the white man over their territories; or what the ancient Britons thought of the invasions which dispossessed them of England; and it becomes clear that events which, looked at from an unnational point of view, were steps towards a higher life, seemed, from a national point of view, entirely evil. Admitting this truth, so easily perceived in these cases, we must admit that only in proportion as we emancipate ourselves from the bias of patriotism, and consider our own society as one among many, having their histories and their future, and some of them, perhaps, having better claims than we have to the inheritance of the earth; only in proportion as we do this, shall we recognise those sociological truths which have nothing to do with particular nations or particular races."

The rule to be applied to distinguish proper patriotism from that which has its birth in self-conceit is not unlike the rule which should guide a wise man in considering his own qualities. The conduct which befits a man of sense and a gentleman in speaking of himself, when occasion arises, befits also the true patriot in speaking of his own country. The care with which a man of sense examines his own conduct, noting what is good or bad in it for his future guidance, should have its counterpart in the care with which his country's doings should be studied by one who has occasion to express opinions respecting them.

But apart from the self-conceit which is to be eschewed in considering the doings of our own country, there is also the element of self-interest. The satisfaction we feel when our country has achieved some great success is not wholly free from the thought that the suc-

cess which brings gain to our nation brings also, in some degree, gain to ourselves ; when our nation suffers, the anger we feel arises partly from the sense that the injury which affects our country may affect us also in some degree ; or the relations between other nations may be viewed with selfish reference to the position of our own country. And here we touch on a matter which more directly affects the nation itself than the points we have heretofore spoken of. When men loudly praise their own nation, or disparage other nations, when they boast of her successes or express annoyance at the successes of her enemies, they offend, as we have seen, against good taste, and show a national defect corresponding to want of sense and good breeding in the individual ; but beyond the contempt they excite among men of other nations, they do little harm. It is otherwise, however, when men allow national conceit and self-interest to affect the opinions they entertain and express respecting the varying relations of other countries among each other. Some of the bitterest quarrels between nations have been thus occasioned ; and often, where no actual quarrel has arisen, a settled ill-feeling has come into existence which has lasted for many years, occasioning not less discomfort than explicit quarrelling or even actual war.

As an instance of the mischievous effects of a selfish manner of viewing the relations between other nations, we might cite the ultimate consequences to France of the feeling which led her first to watch with interest, and before long to take part in, the struggle between Great Britain and her North American Colonies ; or we might consider the wars in Europe since the middle of the present century, which have afforded many illustrations of the kind. But, as it is always more instructive to note our own shortcomings than the faults of others, we may advantageously select for discussion the feeling with which our people watched the terrible struggle between the Northern and Southern States of America. As our object in this paper is principally to show the advantage of trying to see things as they really are, not through the veil of self-conceit whether national or personal, and as it is a step in that direction to endeavour to "see ourselves as others see us," the English reader must not be offended if we consider the feelings entertained by too many in England at that time, rather as the Americans view them¹ than as a strictly

¹ The writer's opinion on this point has not been formed from the reading of American newspapers or books, but from conversations with many Americans, in all parts of America. On some of the matters which we dismiss as not just grounds of complaint there exists a variety of opinion ; but on the point to which we advert as affording juster cause of indignation, we found perfect unanimity of feeling, except of course among those Americans from the Southern States who still view with regret the issue of that desolating struggle.

impartial observer might. By combining the American view, which errs perhaps in one direction, with the English mode of viewing the matter, which assuredly erred, and perhaps still errs, in the other, we may be led to a just mean, the consideration of which may not be without profit.

Everyone who recalls the feeling with which the struggle between the North and South was viewed at the outset in this country, will remember that that feeling was strongly and almost unanimously in favour of the Northern States. Those Americans who are aware of this circumstance consider for the most part—rather unjustly, we think—that the feeling simply expressed England's dislike to a struggle which seemed likely to interfere with commerce; this dislike taking the form of anger against the section of the States which had seceded. It may, however, be fairly claimed for England that in 1860 there was a feeling of genuine regret that the miseries of war were threatening our transatlantic cousins. Something like anger, too, was felt against those who, as we judged, had caused the trouble.

As time went on and as the struggle continued, it came to be a life-and-death contest between two very unequal powers, and our sympathies were strongly aroused in favour of the weaker. It will not be thought, we hope, that we are showing the scamy side of patriotism in saying that this is usual with Englishmen. Indeed, the feeling is not so thoroughly commendable or reasonable that it should be regarded as a form of self-conceit to claim it as characteristic of our country. In England one may sometimes see a great generous fellow contending against an ill-tempered little man, defending himself calmly against the shower of blows poured on him by his small assailant, and generously leaving unused the strength with which he could demolish his opponent, while a crowd encourages the little fellow to persevere, shouting at the other our national taunt, "Hit one your own size," as though the mere fact of being the more powerful of the two were proof of wrong. Be the feeling good or bad, reasonable or unreasonable, certain it is that every Englishman recognises its influence (sometimes as an influence to be resisted). It is so strong that it overrides even love of country. No Englishman can read the history of the old struggles between England and Scotland without having his sympathies roused in favour of the Scotsmen. Even when Englishmen read of their favourite hero (favourite, perhaps, because small and weak of body) leading the British fleet against the Danes, their sympathy is only saved from going with the weaker nation by the difficulties which equalised the struggle. That in reading of the contest between our own country

and the North American Colonies, our sympathies should be with the Colonists, may perhaps be otherwise explained ; for we constantly regard that contest as between Englishmen and Englishmen, just as we should so regard a contest (fortunately not to be imagined) between Imperial and Colonial forces in Canada, or Australia, or New Zealand.¹ And on the other hand, it is easy to understand how it is that Englishmen do not sympathise greatly with the efforts of savage people against the disciplined and well-armed forces of Great Britain.² But in general, in any contest between men or nations,

¹ Americans seem quite unable to comprehend that Englishmen view in this way the struggle which made America a nation. If an Englishman speaks in America as he would speak in England of that contest, he will be complimented on his politeness, as though he were making some concession to the natural feelings of his hearers and overcoming some natural prejudices of his own. "It must of course be painful to an Englishman," we were once gravely assured, "to consider that, had the issue of that contest been different, the present power and wealth of America would have formed part of the power and wealth of the British Empire." On another occasion a lady who was about to recite a poem in honour of Independence Day, expressed with similar gravity her trust that the recollections aroused by the poem might not be too painful for us! Yet every American knows that, apart from all the nobler considerations which would make the issue of that contest acceptable to the Englishman of to-day, an Englishman has, so far as blood and birth are concerned, as just a reason for feeling indifferent whether one side or the other fought best, as nine-tenths of the present white population of America : for not one in ten of the American population has any nearer relationship to the colonists who fought against oppression so nobly a hundred years ago. It would be melancholy, were it not ludicrous, that as in our English schools for nearly half a century after Waterloo, French-and-English games were in vogue, in which the superiority of the English was complacently illustrated for the benefit of English children, so now in American schools, a century after a struggle between Englishmen and English colonists, there are "American-and-Britisher" games in which the superior prowess of the Americans is illustrated for the benefit of children mostly descended directly from families which were British a hundred years ago or even much later. An English lady at Chicago told us that her sons were made uncomfortable by taunts having this venerable origin, and was perhaps not greatly comforted on being reminded that *their* sons would be able in turn to taunt freshly-arrived English with the defeat of Hanoverian interests in America a century ago. (They tell a story in America of the American-born son of an Englishman who told his father that at school they had been playing a game shewing "how we Yankees licked you Britishers.") Perhaps, if Americans were to analyse the feelings with which they consider the old home of their race, feelings in some respects even warmer than those of Englishmen themselves, they might understand how it is that Englishmen are as proud of the achievements of Washington and his fellow-workers as Americans can possibly be. As it is, Americans speak wonderingly of the feelings "which made it possible for Thackeray to look as he did upon the American Revolution, and to express the views he did so constantly and with so much admiration concerning the character of Washington."

² "Blinded by natural self-love to the badness of our conduct towards inferior races, while remembering what there is of good in our conduct ; forgetting how

the sympathies of an Englishman, unless strongly influenced by special considerations, are drawn towards the weaker of the two. And so it was that, as the struggle between the Northern and Southern States of America continued, the great majority in this country seemed compelled to sympathise with the Southerners in their stubborn resistance against what appeared to us overwhelming odds.

With this feeling Americans are not now disposed to quarrel, though they certainly have no great respect for it. Knowing that the difficulties which the North had to encounter were much greater than most persons in England imagined, they naturally object to the assumption that the North was again and again foiled in a task which should have been easy; and apart from this they have no special sympathy (seeing how vast their country is, it is hardly to be expected that they would have any sympathy) with our English admiration for small combatants. But at present they understand, without admiring, our sympathy with the weakness of the South, and are not disposed to be angry if occasionally this sympathy found unpleasant expression during the war between North and South.

But later on, when the North was showing a determined resolution to prevent the secession of the South, and when, moreover, the one thing wanting to secure our good opinion—the freeing of the slaves—had been accomplished, it cannot be denied that our sympathy with the efforts of the Southern States began to assume a more objectionable form. It became clear at that time that some among us—a loud-voiced section, but perhaps not so large as Americans imagine—had learned to look with satisfaction on the threatened breaking up of that great English-speaking nation which had been gradually growing until, almost coincidentally with the breaking-out of the war, their numbers had become equal to the population of the British Isles. It does not greatly concern Englishmen to know that the population of Russia, or Germany, or France exceeds that of Great Britain and Ireland, for a happy confidence in the superiority of the British stock causes us to reduce foreign populations by a considerable percentage when we compare them with our own; but when a nation from the same stock was seen to be rapidly gaining on us in numbers, and at length passing ahead, it appeared to many as a manifest dispensation of Providence, necessarily interested in a special manner in the welfare of Great Britain, that some seven

well these inferior races have usually behaved to us, and remembering only their misbehaviour, which we refrain from tracing to its cause in our own transgressions, we overvalue our own natures as compared with theirs."—Herbert Spencer's *Study of Sociology*, chapter ix.

millions of the rival English-speaking nation should be separated from the rest. There must have been something specially irritating to a sensitive people like our American cousins in the placid way in which the leading English journals indicated the probable line of demarcation between the Northern and Southern sections of the once United States; and still more, perhaps, in the assumption that, secession having once begun, it would continue, the Western States seceding from the Eastern, then the Middle States from the New England States, until at last no nation comparable with England in population would remain to threaten our priority among the English-speaking nations of the world.

We are not concerned to indicate here the folly of such reasoning, or how the separation of the United States into two discordant portions would have been in reality a far more threatening circumstance than the growth of the States even to thrice or four times their present dimensions. The point to which we wish to call attention is the natural effect of such selfish considerations, as expressed not only in the public press but in conversation,¹ in exciting ill-feeling against us on the part of our American cousins. If we are jealous for England's claims to a high position among the nations, and apt to be troubled when we see another nation apparently passing in advance of us, Americans, we may be sure, are as warmly interested in the growing power and the steady advance of their nation. If that had been all, it would have been enough to render offensive our anxiety to see their progress checked; but when we consider under what circumstances this feeling was manifested, that America was bleeding at every pore in a desperate struggle, every victory and every defeat in which was alike disastrous to the nation, we can understand how the remembrance of things said in England in that hour of her affliction rankles still in the heart of America. Everything else might be forgiven: our misapprehension of the nature of their trouble, for England as a whole was not more ignorant of American politics than America was and is of English politics; our quasi-recognition of the Southern Confederacy, for on calm reflection Americans must perceive that we had little choice in the matter; the negligence which, according to their view, led to the Alabama troubles. for England has paid the reckoning not uncheerfully: but that we should look on (or

¹ We pay no attention here to jeers and taunts said to have been publicly addressed to Americans who visited our shores during the war; though we have heard Americans speak bitterly on this point. It surely would not be fair to judge this country by the behaviour of our "roughs," our irrepressible Toms and Bills and 'Arrys.

seem to do so, for the true heart of the British people was not in the hopes that offended our American brothers) while the life's blood of America was fast flowing, that we should seem to be calmly calculating how far our position as a nation might be improved through the miseries which afflicted America, was a sin not readily to be forgotten or forgiven.

Passing from a subject which has many painful associations not devoid of shame to right-feeling Englishmen, we may here notice, in passing, a somewhat singular circumstance.

Englishmen and Americans coming from a common stock, and being to all intents and purposes identical as races, it is not to be wondered at if foreigners ascribe to them a common fault which they call boastfulness, and which we more usually call self-confidence. Beyond question, neither of the two great English-speaking nations undervalues itself to any remarkable degree. When an Englishman or an American has admitted some defect in the character of his nation, he usually makes up for the admission by a wider boast. Thus, when Thackeray has rebuked the vulgarity of some English travellers, he proceeds, "Our vulgarities and our insolences may, perhaps, make us as remarkable as that high breeding which we assume to possess. It may be that Continental society ridicules and detests us as we walk domineering over Europe ; but, after all, which of us would dénationalise himself? Who" [what Englishman, that is] "wouldn't be an Englishman? Come, sir, cosmopolite as you are, passing all your winters at Rome or at Paris, called by choice or poverty from your own country, preferring easier manners, cheaper pleasures, a simpler life, are you not still proud of your British citizenship? and would you like to be a Frenchman?" Wendell Holmes speaks to the same effect for Americans, though at this moment we cannot remember whether he so speaks as the Autocrat, the Poet, or the Professor of his charming Breakfast-table. An American would object less to being a Briton than to being a Frenchman or a Russian, despite some warm American praise of both France and Russia to the disparagement of Great Britain ; but he would not like much to be a Briton, either. And though a Briton would infinitely prefer being an American to changing nationalities with any other race, he would still object even to that change—which does not prevent him, however, from so migrating that his children and grandchildren become American citizens.

But this resemblance between Americans and Britons in self-confidence is, as we have said, natural enough, seeing that they are of the same stock. The singular circumstance about the matter is the

strong contrast between the ways in which Americans and Britons manifest their national boastfulness. The American is sensitive ; the Briton thick-skinned. The true Briton's confidence in his nation and race is shown by an utter disregard of what other nations and races may think of his people and of his people's doings ; while the true American shows the same quality in precisely the opposite manner. He is as over-sensitive with regard to all that resembles criticism of his country as the Briton is unduly careless. If a foreigner calls an Englishman's attention to the poverty of some region, the ugliness of some tract of country, the unpleasantness of the season, the Englishman is in no way concerned : he does not care enough for the foreigner's good or bad opinion to dispute the proposition. But if a foreigner makes a similar remark to an American, it is resented almost as an affront. If its truth cannot be questioned, the feeling is, nevertheless, that it savours of the rudeness of a personal remark. A man may be lame or squint, yet he would probably be angry with anyone who told him so ; and in like manner an American is angered by a remark which seems to disparage any part of his country, or any attribute of her people.¹

No doubt both the sensitiveness of the American and the indifference of the Englishman belong to the seamy side of patriotism. But we have now to consider a certain attribute, common to both nations, which surely ought not to be so regarded.

The white population of the United States is not only English-speaking, but in the main of English descent. With the exception

¹ Mr. Chollop in "Martin Chuzzlewit" when the moistness of England has been admitted, opinionates that "there ain't a swamp in all Americay as don't whip that small island into mush and molasses." Anything more unlike America as it is than the America of "Martin Chuzzlewit" it would be difficult to imagine ; and unless Dickens himself in some of his Western wanderings had been wanting in politeness he could never have heard even the roughest of the rough speak as Chollop is made to speak in that book. But Americans have a fashion of drawing comparisons between America and England which doubtless suggested, though it can by no means excuse, the travestie. We remember a reply made to us by an American—a most agreeable gentlemanly man, the very opposite of Chollop in all things—which struck us as amusingly illustrating the sensitiveness of Americans where the qualities of their country seem to be disparaged. It was a cold bleak day, the thermometer some ten degrees below zero, and a biting wind had been blowing a fine snow into our face during a long drive by the shore of Lake Erie. As we stood at the threshold of the hotel before entering its comfortable precincts, we said with a shiver, "What an unpleasant day !" a remark which in England would not be thought to reflect (necessarily) on the climate of the country. "Well, I don't know," was the reply, delivered with that peculiar intonation which Americans use when they are very much in earnest, "I think the weather is sometimes quite as unpleasant as this in England."

of a few regions here and there, one may say of America that if the population of any region were removed bodily to England, there would be nothing in two or three generations to distinguish the descendants of those Americans from other Englishmen; and in like manner, if one were to take the population of an English county and transplant it bodily to America, a similar period (or even less) would suffice to make the descendants of those Englishmen utterly undistinguishable from their fellow Americans. If there is in America much French, Dutch, and other foreign blood, which at present is more localised than the foreign element of our English population, yet the actual proportion of foreign blood is not much greater in America than in England itself; and we may be sure that before long it will be as thoroughly absorbed into the nation. As for the Irish element of the American population, the reverse holds. On this side of the water the Irish element is more localised, whereas in America it is present in about the same proportion, but is distributed more uniformly. But to say truth, so far as blood is concerned, the really effective Irish element in both nations is almost purely British.¹ Not only has Ireland, as a country, been recruited for many centuries from old English families which have settled there and retain their name, but the best of the old Irish families have so intermarried with British families that, though the Irish names remain, the blood is more British than Irish. So that neither the localised French, Dutch, and other foreign populations in America, nor the localised Irish population in the British Isles, detract from the general truth of the statement that, so far as race is concerned, the populations of the United States and of the British Isles are as truly one as are the tree and its offshoots.

This being so, there surely is in reality a commendable self-denial, and not, as some have absurdly supposed, a feeling of mutual jealousy, in the tone of depreciation in which many Americans speak of the British, and many Britons of the American people. When an American says (as Wendell Phillips, of Boston, said, for example, before Canadian audiences in 1873-74) that England is decrepit as a nation, that the other European nations no longer fear her power or care for her opinion, and so forth, that is only another way of saying (from mere modesty and self-denial) that America is by no means such a vigorous nation as foreigners might imagine. "We seem to be getting along very well," such an American reasons, "and you might imagine that we were going to be a very great nation;—one day,

¹ The word "British" is here used to represent the inhabitants of Great Britain, not in its stricter sense.

perhaps, and for many a long day, the greatest of all nations. But you have no occasion to be troubled, whether you be French, or German, or Russian ; we come from a worn-out stock, and however rapidly this offshoot from the British Empire has sprung up, it shares the decrepitude of the parent stem. Our existence as a powerful nation will necessarily be brief, since already the race from which we sprang has lost its influence and power, and is despised by the nations which once feared and respected it." If a young man whose vigour and freshness were commended, remarked that his father was already paralysed, though in years scarce passed his prime, we should surely not so misinterpret the remark as to imagine that he desired his father's decease, even though there might have been (long before) some differences between them ; we should know quite certainly that what he really meant was that his own health and strength were deceptive, and that he could have no hope of long retaining them. And as we should thus judge of such a man's remarks about his father, so, applying the principle followed throughout this essay, we ought to judge of the nation by the rules we should apply to the individual. It would be manifestly unjust, then, to imagine that those Americans who speak of England's departed greatness really wish to see her in the dust. They desire merely, with becoming national modesty, to show the foreigner that they do not over-estimate the prospects of their own country. Knowing that the fortunes of the old country must foreshadow not indistinctly the future career of the younger, they are careful not to exaggerate the "lasting power" of the race from which they spring.

Nor in this respect need we Englishmen be ashamed to compare ourselves with our cousins across the Atlantic. If some of them thus modestly depreciate the parent stem, some of us as modestly depreciate the sapling. Knowing that to the strong man strong sons are born, we prefer to under-estimate the strength and energy of that nation which is as England's firstborn. If the seeming vital energy of one in the prime of manhood were praised, and he remarked that his son showed manifest signs of weak health and deficient vitality, could we imagine for one moment that he rejoiced to compare his own stubborn vigour with his son's premature decay ? Even though there had once been differences between them, we should understand and sympathise with his real thought. "I may appear strong," he would say, in purport, "but there must be some strain of weakness in my blood ; for see, the son of my manhood is weak and ailing ; I cannot expect to retain my health long when *he* shows such manifest tokens of debility." So when some of us in England dis-

cover, out of the profundity of our wisdom, that America (as that profound politician, Thomas Moore, observed of her) is

Rank without ripeness, quickened without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,

and so forth, it is not to be supposed that there is any jealousy or ill-feeling in such imaginings. Those of us who thus speak desire simply to show the foreigner that, after all, England cannot continue long to be a great nation, or at least that her prospects have been over-estimated.

Similar considerations apply to other national qualities. A son who undervalues the looks, abilities, or breeding of his father, or a father who undervalues such qualities in his son, does so only as a way of modestly depreciating his own qualities. So when an American says, as many do, that the English as a race are ill-formed, dull, and ill-bred, or when an Englishman comments unfavourably, as some will do, on the looks, intelligence, or manners of Americans, it must be solely because of the inbred modesty and humility of both these closely allied nations.

Unfortunately, some foreigners, not versed in the pleasant ways of English-speaking nations, are apt to misunderstand these points. They conceive that the American really thinks very little of the stock from which he has sprung, and that the Englishman really holds in little esteem the American offshoot of the English nation. Therefore, with characteristic politeness and good breeding, the foreigner bows a courteous assent to both propositions, admitting gracefully (lest contradiction should offend) that England's power and prestige *have* long since departed, and that though America may have risen like the rocket, she will fall like the stick. Some of them show also the most charming condescension in assenting to other forms of mutual depreciation in which national modesty has caused England and America occasionally to indulge.

We are departing, however, we fear, altogether from our subject. The modesty of England as manifested by depreciation of America, the modesty of America as shown by depreciation of England, and the charming politeness with which other nations accept both verdicts, cannot belong by any possibility to the seamy side of patriotism.

THOMAS FOSTER.

TABLE TALK.

A LITERARY scheme which is announced in various journals seems at the first blush to commend itself to all those manifold readers who feel the impossibility of keeping abreast of the progress of letters. This is the plan of publishing short biographies of men of letters, "which shall tell people what is most worth knowing as to the life, character, works, and position in literary history of some of the greatest writers in English." As Mr. John Morley is the editor of the series, and as the writers are all men of eminence, the works cannot be otherwise than valuable. Still the idea seems to me not wholly commendable, and its adoption speaks for English want of enterprise. What is really requisite is a work like the French *Biographie Universelle*, which shall give us lives of all men of eminence, written by the most competent authorities. A series of short memoirs must of necessity leave out that gossiping and discursive element which is a special charm of the best biographies, and will, instead, form but detached portions of an encyclopædia, without the facility of reference an encyclopædia supplies. A scholar or a student must not be in a hurry about authors who are worth studying at all. Between a biography and the information supplied in a *résumé* of the literature of an epoch there is place only for the encyclopædia. An author is sometimes, like Tom Moore, buried beneath the load of a too cumbrous biography. The kind of affection that is felt, however, for those to whom the world is really indebted is not altogether unlike the passion of love, as described by Sir Philip Sidney, who is one of the high-priests in Love's temple. Let me commend to Mr. Morley and his "team" the following sonnet, which I make no apology for quoting :—

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
 That you allow me them by so small rate?
 Or do you curtted Spartanes imitate?
 Or do you meane my tender eares to spare,
 That to my questions you so totall are?
 When I demand of Phoenix—Stella's state,
 You say, forsooth, you left her well of late!
 O God, thinke you that satisfies my care?

I would know whether she did sit or walke ;
 How cloth'd, how waited on ; sigh'd she, or smilde ;
 Whereof—with whom—how often—did she talke ;
 With what pastimes Time's journey she beguilde ;
 If her lips daigned to sweeten my poor name :
 Saie all, and all well sayd still say the same.

With the omission of a line or two, the foregoing would scarcely seem extravagant as an expression of the feelings of many readers with regard to favourite authors. We all of us complain now and then of big books ; but with a genuine lover of books a big book is not seldom the favourite.

THE prettiest thing about the Obelisk (wherever they put it) will still be the telegram reported to have been sent to the Khedive of Egypt by the contractor, when he thought the needle and case had gone to the bottom of the sea : "Send another Obelisk." It beats the famous "Bring more curricles" out and out.

THOUGH far behind some English and many Spanish dramatists, notoriously Thomas Heywood, who claimed to have had an entire hand, or at least a "main finger," in 220 plays, and Lope de Vega, who is said to have had 1,800 plays acted, Théodore Barrière, whose death took place at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, was a tolerably prolific dramatist. He worked in collaboration with half the best known dramatists of his epoch, from Henri Murger, with whom he wrote "*La Vie de Bohême*," the most popular of his early plays, to M. Sardou, whose obligations to him, in pieces written without any avowed co-operation, amount at times to little short of direct imitation. The author of "*Les Filles de Marbre*," "*Les Parisiens de la Décadence*," "*Aux Crochets d'un Gendre*," "*Les Faux Bonshommes*," and "*L'Héritage de M. Plumet*," should not pass away without mention. In private life he had some reputation as a wit, though the repartees with which he is credited belong rather to cudgel play than to the art of fence. One of his best jokes consisted in naming a piece, when the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour was withheld from him too long, "*Le Chemin de la Croix, vaudeville en douze stations*." He commenced active life as map engraver for the French Government.

AFTER reading that much censured but strangely powerful play of M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*—he will not object, I know, to my giving his name the adjunct it wore during his father's lifetime—"La Femme de Claude," I am struck by the fact that the character of Daniel recalls the apotheosis of the Jew attempted in "*Daniel Deronda*"

by George Eliot. The objects for which Daniel strives are not far different from those after which *Deronda* aspires; and the mysticism and spiritual elevation with which the English novelist invests her Hebrew dreamers are to be found not only in Daniel, but in a less degree in his daughter Rébecca. Another point worthy of notice is, that the scene between Claude Ruper, the hero, and his wife in the last act seems built upon that between Samson and Dalilah in "*Samson Agonistes*." The passage of the woman from assumed penitence to defiance, and the menace of death on the part of the husband, are alike in the two dramas.

JONES, of the Megatherium Club, is a diner-out, but also often has friends to dine with him. Brown met him the other day, and said, "You are not playing the host to anyone next Saturday, are you? That's all right. The fact is, I have a few German friends coming to dine with me—men of business—and I want you to be so kind——"

"Delighted, my dear fellow," put in Jones; "I speak German like a native, and I don't at all mind men of business."

"Well—no—the fact is, I have got three of them coming, and as the rules of the club only admit of my asking two unless I get another member's name, I wanted your *name*, that's all."

Jones gave the required permission, but was sorry he had been so precipitate.

IT is a curious fact that lives of actors, which half a century ago were among the most popular of biographies, are now all but unknown. We have had, it is true, *Memoirs of Young* and of *Macready*; but these books, besides occupying an exceptional position, do not belong to the class of which I speak. How is it that none of the competent writers upon things histrionic, of whom, in spite of assertions to the contrary, we possess a fair share, has sought to preserve such memorials as yet survive concerning men like Farren, Keeley, Robson, G. V. Brooke, and others, down to Compton, who have passed away during the course of the present generation? A volume, containing sketches of the lives of these men, with such others as Mr. Phelps, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Buckstone, the active portion of whose careers is approaching a close, would constitute a volume which most lovers of the stage would like to read, and many would seek to possess. Before long it may be in some respects too late. To alter slightly Andrew Marvell's rebuke to his coy mistress:—

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, surely, were no crime.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near.

It is surprising how soon an exact memory of such facts as people love to possess in the case of those who have charmed or amused them fades from the mind. There is truth as well as sting in Hamlet's ejaculation, "O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then." I have known a case in the present year in which the day of a man's death could with difficulty be verified within a month of his decease by those nearest to him. I hope—to recur to Hamlet—the epitaph upon our players may not be,

For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.

THE phrase "many men, many minds" may now be very fitly applied to newspapers. In England, at least, every shade of thought, whether sacred or profane, has its particular organ. Some excellent soul sends me, for example, a copy of *The Christian*, a periodical which had not happened to come under my eye before. I am sure he sent it for my good, and I have found it very interesting. Under the head of "Requests for Prayer and Praise," there are the most curious appeals:—"That the heads of families may see and avoid the danger of setting strong drink before their friends;" "That a Christian gentleman may be healed of his ailments and be enabled to obtain employment;" "For a baronet and his wife, strangers to grace and to God." These are admirable suggestions, but how is it possible to put them in the form of personal supplication? I adore the aristocracy of my native land; but to pray even for a baronet and his wife, of whose very name I am ignorant, seems to me a very difficult matter. I can imagine a person praying "for the approaching Congress at Croydon," and for "the third anniversary of the 'Brandon British Workmen' in October," but I don't think I *could* lift up my voice "for a nephew residing in Australia," unless he was *my* nephew, or at least the nephew of somebody I knew.

WHEN I hear of Sadler's Wells Theatre being devoted to what is in fact prize-fighting under a thin disguise, and when I see the account of a trial of endurance, extending over fifty hours, between a thorough-bred horse and a mustang—happily interrupted by the police—I wonder whether there is not a chance of our re-

establishing the bull-fight. We have been accustomed to congratulate ourselves upon the advance we have made in civilization. There are few places of public entertainment, however, in which scenes are not exhibited that are wholly barbarous and revolting. On a recent holiday I visited that great place of entertainment which, Phoenix-like, has arisen on Muswell Hill. I was surprised at the scantiness of the attendance, until I found that the vast majority of the visitors had flocked to a spot, in a remote portion of the grounds, to witness an exhibition of pugilism. How keen a spirit of emulation was aroused by this display was known afterwards to residents in the quiet suburbs adjacent, who saw during the evening repetitions of the programme, without the "wasteful and ridiculous excess" of gloves. That exhibitions of cruelty and violence beget corresponding tastes in the public, is one of the most satisfactorily established of facts. Where the bull-fight still lingers, the child learns to clap its hands as the horse treads on the intestines which fall through its wounds. With such a training, what wonder that the Spaniards grow up the most cruel among European races!

AT the risk of being pronounced too literary, I will mention a curious explanation given to me by a certain well-known physician of that much-debated line in "Maud":—

My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

He tells me that, supposing the possibility of a dead heart's coming to life, the physical change in colour would be precisely as described. Is it possible, I wonder, that Alfred Tennyson ever "walked the hospitals?" Anatomy has been now and then allowed admittance into poetry; but I have my doubts whether post-mortem examinations have any right to appear there. However, the doctor may be wrong after all, and the Laureate may have meant something altogether different.

SPeAKING of Tennyson, I don't think it has ever been remarked that in his "In Memoriam" he has made, doubtless unconsciously, a rather direct plagiarism from Pope, in the lines—

When thought leapt out to wed with thought,
Ere thought could wed itself with speech.

In "Eloisa to Abelard," we read—

When thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

I SUPPOSE nobody reads "Humphrey Clinker" nowadays ; he is a "British classic" without which "no gentleman's library can be complete," and is left on the shelf accordingly. Still, there are things in that book not only slightly humorous, but which have quite a direct bearing upon matters of our own time. For example, what can be truer than Smollett's description of our present novelists? "That branch of literature," he says, "is now engrossed by female writers, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease and spirit and delicacy, with knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only charmed by their genius, but reformed by their morality."

I HAVE said that nobody reads Smollett : but if what we hear from the Scotch Highlands is to be relied upon, matters are still worse than that. Nobody, or only a few of the present generation, read Walter Scott. Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, and the hundred other localities which were once invested by him with magic charms, have now, we are told, lost their attractions for the tourist. People still go to Scotland—some for the scenery and some for the grouse—but no longer beckoned by the hand of the Wizard of the North. I hear children (who are fond of their Dickens, too) complain that Scott's Novels are "all about nothing," by which they mean that there are too much conversation and description in them. In a word, they find him tedious. I read "Waverley" myself the other day in the intervals of an attack of gout, and, though the rack should never compel me to admit it to these young people, I must confess there is some ground for their objections.

WHAT I hear newspaper proprietors chiefly complain of during foreign wars is the mortality not among men, but horses. "It is quite extraordinary," they say, "what a number of these animals are used up by our special correspondents." No disaster, however overwhelming, that befalls the army with which we sympathise, annoys us half so much as these few lines, which the readers of our telegraphic intelligence perhaps hardly notice : "I am sorry to say my sturdy little horse fell under me to-day," or "gave in finally after unheard-of exertions," or [this is a very favourite phrase] "was struck in the counter by the ricochet of a cannon-ball." The *finis* is always, "Horses in this district cannot be procured under forty pounds sterling."

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OLD FATHER TIME:

A TRUE STORY FOUNDED UPON FICTION.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

I.

DAZZLED by the red glare of the Reign of Terror, we lose sight of the fact that Europe contained other countries than France for the time being. Seven years, however, before Louis XVI. was beheaded, the trumpet that was to shatter thrones gave a preliminary flourish—not in impulsive and idea-loving France, who was absorbed in money troubles, but, of all countries in the world, in phlegmatic and fact-loving Holland, where a few premature patriots had anticipated the natural course of events by rising in arms for a Republic against William V. of Nassau and Orange, their Stadholder. And among the signs of the times was the attraction to their cause and their ranks of a certain young Frenchman, the Chevalier de Noirac, who had served with another French nobleman, the Marquis de Lafayette, in the army of General Washington, and had not yet had his fill of fighting against the powers that were.

He was still in the full flush of that most glorious, most pathetic enthusiasm for Philosophy, Abstract Justice, and the Rights of Man that led so many of his fellow gentlemen to prepare the scaffold for themselves, their order, and their king—still young in years and in heart, and as handsome in face and gallant in bearing as a knight adventurer of any period could wish to be thought by the fairest of ladies. But his brow was clouded, and his lips tightened gloomily as he rode, alone, one foggy Sunday mor-

ing, along those unutterably dreary banks of the canal that crawls from Mardyk to Waavening.

"The cowardly *canaille*!" he said half aloud, "to give in without a blow—and on their own soil! Well, I will never throw in my lot with shopkeepers and herring-fishers again. They the countrymen of William the Silent—of Philip Van Arteveldt! I am ashamed of such Republicans. To be a real Republican, one must be a Gentleman. Where shall I carry my sword now? There is positively nobody left worth fighting for. What with France happy, America free, England content, and Holland contemptible—well, there is nothing to be done but to ride on to Mardyk and grope in my pockets for the price of a bottle of wine. No wonder they have the fog in their very veins, these Dutchmen. If they will allow such a bearer of bad news to drink in their town—a foreigner, who comes to tell them that the pigs of Prussians are in Amsterdam! . . . Ah, they have heard it! Ill news flies apace, indeed!"

And, sure enough, as he entered Mardyk, he found that sleepest of all sleepy towns in a state of wild commotion. It was Sunday, and therefore market day: but that did not account for the excited knots of men and women that hurried about the street and the square, and formed into little crowds here and there. There was little noise: but there is always something awful in the sight of an excited but noiseless crowd. So intent were the people of Mardyk upon public affairs that they even suffered a mounted stranger to pass without a single stare. De Noirac drew up at the door of the Golden Lion, shouted to the hostler till he made him hear, threw him his rein, and said eagerly—

"You know the news already, then?"

"Ah!" groaned the hostler.

"I heard it at Utrecht. Put up my horse and feed him well, while I drink a bottle of wine."

"They know it at Utrecht?" asked the host of the Golden Lion, detaching himself from a group of eager talkers. "What do they say of it there? What a calamity!"

"It is the beginning of the end," sighed the Chevalier.

"It is the end of the end," groaned the landlord.

"There will be slavery all over Europe—"

"The servants will never get up in the morning—"

"The servants? What in the name of all the madness of all the world has a German despot's occupation of your capital to do with—"

"Oh, that's all! I thought you meant *the* news—the great calamity of calamities, monsieur—for you are a Frenchman, I see."

"Can there be worse—and you a Dutchman? Has more happened than they know at Utrecht even?"

"Worse? Worse! I should think so indeed—ten thousand times! Do you mean to say you haven't heard that St. Walpurga's church clock has stopped, and can't be got to go?"

"Bah! Let me have some wine."

"You may say 'Bah,' monsieur, and you may shrug your shoulders, but let me tell you it's easy enough to make new stadholders and new kings by the score, but it's not easy to make a new clock for St. Walpurga's. There are plenty of kings, and there are plenty of herrings, but there is—there *was*!—but one clock of St. Walpurga's. I mean no disrespect to you personally, monsieur, when I also take the liberty of saying 'Bah.' St. Walpurga's clock has stopped—that has gone two hundred years without ever losing more than three hours at a time. Name any king you like, and say as much for him, if you can. And the Prussians may go to Amsterdam, or the Antipodes, but they can't make St. Walpurga's clock go again."

"Let your burgomaster consult a clockmaker. Some wine—in five minutes. I have much to do."

"Five minutes! Ah, monsieur, there are no minutes any more—without St. Walpurga's! There is no more such a thing as time in Mardyk—never again. But never mind. One must be a Mardyker to understand these things. You shall have the wine in good ti—in good—. Oh dear! We must find new words for everything now. You shall have the wine before—the end of—eternity, monsieur."

The Chevalier de Noirac found his wine bitter, though the cellars of the Golden Lion were as honest as dreams. The bitterness lay in himself: for, in truth, he relied upon three things alone to carry him out of that despicable town. One was his horse, another his watch, and another the sum of one French crown—all that his patriot friends had left him. As he might possibly want the horse, and indeed had an affection for an animal who is at the same time a Gentleman and a Republican, he gave his crown to the landlord and went out to look for a financier who might be inclined to get a good repeater at a bargain. He naturally said nothing of his errand to his host, and he instinctively avoided the market-place, where an intensely excited crowd of people, roused to fever point by so overwhelming a public calamity, made the place look as if in the throes of an imminent revolution. He could not bear to see a whole town gone mad about a trumpery church clock while a foreign army occu-

pied its capital, or to think that for these people he had drawn his sword only to sheathe it ignominiously without killing a single Prussian. So presently he found himself in a narrow back lane, from one end of which, looking over the intervening houses into the square, rose the beautiful black tower of St. Walpurga, bearing a huge white-faced clock, whose hands were fixed at twenty minutes to three. And, strange to say, since he had entered Mardyk this was the only thing in the shape of watch or clock that he had seen. Mardyk appeared to be unlike Switzerland even less in having no Alps than in having no clockmakers.

At last it struck him—an obvious reflection for a Frenchman—that he owned a tongue. “Will Monsieur have the great kindness to direct me to a watchmaker’s?” he asked a man in a blouse who happened to be passing.

“A watchmaker? If you want to know the time, there’s St. Walpurga straight before you—twenty minutes to three.”

“My friend, it has been twenty minutes to three these last ten minutes by St. Walpurga, if that is she.”

“Well, we go by St. Walpurga here. And she’s never wrong; if she says it’s twenty minutes to three for a year to come, twenty minutes to three it will be, whatever the thing they call their clock at Waavening may say to the contrary.”

“Nevertheless, can you direct me to a watchmaker’s?”

“A watchmaker? There isn’t one. We go by St. Walpurga; and they may say she’s stopped, but she knows what she’s about, you may be sure; as if a clock would stop that has gone two hundred years—two thousand, for aught I know. With two hundred years’ experience she must know what’s o’clock better than we can teach her. But if you want somebody that knows how they make such things now-a-days, you must go to Old Father Time. He lives up there, through that door, and he’s always at home, I know, before three.”

“But my watch tells me it is past three.”

The man pointed up to St. Walpurga’s white face, and passed on.

The Chevalier, being a professed philosopher, hardly believed that He of the Scythe and Hourglass in person really lived within a dark doorway in a back lane in Mardyk. But the town seemed odd enough for anything, and it is notorious that nobody can tell what Time may do. At any rate, the adventurer felt the presentiment of an adventure, and he asked a young and rather pretty-looking girl, who was entering the darkness of the gateway with a cabbage under her arm—

"They tell me, *mademoiselle*, that Old Father Time lives here. On which floor shall I find him?"

"You mean my father, sir?" said the pretty girl, with a still prettier smile.

"How? I have the honour of addressing the daughter of Time, *mademoiselle*? Is it the Spring? For you are hardly old enough to be your sister, the Summer. The fact is, I have a watch that—in short—does not agree with St. Walpurga's, and I am told that nobody in the town but your father understands such things."

"You have been told the truth," she said proudly; "and they might have said 'Nobody in the world.' He shall see your watch, if you will follow me."

"So your infallible town-clock has stopped, I hear," he said, for the sake of saying something, as he followed her up a very wide but very dark staircase, which, by means of its very gloom, conveyed the scent of money to a penniless man.

"Indeed!" said the girl, whose voice sounded yet more sweetly in the darkness; "I did not know. *We* have no need to look at St. Walpurga's."

"*Mademoiselle*, you monopolise the common-sense of Mardyk! I am happy to have found you."

"You are fortunate to have found my father," she said, as she opened a door high up the stairs, and led him to a low room that must have been the abode of great people once upon a time. Its size, its panels, its ceiling, and its windows were half monastic, half palatial. At present, indeed, its only ornament was a handsome stove, with coloured tiles representing the story of the Deluge. But though homely to the last degree in all its details, it was as clean and neat as the most ideal Dutch interior could be. The girl dusted a dustless chair for him, and then taking up a heavy folio volume, let it fall deliberately with its whole weight flat upon the floor. The Chevalier looked at her as he started at the noise, and saw that she was not only rather, but very, pretty; not in the least like the Dutch girls, whom he did not admire, but with southern features and complexion—a solitary damask rose in a white tulip garden.

While he looked at her, she, as calmly as if she were doing nothing in the least out of the way, knocked down a chair. Then she threw down a saucepan, then another heavy volume, and then two more chairs.

"Monsieur," she said at last, sweetly and calmly, "would you have the great kindness to pull over that heavy wardrobe as hard as ever you can, while I thump the floor with the saucepan?"

"With the greatest delight in the world, mademoiselle. I shall be charmed to be of the least service in helping throw your apartment out of window if it gives you the least pleasure. But may I venture to ask why? I like to know the reason of everything," added the philosopher.

"Oh, I have to do it every day—except the wardrobe, of course—when the soup is ready. Father travels a long way off when he's at work, and so, of course, there's always some trouble to bring him home again."

"Thank you, mademoiselle. I ought to have remembered that Time has to be everywhere at once; but I did not know he lived on soup—I thought he devoured stronger things." He put his broad shoulders to the heavy wardrobe and was about to throw it over, when the door opened, and he heard a thin and high, but not unpleasant voice saying querulously—

"Dinner again, Madeline? It's always dinner-time. I've told you over and over again there's no need to dine ten times every day. Health does not require it, and it is distracting to the mind. But this is too bad—two dinners in less than three quarters of an hour! You give me no time to work out the simplest equation with your perpetual dinners. What's the good of being a clockmaker in a town without clocks, if one is to be disturbed like this? I might just as well have customers."

"You mistake, indeed, father. You have had nothing since yesterday, for you forgot to drink your coffee this morning. And it is not yet dinner-time—"

"Then why—why—"

"It is this gentleman; he wants you to see his watch—"

"Ah! that is another thing. A good physician, Madeline, will forsake his greatest discovery on the very eve of triumph to cure the commonest ailment of the meanest of creatures, or he will not deserve to succeed, and, therefore, will not succeed. Watches are my patients, monsieur; let me see yours."

He was a tall old man, with a marvellously lean, gaunt frame, narrow and stooping shoulders, and iron grey hair that left a magnificent height of forehead fully exposed, with the exception of a single thin white lock that lingered at the top of it and prevented his being wholly bald. No doubt it was this forelock, in addition to his figure and his calling, that had earned him the nickname among his fellow townsmen of "Old Father Time." His features were good and regular, but his lips were harsh and drawn, and his large brown eyes—his daughter's eyes—were dull and heavy. They had a near-

sighted look as he turned them on his visitor. The Chevalier, whose watch was an excellent time-keeper, felt himself guilty of false pretences in visiting such a man on such an errand ; but he held out his pledge in obedience to what sounded like a command, mild indeed, but peremptory.

"There's nothing the matter with this," said the old man almost before he looked at it. I see—it was made by my old master, Louvet of Lausanne—before watches were made to go wrong. What do you bring it to me for?" he asked impatiently.

"If the watch is sound all the better. The fact is, I am a traveller without money. Is it worth your buying—or keeping for a time—"

"Do I look like a pawnbroker, monsieur? Madeline, don't disturb me again. Good morning, monsieur."

The Chevalier felt ashamed of himself, though he hardly knew why. He shrugged his shoulders, and took back his watch again. The old man at once left the room, as if it were the most natural and indifferent thing to leave his young and pretty daughter alone with an utter stranger, young, handsome, and without a penny.

The room into which the old man returned was very different from that upstairs. It was not unlike a spider's web, so many intricate cords, pulleys, wires—a very chaos of machinery—twisted and coiled all over and all round the den. Various strange pieces of metal, in seeming wild disorder, and yet stranger instruments, rendered useless the few pieces of furniture. A chance intruder might well think himself in the very hiding place of the real Old Father Time, where he regulates, amid such apparent confusion, the movements of the world's clock and keeps it going. As if he had never been interrupted, the old man sat down at his table and, with pen and paper, resumed some formidable calculations that would puzzle an army of Senior Wranglers.

For three long hours he laboured without approaching the end of them. And then thump ! crash ! went something overhead ; surely it could not be dinner time again ? It was too bad—and just when some x or y or z was on the very point of solution !

"Let her thump through the floor and then dine by herself !" he said aloud. "Yes—knock away !" And he went on with his task, in which he seemed capable of absorbing himself like Archimedes amid the thunder of a siege.

"Cr—ash !" went something again ; but he did not even put his fingers in his ears.

But at last he rose, and raised a cloth from something that lay before him on the table, stood before it, and looked into the complexity of its wheels and springs with a gaze. I know not how to speak of it but as the first look of a mother at her new-born child. But it was something more even than this ; there was the blaze of creative triumph in his no longer dull eyes. Nobody ever sees such triumphs ; they are sacred to solitude.

"I will not say *Eureka*," he burst out ; "I can say *Pepoicka*—I have Made !"

"Thump—crash—bang !" went the furniture overhead, but it was all unheeded. There are moments when a man's whole life ebbs backwards over him with one rush, and this was one of them. Even Cornelius Heiling, the clockmaker of Mardy, had not always been old. Once more the idlest apprentice of the famous Louvet of Lausanne, he fell in love with his master's daughter ; once more he dreamed of making some great masterpiece that might win the great man's honour and his daughter's hand ; for Louvet, as all the world knows, was a true artist, and would rather give his daughter to a brother artist than to a king. And before long—for love works wonders—he did win her, but, alas ! his heart was no longer Annette's ; it had been transferred from masterpiece to masterpiece until it had become irrevocably fixed in the dream of a clock the like of which the mind of man had never imagined. It was nothing less than to combine the principle of Perpetual Motion with the principle of Life—in one word to contain a soul, and an eternal soul. By the regular, too familiar process, the dream became a thought, the thought a desire, the desire a belief, the belief a will, the will an attempt, the attempt a devotion. And it must be said for him, many a sane man had many a wilder dream, many a wilder devotion, in those days. He lived in his, and gradually withdrew himself more and more not only from the outer world but from the wider world of Annette and home. To avoid the distractions of business that began to pour in upon Louvet's son-in-law, he left the Alps and carried his two wives, the nominal and the real, to Italy. But the Italians proved too quick-witted for him ; they discovered his skill, so he had to escape from fame and wealth once more. I know not through how many lands he had passed in search of those two nurses of genius, time and solitude. Never a word of his secret life did he breathe, even to Annette ; he was amply wise enough to know that, if his ambition were known, the philosophers would have sent him to a madhouse if the church neglected to send him to gaol. He must burst upon the world all at once with his triumph, or die with his

dream untold. Annette's death of a wasted heart only intensified and concentrated his passion. Doubtless in some rare moments it dimly occurred to him that but for her first inspiration he would never have stood upon the threshold of his great idea. But such thoughts did not disturb him ; to succeed, he would have given his own life a hundred times over. On and on he laboured, leaving that far more wonderful work, with a ready-made soul, his daughter Madeline, to grow up unheeded by his side, in the resting-place he had at last found for himself under the black tower of St. Walpurga. Nobody there was likely to drag genius from its retirement, and the town clock enabled the bulk of the inhabitants to dispense with watch-makers.

All this, and much more, swept through him—his inspiration, his life-long labour, his fits of despair, his white-heats of hope, and, at last, his victory. He felt himself no longer a mere mortal man—he even forgot himself altogether for an instant in the glory of the work of his brain. But for one instant only, and then his eyes fell and his heart sank within him.

"I have conquered Time," he said. "But twice seventy years, and all young, would not be enough for what is yet to come—to think that an immortal soul must die unborn for want of gold ! If I had been content to be a second Louvet, I could have made the clock : and now I cannot even make its shell. I would sell myself, body and soul, for enough to make but one experiment, and then—"

"Open ! Open in the name of the law !" said a pompous voice just without the door. "It is I—the Burgomaster of Mardyk !"

The clockmaker hastily drew the cloth over his model, and opened the door.

"Then let me tell you, Mr. Burgomaster," he said, in a voice trembling with excitement, "that where I am the Stadholder himself has no right to enter. This is the City of Science, and I am Burgomaster here." And he slammed the door in the very face of the great man.

There was a buzz of voices outside. "But, my good Master Heiling," said a smoother voice in more persuasive tones, "we use no authority—quite the contrary. We are come to consult you, as an excellent citizen, upon the most important political crisis in the whole history of the town. It is your science that we need."

"Have any of your watches stopped?"

"No, but St. Walpurga's has ! It is worn to pieces—the glory of our town is no more."

"And we therefore require you—" began the Burgomaster.

"Request you, Master Heiling," corrected the soft-spoken councillor.

"To avert a probable revolution," continued the Burgomaster, "by replacing, or restoring, or repairing the clock of St. Walpurga."

"I have already said I am no pawnbroker. And I will now add, I am not a tinker, especially of such arrant rubbish as the clock of St. Walpurga. Is that all you have to say?"

The Burgomaster must have been very much in earnest indeed to pass by such unheard-of treason to the town-clock of Mardyck—nothing less, indeed, than *scandalum magnatum*. "Out of my own pocket," he said, "I will pay you one—two gold florins. And I doubt not that twice the amount will be voted by the town. It is a fine chance, Master Heiling; a man in your line of business doesn't easily make his fortune in Mardyck, thanks to St. Walpurga."

"True."

"You accept the terms? Four gold florins, less discount—"

"No, I refuse. Do you suppose for one moment that I, who have at this very instant just invented the most wonderful clock that ever has been, is, or will be, would—"

"Indeed!" said the soft-spoken councillor, in whose voice the clockmaker recognised an occasional customer, Mynheer Gerhard Steen, who was, next to the Burgomaster, the most influential citizen in Mardyck. "Indeed! What—finer than the new clock at Waavening?"

"Waavening!"

"Or than the great clock of Strasbourg?"

"Strasbourg!"

"He is really a very wonderful man," whispered the councillor. "He once mended my watch, and only asked half a florin. We must do something to satisfy the people, with the Prussians at Amsterdam. After all, between me and you, the old clock was never right within an hour and a half, and the old fellow there no more knows the value of money than if he had never crossed the Dutch frontier."

"And you want to get a job for the father of the pretty Madeline?" said the Burgomaster, in a tone that was only prevented from being audible beyond the door by a chuckle. "Well, well. Boys will be boys. I suppose you made up the other half florin in kisses. No, no, Master Heiling, you may be a clever man, but I can't swallow your making a clock to beat Strasbourg. I've been there myself, so I know it can't be done."

"Then, look there!" Master Heiling exclaimed, as he threw

open the door wide, and uncovered his model to all eyes. His triumph had been insulted : his eyes sparkled, his hands trembled, and his whole face glowed.

"Very clever, to be sure," said the Burgomaster, as he put on his spectacles to help him to seem to understand so many springs and wheels. "But—what can it do? Can it go?"

"Ah—there speaks the vulgar mind," thought the clockmaker out loud. "The wise man asks, What is it? The fool, What can it do? As if what a man *is* were not the great thing. But—well, it is right to answer fools according to their—I beg pardon, gentlemen : I should say, town councillors according to their counsel. Whether set in a lady's ring or on a cathedral tower, that clock will, at one glance, tell the year, the month, the day, the hour, the minute, the second, the third. It will show you all the moveable feasts for the year, as they fall. It will tell you the age of the moon, the Jewish calendar, the years of the reigns of the Stadholder, the Pope, and the Emperor, the year of the Hegira, the latitude and longitude of all the planets for every minute of every day. But those are all trifles, though no doubt useful things in their way for people of a practical turn. But see here. At the first hour of dawn a choir of angels appears and performs a joyful piece of music on all kinds of instruments, different for every day in the year, with an extra piece for leap year. At the second hour their place is taken by a band of children : that is the first transformation, as you may know, that an angel undergoes. So the children pass to youth, manhood, and old age, one equal stage of life for every hour : but their music is never sad, but always hearty and strong, for my clock is meant to keep hope and energy going all through the working hours. Then, at the first hour of rest, comes out one beautiful angel alone—the angel of death—and covers the clock-face for one moment with his wings. That is the death of time. But his wings suddenly reopen : and then the clock-face is found to be all one blaze of light that makes it plainer to read than by day : it would serve for a lighthouse on the sea-shore. That is the beginning of what men call night : that is to say, of what in truth is day. The angel remains : but at midnight a grand chorus rises from all the hidden instruments, and then there is silence till the dawn replaces the illumination, and the history of life begins again. Meanwhile, below the face, pass the histories of the Seven Empires, beginning and ending with every new day. And on one side is a procession of the twelve months ; on the other, of the four seasons. And everything so precisely regulated, by one little piece of mechanism, just one little spring, that Louvet himself, were

he alive, could never discover—as to be absolutely incapable of error. That spring is the real wonder. Yes—my clock is a sermon, a conscience, a mind—all but a soul. And it might be that also, if only—” He sighed deeply: four gold florins would not suffice for the creation of a soul, which would require experiment after experiment and years after years—unless they were shortened by gold.

“ See here, gentlemen,” he went on after a pause of regret for a lifetime of invention that should have been shared with labour for the wealth that alone can make inventions prosper. “ You see before you what looks like a plain piece of clockwork, passive, and without motion. And now, look—as if by a mere effort of my will, it begins to move. But it is no miracle. Unseen by you, I have touched the spring into which I have resolved all mechanical forces and all their combinations. But, after all, it is but life without Life—it is nothing at all.”

“ But it will go ? ” said the Burgomaster. “ After all, that is the great point of a clock—it will go. We will do without the angels and the kettledrums: they would be very pretty, but I doubt if all that noise would suit our counting-houses: and then we like to be quiet when we go to bed, and altogether, a good plain clock to tell the minutes and chime the quarters will do very well. We could always tell strangers what it could do if it chose. You shall set it up in St. Walburga’s, and have five gold crowns—without discount—there.”

“ I would not have it put up for five hundred diamond crowns—not even at Versailles. Now that I have shown you what a mere toy is your clock of Strasbourg, perhaps you will have the kindness to leave me alone.”

The standing rivalry between Mardyk and the neighbouring town of Waavening is, of course, known to every reader of history, and most people know that the cause was the clock of St. Walpurga, on which the burghers of Mardyk took their stand and crowed over the burghers of Waavening. For a Mardyker to ask a Waavener “ What’s o’clock ? ” was an insult only to be expiated by—nobody knew exactly, but something all the more terrible for its vagueness. And now the refusal of an obstinate old man, himself a denizen of Mardyk, was like to turn the tables in favour of the hated and despised town-clock of Waavening. The authorities were not mistaken in fearing an *émeute*, for this was a seething question, and revolutionary ideas, as we know, were already abroad.

“ What *is* your price ? ” asked the Burgomaster. “ We must have the clock—and now. If your price is anything in reason, it is *your*.”

"But it is not in reason. It is life—the life of a man."

The Burgomaster looked at the councillor, the councillor at the Burgomaster ; and both made precisely the same gesture, at precisely the same time. Each touched his forehead with his forefinger.

"The life of a man? You shall have it!" said Councillor Steen, with a wink at the Burgomaster, that meant "Answer a fool according to his folly—we shall get the most wonderful clock in all the world for nothing at all." For he believed in the clock. He was as clever as most people in drawing the line between sanity and insanity precisely where it suits them.

"You are willing to give a human life for the clock?" said the enthusiast eagerly. "Is there zeal even in Mardyk? Well, and the life of any man would be but a poor price for—but I dare not tell you all yet ; you would think me a madman. Your answer shows you understand that I spoke in a figure only, for I do not suppose that even the Burgomaster of Mardyk has the power to pay in human blood for a new clock for St. Walpurga. Gentlemen, it is a bargain. I will sell you my life, my soul, my clock, for exactly what it has cost me to invent the spring. If I had not invented it I should be as rich as Louvet was, nay, twice as rich, for I have twice his skill. I know nothing of municipal finance, but I cannot, for art's sake, ask less than one hundred thousand gold crowns. I shall require all that for experiments alone. For myself I ask nothing. We have enough to buy our daily bread with, Madeline and I."

"One hundred thou——" began the Burgomaster, opening his eyes.

"A very fair price indeed, Master Heiling," said Councillor Steen calmly, without even winking at the Burgomaster. "You see his worship agrees with me in appreciating your moderation. Your clock shall be put up at the public expense, and you shall receive, on that very day, the sum of one hundred thousand crowns.

"A miracle!" exclaimed Cornelius Heiling aloud, as soon as he was left alone. "The burghers of Mardyk part with money for science' sake. I am indeed destined to be the inventor of a soul."

- II.

The Chevalier de Noirac did at last succeed in finding a dealer who gave him a very fair price for one of Louvet's watches, though he took off something from the price on the ground that, in Mardyk, time was no longer a marketable commodity. But, strange to say, the young man did not, as he had intended, spend the proceeds in

leaving the town. He stayed on at the Golden Lion till he had eaten, drunk, and slept out his repeater, and then he made use of his horse as a means of departure, in another fashion than had been intended by nature. He sold him also ; and then—he still stayed on at the Golden Lion.

Need the cause be explained ? He had fallen in love with Madeline Heiling—head over ears. And, what was worse, he was ashamed of it, for she was only a clockmaker's daughter, and he, though an ardent republican, was a de Noirac to the backbone. Gradually, however, as he came to see her more frequently, the shame grew less and less and the love more and more, till at last its only remnant was a determination to do all he could to win her, except apply to his family in Limousin for aid. All the de Noiracs were proud people : his relations would be too proud to receive a mechanic's daughter, and he was too proud to ask them.

But love, as we all know, or ought to know, will find out the way. And, on the day when he breakfasted upon the last remains of his horse, he said to himself—

“ King Louis is a locksmith—why should not I be a watch-maker ? ”

The voluntary abasement was in itself attractive to one of his temper, who was deeply in love and called it philosophy. He lost no time, but went at once to the house under the black tower of St. Walpurga, where the hands on the white face still marked twenty minutes to three. And indeed time had stood still with him since he had first seen Madeline Heiling.

As for her, she had received his occasional visits, paid on the idlest pretexts, with the most innocent good faith, believing that the handsome young Frenchman was really an amateur of her father's art and wished to see some of his treasures : and, as such, she made him welcome. But, by and by, on the days when he did not come—and even idle pretexts were not always possible—the day, as well as St. Walpurga's white face, also took to standing still. It was small wonder that her heart began to puzzle itself over this phenomenon, for she had not spoken six words at a time to any man, as long as she could remember Mardyck, but her father and Councillor Gerhard Steen, who kept a watch that bewildered her father and baffled all his skill by wanting repairing every week, and, of late, yet oftener. He would have been a regular income to Cornelius Heiling were it not that the clockmaker was too true an artist, and therefore too honest a man, to take money for what he could not do. He certainly called far oftener than the young Frenchman : and yet it

was the Chevalier, and not the councillor, who was most in her mind. When the councillor did not come, St. Walpurga's clock never seemed to go one whit the slower.

"Mademoiselle Madeline?" said a now well-known voice, some ten days after Master Heiling had concluded his magnificent negotiation with the town-council. She was engaged in the unprofitable occupation of looking out of the window when the voice startled her: and she coloured as she turned round and smiled.

"I have come to ask your advice, Mademoiselle Madeline. No, don't trouble yourself to throw the furniture about to-day. It is your advice—yours only. Don't you think that a man who can do nothing but fight and has nothing to fight about is the most contemptible creature under the sun?"

"Well—I don't know that I should admire him very particularly."

"I was sure you would say that, Madeline—mademoiselle. And what calling do you think the finest for a man?"

"You need hardly ask that of the daughter of Cornelius Heiling. But why?"

"Then you strongly advise me to become a clockmaker? And, since it is your advice, it is good advice, and I will. I will be another Cornelius Heiling."

"Ah—but that is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible—at least—any way, I will try. I ought to tell you that I am what in my country is called a gentleman: but I have what is, with no less absurdity, called the misfortune of being poor. I want to earn my bread like a man—not like a gentleman. Would your father take a de Noirac for an apprentice, mademoiselle?"

"My father's pupil—you?"

"Why not?"

"I don't think my father—but if you mean it—"

"Of course I mean it. Have you any objection—Madeline? No? Then, with your leave, I will throw over the wardrobe."

"No—not to-day! Father is more busy than ever—over something very wonderful—even I dare not disturb him, and have to keep the soup hot till he comes up of his own accord."

"And when will that be? In an hour? Two hours? Three? No: I can't wait for three hours. I must ask him now—instantly. If he is so busy he must want help, and I will give it him. So I will try the saucepan first—"

He was about to use the usual means of recalling Old Father

Time from his aerial voyages, when he felt a soft impulsive hand clasp his right arm; and, with all his strength, he could no more have let the saucepan fall than he could have flown. Madeline's gentle fingers had become to the Chevalier the strongest force in the world. But though he obeyed them, he could not bring himself to let the hand go as readily as the saucepan. Irresistible impulse seized him in his turn: his left hand closed over hers and held it upon his arm. They stood thus for a whole long moment, she trembling and flushing, he living as yet only in the present touch, neither, for at least half an instant, able to stir, when the door opened. They looked round, and saw Councillor Gerhard Steen.

The smooth face of the councillor was incapable of frowning, but there was a cold frown in his voice as he said, without seeming to notice what he must have seen, "I have immediate business with Master Heiling. Do not hesitate to call him; he will not refuse to see me. And, indeed, it seems to me that he ought to be called."

The Chevalier was annoyed for Madeline's sake, but he was not going to let a de Noirac be put out by a Dutch *bourgeois*, for all his republicanism.

"That is as mademoiselle pleases," he said. "And she tells me that Master Heiling is not to be disturbed. And therefore, with your leave, monsieur, he shall not be disturbed."

"On the contrary, it is as I please." He stamped five times in a particular manner upon the floor: no doubt according to a code of signals agreed upon to let the clockmaker know when he was wanted concerning the great public affair that he had in hand. At any rate he came up without a moment's delay. Madeline was still looking confused, but he saw nobody but the councillor.

"I have called on the part of the town-council," said the latter, "to inform you that the ceremony is fixed for the 27th—just one month from to-day."

"How? They presume to dictate to an artist when his work shall be done? Let me tell you work is its own master, and knows nothing of time. It may be ready to-morrow—it may be ready in six months; how can I tell to an hour!"

"Well, that is the time: and nobody asks you to tell to an hour. The council are not artists, Master Heiling; and it is by naming days and keeping to them that they have become what they are. They will not understand the unpunctual delivery of a clock any more than of a herring barrel. I speak for them, not for myself, you understand. The 27th was the day named, so the 27th it must be. Do you want help in putting the machine together? If so—"

"Of course I want help. I—I am not so strong with my fingers as I used to be—as I am with my brain. But what help can I find in Mardyk? A town of bunglers and boobies—not to speak of its being a town of gossips who are not to be trusted within an inch of an art-mystery! Help in Mardyk, indeed!"

"I don't know what you want to be helped in," said the Chevalier, coming forward from the stove against which he had been leaning. "But I will help you with pleasure, all the same."

"And who may you be?" asked the clockmaker, looking hard at him with his near-sighted eyes, and with the petulance still in his voice. "Are you a clockmaker?"

"No, but I wish to be. It is the height of my ambition to be a clockmaker. It is what I came to propose—"

"You wish to be a clockmaker? It is a lofty ambition, young man. Of course I don't speak of the bunglers, who are mere tradesmen, but of artists, as Louvet was, and as I am."

"A tradesman? Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the young republican,

"There is the right ring in your voice. You have enthusiasm. But—but no: I take no pupils. I cannot teach genius; and if I could, I would not. That would be a cruel thing."

"But you can teach skill. You were saying that what you want is strength—look at my hands: will they suit you?"

"They are excellent hands: fine and delicate as well as strong. It would certainly be a pity to waste such hands on anything but watchwork. They are even finer than mine were—and they are far younger. What have you been? And why do you come to me?"

"I am a soldier out of work. And I come to you"—he just glanced at Madeline—"because you are Cornelius Heiling."

"At any rate you are a young man of sense: and sense and enthusiasm combined should conquer the world—nay, should make a clock keep true time, which is a far more difficult thing. And it is true—I must have help. But wait—you are not of Mardyk? Can you keep secrets? Can you hold your tongue?"

"I am a Frenchman, and a de Noirac."

"Frenchmen are famous for keeping secrets and holding their tongues," said the councillor, quietly, and without the least suspicion of a sneer.

"And the Noiracs for keeping their temper—just as long as they please," said the Chevalier, with a courteous smile.

"Hm—ha!" said the councillor. "My friend Master Heiling is no man of business—do you ask for wages?"

"Artists do not haggle about money," said the old clockmaker, loftily. "That is for *bourgeois*. I see we understand one another, this young man and I. I do want help, if I am to be kept to an engagement like a fishmonger. Monsieur de Noirac, if such is your name, I authorise you to draw upon the Burgomaster of Mardyk for twenty gold crowns for one month's wages. After the 27th I will pay for your assistance as I find you deserve, and I know no medium between nothing and the wages of a Burgomaster."

Could this be the shabby-looking old man, thought the Chevalier, who dined on cabbage soup and kept no servant but his daughter—this man who talked of money like a prince and could draw upon the public treasury at will? But before he could answer his own question, the councillor spoke again.

"Be cautious, pray, Master Heiling. I mean no offence—I never do—but I should think twice about taking into your service, perhaps your confidence, a French soldier out of work, as he owns himself to be, who takes advantage of your absence and preoccupation to make love to your daughter."

"Eh?—to Madeline?—to a child? Well," he said, with a deep sigh, "it is not the first time a dunce has been turned into a genius by—loving his master's daughter. Monsieur de Noirac," he said, with his occasional quiet and subdued dignity, "is this true?"

"It is quite true," said the Chevalier, frankly.

"Then," said Master Heiling, "listen to the advice of an old man, who knows. If love has made you a watchmaker, as it has made—others, be one: for Love is Destiny. Even I—." He did not seem to realise that his own daughter was in question: indeed it is doubtful if he regarded her as anything more to him than a useful but tiresome dinner bell. But, as he spoke and paused, a sort of yearning look came into his eyes as he bent his near sight upon this handsome young stranger—the reflection of what he himself had been when he was dead Annette's lover, and dreamed of being nothing more. It was his lost, possibly better self, returned from the grave and standing before him. He understood little of this, and the others of course nothing at all, when he held out his hand to the Chevalier and said—

"Come, then: you shall be my helper. I can trust you. And whether you choose happiness or glory, Heaven must decide."

The councillor himself was not more bewildered than the Chevalier at his taking so cordially, or rather so rashly, to his only daughter's unknown lover. But so it was arranged, and the Chevalier was admitted to Master Heiling's workshop from that hour.

But alas for him, if he thought that taking service with her father would bring him nearer to Madeline. His master, whose spare frame, restless brain, and feeble limbs never seemed weary, called upon his young strength and energy day and night, till they nearly broke down in toiling at a strange machine that he could not even dimly comprehend. Between whiles he learned the rudiments of his new art thoroughly and quickly, and his master, like all enthusiasts, was pleased to be a teacher. All day and sometimes half the night he worked, and his master with him ; but once, when he came to the house earlier in the morning than usual, he found Cornelius Heiling still toiling at some elaborate calculations by the light of a lamp in broad daylight, and among other signs that showed he had not rested the whole night through. "At seventy, an hour is a year," was all the remark the old man made, as he began his new day's work with double energy.

It should only be added, for the sake of what is of wider consequence than such rare things as high art and deep love, that Master Heiling's draft upon the town treasury was duly honoured, and the Chevalier received his twenty crowns.

The 27th came at last ; and although Mardyk had been without a going clock for nearly six weeks, it still existed. Indeed those six weeks had been rather a happy time for the town, which had been kept in a pleasant condition of mild ferment by having something to talk about without weariness—the wonderful new clock that was to be made for it by Old Father Time, and was to out-do Waavening, even Strasbourg, nay, even the famous old clock of St. Walpurga. On the morning of the 27th the whole of one side of the black tower, for some time past hidden by scaffolding, was covered with a large crimson cloth veil, and the market place, from which it could best be seen, was crowded with every man, woman, child, and dog that the town contained. It was even whispered that some curious and envious emissaries from Waavening had been drinking beer at the "Golden Lion." Henri Noirac—the clockmaker's journeyman had dropped his "*Chevalier*" and his "*de*"—went out early among the crowd, perhaps the most glad of a holiday of all that were there. For the last six weeks he had barely been allowed time even to think of Madeline. And the first remark he heard was from his old acquaintance in the blouse.

"Mardyk will be grand now ! To think that we were such fools as to put up with that white-faced old humbug for so long !"

"Ay," said the hostler of the "Golden Lion," "it did very well

for our grandmothers, but we don't want to be always stuck at twenty minutes to three."

Noirac asked himself, "Is that only the old story about gratitude and novelty, or are the times showing their signs even here? That clock has served them well for two hundred years, only to get a kick when it is worn out and a new one is coming—well, on the whole I am disposed to think it is only the way of the world."

"Is it true, Master Noirac," asked a bystander, "that the new clock is to be heard chiming all the way to the Hague? Some say all the way to Ghent—but that I can't believe. Ah!"

As he spoke, a deep, musical boom came from the tower—the old, familiar black tower of St. Walpurga, with a new voice, speaking for the first time—it seemed strangely wonderful to all the people. Another—the great new clock was about to strike its first twelve, while yet unseen. There was really something impressive in this most simple of ceremonies—the hush of the people, the twelve solemn strokes heard in well-nigh religious awe, the new voice of the old friend, the thought of the generations of the dead who had rejoiced and sorrowed to the sound of the dead voice, of the generations to come who would mourn and be glad to the sound of the living. It was like a rending in two of the town's heart, and a coming to life again at the same time. Who could tell what hopes might not be chiming in? Tears came into not a few eyes, and many lips moved. At the last stroke, the crimson curtain fell, the town-band burst into strains as full of joy as they were out of tune and time, and all the people burst into a shout of welcome at the sight of the brand new clock with a crystal face, infinitely more beautiful than even familiar associations had made the old. St. Walpurga's old black tower seemed to break out into a smile. And then all was over, and Mardyk was more than itself again.

And where was the Maker himself all this while? He was not in the market place, but in his den, sitting before his model with his face buried in his hands.

"I have parted with my spring of springs," he was thinking, "my spring that should have moved angels and empires, and been a brain and a conscience to the greatest city of the earth, to move the hands of a common church clock in a Dutch country town! Fifty years spent in making a machine to tell Mardyk when it is dinner time! But no—I have not sold my life for nothing. It is dearly earned: but I have earned the means of creating a soul, if my life is spared but one more year. Hark—there it strikes: the price is due—ah, they are here!"

And, at that moment, the five blows that meant Public Affairs were heard above the ceiling. He was really intensely agitated with the double thought that he had parted with his mechanical masterpiece for an unworthy purpose and to unworthy hands, and that he was about to redeem in one moment all his lost opportunities of wealth by receiving enough money to make a dozen souls, so far as money has anything to do with the matter. But the last was the overmastering thought : whatever he had thrown away or lost, at last his hour had come. What did it matter, after all, what became of a mere mechanical spring that gold could replace, when he was about to create not a machine, but a soul? His agitation changed into even unusual dignity as he entered the upstairs room where he expected to meet the Burgomaster and all his fellows. But he only found the Burgomaster and Gerhard Steen.

"The clock gives perfect satisfaction," said the latter. "It is really an excellent article, and well worth the fee that the council has unanimously agreed to offer—no less than one hundred crowns."

"One hundred thousand gold crowns," said Master Heiling.

"You are joking. One hundred silver crowns. Here they are."

A bewildered look came over the face of the clockmaker. "I do not understand jokes," he said, "and I never make them. What do you mean?" he suddenly added, his look of bewilderment changing to one of terrible fear.

"I am right, am I not, Burgomaster?" asked the councillor.

"Perfectly right," said the Burgomaster ; "and capital pay too."

"I said one hundred thousand gold crowns," said the clockmaker, in a tone that was strangely calm and stern.

"Yes ; for the angels, and the tunes, and all that stuff," said the Burgomaster. "Do you take the town council of Mardyk for a pack of fools? Do people pay an emperor's ransom just for a clock that will go? Kings may want angels and such like : we are plain burghers, and only want a clock that will tell the time. And it must be an excellent article and not too dear. Yours *is* an excellent article ; but it is not too cheap at a hundred silver crowns. I don't suppose you ever made so much money all at once in all your life before."

"Henri ! Madeline !" cried the clockmaker, in his shrillest tones, from the head of the stairs. Presently Madeline entered, and then Noirac. They had just returned from the market place together ; for by this time a holiday apart would have been no holiday to either.

"I call you to witness," exclaimed Cornelius Heiling, his

shoulders losing their stoop, his chest its narrowness, and his eyes their dimness, "that the Burgomaster and the town councillors of Mardyk are not a pack of fools. They are a pack of thieves. They promised me the price of a human soul for my clock, my soul, and they refuse to pay. But it is not me they have cheated ; it is Art, it is Science. This is an accursed town. It is guilty of treachery and blasphemy. I demand my clock back again, or I publish the infamy of Mardyk to the world."

"Father !" cried Madeline, springing to his side. Had sleepless nights and days of abstinence driven him mad indeed? Noirac himself, who knew him best, knew not what to believe.

"Burgomaster," whispered the councillor, "you had better leave him to me. He might be dangerous. I will return to the town-hall in ten minutes. Master Heiling," he said, as the Burgomaster took the hint of danger, "I see plainly there is some misapprehension. I sympathise with you deeply, but I cannot make the town pay more money than it contains. But what I can do I will. I am, for Mardyk, a very tolerably wealthy man. Look here. I want a wife ; and nobody pleases me so much as your charming daughter Madeline. She shall have the honour of being the wife of the wealthiest town councillor of Mardyk, and I will not only take her without a dowry, but make you handsome compensation into the bargain, so far as my means will extend."

For once his face seemed to lose its placidity as he shot a look of triumph at Noirac, and of what might pass for love at Madeline. The true lovers looked at one another aghast. The councillor believed in the power of gold, the girl in her father's readiness to sacrifice all the world, in which she counted but as a straw, for his art, Noirac in Madeline's eagerness to sacrifice herself and all the universe for her father. Even he could not blame her if she chose to spoil her own and her lover's youthful happiness to save her father from the unutterable bitterness of feeling that he had thrown away a whole lifetime of devotion. and that his one dream, in the very moment of fancied triumph, was shattered for ever.

But they were all wrong.

"My daughter may marry the fiend if she pleases," he cried, half in rage, half in indignant scorn ; "that is no concern of mine. She is but a girl. Yes, she may even marry a Mardyk town councillor. But I will not take as the price of a girl—of a thing that mere nature makes every day—what is due to Art, and to Art alone. She has had enough of trouble ; let her be happy in her own way, and choose between an honest man and a—Mardyk burgher. I will not insult

Art by selling her. I give up my dream—it is too late now. But it is only for another. The curse of Art is on your town, and it shall fall, when you least expect it, by my hands. My clock shall not strike for long in Mardyk ears. I came among you, you know not whence, and I go you know not whither. When I come again it will be to your destruction. You have cheated me of my life; make the most of yours while you can."

Before one of the three could realise any sane meaning that might be hidden in this astounding speech, he had left the room. Noirac tried to follow him, but before he could reach the door it was locked from the outside. And, when he forced it open, Cornelius Heiling had left the house and was not to be found in the town.

It was certainly with truth that the ex-Chevalier had felt the presentiment of an adventure when he first stood before the house of Old Father Time.

III.

The new clock had chimed for six years, when a very little girl was playing all by herself upon the dark staircase of the old house under the black tower of St. Walpurga. She looked curiously out of place in the dusk and gloom—or rather strikingly in place. Where is a sunbeam more in place than in the darkest nooks and corners—where is it more needed? And if ever a little girl looked like a sunbeam sent to brighten the cobwebbed corridors of houses and lives it was she. She might pass for a little foreign fairy in that dull town of studies after Rubens. She had a trim little French figure, and the largest of French eyes set in a little round brown face with a laughing mouth, and even a laughing nose. She was getting on very well without playmates, for the house was just one for a fairy to revel in. The broad oak bannisters were made for sliding down to the bottom, and the wide steps for running up almost as fast as flying. But even these delights have their limit; and she was at last too strongly convinced of the perfect safety of her amusement to care for it any longer. She looked round for other worlds to conquer; and there, by good luck, stood right before her an open door.

The old house was let in apartments, and the little girl had by no means the run of them all. Even the fairies are not welcome always and everywhere. The best of them are apt to break things and to be troublesome, and there are even people who draw down their blinds when the sun shines—as if furniture were more precious than the light of the sun. But the combination of an open door with a

room empty and unexplored was irresistible. She first crept, then darted in, and found—nothing of the smallest interest to anybody but the owner. Tables, chairs, a stove—nothing betokening the smallest shadow of mystery. But what do I say? am I forgetting that she was a child, with large omnivorous eyes? She found an endless amount of interest in every corner. The table was made of wood different from that of the table at home, and the tiles of the stove were painted, not with the history of Noah's Ark, like her mother's; but with the story of Joseph and his Brethren. Finally, there was a corner cupboard with its door ajar, through which peeped a shelf covered with blue and white china. When we go abroad, things that we see every day at home look very foreign and very wonderful.

And, sure enough, as she looked about, there was really something that she never saw at home. On one of the chairs lay something only hitherto to be seen in picture books—a real sword, with a handle and a leather scabbard, perhaps also with a real steel blade.

Not being a boy, she stood and regarded it for a long time with her fingers, conscious of commands not to touch, clasped behind her. Then she timidly touched its handle with a forefinger that involuntarily travelled along the edge of the sheath and felt a tingling at the tip as if the sharper edge within were cutting the finger of her fancy. She had heard her mother, like many mothers in those days—for St. Walpurga's new clock had chimed in many new and terrible things during the seven years of its history—speak bitterly of the sword. So she stood fingering it in a sort of reverie, as many a child has dreamed and wondered over the relation of a cobra in the Zoological Gardens to the Serpent of Eden, when she heard a footfall upon the landing; she started, and the sword rattled down upon the floor.

Of course she knew she was doing wrong, or she would not have been there at all. It was too late to escape by the door. So, in her sudden panic, she darted into the corner cupboard among the china, some miracle helping her to break nothing.

Imagine such a prison; a child, with as many fancies in her head as she had hairs, shut up by her own act of guilty fear in a pitch dark cupboard among a lot of crockery, every piece of which was a stranger! Of course it was open to her to come out again or to scream, whichever she preferred. So she did neither, but shrank into as small a space as she could, and tried hard not to breathe. The footsteps might be only those of a neighbour, but they were far more likely an ogre's. And why have ogres swords? Not to slice innocent beef or mutton one may safely swear. Why had the door been left open, like a spider's trap for a fly? And suppose the ogre took it

into his head to drink some coffee and opened the cupboard to find a cup, with flaming eyes and sword in hand—no, she could not scream: “Oh, Saint Walpurga!” she prayed with all her heart, as it fluttered like a snared bird’s; “if you’ll only let me get back to mother again, I’ll never slide down the bannisters any more!”

Just then St. Walpurga struck the quarter: and she heard a harsh voice say—

“How comes my sword upon the floor? That’s a curious thing.”

“Why curious?” asked the bland voice of the Councillor Gerhard Steen—a personage for whom the child entertained an aversion of the most unreasonable and therefore of the very strongest kind. “My dear friend, the law of gravitation was discovered long before your time. I never thought it wonderful that Louis Capet lost his head—not I. It was merely the result of the same law that brought down an apple in England and is about to bring down an orange in Holland—the house of Orange, eh?”

The joke was lost on the little girl in the cupboard, but not its grimness. Perhaps there were oranges in the cupboard; and these men might want some, and her own head might be no more exempt than Monsieur Capet’s from that ogreish sounding word, Gravitation.

“Sit down, Citizen Steen,” said the other, gruffly. “I’m thirsty. Well—what’s the news?”

In spite of all her fears the little girl could not keep her eye from the keyhole. And there, sure enough, she saw that disagreeable, fat-faced Councillor Steen, drinking at a table with one who looked as if his proper place were in company with a magistrate indeed, but in another capacity than that of boon companion. His was the ugliness of the heart; it was himself, not nature, who had puffed out his lips, inflamed his eyes, blotched his cheeks and empurpled his nose; he was a self-made ogre, which is the very worst sort of all.

“News?” said the councillor, very blandly; “the very worst. General Pichegru has crossed the Wahl on the ice: his advanced troops will be in Mardyk to-morrow.”

“You call that bad news, citizen? The victorious approach of our French allies—of the army of liberty? You are joking again, I suppose. Very well then, we have nothing to do but wait for the French and then fraternise.”

“If I did not know you for a brave and sensible fellow, I should take you for an ass, Citizen Van Horn. Wait for the French, indeed! Did you ever read *Æsop*, citizen? Of course not, or you

would remember the fable of the fox, the wolf, and the ass that went hunting with the lion. In the present case, General Pichegru will be the lion, and you, my friend, the wolf, and I the fo—no, the a—. Well, you will be the wolf, any way, and will learn what is meant by the lion's share. Hark ! what's that in the cupboard ? ”

“ If you lived in this rotten old place you wouldn't start at the rats, Master Councillor—Master Citizen, I should say.”

“ I was going to say, all that I, and the good citizens of Mardyk want, is liberty. All that you and the — well, the other citizens, want is fair compensation ; in short, money. There is no harm in it ; the labourer is worthy of his hire. The French will give us neither—we must be before them, Citizen Van Horn. We will strike a bargain. You shall have your run of the town, and I and my friends will ask for nothing except—”

“ Liberty ? Done ! I never made a better bargain in all my days. Give me the keys of your counting-house, citizen. It will save a minute's trouble.”

“ Certainly. You are quite welcome to the few coppers you will find there. Except, I was going to say, the heads of the enemies of liberty. Paris has shown us how things ought to be done. For my part, I proscribe but one.”

“ And who may he be ? The Burgomaster ? ”

“ What do I want with the head of a fool ? ”

“ I thought you might like to have a second by you, in case you lost your own—that's all. Whose head, then ? ”

“ The Royalist spy in disguise—the *ci-devant* Chevalier, who calls himself Henri Noirac the watchmaker.”

“ Oho, my Robespierre of virtuous and immaculate citizens ! Only the head of the husband of the prettiest girl in Holland ! They say she jilted you for the Chevalier, whom I remember among the patriots seven years ago. Is it true ? Don't you want her head too ? ”

“ We are not met to get drunk together, citizen. Pichegru—I know him—is a chicken-hearted half-royalist, who will take neither lives nor plunder. He will be here to-morrow ; when he comes, he must find his own proper work done, and well done. We must act this very day. There lies your sword, and your friends have theirs.”

“ Ah, Master Councillor—Citizen—but the Orange party have swords, too. It's all very well to talk, you, who have all the profit without the danger.”

“ I am to have no profit ; understand that fully. You may even

keep the head of the *ci-devant* Chevalier if it is of any use to you, so long as you make it of no use to him. At six o'clock this evening an extraordinary meeting of the council is held at the town-hall. It will then be proposed and carried that, in readiness for the French, all loyal citizens shall deposit all arms in their possession in the town-hall, and shall muster to have them properly distributed precisely at ten. You follow me? Before that madman's clock of St. Walpurga's chimes ten, it will chime nine. At the first stroke of nine the friends of France and liberty will muster in the market square. And, at the last stroke of nine, they will begin—to do whatever they please. If they want more arms, let them please to go to the town-hall. Citizen, before ten all will be over; and when the French come, they will not find a head or a styver left for themselves."

"Your health! You are a real genius, Master Councillor! Better to hunt with the fox than the lion, any day. And where shall *you* be all the while?"

"If I am wanted I shall be here."

"To protect Madame Noirac?"

"And her child—certainly. The innocent must not suffer with the guilty. Remember, the first stroke of nine, not one moment before, but then immediately. The first stroke of nine from St. Walpurga's."

No wonder Councillor Steen had thought he heard rats in the cupboard. The little girl imprisoned there had been listening to his atrocious plot for the murder of her father—her own father, whom she loved even better than her mother, if that was possible. She understood not a word else, but that she had understood only too well. Her heart swelled as if it were about to burst her prison door and betray her. Children learned many terrible lessons of crime and sin in those days, but none was ever more roughly shaken out of infancy than Madelon, the watchmaker's daughter. She no longer feared for herself—she no longer thought of ogres: these were worse than ogres—these were men. With his last words on his lips the councillor left the room, and presently his hired assassin followed him. Her way to escape was clear. But what was she to do? She was far too young to think and reason: she could only feel. Had she been older she would have gone straight to the Burgomaster, and have been laughed at for a lunatic, like her vanished grandfather before her—that mystery of mysteries which had so often fired her wonder. Instinct forbade her to frighten her mother, and her father had gone to Waavening, and would not return till nightfall. What

was a fanciful, impetuous, tender-hearted child, who knew nothing of police and politics, to do with such a secret weighing on her—a secret which meant nothing less than the Reign of Terror in Mardyk, with Councillor Steen for its Robespierre, Van Horn for its Danton, and her own father for its first victim?

But though a child's heart must needs, even to itself, be an impenetrable mystery, there is no reason why we should share with the once dull town of Mardyk its passing wonder at the disappearance of the old clockmaker, Cornelius Heiling. Even Noirac had sought for him in vain, till there was nothing left for him to do but make Madeline his wife, to make himself a citizen and clockmaker of Mardyk, and to wait where his wife's heart held her in the fast fading hope that some day her father might wander home again. Noirac himself had long been content to bury himself with his work, his wife, and his child; indeed, his work soon began to interest him so much that he would not have given it up even to resume the sword. But he worked in another spirit than his master, and Mardyk had already become famous for clockwork even as far as the Hague. So they had lived in growing happiness and content till the storm broke over Europe, touching even Mardyk with its fringe, just as if the wronged artist's vengeance had already begun to fall.

Without being exceptionally superstitious, many might think so. Indeed, the old people were not few who traced every terror of that terrible time, including the death of King Louis himself, to the accursed new clock of St. Walpurga's. It had gone very differently indeed from the old—had filled the town with new doubts, new beliefs, new frenzies. Everything seemed to have gone newly and gone wrongly since the first sound of its mellow boom. It was as if its maker's curse had created an active demon in Mardyk, whose influence was spreading thence all over the world.

But if this was in no small degree the belief of the older and more credulous sort of Mardykers, how fared it with the Maker! He was not a credulous man: and yet, as he travelled about from town to town, and from land to land, and heard the perpetual French news, he could not help feeling that, in some subtle way, there was an association between his own wrongs and the troubles of the whole wide world. What wronged inventor, who lives but for one idea, ever feels otherwise? And, at last, when he heard that the army of the Republic had crossed the frontier and entered the Netherlands, and was only separated from Mardyk by the river Waal—then surely his curse had not been uttered in vain: the One and Indivisible Republic

itself had been created to avenge the wrongs of Art, and of Cornelius Heiling the clockmaker.

Then he remembered his own words—"One day, I will come again."

On foot, for he was poor, and often literally groping his way, for his dim eyes had grown stone blind, he too crossed the Flemish frontier that, when ruin and vengeance—his vengeance—fell upon Mardyk, he might be there. Without daring to think it, he felt: "If I have not made a man's soul, I have done a greater thing—I have destroyed a world's soul." Nor should I like to say that he was altogether wrong, so far as regards Mardyk alone. After all, a new town clock is a new idea to a quiet town, and, when one new idea finds its way into a place, many more are apt to follow.

In this constant frame of mind he groped his way one evening along the canal between Mardyk and Waavening, which latter town had been already occupied by the van of Pichegru's army. His whole desire now was to witness the entry of the French into Mardyk, perhaps its resistance, and, in that case, its destruction. He hoped it might prove so—even prayed it, if such a hope could be called a prayer. As to his daughter Madeline, if she still lived—but then he had never been able to think of two things at the same time. That nability was the only relic of genius left him now.

The road along the canal was straight enough, but he knew that his blindness would need a guide in order that he might find his way among the quays into the town. And he was just reaching the point where his staff would no longer suffice to lead him, when he heard a very sweet little voice from somewhere near his waist.

"If you please, sir, can you tell me the way to General Pichegru? Does he live *very* far from here?"

"General Pichegru? He will soon be in Mardyk—he is now at Waavening."

"Please, sir—is this the way to Waavening?"

"Which way?"

"That way, please. Shall I get there before the clock strikes nine?"

"Clock? What clock? And how can I tell what you mean by 'that way?' Can't you see I'm blind?"

"Oh, sir!"

"I am waiting for somebody who is going to Mardyk and will guide me—and of course you are going to Waavening. You had better go back: you will never get to Waavening by nine. It is full twelve miles."

"Oh, I can't go back—I must get to General Pichegru—I must try."

"You speak like a child—with the voice of one. What message can you be carrying from Mardyk to General Pichegru?"

"He is a kind man they say, who will stop people killing—oh, sir, I must see him—I must ask him to save father from being killed, and all the people in the town!"

"Ah—is the time so near then? No—you cannot reach the quarters of the French General before nine. And if you could, what could you do? Destiny must have its way. Tell me—why before nine? What is to happen at nine?"

"I don't know. All the people are to take their swords and kill—and father—" She burst into a fit of sobbing, and seized his hand. "I must see him, please."

"Why—what is all this? You talk like a baby."

"No, sir—I am not a baby: I am a grown-up girl. I am seven years old the day after to-morrow."

"And you—you are going all the way to Waavening to ask General Pichegru to save your town? Don't you know that he is the instrument of Providence to destroy your town?"

His voice rang so stern and strange that even he, blind as he was, knew that she shrank from him in fear.

"O!" she cried out, "what shall I do!"

He was not in the least touched by the strange instinct of courage and innocence that had led a timid and fanciful child to venture on a dark night upon an unknown distance along unknown ways in time of war to speak face to face with the conqueror of her country. He must reach Mardyk in time for the climax—that was the one thought his soul had room for.

"Nothing," he said, "but lead me back to Mardyk as soon as you can. Do you hear me? Take my hand."

"Can you save father, sir?" Even in the crushed remains of the man of genius were a dignity and air of conscious power that impressed even the little Madelon.

"I? No. No man could save Mardyk now, even if he tried."

"Yes, sir—one could—he could do everything; but he is gone."

"Indeed? And who is that wonderful man?"

"Grandfather. Ah, if he would only come back again!"

"Who was he? Take my hand—do you hear? There, now lead me." He grasped Madelon's plump little hand with his long, lean fingers—they formed a marvellous contrast between youth and age.

"My grandfather was the greatest man that ever lived—like a man in a fairy tale. My grandfather was Cornelius Heiling, who made the great clock of St. Walpurga. Oh, if grandfather were here! Please let me go: I must go to Waavening: I must see General Pichegru. Perhaps if I ask him, he will save the town. Please, sir, let me go!"

For the first time since he married Annette the old clockmaker heard human lips say of him, with all their heart upon them, "Oh, if he were here! If he would only come back again!" And they were said of him, to him, by a child whose warm, mesmeric touch thrilled through him. He was a man after all: and he had lived, if he could be said to live, for fifty years: and the touch was as utterly new to him as the words. His own Madeline had never touched him thus: then, his life-dream was absorbing and freezing him. Annette's first touch, perhaps—but then that was a different thing, and he was young then, and it was so very long ago. But now blind, old, miserable and self-forsaken, to feel this touch and these words was a more wonderful experience, nay, inspiration, than that moment of triumph when he said to himself "*Pepoieka*—I have made a soul!" It was as if he had found a soul at last: and that his own.

"Lead me to Mardyck," he said, faintly and solemnly. "Do not leave go my hand. Perhaps I can save you."

"Not me—save father, sir! Oh—you will?" Her clutch tightened upon his fingers: it was eager to stay there now. And he was ready to do anything, even forego vengeance—if he could—rather than let it go.

"Do you mean— What is your name?"

"Madelon Noirac, sir."

"Ah—never mind. Do you mean the town is to rise for the French at nine?"

"The murderers are to kill everybody 'at the first stoke of nine from St. Walpurga'—he said so. He said, 'Not one moment before, but then—the first stroke of nine from St. Walpurga's.'"

"I see. Lead me to St. Walpurga's—hark!"

At that moment the first stroke of eight boomed from the black tower along the canal.

The old cathedral was open: it was nobody's business to attend to anything that day. He left Madelon, half dead with all she had gone through, at the porch, without one word but "Thank you, my child." He knew his way to the clock room in the tower, of which he had never lost his pass-key—the only link left him between his

wretched wandering body, and that wonderful clock-spring that had stood to him for life and heart and pulse and soul.

As he entered the clock-room, having safely passed, blind as he was, every one of the twisted narrow stair-ways, the clock, his own clock, welcomed him with a thundering chime. It was the last quarter before nine. And then he felt himself face to face, and pulse-beat to pulse-beat, with his Masterpiece once more.

He had lived through his whole past life in a moment once before ; and now, in one intenser moment, he lived it all over again. Need I say that he now felt all he had lost as well as all he had gained? And, in one short ten minutes, his clock—himself—would give the sign of death to a whole city : would overwhelm in one red reign of terror the innocent and the guilty : would it even spare Madelon?

He felt with his long, groping fingers for the spring. One touch would arrest the sign, and save—his Enemies. It was now five minutes to nine.

Yes—save his enemies, and destroy an artist's life for half a hundred years ; destroy the creature for whose sake he had willingly sacrificed Annette's happiness and his own ; destroy the miracle of Art, which could now never be replaced for all the florins on earth while the world endured ! He was an artist yet—he could not slay That, even to save Madelon. "Let the whole world perish, but let my work remain !" He took his finger from the spring, and turned to leave the tower.

But, even as he turned, a well-known whirring noise filled his ears. Not in one minute, but in one second, would boom out the fatal first stroke of Nine.

His whole soul gave one cry of anguish. His finger pressed upon the spring. The first stroke never came. The great clock of St. Walpurga's stopped once more, and for ever—and with it stopped the heart of the clockmaker.

Thus it came to pass that Mardyk was saved from plunder, murder, and worse, by a little girl and a blind old man.

Would the reader know more, he is referred to better known passages of Dutch history, wherein—as he no doubt remembers—Henri Noirac and his wife Madeline played wise and noble parts, till they died so soon as it was good for them. As for Madelon, it was from her, in her happy old age, that I learned this most true story of Old Father Time.

THE PEARL-SHELL NECKLACE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I.

AMONG the pleasantest memories of my earlier days is one of an old gabled farm-house overlooking the sea. It is a July afternoon, calm and hot. The sea is pale blue and its surface glassy smooth; but the passage of a storm somewhere to the eastward causes long slumberous undulations to lapse shorewards. They break upon the Devil's Ribs—that low black reef about half a mile out—and the sound is borne to our ears some seconds after the white-foam line has marked itself against the blue and vanished. There is a fine throb of sun-loving insects in the air, which we may hear if we listen for it; but more immediately audible is the guttural drawing of old Jack Poyntz's meerschaum pipe, and the delicate clicking of his sweet daughter Agatha's polished knitting needles. From within doors comes the fillip of water and the clink of chinaware—good Mrs. Poyntz washing up the dinner things. For we have just dined, and the blessing of a good digestion is upon all of us.

Yes; there we three sit, in my memory, side by side upon the stone bench outside the farm-house door. The projecting eaves throw a quiet, transparent shadow over us. Two or three venerable hens are scratching and nestling in the hot sandy soil near yonder corner, and conversing together in long-drawn, comfortable croakings. The fragrant smoke from Poyntz's pipe-bowl circles upwards on the air, until it takes the sunlight high over head. Truly a pleasant time, whose peacefulness is still present with me after so many years. I am old, who then was young; but that July sunshine is warm in my heart to-day.

Poyntz was an ancient mariner—not lean and uncanny, however; but burly, jovial, and brown; with a huge grizzled beard spreading over his mighty chest, a voice as deep and mellow as a sea-lion's, and eyes as blue and clear as the ocean upon which they had looked for more than sixty years. He had been a successful sailor; had visited

many lands and brought home many cargoes, and was, in a rough simple way, a thorough cosmopolitan. After his last voyage he had settled down in the ancestral farm-house, and applied himself to agriculture. He was as prosperous, contented, and respected a man as any in the neighbourhood; and during the fortnight or so that I had lodged beneath his roof, I had grown into a hearty liking for him. While as to Agatha . . . ah, it was not liking that I felt for her! Strange that that fair, finely moulded, queenly creature was only a sailor's daughter! Much as I honoured Poyntz, I could not help sometimes feeling surprised at it. At all events, she was as perfect a lady as ever stepped on high-arched feet; and I fancied that the old mariner and his wife treated her in a manner more befitting a distinguished visitor than a child of their own. There was sturdy little Peter, now—he whose brown legs were visible beneath the low spreading bough of a scrub-oak beside the mill-stream yonder—there could be no doubt as to him. But what a brother for Agatha!

How well I recall her aspect, though it is more than twenty years since that day. Her shapely head was bound about with a turban of her bright yellow hair, but her eyes and eyebrows were dark. Her neck was round and slender, and supported its burden in unconscious poses of maidenly dignity. The contours of her figure were full, yet refined; her wrists were small, and her hands were shaped like that which lies on the bosom of Canova's Venus. Her manners breathed simplicity and sweet composure, yet were reserved and serious withal, and sometimes they were tinged with a shadow of melancholy. At such moments her hands would fall into her lap, her head would droop a little forward, and her dark eyes gravely fix themselves upon some sunlit sail that flecked the pale horizon. So would she remain until, perhaps, the sail sank below the verge, or became invisible in shadow; then, with a sigh, the soft fetters of her preoccupation would seem to fall away from her. What were her thoughts during those reveries? and why should they be sad ones? I had never ventured to question her much as yet; her mystery was itself a fascination.

One thing about her had attracted my particular notice from the first—the curious pearl-shell necklace that she always wore clasped round her smooth throat. It was composed of very small shells of a peculiar species, not found in that part of the world. These were woven into a singular pattern of involved curves, and were fastened with a broad gold clasp, in the centre of which was set a large pearl. Handsome as the ornament was, however, and becoming to its wearer, it would not have so riveted my attention but for a circumstance to which I must here make a passing allusion.

Among my most precious possessions at that time was a fine oil portrait of my great grandmother, who was a famous beauty in her day. My family, I should have said, is of Danish extraction, though the name—Feuerberg—was, after the emigration of the elder branch to America, translated to the present Firemount. In my great-grandmother's days there had been a bitter family quarrel; the younger brother had attempted to cast doubts upon the legitimacy of the first-born, and when he failed to make good his claim, he had fraudulently seized upon a large portion of the inheritance and made his escape—whither was not known, for no effort was made to pursue him. It was believed that he went to Germany and married there; and that afterwards he or his son had made another remove, since which even conjecture had been silent concerning them. But to return to the portrait. It was a half-length, and had the quaint headdress and costume of the period, one part only being out of the fashion; but it was this very part that had always possessed most interest for me. It was the curious pearl-shell necklace, woven in a strange pattern, and fastened with a golden clasp, which was represented upon my great-grandmother's statuesque bosom. This necklace had for centuries been a family heirloom, and many quaint traditions were connected with it. It was said to have been given to the founder of our race by a water-witch, or some such mythologic being; and sundry mysterious virtues were supposed to belong to it. Precisely what these virtues were I cannot tell, nor does it happen to be of much consequence. One saying only I remember—that the wearing of it would ensure us happiness and prosperity so long as no member of the family brought dishonour on the name; but thereafter it would bring ruin. Now the necklace had been handed on from one prosperous generation to another, until the date of the quarrel above alluded to; and then, all at once, it had disappeared; and my great-grandmother was the last person known to have worn it. She mentioned it on her deathbed, and foretold that no good fortune was to be expected for the Feuerbergs until the sacred heirloom was recovered, and made a symbol of the healing of the family feud.

The negative part of the prophecy had certainly been verified. The elder branch of the Feuerbergs never got over the effects of the blow inflicted upon it by the younger brother. They gradually subsided from their original high estate; and were at last compelled to abandon the ancestral homestead, and try their luck in the New World. At the time of my birth we were in decently comfortable circumstances, which improved upon the whole as I grew towards manhood. I passed through college, and was afterwards admitted to

the Bar, which by and by afforded me a tolerable income. But one spring I fancied myself ailing, and resolved to try the sea air ; and so it happened that I became acquainted with Jack Poyntz, and with Agatha, and with her pearl-shell necklace.

Of course, all idea of recovering the original necklace had long ago been abandoned. It had been conjectured that the seceding brother of old times had appropriated it along with many other things that did not belong to him ; but there was no proof of this, other than that its disappearance had been simultaneous with his own. Moreover, if the truth must be told, I had outgrown the easy credulity of boyhood, and was rather inclined to suspect that the whole picturesque old tradition was three parts imagination to one of fact. To be sure, there was the painted necklace in the portrait ; but all the rest of the evidence concerning it rested upon mere hearsay. Very likely it had been made to my great-grandmother's order in Copenhagen ; and she had mislaid it or broken it, and afterwards had entertained her grandchildren with fairy stories about it, which they had grown up to believe true. But no young lawyer of this age, even if he happen to be of a romantic turn of mind, can afford to put faith in water-witches ; and if that part of the tradition must be rejected, why not all the rest ? It might soothe my family pride to ascribe our decadence to the loss of a trinket, or I might excuse my indolence by declaring that fortune was attainable only on condition of its being found again ; but if I descended to hard matter-of-fact, as a lawyer should do, I must admit there was nothing cross-questionable in such an old-wives' tale.

Cross-questionable or not, it will readily be conceived that the sight of Agatha's pearl-shells gave me a thrill of surprise, and deepened my interest in one who needed no such accidental attraction to render her irresistible. The necklace so closely resembled the one in the portrait, that the latter might have been painted from it. It was possible, no doubt, that my great-grandmother's necklace was not unique ; that a duplicate—nay, many duplicates—existed. But it was not upon the face of it probable, nor was I disposed to accept any such commonplace solution of the problem. I loved Agatha, and I loved to think (for have I not hinted that I was romantic, though a lawyer?)—I say it suited me to believe that the necklace linked her, however unaccountably, with me. It was evident that she herself looked upon it as a most precious possession. She wore it continually, as she might have worn a talisman, and touched it often, twisting the golden clasp about, or following the woven pattern with meditative finger-tips. Once, when suddenly alarmed, I saw her

grasp it quickly in her hand, as if either seeking protection from it, or instinctively yielding it protection ; and another time, during a storm, when a vessel was labouring in the offing, and seemed in danger of being carried upon the Devil's Ribs, I came upon her just as she kissed the great pearl in the clasp, as a Catholic would have kissed the crucifix to avert misfortune.

"Water-witch ! water-witch ! be thy spells wholesome?" I said in Danish, for a knowledge of the ancestral tongue has always been kept alive in the family.

She turned round, started, and, to my no small surprise, answered in the same language—"Doubt not the spell, if the danger be daunted !"

And then, seeming to recollect herself, she blushed, and said in English, "It was a song my old nurse taught me. I should like to be a witch, if I might save people from being shipwrecked."

I made no reply, and we stood silently watching the struggle of the vessel with the storm for perhaps ten minutes. At length it succeeded in tacking at the very moment when all seemed lost, and bore safely away. Agatha's eyes met mine for an instant ; there were both smiles and tears in them. She kissed her pearl again and moved away. But my digression has already gone further than I intended. Let us return to the stone bench beneath the eaves, and the hot July sunshine.

II.

"Mr. Poyntz," said I, clasping my hands behind my head, and crossing one knee over the other, "how happens your house to be set up directly opposite the Devil's Ribs, and at least a mile and a half from the village? It's well enough in summer, of course, but in winter, when the snow is on the ground, I should think you'd want to be nearer your butcher, not to speak of the meeting-house."

"Ay, surely !" answered Mr. Poyntz, taking the pipe from his mouth, and smoothing down the great sheaf of his beard. "But, d'ye see, sir, 'twas not I set the house here, nor my father before me, and maybe there was no butcher, nor yet no meeting-house, along in those times. And another thing, since you've set me a-going, sir ; you see the lighthouse on the point yonder?" indicating an abrupt rocky promontory half a mile to the right of our position, which lay athwart the shore like a vast wall, separating us from the little fishing hamlet on the other side. "Ye see the lighthouse on tip-end of Gloam's Point, don't ye? Well, sir, old as that lighthouse

looks to you now, I, that am a deal older than you are, can remember when 'twas't there. And that brings me round to what I was going to say. Along in those times, sir, when there wa'nt no regular lighthouse, but no bit less danger of craft running ashore, they used to rig up a sort of a jury-light, if I might so call it, in the front of our old gable. Ye may see the fixings now if ye steps forward a bit and look up there. Ay, ay, every dark night, more especially every dirty night, some one of us would mount the garret shrouds, d'ye see, and show the lantern. And many a ship we saved, no doubt ; but they'd come ashore once in a while, for the best we could do."

"That's a suggestive name—Devil's Ribs. I suppose the bones of many a good man and vessel lie swallowed up in them."

"Ay, surely," returned the ancient mariner, swathing his head in a haze of tobacco-smoke. "The more since the currents and whirlpools thereabout mostly keep back the floating bits—spars, bodies, and such like—from getting to the beach. Whatever strikes there, sinks there, speaking in a general way. And forasmuch as there's five-and-thirty fathom clear water there, and always a tidy bit of surf on, 'taint very popular work dredging."

"That's an ugly thought," I observed ; "a great ship might go down there and nothing ever be found to show what she was or who sailed in her."

I happened to glance at Agatha as I made this observation, and noticed that she paled a little and let her hands fall in her lap, and after a few moments she got up and entered the house, leaving Mr. Poyntz and me to ourselves. I fancied—but I may have been mistaken—that as she passed the threshold she laid her finger upon the pearl-shell necklace.

"Miss Agatha doesn't like to hear of wrecks," I remarked after a pause.

"Why, no, sir," said Poyntz slowly, his blue eyes fixed upon the surf-whitened reef ; "and perhaps 'tis natural she should not—specially those wrecks that the Devil's Ribs is to blame for."

"Has that necklace of hers anything to do with it?" I asked—though I cannot tell what possessed me to put so inconsequent a question. Partly to justify myself, I added, "It looks as if it might have been washed up out of the sea."

Poyntz threw a sharp look at me out of the corner of his weather-eye. "Ye've noticed the necklace, have ye?" said he ; "and ye've a quick wit of your own, as they say is the way with lawyers. Howbeit, I think Jack Poyntz knows an honest man when he sights him, and hoping ye'll excuse the freedom, sir, methinks you are one."

Now there's a bit of a yarn I'd like to spin ye—you being bekknown amongst the great gentlefolks down to New York and elsewhere—about a wreck that once was on the Devil's Ribs. Maybe some of those you do business for can throw light upon it like ; for what the ship was that was wrecked, or whence she sailed, was never known ; for only that necklace that Agatha wears—only that and . . . something else, ever came to land. Ye guessed right, sir, d'ye see, and in hopes of your guessing yet more, I'll spin ye the yarn, leastways if ye've no objection. But afore starting, if ye'll kindly allow me, sir, I'll load my pipe, for with me the words come ever easier when there's smoke behind 'em."

I said nothing, but Poyntz saw well enough that I was very much interested, and, like all incorrigible yarn-spinners, he found a humorous pleasure in prolonging his hearer's suspense. It was five minutes before his pipe was cleaned out, refilled, and lighted to his satisfaction, and then, having spread out his great arms along the back of the bench, stretched his mighty legs in front of him, and fixed his gaze upon the lighthouse—his favourite yarn-spinning attitude—he appeared to wait for an inspiration.

"How long ago was it?" I asked at length, to set him going.

"Well, sir, it might be five-and-twenty years ago that that wreck took place. You was hardly more than out of your nursery then, I'm thinking. As for me, I was a chap of maybe forty—or maybe not so much ; my old father he had just parted his last cable, as I might say, and I had just come in from a voyage to the Pacific Coast for hides, and was living in this house alone by myself. I'd come home, sir, to find the girl as had given me her word spliced to another man ; and so it happened that I stayed a bachelor till after the age when many finds themselves grandads. But I wedded at last, sir, as ye see, and never had cause to think the worse of myself for doing it !"

"I should think not, indeed," I assented, laughing. But meanwhile I was telling myself that Agatha must be nearly twenty years old, and that if Poyntz had wedded only at the age of a grandfather, she could hardly be his own offspring by marriage. Were the doubts which her aspect had already suggested to me well founded, then? I prudently waited, in the hope that this question likewise might find its answer in the course of my host's story.

"It was along about that time, sir," Poyntz continued, having acknowledged my compliment with a friendly nod, "that I first came acquainted with Scholar Gloam, as the folks called him ; him that yonder point's named after, and that lived at the Laughing Mill, over

there, back of the wood. But now I come for to think on it," broke off the old yarn-spinner, pulling his meerschaum out of the corner of his mouth and looking round at me, "did I ever chance to speak to ye of Scholar Gloam afore?"

"I don't think you ever did; but I always like to hear about anything that has a picturesque nickname, as almost everything hereabouts seems to have."

The hale old man laughed, and raked his brown fingers through his spreading beard. "In an out-of-the-way place like this, sir," said he, "where's few enough things anyway, nicknames come natural. Well, now, as touching Scholar Gloam, he died nigh a score of years ago; leastways he knocked off living in the body. For there be those," lowering his voice and wrinkling his brows, "there be those—superstitious like—ready to take affidavit of having seen him, certain days in the year, a prowling round the Laughing Mill. His grave is near by, right under the Black Oak; and may be the place is a bit skeery."

"Howsoever, that don't concern us now. When I knew Scholar Gloam, he was a middling-sized, slender-built young gentleman, having queer hair not all of the same colour, and a trick of talking to himself in a sort of a low mumbling way, as it might be the bubbling of water under a ship's stern, if ye know what I mean, sir. He was a comely favoured man of the pale sort, and grave and silent, though always the gentleman in his manners, as by blood and breeding. For the Gloams was the great family here fifty years ago, and was landlords of most of the farms roundabout; but they steered a bad course, as I might say, and died out, so as Scholar Gloam was the last of 'em. Old Harold, the Scholar's father, he was a reckless devil if any man ever was; and when he died 'twas found that Gloam Hall and all belonging thereto must go to the auction. The only bit left was the Laughing Mill itself, and an acre or two of land round about it."

"What did the mill laugh at, Mr. Poyntz? its own prosperity?"

"Nay, sir!" returned the burly mariner, shaking his head. "I heard it laugh once, and I'd as soon crack jokes with Davy Jones as listen to it again. 'Twas a mad, wild scream more than a laugh, and like nothing human, praise goodness, that ever I heard! There was ugly yarns about that mill, d'ye see; folks said as how it had killed a man, and afterwards had got possessed with his evil spirit that was always roaming about seeking whom it might devour . . . or may be I've got things a bit mixed!"

"Who was it that was killed?" I suggested.

"Ay, surely," said Mr. Poyntz thoughtfully, "I should have told ye that. It was the man that was married to old Squire Harold's housekeeper. And that housekeeper, sir, when she was a young one, was about as well-favoured a wench as a man would care to speak with on a week day ; and 'twas said," hitching himself nearer to me on the bench and rumbling in my ear, "that the Squire had a fancy to her, and that after a time she was married off in a hurry and sent to live at the mill, and that her baby was born six months from the wedding. Well, all I know is, little enough that child looked like him as passed for its father ; and now comes the ugliest part of it. A year after the child's birth the miller was found dead one morning underneath his own mill-wheel. Seems he'd fallen in the mill-race by some mishap, and so had the life crushed out of him. But bad things was said . . . and the widow and child they went back to the Hall, and lived there many years, till the Squire died. The child got all his growth and training there, and folks used to say he'd have been more like the Squire if he hadn't been most like his mother. Well, the Squire being gone at last, and the estate all sold saving just the mill, as I told ye, what does the housekeeper and her son do but go back to the mill again. The son—David he was called—was then a likely young chap of maybe seventeen ; and he took right hold and began for to run the mill, and a very fair profit he made out of it, taking one year with another. And Scholar Gloam, he was living in the mill-house along with them, having his room to himself, and his books and instruments quite cosy."

"Wasn't that rather an odd thing for him to do, Mr. Poyntz, under the circumstances?"

"Ay, surely ; but ye must keep it in mind, sir, that Scholar Gloam was a wondrous odd man. He'd been his whole life shut up with his books and his studies, and no doubt had a vast deal of that sort of learning ; but of worldly knowledge, as I might say, he'd none at all whatever, no more than a child. Little he'd heard of his father's doings, be it with the handsome housekeeper or anything else ; and little he dreamed—ye can make affidavit—that her son had any claim to call himself his brother, though 'twas told him once afterwards, as we'll come to presently. Nay, but my thought of him is, he was a simple, honest gentleman at that time, kind of heart and thinking ill of no one ; only a bit strange and distant, d'ye see, as was no harm in the world for him to be. And being quite the same thing to him whether he lived in a palace or a mud hut, so long as he might study his fill, why, likely he'd an easy enough time of it.

"And 'twould have been smooth enough sailing for the whole of

them only for one thing, which is to say as how, ever and anon, in the mid of a big run of luck, that there mill would take on a spell of its laughing ; and with that folks would be giving it a wide berth, and business would slack up again. It was no use the old woman and David a swearing that a bit of rust on the axle was the cause of it all ; for, mind ye, there was no steering round that black fact of the old miller's having met his death on the wheel ; and, too, though they was never done hunting for that bit of a rust spot, they never found it ; or if ever they thought they had, lo ! there'd be the laugh in their faces again, so to say, the next morning. Ay, 'twas a bad, unholy sound that, sir ; but the Scholar, strange to be told, seemed less to mind it than anyone ; the cause being, mayhap, as how he was a wondrous absent-minded man anyway, and the only one as had never been told the true story of how the old miller came by his end.

"So now, sir, having dropped ye this bit of a hint of who Scholar Gloam was, I'll go on with the yarn of the wreck on the Devil's Ribs and the necklace.

III.

"But, first and foremost," continued Mr. Poyntz, after having revived his failing pipe with a dozen or so of quick whiffs, "first and foremost I must mention a queer habit he had—Scholar Gloam, I mean—and by which it was as I first came acquainted with him. As long as the sun was over the horizon line he'd stay indoors, behind the lock of his study door ; but at nightfall out he'd walk, foul weather or fair, and through the wood back yonder, down across the rocky pasture to the sea, a trip of maybe a mile and over. And often at midnight, as I've been pulling shorewards from the offing in my fishing dory, I've seen him standing a-top of the point, where the lighthouse stands now, the sky being light behind him, and he looking black, and bigger than any human creature ; and sometimes he'd be tossing his arms about, and shouting out some unchristian lingo, though there was no one there to talk to—leastwise that I could see. 'Twas a queer thing, I say, for a slender, delicate-looking gentleman like him to be out so by night, in all weathers, seeming not to know the difference whether it blew, or rained, or snowed, or all three together. Some folks used for to shake their heads over it, and say he was gone daft ; others there was (the superstitious kind, d'ye see) would have it as how Davy Jones, whose black bones had been the end of many a good ship and cargo, was in the custom of coming nightly to the point to hold parley with

him, as it might be to strike a bargain whereby Davy should get the Scholar his estates and riches again in change for his soul.

"But Jack Poyntz never troubled his head with such fancies, sir; and times, when I'd stowed my boat away, I'd hail him, and have him down to the house; and sitting snug together by the kitchen fire, many a strange yarn has he spun me, the like of which never was heard before—leastways not outside of the books that were hid in his library—and of which many were writ in strange tongues as are not spoken in our Christian times. But it's not for me to be repeating of 'em now, only, as I was a telling ye, it was such-like things brought us acquainted; and very good chums we were, allowing for his being a young gentleman scholar, and me a sailor as had no great book-learning, though knowing more of men and things than a hundred such as him. And by the end of a couple of years or so, meeting him that way off and on, I knew him as well as ever anybody knew him—as well, maybe, as he knew himself.

"Well, things being this way, one day, about the last week in September, it came on to blow. There was no rain, but no moon either, and the air was thick; and night coming on, it was as black as my hat. It wasn't long afore there was a heavy sea running, and ye could have heard the surf on them Devil's Ribs five miles inland. I shipped the lantern up in the fore gable as usual, though knowing it couldn't show far in such a night; and, thinks I, see it or not, any ship that gets caught in the tide this weather is bound to wreck; so I'll hope, says I to myself, that they'll give us a wide berth. Howbe, I wasn't sleepy, so I loaded my pipe, and, thinks I, I'll have a snug smoke and a drop of grog alongside the kitchen fire afore turning in. No chance, thinks I, of my Scholar happening in this night; he never could beat up against that wind, not if he had Davy Jones himself to pilot him. Well, there I sat for maybe an hour, the noise of the storm getting ever louder and louder, so at times I could hardly hear the rattle of my spoon as I stirred up the grog in the tumbler. Then all of a sudden there comes a knocking at the door, quick and heavy, and up I jumps and opens it, and lo! there was the Scholar, with no hat and no coat, and that strange-coloured hair of his blown up wild about his head, and his eyes wide open and bright as a binnacle.

"'Why don't you come in, sir,' shouts I, loud as if I was a hailing him at the maintop, such a noise the wind made; 'ye'll get the heart and lungs blown clean out of ye if ye stop there!'

"Seemed like he answered me something, I couldn't make out what; but he laid hold on my sleeve with that thin white hand of his, that gripped like a vice, as if he'd pull me out into the storm

with him, instead of coming in to me. And by his face I could see there was a storm within him as stirred him more than the one without; and then he pointed down seawards, and thinks I, 'tis a ship he's seen or heard on the Devil's Ribs. And though I knew well we could no more help any poor wrecked souls than if they was in the moon, yet it wasn't in me to back out of going with him to see what there was to see. So just laying hold of my tarpaulin and a flask of rum, off we starts on the run, dead in the wind's eye. How he managed for to scud over the ground at that rate is more than I could make out; the wind seemed to take no hold on him, but just let him through easy, though all the time it was near blowing my ears off.

"Well, down we came to the beach at last, at a place about a cable's length this side of the point. I'd kept my man in sight up to this time by reason of the white shirt he had on, his coat, as I told ye, being off him, but whither gone I'd not remembered for to ask him. But now, all of a sudden, I found he'd disappeared, and all I could see was the pale froth of the surf that came leaping up the beach, with a sound from the black wave behind it like the going off of a big gun. Howsoever, I presently stumbled round the corner of a big boulder—ye may see it yonder, sir, in a line with the face of the lighthouse and the top of the pine stump—and there he was on his knees beside something wrapped up and still; and when I looked, 'twas seemingly a young girl, about twelve to thirteen years old, with no life in her. She had come ashore on a bit of planking, and the Scholar he had seen her coming, and had scrambled down from the cliff in time to haul her in and under the lea of the boulder. How he did it the Lord only knows, for ten men working together might have failed in it. But there she lay, with no mark of harm or bruise upon her, and yet (as my heart misgave me) lifeless from the washing of the waves through which she had voyaged to land.

"I saw 'twould be no use trying to give her brandy yet awhile, so I stoops to lift her up along with the bit of planking that she lay upon; and Scholar Gloam he helped, though neither of us spoke, by reason of the thundering noise of the surf and the wind that half deafened us. It took us maybe a quarter of an hour, and then we were at home, and had her down before the fire, and wrapped in hot blankets, and everything done that could be done; and after nigh a couple of hours' work, she moved the least mite in the world, and fetched a sigh. With that I sings out like I'd come upon a chest full of gold dollars, and says I, 'All's well, Scholar Gloam; she's a coming to, and she'll live to smile on us yet!' And

then what does he do, sir, but just throws his head back with a little laugh, and topples over in a dead faint. 'Twas the exhaustion, ye must understand, as had come on all at once after the suspense of whether she was alive or dead was over. So there was I with the two of 'em to doctor. Well, I soon had the Scholar all right again ; but when he saw as how the child was a doing well, he drops off suddenly to sleep, being tired right out and unable for to keep his eyes open ; and I didn't wake him, but just threw a blanket over him, and let him sleep it out.

" It was, maybe, half an hour after that that the little girl spoke ; she had been opening her eyes and then shutting them several times, and wondering where she was got to, I suppose, poor little dear. She was pretty and white, with yellow hair and big blue eyes, and soft little feet and hands, and pointed fingers ; and round her neck was the pearl-shell necklace that ye've seen Agatha wearing, sir. Well, she looked at me for a bit, and seemed like to cry, not knowing who I was, or where she'd got to, d'ye see ; and then she said something, repeating it over twice or thrice ; but I couldn't understand her, by reason of her speaking some foreign lingo as was unknown to me. Howsoever, I took for granted that it must be some of her people she was asking after ; so I pointed to the back room, and made believe as they were in there, but asleep, and not to be disturbed then. She believed me, poor little soul, and presently after dropped quietly asleep, with the tears yet under her eyelids, and the firelight flickering over her sweet face and yellow hair.

" Well, I sat there between the two, for I wasn't sleepy at all myself, and kept the fire alight, and my own pipe agoing, till morning, by which time the storm was mostly cleared off. So I got the old lantern down from the gable, and stirred about to get breakfast ready ; and at sunrise, the two being still sleeping, I walked out to see if so be as anything of the wreck was visible. But the Devil's Ribs was only a bank of foam, and when I came to the beach there was nought there but a few shattered timbers and bits of spars and rigging ; whatever else there may have been had gone down within the whirlpool of the Devil's Ribs, and would never see daylight more ; nor was there anything to tell where the wrecked ship hailed from, or what she was, or whither she was bound. Nay, a man might well have doubted whether there'd been any wreck at all ; and superstitious folks might have thought that the pretty child we had found was a sea-nymph or a mermaid, who had come on the shoulders of waves to bring us good luck—or bad, maybe ! Not that I'd have ye to think, sir, that I'm of the superstitious kind, being a man as has

seen much of the world, and lived a number of years in it. But 'twas a strange thing altogether, and stranger yet was to follow, as ye shall hear.

"In my walk I happened by the boulder where I'd been with the Scholar overnight, and there I picked up a small iron box, with a big lock on it ; it was lashed to four bits of wood, so as it might float, and I think it must have come ashore along with the raft that brought the little girl. Just as I laid hands on it, and cut away the lashings, I sighted one of the villagers acoming over the cliff path towards me. So, not caring to be hailed at that time, I slipped the box in the pocket of my jacket, and steered for the house.

"And lo ! there was the fair child sitting in the chair, and the Scholar he was kneeling in front of her, with her hands in his, and they were a talking together in that same foreign lingo as she had spoken in to me ; for, d'ye see, he had learnt it all from his books, and understood it as well as she who was born to it. The child was a bit scared and tearful still, and he seemed to be a comforting of her ; and as I came in, says he, 'Don't let on that her folks are drowned, Jack ; for I've told her they're but borne away to another harbour, and will return one day to claim her. So meanwhile,' says he, 'she'll come to live with me at the mill, and be my little girl ; for is she not my little girl now, since 'twas I brought her forth from the ocean that would have robbed her sweet young life ?' With that he kisses her little hands, and says somewhat to her again in her own tongue. It touched my heart to see the two together, sir ; for, d'ye see, the Scholar had never seemed to be aware, as I may say, of women or children until now ; he had moved through life without seeing them or speaking to them, save at times in an absent, dreamy sort of a way, as though they were in different worlds. But now he was full of earnestness and a kind of joyful trembling surprise, as one who had all of a sudden opened his eyes to a great treasure, and was delighting in it all the more for that he had been unknowing of it before. He was all in all a changed man, and softened, and waked up inside, so that his eyes seemed to be a seeing the things that was round him, and not things in a dream ; and methought there was a difference in his voice, too ; it was deeper and tenderer like, and made you feel as how he had grown to be a man more than a scholar. I thought he was as a ship that had long been lingering in cold dark waters, baffled with winds that set towards no pleasant harbour, but which had at last found its sails filled with a fair fresh breeze, as was blowing her to warm southern seas and tropic islands full of heat and life. Ye'll maybe laugh, sir, to hear an old sailor

talk like this ; but surely I had loved the man, and pitied him, too, for his loneliness ; and it touched me, as I said, to see that he had found a good thing in the world, and could feel the happiness of it.

"Pretty soon, 'Jack,' says he again, 'ye must help me carry her to the mill this morning, before the village folks are astir ; and don't tell them that she's there, or whence she came. She's my own, and her past is all gone for ever ; God has sent her to me for my own. I shall make her love me as I now love her, and no other shall have any part in her. I will be to her all that she has lost, and more ; and I will cherish her always and make her happy. And when the village folks find out that I have her (as soon of course they must), they shall be told that she is a good fairy come to bring me fortune and delight. I'd say that she rose up one morning out of the deep clear pool just above the mill-race ; and that though appearing as a human being, she is in very truth not mortal, but has consented to live with me so long as I continue worthy of her companionship. But when the time comes—which God forbid it ever should !—that I prove unworthy, then shall she vanish back to her natural abode, and I be more desolate than before she came. And as for this necklace,' says he, 'it is a talisman ; and should fate ever separate us, yet this be left me, 'twill be a pledge that'

"What's happened ?"

IV.

The yarn broke off abruptly enough. Poyntz and I had both started to our feet, our eyes and ears straining towards the mill-stream, where little Peter had during the last hour been quietly fishing. The sound of a quick scramble, a heavy plunge, and simultaneously a lusty scream, had sharply broken the repose of the summer afternoon.

"'Tis the brat has toppled in !" cried Poyntz, the sunburnt ruddiness of his complexion turning to a tawny sallow hue. "He can't swim ; haste ye lower down, sir ; I'll to the pool ; but if as he's carried over the fall, ye'll stop him at the rapid."

We had already set off on a run towards the bank, and we now separated in accordance with Poyntz's suggestion. I saw no more of the latter, being wholly absorbed in carrying out my part of the programme ; and in a few moments I was standing panting beside the rushing water, trying to select the best point from which to take my plunge. Just then I heard a swift rustling step behind me, and there was Agatha, her lovely face and eyes aglow with terrified excite-

ment. Then it passed through my mind that she had **always** evinced a particular tenderness and affection for poor little Peter; and at the thought I must confess that my resolve to save him at all risks became tenfold as strong as it had been before.

It was all a whirl and confusion; and only by comparing notes afterwards did we make out the order of events. Master Peter, it seems, after much unfruitful angling, had at last succeeded in hooking a huge trout, and straightway had lost first his mental and then his bodily balance. The fish being fairly on the hook, and pulling hard, the little man had rather chosen to go in after it, rod and all, than save himself at the cost of losing it. His scream, however, had startled not only his father and myself, but Agatha and his mother likewise; and the latter had followed her husband, as Agatha did me. When Poyntz reached the brink of the pool, the young fisherman had just risen for the second time, and was circling helplessly in the eddy. Poyntz sprang forward; but his foot catching in a vine, he fell prone, his head in the water and the rest of his body on dry land.

Before he could disentangle himself (an operation which the well-meant but too convulsive efforts of Mrs. Poyntz only served to retard) the child had drifted into the current and was carried over the fall. It was now that Agatha and I first caught sight of him. She pressed impulsively forward, and had I not retained her would have leaped into the headlong rapids herself. As I caught her arm, I felt rather than saw her glance at me, as though measuring my ability to do what must be done. Apparently her decision was in my favour, for she stepped back; and an instant after I was staggering breast deep in the boiling stream, watching the swift but topsy-turvy onset of master Peter. Down he swept; and to make a long story short, I succeeded in catching hold of him without losing my footing, and thereby in saving his life and my own. Agatha helping from the bank, we were soon landed high and dry, or rather, very wet. Then ensued a great and indescribable hullaballo, wherein the first distinguishable words burst from Mr. Poyntz—

“Look ye here, wife!” cried he, laughing and weeping in the same breath, “look if the lad hasn’t stuck to his fish through it all!”

And so it proved; Peter had rivalled the childish exploit of his predecessor, stout little Kit North. There was the rod, still lightly gripped in his small fist; and a three-pound trout was flapping and gasping at the end of the line.

“He’s but a chip of the old block, Mr. Poyntz,” said I, when the shouts that greeted the discovery had somewhat subsided. “What is that sticking in the corner of your mouth?”

The old mariner put up his hand and took the thing out, and after staring at it for a moment in comical dismay, he burst into a laugh, in which everybody joined. It was the stem of his well-loved meerschaum, held unconsciously between his teeth throughout the entire turmoil; the bowl had probably been snapped off when he fell on the brink of the pool. So we all retraced our way to the house, the trout resting triumphantly in Peter's arms, who was himself carried by his father. Agatha and I walked side by side; neither spoke to the other, and I knew not what thoughts were in her mind; but for my own part I had never been more light of heart, and I regarded Peter and his trout as the best friends that ever lover had. My achievement had been trifling enough, heaven knows; but such as it was, it had been done before her eyes, and partly at least for her sake. When we had reached the house door, and the others had passed in before us, she paused on the threshold and turned to me, smiling, with her finger upon the necklace-clasp.

"I kissed it to save you and Peter!" she added hastily, and with a light in her dark eyes that was half mischievous, half earnest.

"And now that we're saved, I suppose you are going to kiss . . . Peter?" I dared to reply, for my ducking had given me courage.

She blushed, but looked straight at me; and the next moment was gone into the house, leaving me uncertain whether I had gone too far or not far enough. But, ah! happy Peter. A few bruises, and the involuntary swallowing of a gallon or two of water, were the extent of his injuries; while his blessings were beyond estimation. When I came down stairs half an hour later, after changing my clothes, I found him bundled up in an old pea-jacket of his father's, and sitting in Agatha's arms. He was watching his mother clean the big trout, the prize of his valour; and as I passed by, Agatha glanced up at me and kissed him!

I stole out by the kitchen door and looked about for Mr. Poyntz; for his yarn had, for several reasons, begun to interest me exceedingly, and I was most anxious to hear the end of it. But he was nowhere to be seen; he had gone off to attend to something on the farm, and would as likely as not be absent till supper-time. It was a long time till then, and meanwhile I was without anything to amuse me. My mind was restless and excited, and I would have been thankful for any distraction. Nothing turned up, however, and at length—without being at the pains even to notice what direction I was taking—I set off on an objectless tramp, and was soon out of sight of the farm-house.

I had plenty to think about—so much, indeed, that I could think coherently about nothing. Ideas crowded incongruously upon one another, now this one and now that catching my attention for a moment, and then receding to the background. From the picture of my late adventure in the mill-stream, I slid to a review of Agatha—my relations with her; did she care for me? had my lucky exploit really advantaged me? and ought I to have stolen a kiss upon the doorstep? Instead of considering these questions, I was pondering the tale which Poyntz had begun to tell. Was it all true? would he ever finish it? and what would be its upshot? But now the pearl-shell necklace ruled my thoughts. Was it possibly the same as that which my great-grandmother had lost? and if so, would Agatha be likely to know anything about it? The next moment a vision of Scholar Gloam had risen before me. How had he come to die, and be buried beneath the Black Oak? and why was the old mill considered haunted? David—the handsome housekeeper's son—what had become of him? and, above all, what had been the fate of the little sea-nymph? Then the necklace once more,—how came Agatha to attach such talismanic virtues to it? and was not her doing so evidence that she must know its ancient history? Again, was Agatha Poyntz's own daughter? and if so, who and what had been her mother? for she must be the child of a union prior to that which had resulted in Peter. The speculation gave place in turn to the idea of the mill-wheel possessed by the devil, or by the soul of the murdered miller—Poyntz had seemed uncertain which. Had its "laugh" really been so terrible? or had not an originally harmless, if disagreeable noise, acquired a supernatural horror only because listened to across a gap of twenty years? Ah, well, what matter to me were all these idle, unanswerable queries? Behind all things—before all things, I seemed to meet the sweet fascination of Agatha's dark eyes, and to catch the gleam of her yellow hair. Yes, ever and ever, as the pendulum swings outwards and returns, does my thought come back to Agatha!

Immersed in such disjointed musings, I had journeyed on I know not how long, when all at once I became conscious, so to speak, of the outward world, and looked up and on all sides of me. Where was I? In no place certainly that I had ever visited before. The sea was nowhere visible; the surface of the ground was rocky and irregular, and in nearly every direction the view was shut in by thick growths of pine, birch, and oak. From beyond a clump of the latter, southward from where I stood, I thought I detected the noise of falling water; and glancing eastwards, I could trace the course of a

stream which was itself unseen, by the hedge of stunted timber that fringed its banks. The aspect of the neighbourhood was wild and remote ; it seemed to lie apart from men's ways ; and certainly he would have been an unsocial spirit who should have chosen such a spot to live in. On the other hand, anyone in search of a good place to do a murder in, or hold a witch meeting, need not have looked further. A corpse might lie amongst these rocks and bushes for twenty years without a chance of being discovered ; and ghost and witches might scream their eiriest unheard by mortal ear.

Meanwhile I walked on to the other side of the clump of oak trees, when I suddenly found myself gazing on a scene that involuntarily brought me to a standstill.

V.

I was now standing on the bank of a stream which, coming from the west, took its course past my feet eastwards. For some distance its approach was between gradually rising walls of rock, which were highest just where I stood. Thence was a precipitous descent into a small gorge about one hundred paces in length, whose steep sides opened out towards the east, their meeting-point being my present station. Through the natural gateway which it had cut for itself in the face of the precipice, the stream fell cataract-wise into a deep pool below, whence overflowing it rushed down a rugged incline, and, having leapt another fall, raced along the middle of the little glen, and so hurried with foam and noise onward to the sea.

There were vestiges of a rude bridge, long since broken down, across the natural gateway just mentioned ; and I even fancied that I could detect traces of an ancient footpath which had its beginning somewhere in the west, and, crossing the stream at this point, had then clambered down the slope to the bottom of the gorge. The bridge had not been entirely of stone ; but a stout plank had probably spanned the flood, secured at either end by rough masonry. It must have been a ticklish passage without a handrail, for a false step, followed by a plunge over the cataract, would have been almost certain death. If master Peter had tumbled in here instead of at the other pool miles lower down, not Poyntz, nor Agatha, nor I, nor all the luck in the world could have got him out alive.

The hollow of the gorge was much overgrown with bushes and brambles, and along the margin of the noisy stream the grass was high and rank. At the opening of the little valley furthest from where I stood rose an immense oak tree—the only tree of anything

like its size to be seen within a mile—whose wide-spreading branches cast a deep shadow on the earth beneath. So thickly clustered the leaves on the stalwart boughs, and so dark was their tint of green, the whole great tree seemed to have been steeped in night. The gorge, though full of sunlight and verdure, and vocal with the splash of the cataracts, wrought on me even at the first glance an impression of loneliness and desolation. The blue sky seemed farther away from this than from other parts of the earth's surface, and methought the sun shone upon it rather in mockery than in love.

Nearly midway down the hollow, and just under the second cataract, hung a huge water-wheel. It hung there motionless, and plainly many a year had passed since it had revolved upon its ponderous axle. It was built of wood, on a clumsy and old fashioned model, and had become so blackened by age and weather that one might have fancied it charred by fire. Its parts were fastened together with great nails and clamps of iron, the strength of which, however, was now but a deceptive appearance, for the metal was eaten away by red rust, so that a hearty shake would probably have caused the whole structure to tumble into ruin. The rain and snow of unrecorded seasons had spread the rust in streaks and blotches over the swarthy rottenness of the woodwork, until I could almost have believed it dabbled with unsightly stains of blood.

Side by side with these ominous discolorations, however, were growing patches of tender green moss ; and thick tufts of grass bent gracefully over the heavy rim of the wheel, where it impended above the rushing water. A delicate vine of convolvulus had become rooted somewhere above, and had wreathed itself in and out among the rigid spokes. It seemed as though nature were striving, with but partial success, to win back to her own fresh bosom this gaunt relic of man's handiwork. With but partial success ; for all the magic of her beautiful adornments could not annul the odd feeling of repulsion—or was it perverted fascination?—with which this sullen wheel began to affect me. I know not how to interpret, even to my own mind, the nature of this impression. Solitary as I stood there, I yet could not rid myself of the notion that I was not (in the ordinary sense of the word) alone. That wheel—there was something about it more than belongs to mere negative brute matter. It seemed not devoid of a low and evil form of consciousness—almost of personality. I recognised the morbid extravagance of the idea at the same time that I was powerless to do away with it. Every one, probably, has had some similar experience ; and the fact that reason cannot account for the sensation does not lessen its impressiveness.

The wheel had caught my eye from the first, and, as it were, commanded my main attention. But after a few minutes I looked away from it, not without a conscious effort of will, and gave a closer examination to other objects in the glen. The mill to which the wheel appertained stood on the right bank of the stream, but was now little more than a heap of ruins. The wooden part was wholly decayed, and the stone foundations were displaced and shattered, and covered with weeds and rubbish. A few paces further back, huddled against the southern acclivity of the gorge, was the carcase of a dismantled and deserted house. The roof had fallen in, the window frames and sashes were gone, and the lifeless rooms stood open to the air. The stone walls had formerly been overlaid with plaster, but this had mostly fallen away, and what patches remained here and there were stained with greenish mould. A tall clump of barberry bushes was growing just within the threshold of the doorway, as if to dispute the entrance of any chance intruder; and a vigorous plantation of some species of yellow flowers was waving above the remains of the chimney. The spectacle was in every respect forlorn and depressing; no barren desert, that had never been trodden by the foot of man, could have so repelled and saddened the observer. Man feels no sympathy for what has never known life; but that which once has lived and now is dead, yet retains in death some semblance of its extinct vitality,—that it is which brings the true feeling of desolation home to us.

After a time I climbed cautiously down from my coign of vantage, and making my way between loose stones and tangled shrubbery, I passed the black wheel and arrived at length beneath the shadow of the great oak. And here, for the first time, I began to feel very weary, with a weariness as much of the mind as of the body. In fact, what with my adventure with Peter, my long walk, and the excitement produced by old Jack Poyntz's strange yarn, I had been through a good deal for an invalid, and had earned the right to a little rest. Looking about for a seat, my eye fell upon a small mound which lay between me and the base of the oak, with a bit of grey stone jutting out from one end of it. It might once have been a bench; at all events it would serve my turn, so I threw myself down at full length and pillowed my head and shoulders against it. As I lay, my face was turned towards the open end of the gorge, and away from the house and mill-wheel. These, however, dwelt in my memory; and on closing my eyes, I found that the scene of the ruin stood distinctly before my mental sight, more weird than the reality, because the phantom sunshine appeared pallid and ineffective.

The sound of a breeze stirring amid the thick leaves over my head mingled with the gurgle of the stream, until it seemed as if some voice were speaking in a low minor key—a tone without passion and without hope. As I listened, and fancifully attempted to fashion words and sentences out of the inarticulate murmur, that odd sensation of not being alone (which had all along been hovering about me) suddenly intensified itself to the pitch of conviction. Sitting up with something of a start, I glanced nervously towards the mill, and at once had the pleasure of seeing my conviction justified. The figure of a man was actually standing on the opposite side of the stream, one hand resting upon the wheel, while he fixed upon me the gaze of a pair of black eyes. He had probably been there from the first, or if not precisely there, then in the near vicinity; there were hiding-places enough amongst the ruins. Nevertheless I felt an unreasonable anger against him. He had come upon me unawares; and a surprise, if it be not agreeable, is apt to be very much the reverse.

He was a person of medium height, perhaps a little below it, and was clad in a shabby old-fashioned coat and small-clothes. He wore no hat, and the black hair which grew thickly upon his high head was curiously variegated with large patches of white. His countenance showed refinement and sensitiveness; but the expression stamped upon it was singularly painful. I cannot better describe it than by saying that it seemed to indicate loss, loss beyond remedy either in this world or the next. Its effect upon me resembled that wrought by the desolate house, but was more potent, because humanised. The man seemed beyond middle age, judging from the furrows on his brow and the stoop on his shoulders; and yet there was a kind of immaturity in his aspect. He was as one whose intellectual much outweighed his actual experience; who had dwelt amidst theories and eschewed reality. Such a combination of age and youth needs a strong seasoning of sincerity and simplicity to make it palatable; but in the present case these qualities were wanting, and instead there was an indefinable flavour of moral perversion.

When we had regarded each other for several moments, the man crossed the mill-race and advanced towards me, making a gesture of greeting with his hand. His manner was well-bred and quiet, and left no doubt that he was a gentleman; notwithstanding which I felt an antipathy against him, and was half-minded to admonish him that his presence was unwelcome. That I did not yield to this impulse was due, perhaps, less to courtesy than to the strong sentiment of curiosity with which the stranger had already inspired me. In other words, he was a magnet that attracted me with one pole while

repelling me with the other ; and the attraction was, for the moment, the stronger force of the two.

At this juncture it occurred to me—I know not how I had failed to think of it before—that these ruins must be what was left of the Laughing Mill, to which Poyntz had made allusion in his interrupted yarn. The recognition gave me a thrill of a kind not altogether agreeable ; I was glad that the sun shone instead of the moon. Nor did I, under these changed conditions, so much regret the presence of a companion. I was in a nervous and abnormal state, and though far from superstitious—no lawyer could venture to be that—I preferred society to solitude in a place which had the reputation of being haunted. It was healthier to converse about such follies—even with an unsympathetic interlocutor—than to brood over them in private. This old-fashioned personage, moreover, had the air of being familiar with the neighbourhood ; perhaps he was in the habit of coming here, and could give me some information about its former inhabitants—Scholar Gloam and the rest. I repented my former rude intentions, and resolved to be friends with him, and draw him out. Accordingly I returned his salute, and commanded my features to an expression of affability.

VI.

Within about three paces of me he stopped, and passed his hand two or three times through the black and white masses of his hair. He had the air of trying to rouse himself from a mood of painful pre-occupation. At length he spoke in a faint, unaccented tone, like a voice heard far off.

“ I want your sympathy,” said he.

“ Have we met before ? ” I asked, rather taken aback. “ I really don’t remember—but I believe I’ve been half asleep, and am hardly awake yet.”

He shook his head slowly, his black eyes curiously perusing my face. “ You have chosen an ill place to sleep in,” he remarked after a pause. “ Many a year have I sought repose there—in vain.”

“ Indeed ? Well, I came here quite by accident, and judging by the aspect of the place, I shouldn’t have supposed it would have been often visited.”

“ You are right, few come hither now ; but as many as do so are liable to meet with me.”

I looked more narrowly at my queer companion, and all at once the thought struck me, the man is mad ! Yes, it must be so. How

otherwise could the strangeness of his appearance, behaviour, and conversation be accounted for? He did not look dangerous, probably he was some harmless crazy creature, incapable of doing harm, and therefore permitted to wander about as he liked. In the moral atmosphere of these ruins he was sensible of somewhat congenial to his own forlornness, and hence haunted them rather than any more cheerful spot. Certainly, this was an appropriate haunt for a madman,—for one whose mind had fallen into that ugliest chaos which was once beauty and order. But I liked the spectacle of mental even less than that of material decay; and though the poor gentleman had asked me for my sympathy, I scarcely knew how to give it to him.

By I know not what faculty of divination, he appeared to suspect what was passing in my mind.

"I am not mad," he said quietly, but with a tremor of the finely cut though irresolute lips. "I am not mad, I have passed beyond insanity. Let me sit down here and talk to you. Nay—do not rise! Recline as you were doing, and close your eyes if you will; I need only your ears."

While speaking thus he passed behind me, and apparently seated himself at the foot of the oak tree, outside of my range of vision. But no sooner was he out of plain sight, than I was seized with an odd fantasy that he had actually vanished into thin air, and that were I to look round, I should not find him. His voice only was left, and even that now seemed unearthly. Was it a human voice? and not rather the rustling of leaves and the gurgling of water, translated by my feverish imagination into weird speech?

"You were dreaming," resumed the voice; "what dreams had you of the wheel?"

"What dreams had I of the wheel?" I repeated, leaning back on the mound, and clasping my hands across my eyes. Here was another instance of my new friend's insight. How had he known that the wheel was in my thoughts at all! Yet it was true that I had given rein to all sorts of fanciful speculations concerning it, and was now, moreover, quite in the mood to give them utterance. And what better auditor could I desire than a madman, whom the wildest extravagance could not disconcert, nor the most palpable absurdities annoy? The opportunity was too fair to lose.

"What dreamt I of the wheel?" I exclaimed again: "I dreamt it was the mighty Wheel of Fortune, who, weary of trundling it about the world, had left it here amidst the sedge and spray of the waterfall. Henceforth, therefore, there shall be no more ups and

downs in life, but mankind shall move for ever across one level plain, unchecked by darkness and uncheered by light !”

“ Would you have it thus ? ”

“ Oh, no—not I ! Come back, fair goddess ! come back and wrest thy wheel from amidst those clinging vines and brambles—the arms wherewith reluctant nature strives to hold it back ! Bring it forth once again upon the dusty road, and turn it as you go, lest our sluggish hearts forget to beat, and we cease to draw the very breath of life, and our souls, torpid and uninspired, grovel earthwards, nor dream of climbing higher than themselves ! Bring forth thy wheel, and turn it for ever even as the world turns ; for thy fickleness is the life of our lives ? ”

“ Methinks the wheel of misfortune were its truer title ; for it turns ever between a fool above and a corpse beneath ; and the laugh of madness sounds before, and behind is a track of blood ! ”

“ Nay, name it how you will ; since all of human joy and grief, and life and death, have clustered round its course, as the moss and the vines cluster about it now. See how nature seeks to make the awful symbol of destiny into a plaything for her own beautiful idleness ! How fearlessly the light and shadow rest upon it ! Yet it is bloodstained. Those rank ferns bend and peer in quest of some lurking horror. What is it ? I feel its influence upon me.”

“ Aye, you feel it ! ” murmured my unseen companion tremulously ; “ how could you help but feel it ? Do not the tragedies of human life instil their essence into the things we call inanimate ? You have shuddered when handling the rack and the Iron Virgin of the Inquisition, and felt faint at the sight of the guillotine and the gallows. You were awed by an evil influence breathed from the actual wood and iron—not by the mere knowledge of ghastly scenes in which they had borne a part.”

“ How came the influence there ? ” I asked, humouring his grotesque theory.

“ That which has existed in an atmosphere of revenge, hatred, and despair, becomes at last impregnated with a malignant intelligence derived from them ; an intelligence both devilish in itself and able to endow you with its own deformity. And if you hold not aloof from it, you shall surely be destroyed—in soul, if not in body likewise ! ”

“ But do we feel this influence unless aware beforehand that it is there ? ”

“ Fix your thought constantly upon yonder wheel,” was the reply, “ and mark if it does not answer you.”

Still with my hands clasped across my eyes, I concentrated my mind as directed, and presently felt my veins crawl with a slow chill of dismay—a chill which deprived me of control over my faculties, while awakening them to unnatural activity. That the wheel had a conscious personality, instinct with evil, seemed no longer open to doubt. Now the plash and gurgle of the water changed to the stealthy drip of blood ; and I shrank from the breeze that moved my hair as from a pestilential breath. Was I going mad too? My will seemed to falter ; a tremor which I could not repress passed through me from head to foot.

“Ay, you feel it,” murmured the voice again ; “you are answered !”

By a determined effort I regained command of myself ; perhaps it was none too soon. Nothing is easier than to indulge this morbid vein, and few indulgencies, I believe, are more perilous. With my change of mood came a change of tone ; I cast aside the hysteric style, and adopted one more brusque and matter-of-fact, to which the reaction from sentimentality may have added a touch of asperity.

“Come, come !” I said, “we are overdoing this folly. I know well enough what place this is ; Mr. Poyntz began to tell me about it this afternoon. An amusing story—all about the Laughing Mill, and the fellow who was drowned, and the nymph of the pearl-shell necklace—you see I know what I am talking about ! But the tale broke off in the middle ; perhaps you can finish it ?”

“It is you who must finish it !” returned the other. “But I want your sympathy ; so let me tell my part.”

“Do so,” said I, “by all means. When I know you better, I shall be better able to sympathise with you. As to my finishing the story, I think I’m more likely to succeed as a listener than as a narrator ; however, if it must be so, I’ll give it the best ending I can. And I do sympathise with you already,” I added, after a pause, in a less flippant tone. “I am a man, and I believe in human brotherhood.”

My eccentric companion made no rejoinder, though I fancied he gave a sigh. Presently he began to speak in the same evenly-pitched, far-away voice that he had used throughout. The effect was rather as of a weary reader reading from a book than as of one who talks spontaneously. There was no hesitation, no rise and fall, no fire, no faltering. Yet the recital moved me more deeply than if it had been delivered with impassioned eloquence. Through the sad colourless medium I seemed to behold the direct movement of events, and almost to take part in them. Moreover, as the narrator proceeded, the notion more than once possessed me that his words

reached my ears from some inward source—that I was merely thinking the things I seemed to hear. His tone was so attuned to the desolateness of the surroundings, as to appear like the mystic interpretation of their significance, such as might result from intense brooding over them. Indeed, taking into consideration all that I had seen, heard, and fancied that day, I almost believe I could have fallen asleep and dreamed just such a story as he told me. Certainly no dream could have been stranger than the things he told.

VII.

They brought the yellow-haired little maiden to the mill (ran the story), and Gloam called her Swanhilda. Jael, the old housekeeper, looked at her sharply, and asked what good such a little creature could be among poor people? the girl was of no use herself, and would only hinder those who had to work.

Gloam answered, "Heaven has sent her to us. She shall be our inspiration, and the symbol of our good. Treat her with reverence, and tenderly, as you would treat the best and purest aspiration of your heart. If we wrong her, it will be our deadliest sin. If we cherish her, the sins we have committed may be forgiven us."

"She is a gentleman's daughter, at all events," said Jael. "Look at the shape of her hands and feet! No, she never worked, nor did her mother before her. Well, maybe her family will come after her some day, and pay us well for taking care of her. Or who knows but she may turn out heiress to some great estate, when she grows up? If that were so . . . David, son, come hither. See—she's a pretty little thing."

Handsome David stooped down and took the child's small soft hand. "And so she is—a little beauty!" he exclaimed, looking into her blue eyes. "Can't speak English, eh? That's a pity; but live and learn. Right glad am I that you brought her here, sir," he added to Gloam. "Where did you pick her up?"

"She's the rainbow after the storm," Gloam answered, smiling. "But I shall not teach her English. Let her speak only the language which she has brought with her." And he led the child away.

"That may do for him," muttered David, "but it won't do for me. He can talk with her and I can't; so if he won't teach her English I will. Devil take me if she isn't a sweet little fairy; and she's quite enchanted the Scholar already. He's a changed man since yesterday. But he shan't have all the fun to himself."

"She looks thirteen, don't you think?" said Jael. "She won't be a child much longer, David. Why, come three years or so, she'll be old enough to be married."

"Ay, old woman; but I shall be too old to marry her," he answered, with a keen look and a laugh.

"I tell you, son, she's a lady, and good enough to mate with any man."

"That's your notion, and likely enough it's true. But good blood isn't all I want—I've got that already, thanks to your good looks; what I want and haven't got is money. And Miss Swanhilda, pretty as she is, has less money even than I."

"But she has relations—rich relations; her own father and mother may be alive for all we know. If she was saved off a ship where all the rest were lost, of course there'll be no telling for some time to come. But it's worth waiting for."

"Did no papers come ashore—nothing to help identify her?"

"I asked Poyntz that," said Jael, "and so far as I can make out, I think there hasn't been anything."

"Well, I'll make sure of that next time I go over. We might advertise in the foreign papers after a while. A right pretty little thing she is, and no mistake. But I'm not agoing to run any risks, old woman. Supposing I was to get tied down to her for life, and then find out that she'd got nothing, what would I do then?"

"There's no need of supposing any such thing, David. As if you couldn't make the girl fond of you so as she wouldn't marry any but you; then you'd have her safe, and if all turned out well, 'twould be time enough to put the ring on her finger."

"Ay, that's about the idea, I suppose. Well, the Scholar's got the start of us now; and 'twont do to let him see what we're up to; luckily he never did see what's going on under his nose. By the way, that's a quaint bit of a necklace the child wears; mayhaps that'll help us to find out something—

He broke off suddenly, with an oath, and he and his mother stood listening, pale-faced. His eyes were angry, but terror lurked in those of the woman.

A strange, jarring sound filled the air; it seemed to come from every side, and screamed harshly into the listeners' ears. If a fiend had burst into a long fit of malignant laughter close at hand the effect could not have been more hateful and discordant.

"The laugh again!" David muttered between his teeth. "It would be just our luck if it scared our best customer away. Devil take me if I don't begin to believe it is the soul of that cursed hus-

band of yours, that you treated so affectionately. I'll swear there's not a spot of rust on the machinery as big as a pin's head."

"Oh, son, don't look that way at me," said the woman, in a shaken voice. "I would prevent it if I could; what can I do?"

"You might jump in and follow your husband; that's what he wants, I suppose," returned the son angrily. "It's you that wronged him, not I; and as long as you're here we'll have no luck—that's the long and short of it!"

The laugh had died away, and Jael, pressing her hand above her heart, turned aside and passed out. She loved her son, and would have shed her blood for him; but this was not the first time he had spoken thus.

After she was gone, David stood at the window, biting his lips and muttering to himself. Suddenly he heard Gloam's step behind him, and looked round in surprise.

"What was that noise?" Gloam asked.

"Why, nothing new, sir. The same old story. Something wrong with the wheel again, I suppose."

"I remember no such sound before," said Gloam excitedly. "It is hideous, like the shriek of an evil spirit. Let it never come again—it frightens Swanhilda, and comes between us like a prophecy of woe. Let it never come again!"

"You have taken to hearing through her ears and feeling through her senses—that's all the matter," answered David smiling. "It sounds bad to you because it makes her head ache. As to stopping it, I'd do so and gladly if I but knew how. It loses us half our custom, for folks say the devil's at the bottom of it, sure enough!"

"It is a wicked sound!" exclaimed Gloam again, "full of mockery and bitterness. Swanhilda was born to hear divine harmonies, and she will leave us if we greet her with such hideous discord."

"She was born to take her chance with the rest of the world, Mr. Gloam," replied the younger man, in a harder tone. Then he smiled again and added, in his muttering way, as he left the room, "she'll get used to it fast enough, never fear."

But a long time passed without the recurrence of the hateful sound, and meanwhile Swanhilda was recovering from her first melancholy and home sickness. Gloam had told her that she would see her father and mother again some day, and by degrees her anxiety calmed down to a quiet and not uncheerful expectation. She seemed to know little of the history of her family, or else was averse from discussing it; for

amidst all her winning sweetness and pure sincerity she retained a maidenly reserve and dignity not lightly to be overcome. But the guileless fascination which she unconsciously exercised upon all she met it was impossible to resist. She gladdened all eyes and hearts, and the mill became a storehouse of beauty and gladness as well as of grain and meal. People came from all the surrounding neighbourhood to see Scholar Gloam's water-nymph ; and at last, when the Laughing Mill was mentioned, they thought of Swanhilda's airy merriment—not of the ill-omened sound that had first given it that name, but was already being fast forgotten. So the prosperity of handsome David increased, and was greater than it had ever been before ; he had as many customers as the mill could supply, and bade fair, in the course of years, to become a wealthy man. He and Jael treated the little water-nymph with every kindness, as well they might ; and what Gloam had said seemed likely to come true—that she would be the means of their regeneration.

And Gloam himself was as a man transfigured. He lived no longer amidst his books, but made himself free to all, and the neighbours wondered to find him so genial and gladsome. He and Swanhilda were constantly together ; they played and laughed like children ; they went on long rambles hand-in-hand ; in winter they pelted each other with snowballs ; in summer and autumn they gathered flowers and berries and nuts. He treated her with the most reverent and entire affection ; he was ready to sacrifice anything for her sake, to give her anything—unless it were, perhaps, the freedom to be to another all that she was to him. But apparently she was well content. Gloam was the only one who spoke her language, and the only one, therefore, with whom she could converse unrestrainedly. He would not teach her English, and if others attempted to do so it was without his knowledge or consent. He believed, it maybe, that no one but himself could appreciate her full worth, and thought it would be a kind of desecration to let another approach her too nearly. Certainly they were happy together. That part of his nature to which she appealed was not less youthful than she was herself ; and in her society he felt himself immortally young. He forgot that there were lines upon his brow, and that his figure was bent, and that his hair had begun to be prematurely white. And he doubted not that as he felt, so he seemed to her.

Was his confidence justified ? Had this child, who was just beginning to be a young woman, penetration to see the fresh soul within the imperfect body ? A more experienced man would have had misgivings, knowing that young women are apt to judge by

appearances, and to be more swayed by downright power and passion than by abstract right and beauty. But Gloam's experience had not taught him this. He did not dream that she could ever learn to deceive him, or to give him less than the first place in her heart. But he dreamed that some day, distant perhaps, at least indefinite—they would be married. By all rights they belonged to each other, and when they had played their childish games to the end, and had wearied of them, then would they enter upon that new phase of life. Meanwhile he would not speak to her of the deeper love, lest she should be startled, and the frankness of their present intercourse be impaired. But women have been lost ere now through fear of startling them.

So more than two years slipped away, and the child Swanhilda had grown to be a tall and graceful maiden ; which seemed half a miracle, so quickly had the time passed. Her blue eyes had waxed larger and deeper, and in moments of excitement they became almost black. Her hair was yellow as an evening cloud ; her face and bearing full of life and warmth. Her nature was strengthening and expanding ; she was beginning to measure herself against her associates. Though so gentle, she was all untamed ; no one had ever mastered or controlled her. She knew neither her own strength or weakness, but the time approached when she would seek to know them. Every woman is both weaker and stronger than she believes, and it is well for her, when the trial comes, if her strength be not the betrayer of her weakness.

VIII.

At this point in the story the voice of the narrator grew fainter and then made a pause. I still kept my reclining position, with my hands clasped above my closed eyes. In fact, it would have required a greater effort than I at the moment cared to make to have sat up and looked about me. The sun, I knew, had already sunk below the crest of the slope ; the gorge lay in shadow, and beneath the oak it was almost dark. As I lay waiting for the tale to recommence, the sombre influence of the wheel asserted itself more strongly than ever. There it loomed, in my imagination, black, grim, and portentous. Its huge spokes stretched out like rigid arms, and the long grass which streamed along the gurgling water resembled the hair of a drowned woman's head. . . . But now the voice began again.

One summer afternoon Gloam and Swanhilda were sitting on the wooden bench beside the mill, watching the heavy revolutions of the

great wheel. They were alone. David was in the mill-room finishing the day's work, and Jael was preparing supper in the kitchen. For several minutes neither of them had spoken.

"Do you remember," said Swanhilda at last, using her native tongue, "the first day I came here, how there came a terrible sound that made me miserably frightened? I have never heard it since then. What was it?"

"Only a rusty axle; at least, so I suppose. That careless David had forgotten to oil it properly. But I gave him such a scolding that there has been no more trouble."

"David is not careless—he works very hard, and I love him," retorted Swanhilda, tossing back her yellow hair. "Besides, such a noise could not be made by an axle."

"You may like David, but you mustn't love him; you are a little princess, and he is only the housekeeper's son."

"What is the difference between loving and liking?" inquired Swanhilda, folding her hands in her lap, and turning round on her companion.

He took her hand and answered, "I shall teach you that when you are older."

"I am not so young as you think. I am old enough to be taught now."

"No, no, no!" said Gloam, shaking his head and laughing; "you are nothing but a child yet. There is plenty of time, little water-nymph."

"If you will not teach me, I'll find some one else who will teach me. I will ask David! he has taught me some things already."

"He? What have you learnt from him?" cried Gloam.

Swanhilda hesitated. "I should not have said that—but it's nothing, only that I am learning to speak English. He didn't want you to know until I was quite perfect, so as to make it a surprise to you."

"He had no right to do it. Why should you learn to speak with anyone but me?" exclaimed Gloam passionately.

"Do you think I belong to you?" demanded Swanhilda, lifting her head in half earnest half laughing defiance. "No; I am my own, and there are other places besides this in the world, and other people. I will go back to my own country."

"Oh, Swanhilda," said Gloam, his voice husky with dismay, "you will never leave us? I cannot live without you."

"I will, if you are unkind to me. . . . Well, then, you must not be angry because David taught me English; and you must let

him teach me the difference between liking and loving ; I'm sure he knows what it is ! ”

“ Do not ask him—do not ask him ! That is my right ; no one can take it from me ! I saved you, Swanhilda ; I brought you back to life, and that new life belongs to me ! ” The hand that held hers had turned cold, and he was pale and trembling. “ I have kept you for myself ; I have given up my own life—the life that I used to live—for you. I cannot return to it, if you leave me. ”

“ I did not ask you to give it up, ” she returned, waywardly. Then she relented, and said, “ Well, you may teach me about loving, if you want to. Only, afterwards, you must let me love any one I please ! ”

Gloam looked upon her for several moments, his black eyes lingering over every line of her face and figure. “ You belong to me, ” he repeated at last. “ If you left me for another, I should wish that your pearl-shells had drawn you down— ”

Before he could finish uttering the thought that was in his heart, the words were drowned in a throbbing yell as of demoniac laughter. The evil spirit of the wheel, after biding its time so long in silence, had seemingly leapt exultingly into life at the first premonition of meditated wrong. Swanhilda shuddered, and hid her face in her hands. David thrust his head out of the mill-room window, and saw Gloam make a gesture of rage and defiance.

“ Aha ! ” he muttered to himself, “ so the children's games are over, are they ? Can it be the devil's game that my beloved brother thinks of beginning now ? ”

Another year passed, and again a man and a woman were sitting together on the bench beside the mill. It was night, and a few stars twinkled between the rifts of cloud overhead. The gorge was so dark that the mill-stream gurgled past invisibly, save where now and then a rising eddy caught the dim starlight. The tall wheel, motionless now, and only discernible as a blacker imprint on the darkness, lurked like a secret enemy in ambush. The man's arm was clasped round the woman's waist ; her head rested on his shoulder, and her soft fingers were playing with the pearl-shell necklace that encircled her neck. They spoke together in whispers, as though fearful of being overheard.

“ You silly little goose ! ” the man said ; “ a few months ago, nothing would make you happy but learning what love was ; and now you have found out you must ever be whimpering and pining. Why, what are you afraid of ? ”

"You know I am happy in loving you, David," was the tremulous answer; "but must lovers always hide their love, and pretend before others that they do not feel it? When I first dreamed of love, it seemed to me like the blue sky and the sunshine, and the songs of the birds; but our love is secret and silent, like the night."

"Pooh! nonsense, and so much the better! Our love is nobody's business but our own, my lass. You wouldn't have Gloam find it out, would you, and part us? What! have you forgotten the fit he was in at my teaching you English a year ago? He wants you all to himself, the old miser! You weren't happier with him than you have been with me, were you?"

"Oh, David," whispered the girl, clinging to him, "that was so different! I was happy, then, like a wave on the beach in summer. I had no deep thoughts, and my heart never beat as you make it beat, and my breath never came in long sighs as it does often now. Gloam used to say that he had brought me back from death to life; but it was not so. I lived first when I loved you. And the old happiness was not real happiness, for there was no sadness in it; it never made me cry, as this does."

He drew her to him with a little laugh. "When you've lived a little more and got used to it, you'll stop sighing and crying, and be as bright and saucy as you were with Gloam. But you won't want to tell him . . . eh?"

She hid her face on his shoulder. "Oh, no, no, no! I could not; I should feel ashamed. But why do I feel ashamed, David? Is not loving right?"

"Right? to be sure it is. Nothing more so! And the pleasantest kind of right, too, to my thinking. Eh, little one?"

"David, I have heard—are not people who love each other married—at least sometimes? and after that they are not afraid, or sad, or ashamed?"

A smile hovered on David's handsome lips. "Married? yes, stupid people get married. Timid folks, who are afraid to manage their own affairs, and can't be easy till they've called in the parson to help them out. They're the folks that don't love each other right down hard, as you and I do. They're suspicious, and afraid of being left in the lurch; so they stand up in a church and tie themselves together by a troublesome knot they call marriage. No, no; we've nothing to do with that: we're much better off as it is."

"But my father and mother were married, and they were not suspicious," ventured Swanhilda again, after a pause.

"Oh, ay, they were married," assented David; adding, half to

himself, "and if they were alive, too, and anxious to fill a son-in-law's pockets, I'd open mine, and gladly. But my father and mother were not married," he resumed to Swanhilda, with another smile, "so you see we've a good example either way."

She made no reply, but lifted her head from his shoulder and sat twisting the necklace between her restless fingers, her eyes fixed absently on the darkness. The clasps of the necklace came unawares apart, and it slipped from her bosom to the ground. She uttered a little cry, and stood up with her hands clasped, all of a tremble.

"I have lost it!" she said. "David, some harm is coming to me!"

"Nonsense! here it is, as good as ever." He picked it up as he spoke, and drawing her down beside him, fastened it again round her neck, and then kissed her face and lips. "There, there, you're all right. Did you think it was dropped in the mill-race?"

"Some harm is coming," she repeated. "It has never fallen from me since my mother put it on my shoulders, and said it would keep me from being hurt or drowned, but that I must never part from it. But I trust you, oh, my love! I trust you. Something seems wrong, somehow; I have given you all myself . . ."

"Lean close up to me, little one; rest that soft little cheek of yours against mine, and have done with crying now, or I'll think you mean to melt all away and leave me; and what would I do then?"

She turned and clasped her arms round him with a kind of fierceness. "I leave you, David? Oh—ha, ha, ha! Oh, but you must never leave me, my love—love—love! Oh, what should I do if you were to leave me?"

"Hush, girl, hush! you'll rouse the house—laughing and crying in the same minute! Don't you know I won't leave you? There—hush. You'll wake Gloam else."

"He loved me, too; he wouldn't leave me; but he thought I wasn't old enough—not old enough, ha, ha! . . . David, does God know about us?"

"Not enough to trouble Him much, I expect," said the young man, with a short laugh. "If anything knows about us, it's the old wheel there, waiting like a black devil to carry us off. Come, we must creep back to the house."

They rose, Swanhilda stood before him, her sweet sad face glimmering shadowy pale through the darkness. "Say, 'I love you Swanhilda, and I will never leave you!'" she whispered.

He hesitated, laughed, stroked her hair, and stooping, gazed deep into her eyes, as on the day when they first met. Did his

heart falter for a moment, realising how utterly she was his own? "You trusted me just now," said he; "are you getting suspicious again?"

"No; but I am afraid—always afraid now. When you are not with me, I am afraid of every one I meet; I think they will see our secret in my eyes. When I lie alone at night, I am afraid to pray to God, as I used to do. What is it? Why do I feel so? It must be that we have done some wrong. My poor love! have I made you do any wrong? I would rather be dead."

"Little darling—no! You couldn't do wrong if you tried. There is no wrong—I swear there isn't? Listen, now, in your ear: I love you, Swanhilda, and I will never leave you! Satisfied now?"

Low as the words were whispered, they were heard beyond the stars, and stamped themselves upon the eternal records. But their only palpable witness was the mill wheel. A log of wood, carried over the fall, came forcibly in contact with the low-impending rim. It swung the heavy structure partly round upon its axle. And straightway, upon the hollow night, echoed a faint yet appalling sound as of jeering laughter. Slowly it died away, and silence closed in once more, like darkness after a midnight lightning flash. But it vibrated still in the startled hearts of the man and the woman, who crept so stealthily back to the house, and vanished in the blackness of the doorway, and it revisited their unquiet dreams.

IX.

Summer and winter came and went, and were followed by a gloomy and dismal spring. The late-lying snow was dissolved by heavy rains, so that the mill stream was swollen beyond precedent, and rolled thundering through the gorge with the force of a full-grown cataract. But the mill was idle, and the wheel stood still. None came for flour now, nor to bring grist; for many a week all work had been foregone.

Yet the house was not deserted. An elderly woman, with a forbidding face that had once been handsome, moved to and fro behind the windows; and a man, bent and feeble, with strangely grizzled hair, sat motionless for hours at a time in his study chair. Sometimes, in his loneliness, he would set his teeth edge to edge, and clench his thin hands desperately, and utter an inarticulate sound of menace. But at a certain hour of the evening he would arise and walk with noiseless steps to the door of a darkened chamber. There he would

pause and lean and listen. Presently from within would be heard the shrill, petulant crying of an infant, and anon the voice of its young mother, sad and tender, soothing and pathetic. "Baby, baby, don't cry ; hush, hush, hush ! father will come to us soon ; he will come, he will come ! he loves us and will never leave us : hush, hush, hush !"

At these sounds the pallid visage of the man would quiver and darken, and he would press his clenched hands upon his breast. Returning at length to his study, he got upon his knees and stretched his arms upwards.

"God—God of evil or of good, whichever you are—give my enemy into my power ! Let my curse work upon him till it destroy him : let my eyes see him perish ! He has robbed me of my love, and my hope, and my salvation : he has defiled and dishonoured that which was mine ; he has made my life a desert and an abomination ! Yet I would live, and suffer all this and more, if he might perish by my curse, body and soul, for ever ! Grant me this, God or Devil, and after do with me what you will !"

Such was his prayer. But he never entered the darkened chamber where the child and its young mother lay ; he never looked upon them or spoke to them, nor did his heart forgive them. He could not forgive till he had had revenge. Since that hour in which he had first learnt the truth, and with hysteric fury had sprung at the seducer's throat, his soul had been empoisoned against them and all the world. He was possessed by that devil to which he prayed, and good was evil to him.

One day he was standing in a kind of stupor at his window staring out at the black mill wheel, which was now the only object in the world with which he felt himself in sympathy. There came a knock at the door, and Jael, the housekeeper, entered. Since the calamity which had befallen, her manner towards Gloam had undergone a change. She had before exercised a kind of authority over him, such as a compact and unsympathetic nature easily acquires over one of wider culture but more sensitive than its own. But Gloam had become more terrible in his desolation than a less naturally gentle man would have been ; and Jael feared him. She felt that he might murder her ; and minded her steps, lest in some sudden paroxysm he should leap out upon her.

She advanced a little way into the room, and stopped. He did not turn, or show that he was aware of her presence. After a few moments she said :—

"Master, he is coming back ; David's coming home again, sir.

He's going to make it all right with Swanhilda—he means to marry her!”

Gloam did not stir ; but as Jael watched him narrowly, she fancied that his limbs and body slowly stiffened, until they became quite rigid ; only his head had a slight shivering motion. The woman shrank back a step, with a feeling of alarm.

It seemed a long while before Gloam spoke, and the same slight, involuntary shiver pervaded his voice. He still kept his face carefully averted.

“ David coming back ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; I had a message from him this morning.”

“ To marry her ! ”

“ Yes, indeed, sir ; he'll make an honest woman of her. What he has done has laid heavy on his conscience ever since. And so he says he hopes you'll forgive and forget, and that we'll all prosper and be happy in the future.”

Gloam's chest began to heave, and he folded his arms tightly across it. There was another long pause, as though he feared to trust his voice to speak. Finally the words came between his shut teeth,

“ When—when—when ?—”

“ Did you mean, when will he be here, sir ? Well, he was expecting to reach the next town late this afternoon ; and from there he'd foot it over here ; and that wouldn't bring him here till nigh midnight. But likely he'll wait over, and get here to-morrow morning. Luckily though there's a moon to-night, to show him where to step, in case he comes right on.”

Gloam unfolded his arms, and raising his hands to his head, passed them several times slowly through his hair ; staring downwards, meanwhile, at the wheel. The rigidity had passed away, and he seemed to be recovering from the agitation into which the first shock of the news had thrown him. Jael's mind was a good deal relieved at the absence of any signs of hostility on his part against David ; and she was just about withdrawing, when Gloam turned quickly about and stepped after her.

For the first time in the interview she now saw his face ; and the sight so far startled her firm nerves as to draw from her a short low cry. It was not that the face was pallid, furrowed and wasted ; it had been all that from the first ; but what appalled her was the ghastly expression of the mouth and eyes. It was not a smile, unless an evil spirit smiles, foreseeing the destruction of its victim. Evil it was—delightedly evil, like the triumph of long baffled hate. It was

a cruel, hungry, debased expression, hideously at variance with the passionate and ill-regulated but refined character of the man. It suggested the idea that Gloam was possessed by a strange spirit, more potent and more wicked than his own, which commanded his body to what uses it pleased, in spite of all that he could do.

For it was evident that he himself understood the cause of Jael's dismay ; and he made a violent effort to drive the awful look out of his face. So far from succeeding, however, he was forced to break out into a frantic laugh, which echoed shrilly through the silent house, and seemed, to Jael's scared ears, a copy of the infernal cachinnation which was wont to issue from the bewitched mill !

"Don't mind it, Jael," he said, as soon as he could speak ; "it's nervousness—it's the reaction from suspense ! Wait,—have you told . . . ?"

"Swanhilda, sir ? not yet,—I thought I'd best break it gradually—"

"Don't tell her ! don't hint it to her !" He spoke in a harsh whisper, bending forwards towards her : "because—because he might not come after all !" Then the mocking devil seized upon him again ; and though he folded his arms and held down his head, the unholy laughter which he strove to suppress shook his whole body and turned his white face dark.

The housekeeper was glad to escape from the room ; for she thought Gloam must have gone mad, and knew not what insane violence he might commit. Her first impulse was to run out and summon help, but after her immediate panic had cooled down, she thought better of such a proceeding. The explanation of his behaviour which Gloam himself had given seemed, upon reflection, reasonable enough. The abrupt manner in which she had told the news had thrown him for the moment off his balance. It was, upon the whole, rather a good sign than a bad one, for it showed him not so much deadened by suffering as he had appeared to be. When he had had time to rally, he would be his own gentle and manageable self once more.

Meanwhile she made preparations to receive David on his return. The young man's conduct towards Swanhilda had so angered his mother that she had more than acquiesced in the banishment which Gloam's rage had forced upon him. Not that she loved Swanhilda much ; nor did the mere immorality of her son's deed greatly afflict her. But she had never ceased to have faith that, sooner or later, news would come of the yellow-haired maiden's relatives beyond the sea. It would come, perhaps, in the form of a wealthy and open-hearted gentleman ; or of a lady, with diamonds sparkling on her

hands and bosom. They would say, "We have learnt that the little niece or cousin whom we had thought lost, was saved, and is living here with you." "Yes," Jael would reply; "and she has been brought up as true a lady as if she were in a Queen's palace; for we knew she had blue blood in her veins, and would come by her own at last." Then Swanhilda would appear, and captivate them with her beauty and simplicity. But when they offered to take her away, the girl would say, "Not without David, for I love him!" Whereupon, no doubt, there would be objections and remonstrances; but David's handsome face and engaging manners would half disarm them; and at the last Jael herself would arise, and sacrificing the woman to the mother, would declare openly, "He too is of gentle blood; his father was old Harold Gloam; he is the descendant of gentlemen, and not unworthy of the girl who loves him." So would resistance finally be overcome, and all concerned be enriched.

Such had been Jael's dream; and her resentment at the revelation of David's crime had been mainly aroused by the fact, that it involved the frustration of a chance of fortune her own espousal of which had rendered especially dear to her. When the scheme was first conceived, the young man had, indeed, acquiesced in it; but as time went on and enquiries proved fruitless, he had abandoned the hope of obtaining wealth and station through Swanhilda's means. Yet the girl loved him, and was very beautiful; much of their time was of necessity passed in each other's society; and in the end the sin was sinned. Doubtless he had regretted her ruin; but to make her honourable amends had not been compatible with the projects of his ambition: and when Gloam's unexpectedly violent outbreak had driven him forth upon the world, he had perhaps deemed his banishment a not inconvenient pretext for freeing himself from the encumbrances, such as they were, which might otherwise have impeded him. He left Swanhilda behind, to pass her dark hour alone.

But, this being so, what was the occasion of his sudden change of purpose? Was he penitent? or had he found that honour and expediency could be made compatible after all? The letter which he had written to Jael did not explicitly answer this question; but from hints which it contained, the housekeeper had drawn favourable inferences; and she looked forward to his coming with agreeable anxiety. She had told Gloam the news, intending (should he refuse a reconciliation), to acknowledge to him that his father was David's likewise. But his strange behaviour had frightened this purpose out of her head; and when she recollected it again, it seemed most advisable that the revelation should for the present be postponed.

X.

About sunset Jael was surprised by the beginning of a jarring and rumbling noise, the like of which had not been heard in the gorge for a number of weeks past. Half incredulous of the evidence of her own ears, she paused to listen. Certainly there was no mistake—the mill was going! She stepped to the window and looked out. Yes, there revolved the great black wheel heavily upon its axle, churning the headlong torrent into foam, and hurling the white froth from its rigid rims. As she gazed, astonished, she saw Gloam issue from the mill and stand beside the boiling mill-race, watching with manifest excitement the sullen churning of the huge machine. He wore no hat, his hair was tossed and tangled, his bearing reckless and wild. All at once (for the machinery, having been so long out of use, had doubtless become very rusty) an unearthly peal of laughter—or what seemed such—was launched upon the evening air. It partly died away; then it again burst forth, clinging to the listener's ears and stabbing them, and leaving a sting that rankled there long afterwards. In the midst of the infernal din, Jael saw Gloam toss up his arms and abandon himself to a sympathetic paroxysm of grisly merriment. The man and the machinery were possessed by one and the same demon!

"Master—master Gloam!" cried the woman, throwing open the window and lifting her voice to her shrillest pitch, "what is the matter? why have you set the mill going?"

He glanced up at her with wild eyes and waved his hand. "It is a season of rejoicing!" he answered. "The prayer that I prayed is coming to pass! Therefore let the wheel go round! Hear it, how it laughs and rejoices!"

"But there is no grist—the mill is empty!"

"It will not be empty long: the grist is coming—it comes, it comes! Let the great wheel go round and grind it to powder!"

Jael drew back with a sickening apprehension at her heart. Gloam was too plainly in a state of delirious frenzy, if he were not actually mad. She longed for David's appearance, and yet dreaded it; she knew not whether the meeting between the two men would issue well or ill. And then her mind reverted to Swanhilda, and she asked herself what the effect of her lover's presence would be upon her? Ever since the first week following upon his departure, the young mother had maintained a singularly passive demeanour, only occasionally disturbed by reasons of vague and tremulous anxiety. The housekeeper had looked in upon her several times that afternoon.

She lay quietly in one position, her eyes open and fixed, save when the baby claimed her attention. She did not speak, and seemed scarcely aware of outward things. Even the uproar of the mill, when that began, commanded her notice but for a short time, and appeared rather to gratify than to distress her. She perhaps associated it with the thought of David, and fancied it in some way indicative of that home-return which she had all along never allowed herself to despair of. But she was as one partly entranced, whose ears and eyes (as some believe) are opened to things beyond the ordinary ken of human senses.

The evening was cloudy, and night came on apace. Gloam had re-entered the house shortly after dark ; and Jael presently went to his room to ask him where he would take his evening meal. But he met her in the upper passage-way. He seemed to carry something in his hand ; she could not make out what it was ; and he immediately hid it beneath his coat. To her enquiries he replied that he was going forth to resume his old practice of walking, and that he would sup with David after his return. Jael, in her uneasiness, would gladly have persuaded him to remain at home ; but he was obstinate against all entreaties, and finally pushed roughly by her and was gone.

Meanwhile, the mill was still in motion. The housekeeper had an impulse, soon after Gloam's departure, to go out and uncouple the machinery ; but she feared lest he might resent her interference, and forebore. The noise, and the suspense she was in, combined to keep her in a state of feverish restlessness. Her thoughts busied themselves against her will with all manner of gloomy and painful memories and speculations. The vision of her youth rose up before her, and filled her with vain remorseful terrors. She strove to cheer herself with picturing her son's arrival, but even that had now become a source of apprehension rather than of comfort. All the time she was oppressed by an indefinable sensation that some one was prowling about outside the house ; and once, after the wheel had delivered itself of an outpouring of inhuman mirth, Jael fancied the strain was taken up in a no less wild, though not so penetrating, key. Was it possible that Gloam was lurking in the gorge ? and if so, what could he be doing there ? Cautiously she peered out of the window ; but the moon was as yet obscured by clouds, and nothing was certainly distinguishable. She returned to the fireside ; yet paused and listened again, because—or else her excited imagination deceived her—another and a different sound had reached her from without : a sharp, grating sound, like that made by a rusty saw eating its way

through close-grained timber. Ere she could be certain about the matter, however, the noise stopped, and returned no more.

An hour or so later, it wanting then only a few minutes of midnight, Swanhilda suddenly awoke from her half-trance, and set upright in her bed. The house resounded dully to the muffled throbbing of the machinery, but otherwise there was no stir. The little baby had fallen sound asleep, and lay at its mother's side, with its tiny hands folded beneath its chin, and grasping the pearl-shell necklace, which was its favourite plaything. After sitting tense and still for a moment, Swanhilda got out of bed, huddled on some clothes, kissed the unconscious baby twice or thrice, and then silently left the room. In another minute she had stolen down the stairs, and was standing between the house and the stream, in the open air. She looked first one way and then another, and finally, without any hesitation in her manner, but with an assured and joyful bearing, bent her steps towards the top of the gorge. A narrow footpath led up thither, and at the highest point turned to the right, and was carried across the torrent by a narrow bridge formed of a single plank. When Swanhilda came to the turn, she did not go over the bridge, but sat down upon a stone amidst the shrubbery, and waited.

How had she known that there was any one to wait for? Jael, certainly, had told her nothing; still less could she have learned anything from Gloam. Nevertheless, there she sat, waiting, and knowing beyond question that her lover was near, and was rapidly coming nearer. In a few minutes she would hear his steps; then he would be upon the bridge, and she would rise and meet him there. Had he not promised, months ago, that he would never leave her? and though he had been driven away for a time, she had never doubted that he would return. He loved her; soon, soon she would feel his arms about her, his kisses on her lips. Ah! what happiness after all this pain; what measureless content! How glad would be their meeting; and when she showed him their little baby, the cup of joy would be full. Nay, it was so already. In all Swanhilda's life she had never known a moment so free from all earthly trouble as was this!

It was near the end. She stood up; she had heard a footstep; yes, there again! He must be close at hand; if it were not so dark she would have already seen him. And now the clouds which had so long obscured the moon broke away, and the pale sphere hung poised in dark purple space, and shed a dim lustre over the little gorge. The light glanced on the curve of the cataract, and twinkled in the eddies of the pool, and danced along the tumultuous rapid,

and glistened upon the froth of the mill-race. There the black wheel still plunged to its work, whirling its gaunt arms about as if grasping for a victim. In the bushes close beside it crouched a man with white face and staring eyes. He had laid his trap, and was awaiting the issue. He had not seen Swanhilda leave the house and climb the little path ; his eyes and thoughts had been turned elsewhere.

David came swiftly along the upland path, whistling to himself as he walked. We will not search his thoughts, seeing he was so near the end of his journey. When he arrived at the brow of the gorge, and was within a few paces of the bridge, he halted and peered forward earnestly. What figure was that that seemed to stand expectantly on the other side? It could not be Swanhilda—ay, but it was ! He gave a little laugh, and then his hard heart softened and warmed towards her. "How she does love me, poor little thing !" he muttered. "And I've treated her devilish badly, no mistake. Well, well, I'll make it up to her, if all goes well, see if I don't !"

He came on to the bridge, and Swanhilda also hurried forward. Then the man below among the bushes started up, dry-mouthed and breathless. In an instant he sent forth a great, terrible cry of warning and agony ; but before it could be uttered the lovers had met upon the narrow plank, and Swanhilda had received her kiss. While their lips yet touched, the plank, sawn in two all but a finger's breadth, broke downwards, and they fell, clasped in each other's arms—head-long down over the fall, down to the bottom of the eddying pool ; up again, and over in the rapids, whirling round and round, dashed against the jagged stones, bleeding piteously ; stunned, let us trust, already, but still clinging to each other. Now the last plunge : and so, at length, with a final shriek of heaven-defying laughter, the hungry demon of the wheel grappled its prey. Ay, snatch at them, tear, break, grind them down and hold them there ; they are past feeling now. But not so the man upon the bank, with uncovered hair showing black and white in the moonlight, who has looked on at this scene, powerless to help, but awake to every swift phase of the tragedy, losing not a struggle or a pang, realising his own unspeakable horror and anguish, and foreseeing no comfort or pardon through all time to come.

The wheel stopped suddenly. Jael came breathless out of the mill-house, and shrinkingly approached the margin. A formless mass of something was wedged beneath the lower rim of the wheel and the bed of the stream, and a long mass of yellow hair floated out along the black water, and gleamed in the lustre of the untroubled moon,

The man on the other side was kneeling down, and seemed to be gazing idly into the current.

"He was your brother," said Jael, sobbing with rage and misery. "Your father was his. You have murdered him. God curse you! I wish you lay where he is."

"Why, Jael," returned Gloam, smiling at her, "you invoke a curse and a blessing in the same breath! My brother?—well. Swanhilda loved him and not me. Thank God I was the brother of the man she loved; the same blood ran in our veins—she loved a part of me in him. But why do you trouble yourself to curse me, Jael? I ask the charity of all men, and their sympathy!" . . .

I unclasped my hands from above my eyes, and started to my feet. No, there was no one near me; I was quite alone. It was deep twilight, but objects were still discernible: yet nowhere, neither beneath the Black Oak, nor beside the Laughing Wheel, nor anywhere in the gorge, could I see a trace of my late companion—of him whose last words were even then ringing in my ears: "I ask the charity of all men, and their sympathy!"

XI.

The next morning I was down late to breakfast. It was glorious weather, and the blue sparkle of the sea came through the open window, bringing with it a limitless inspiration of hope and wholesomeness. It was difficult to believe that there had ever been any sorrow or wrong in the world.

"Ye're not looking right hearty," said Mr. Poyntz, with bluff geniality, while his good wife set before me a huge plate of daintily fried bacon and eggs, and a smoking cup of coffee. "May be ye walked a bit too far last night? 'Twas powerful late afore ye got home, anyhow."

"Yes," said I, glancing at Agatha, who was knitting a pair of stockings for Peter in the eastern window, the morning sun glistening on the broad plaits of her yellow hair. "Yes, Mr. Poyntz, I think I must have made a very long journey last evening. By the way, is not to-day Sunday?"

"Ay, surely!" exclaimed husband and wife in a breath; and then the former added, "Ye'll be wanting to go to church, I suppose?"

"No, not this Sunday; though I hope to go before long, if Miss Agatha is willing to show me the way." I glanced at her again as I said this, but she would not look up, and I could not even be sure whether

she were listening. "What I want," I continued, "is for you, Mr. Poyntz, since you'll be at leisure, to take a stroll with me a little way up the stream. It will be a novelty, perhaps almost as much so to you as to me."

"Up the stream, is it?" returned he, pausing in the operation of cutting up a piece of tobacco, and turning his blue eye on me; "why, truly, sir, that's a trip I've not made for a number of years. Howsoever, none knows the road better than I do, and if so be as naught else 'll do ye, why, I'm your man!"

Accordingly, so soon as I had done breakfast, the sturdy old mariner mounted a wonderful glazed hat and a new pea-jacket of blue pilot cloth, took a fresh clay pipe from the mantelpiece, with a sigh and a shake of the head over the destruction of his beloved meerscham, and professed himself ready.

"Good-bye, Agatha," I said, passing the window. "Is there anything you would like me to bring you, when we come back?"

"Oh, a great many!" answered she, looking up gravely; "but nothing, I'm afraid, that you can get for me. Though—you'll bring yourself back to dinner, I suppose, won't you?"

She bent over her knitting as she said it, and her mouth and downcast eyelids were very demure. Nevertheless, I was encouraged to fancy that my former remark about church-going had not fallen so entirely unheeded as it had appeared to do. Before I could hammer out a fitting answer (my brain always seemed to work with really abnormal sluggishness when I most wanted to do myself credit with Agatha), Poyntz rolled out in his deep, jovial voice, "Back to Sunday dinner? Well, I should hope so. Why, the old woman is baking a pie as I'd sail round the Horn to get a snack of! Come on, Mr. Firemount; it 'll go hard but we fetches back an appetite as 'll warm the women's hearts to look at."

We trudged off at a tolerably round pace, and soon struck into a narrow grass-grown lane which led towards the east; and had proceeded some distance along it before I said,

"Do you know, Mr. Poyntz, that your daughter is one of the loveliest women in the world?"

"Ye mean Agatha? Ay, surely, that she is, heaven bless her! She was always that. A tiny bit of a lass, I remember her, not so long as my arm; as pretty a baby she was then as she's a woman now."

"Has she any thought of getting married soon? Such a face and character must have suitors enough."

"Well, as touching that, sir," said Poyntz, taking his pipe out of his

mouth and looking at it carefully, "ye mustn't think of Agatha just the same as of the fishermen's girls you meet round about. Good, honest girls they all are, I'm saying naught against that; but Agatha, d'ye see, is a bit different. Ye'll may be think it queer I should say it, sir; but say it I will that Agatha is a lady. She may live in our house, and put up with our ways—nay, and love us too, which sure I am she does; but all the same, if ye notice, she don't speak the same as me and the old woman do, nor she don't think the same neither. She's built on other lines, as I may say—a clipper yacht, while we're but fishing smacks, or trading schooners at best. And that being so as it is, the young fellows of our neighbourhood don't find they've got much show alongside of her, somehow. They're afraid of her, that's the long and short of it; not but she treats 'em kind enough, ye understand, as a lady should; but 'tis the kindness of a lady and not of an equal, and there's not one of 'em staunch enough to hold out against it. And how be they're fine lads, many of them, I can't truly say as I'm sorry for it, if so as Agatha is content."

"Nor can I!" I echoed to myself with devout earnestness. "She does seem of a different stock from most I see here," I said aloud. "I have seen women somewhat like her at Copenhagen; though I don't know whether I should have thought of that if I hadn't happened to say something in Danish, yesterday, and she answered me in the same language."

"Did she now!" said Poyntz, tipping forward his hat and scratching the back of his head. "And if I might ask it, sir, how came ye to speak Danish your own self?"

"My family was Danish before I was born; and I was taught the language almost before I knew English. Our name used to be Feuerberg; but we've translated it since we emigrated, you see."

"Ay, surely—Feuerberg," said Poyntz, puffing his pipe pre-occupiedly.

We walked on for a while in silence. So great was my desire that the evidence which I had been arranging in my mind should be borne out by the facts, that I was almost afraid to put the matter definitely to the proof; while Poyntz, on the other hand, was evidently taken by surprise, and had not got his ideas quite settled. At length, however, I thought I would hazard one hint more.

"I've been thinking of that yarn you were spinning yesterday afternoon—in fact, I believe I dreamt of it last night; and I should imagine that the little yellow-haired girl, if she grew up, would have looked enough like Agatha to be her sister—or her mother, at any rate."

"And I've been thinking, sir, of the accident that stopped me from finishing that there yarn ye speak of, and of the hearty thanks I owe ye for the stout heart and ready hand that saved my Peter. But thanks is easily said ; and I mean more than words come to. I'd not have ye suppose as I'd give all trust and confidence to a man just because he's done a brave act for me and mine. But as I told you once afore, and speaking out man to man, I like the looks of ye, and ever did ; and seeing as how ye've found out a good bit of our little secret already, and seem like you'd an interest to know more of it ; for that, and likewise because of another thing, as I've just found out myself, and it may be as important as any,—well, I'll tell ye what about Agatha there is to tell."

At this moment, however, we passed round a clump of oak trees, and found ourselves right at the entrance of the little gorge where I had had my adventure the night before. Poyntz halted, and fixed his eyes gravely upon the scene for several moments. "Ay, the same old harbour," said he ; "it's changed a bit now, but it brings it all back to me the last time I was here. This is the Laughing Mill, Mr. Feuerberg. And this here is the Black Oak, and here is poor Gloam's grave, d'ye see? with the bit of grey stone a sticking out of the end of it."

"Why was he buried here?"

"Well, 'twas his wish, that's all. He was crazed the last years of his life, with grieving on the death of the young girl as he'd picked up on the beach, that I was telling you of. A sad thing it was altogether. She went wrong, d'ye see, with the fellow David, the Scholar's brother, and was drowned here along with him ; but how that came to pass was never rightly known. 'Tis thought the Scholar had meant for to marry the girl himself. And so would David have married her, I doubt, if he'd known what I know."

"About the family?"

"Ay, sir, that. Ye may be 'll remember the iron box as I picked up? Well, I didn't tell any one about it then, not even the Scholar ; and soon after the night of the storm, I shipped for Rio, and was away a matter of two years. When I came back I heard as how David was thick with the girl—Swanhilda they called her. Then I opened the box, not having done it before, and found papers in it telling who she was, and that folks of hers were living in Germany, having emigrated there from Denmark ; and from what I could make out—for 'twas in a foreign lingo, and I was forced to borrow a lexicon to it—it seemed likely as how they was well off. Now, I had my opinion of David, that he was a worthless sort of a chap, though

clever and handsome ; so thinks I, I won't tell him of this, for if so be as I do, he'll wed the girl in the hope of money, and not for true love of her, who was worthy the love of better than he. But what I'll do, I'll write to those her folks in Germany, telling them as how she's here ; and when they come, then they can do for her as they find best, and it'll be out of my hands. And so I did, [but had never an answer, why I don't know. But it never came in my mind, sir, that the fellow David would ever be so black a scoundrel as to lead the poor innocent girl wrong. How be, when he had done it, thinks I, I'll tell him of her folks now, because now the best can happen will be that they marry, though the best is bad enough ; and if I tell him, may be he'll make her an honest woman, as the saying is. And tell him I did, with a piece of my mind touching my thought of him, into the bargain. And he promised me as he'd go and make it right the next day—this being spoke in the town above here, whither I'd gone for to see him. And it can't be said but what he kept his word ; only he and she was drowned in the night, and crushed under that there wheel, as never has turned since, to this day."

"What became of her baby—she had a baby?"

"Ay, and so she did, sir. Well, 'twas cared for by the housekeeper—she being grandmother to it, and so having first right, the more as the Scholar was crazed, though not dangerous, but mild and melancholy-like. But in years the old woman she came to the poor-house, and there died ; and I took the baby, and gave her what best I had to give, and better schooling than the lasses care for hereabouts. And as luck would have it, an elderly woman of Danish blood being come by a chance to the village, I got her to be nurse to the little one, and so grew up to a knowledge of her native tongue, d'ye see, and the fairy tales and such like thereto belonging. And—ay, I see you've guessed it long already, sir—that's Agatha."

I had intended relating my vision to Mr. Poyntz on the spot where it occurred ; but I know not what reluctance prevented me. It was too strange and solemn and inexplicable an experience to bear discussing so soon. So, instead of that, I told him, as we trudged homewards together, the history of the Feuerberg family, and how all tended to ratify my conviction that Agatha and I were cousins, though far removed. And I may remark here that he and I between us had afterwards no difficulty (what with his documents and my knowledge) in establishing the relationship beyond a doubt. "But," I added, as we stood on the brow of the slope overlooking the old house, and saw Agatha appear round the corner and kiss her hand to us, "but she and I are the last of our race, and there is no

great fortune awaiting us, that I know of. Only, Mr. Poyntz, I love her with my whole heart ; if she can love me, will you trust her to me ?”

“Nay, ye mustn't ask me,” replied the ancient mariner, **grasping** my hand, with tears in his old blue eyes. “I doubt she loves you well, already. And so do we all, for ye're a man, all be a quiet one. 'Twill be hard parting with her, as has been sunshine to us this many a year ; but ye'll bring her to see the old folks, as time serves ; and I'm bold for to believe ye'll be as happy as the day is long.”

It is twenty years since then, and old Jack Poyntz's prophecy has proved true. My wife is wont to say, with a smile in her dark eyes, that our prosperity is due to the restored virtue of the Pearl-shell Necklace, which still rests upon her bosom. To me, however, the necklace seems but as the symbol of the true love whose radiance has blessed our lives, and brought us better luck than any witchcraft can bestow.

POOR ZEPH!

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDISON ROOMS.

THEY were rooms that had seen better days and known better company. Time had been when society patronised the Grandison Rooms, and folk whom the world knew, and whom Court Guides recognised, came to classical concerts and evening conversaziones here, and drove away again weary and depressed. When fashion drifted further west, and larger rooms in more brilliant thoroughfares took all the shine that was left from the Grandison, the neighbourhood became shady and dubious by degrees, and the poor old stucco edifice in Frisk Street, Soho, grew more shady and dubious to match. Everybody came to grief who speculated in the Grandison, because nobody would come to see everybody's entertainment, no matter of what its merits might consist. Dioramas collapsed by scores at the Grandison Rooms, which were the home, or rather the family vault of dioramas for many long-suffering years, concluding with the tragic episode of a bankrupt exhibitor blowing his brains out one morning over the grand piano which a relentless lessee had impounded. Private theatricals had a turn at the Grandison Rooms, and failed to secure an audience; an organ-builder lost his money and his head over them; a furniture emporium sprang to light here, and went suddenly out again, with all the furniture of the depository; finally, a man who had been a publican, and had relations in the ballet, started the Grandison as a dancing academy, and, to the amazement of the neighbours, held his ground for years, and in the face of much scandal, and ill-report and enmity, existed after his own small fashion upon the profits of his speculation. The Grandison Rooms became something more than the shadow of a name again, although society had turned its back on them for ever. Knowing clerks about town, lively young Jews and Jewesses with Saturday evenings to themselves, skittish milliners and dressmakers from the

large establishments in the vicinity, the drapers' young men, the French hairdressers and French waiters and cooks for which Soho is famous, all knew the Grandison, spent their hardly-earned money there, and kicked up their heels to a wheezy band of four which played dance music in a little gallery. The Grandison had no dancing license, but evaded the law with a cleverness that reflected credit on Smiles the proprietor, who, report said, had not always been successful in dodging that great institution, but had bought his experience dearly once or twice. The Grandison was ostensibly and simply a dancing academy, where it was supposed that only annual subscribers were allowed to introduce their friends, who paid eightpence for the privilege on quadrille nights, which were three a week in the winter season, and well attended as a rule. Smiles did his best to keep the Grandison a select establishment, it must be asserted. Disreputability in silks and satins had flaunted its way hither, and been told politely that it could not be admitted on any pretence whatever; and the fast man—that is the man who had come for a lark, and failing in his lark, had gone in for a row—had been quickly pitched into the street or handed over to the policeman, at the first sign of his overstepping the bounds of that propriety for which the Grandison aimed to be distinguished. There was no dancing in hats or bonnets at the Grandison, no smoking allowed, save in the gentlemen's room upstairs, where report said card playing had been seen at times for a trifle more than nominal stakes. There was no boisterous fun, shrill laughter, or unseemly actions, nothing save the light and airy flirtations patent to all dancing shops high or low, and a trifle more evident at the Grandison, where life was distraction and reaction from a day's hard work. The academy was considered "a proper sort of place" by its habitués, who behaved themselves creditably, danced vigorously, and perspired much for eightpence, going steadily through the programme as a duty, and with a fixed intention to have money's worth for money expended. Men of the Cremorne and Argyll types, scouts from the grand army of prowlers, dropped in now and then, but voted the whole thing slow, and went away again as from a place of entertainment beyond their comprehension, a section of a world on the border land of good and harm, which they had not time to study.

There were two strangers puzzled in this way in the month of an April of two years ago. They had been attracted by the noise from the open windows of the Grandison, had paused in the street and in their short cut westward to listen, had asked a few questions of the aborigines, had gone in laughing and jesting at their adventure, and

were now standing at the door of the shabby ball-room looking curiously and critically at the dancers, who regarded them as intently in their turn.

"Swells," whispered the girls, and "Stuck-ups" muttered the men, whose attention had been arrested.

"An odd lot this, Frank," commented the elder stranger, a grave, almost stern-looking man of five-and twenty years of age.

"Wait a moment or two, Dudley," was the reply of a handsome young fellow, faintly flushed with wine, for he and his friend had been dining at the club and dining heavily; "this is a novelty, and amuses me."

"Giddy folk are easily amused," said the other sententiously.

"I am not giddy."

"You are young, and life bewilders you."

"What are they all?" asked Frank thoughtfully.

"The working classes in their best clothes."

"Respectable?"

"I should say so—most of them," added Dudley, with a reserve.

"The girls are tolerable, but the men are dreadful," muttered the younger man, still proceeding with his criticism.

"Ah! yes," said Dudley wearily, "that's the general rule. How long do you think of remaining?"

"A quarter of an hour or so, if you don't mind. This is what the world would call a spree."

"I don't quite see it. I will go into that ante-room and wait for you," said Dudley wearily; "it may be possible to get seltzer there."

"Stop and see the dancing," urged the other, greatly interested in the scene. "By Jove, they are enjoying themselves at this crib. Dowager Lady Bareblades should see this, old boy!"

Dudley laughed, but strolled towards the apartment on the other side of the staircase and away from the ball-room. It was a refreshment room of humble pretensions, with low long tables on which were biscuits and oranges, with a counter at the extremity where coffee and lemonade were in reserve. There was a lovers' quarrel going on at the table next to Dudley, and Dudley, a student of human nature, sat and observed this after ordering his sherry and seltzer of a dilapidated waiter. The lovers were at high words—the course of true love had not run smoothly that particular evening—there had been flirtation at work, and jealousy had been the consequence, and now the weaker vessel was "catching it."

"I told you, yesterday, not to dance with him," muttered the man angrily.

"What was I to do?"

"Wait for me."

"I did wait till the last minute—I was not going to lose my dance," said the girl sharply; "you should have made haste if you wanted me for your partner."

"I couldn't come before the governor let me off," cried the aggrieved man; "what's the use of talking such foolery as that?"

"Foolery!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes—foolery. What else do you call it?" was the blunt rejoinder.

"Very well, Ben. You don't dance with me any more to-night."

"Oh! I can find plenty of other girls, if that's your game," he said.

"Find them," cried the girl, "and welcome!"

"Damme—I will too. I won't be served like this. I'll go and dance my hardest," and Ben sprang up like a bomb-shell.

"Go—and joy go with you," said the girl saucily.

Ben, a beetle-browed, unamiable young man with a pasty complexion, marched away from his lady-love and passed into the ball-room without a backward glance at her whom he had taken to task. Dudley regarded the girl attentively after her lover's departure. Had she gone too far with her humble, but irritable, swain, and was she sorry for it? There was a thoughtful expression on her face for an instant, and then she laughed pleasantly and unaffectedly to herself, as at a jest that pleased her.

"You don't seem very deeply distressed at that young man's desertion of you," remarked Dudley suddenly. The words escaped him before he had time to think—even if he had been disposed to think of the matter at all. There was no impropriety in addressing a young woman at a dancing establishment—there was no harm meant—and he was an inquisitive man, and interested. The girl turned towards the speaker somewhat surprised at his sudden salutation, but not embarrassed by it. An urgent need for formal introductions at the Grandison on a quadrille night had been never clearly apparent.

"Distressed! Not I indeed," she said with a toss of her head.

"He's very angry," remarked Dudley with mock solemnity.

"He'll cool down quick enough. I've known my gentleman before to-night," she replied with another toss of her head.

"Used to his little tempers, then?"

"I should think I was!"

"It might be wise to apologise," said Dudley drily.

"Me apologise—to him! Me!" cried the girl taking his words in sober earnest, he spoke so seriously and looked so gravely at her. "I'll pay him out for this presently, see if I don't."

"Ah! I'm afraid I shall not be here to see the fun."

"No—really," said the girl, amused that any one should think of quitting the Grandison before the last galop had been played and the fiddlers had packed up their instruments. She regarded her interrogator more attentively, and noticed that he was better dressed and better gloved, and altogether a different kind of being from the men who came to Frisk Street. She saw, in fact, that this was a swell—that he was in full dress, with a button-hole worth three-and-sixpence in his light coat—and with things in his shirt-front that shone like gold, and perhaps were made of it, who could tell? She became suddenly reserved, as if conscious that he had been "chaffing" her, and was probably vexed with herself that in her excitement and petulance she had not detected more quickly his badinage. The sudden change of manner was a new surprise to Dudley and added to his amusement—and then there gradually dawned on his comprehension also the fact that the girl was singularly beautiful. It had not struck him earlier; he had been interested in her manner rather than in herself, but the fact was very patent to him now, that here, under other circumstances, was a face that a painter might love to copy, a poet to rave about, a sculptor to immortalise in marble. He was only five-and-twenty and could appreciate beautiful faces in women for all the hard dry studies which had kept him stern, and dull, and steady, to that memorable date of his life.

He was interested now, or amused, or something. He did not attempt to define his feelings, but the sudden reserve exhibited by his companion puzzled him, and even pleased him. In his own circle, and when in high spirits, he had been told by fair women once or twice that he was "an aggravating fellow," "a tease," and he drifted into his teasing mood, as though this little girl was one of his "set" and it was his business to "draw her out," and give life and colour to her.

It was a matter of some difficulty, for his companion only answered in monosyllables, and turned her head from him whilst she spoke. To an inquiry, at last, if she would take any refreshment, she answered "No," with an asperity that silenced him until the dance was over in the ball-room, and the majority of the dancers came talking and laughing into the refreshment department, and the man with whom the girl had had a few words sat down at a table opposite and glowered across at them. He had brought his partner with him into the saloon, probably to pique the young lady whom he had left there—but the experiment was a failure, and the sight of Dudley by the side of the girl he had reproved, was a blow from which he did not quickly recover.

The girl began to talk to Dudley with more animation also, but her companion did not take it as a compliment, seeing the game of life pretty clearly in this instance, and feeling that he came in useful at this juncture, nothing more. Still he rattled away glibly enough, said some smart things at which his companion laughed merrily and musically, and even clapped her hands, and the man over the way looked as if he would be glad to cut his throat.

"Zeph!" he called out at last, peremptorily, "come and sit here."

"Thank you, Ben," was the curt reply, "I am quite comfortable where I am."

"You had better stay there then," he grunted forth.

"I mean to, as long as I choose," she answered back defiantly.

Dudley began to think he was in the way, and hardly doing the correct thing in rousing the ire of the pale-faced man opposite; he would have said "good night" and gone away, had not the jealous man directed public attention to him by some remark which did not reach his ears, but which set half-a-dozen greasy-looking youths into a roar of laughter. After that, Dudley resolved to remain and to make himself at home, and show to all whom it might concern that he was not to be scoffed off the premises.

"Your young man is getting jealous," he said to the girl.

"He's not my young man," was the quick answer.

"Didn't you tell me he was?"

"You know I didn't."

"Well, he's next door to it," said Dudley, "he would be if you cared to have him."

"Ah! that's another thing," said the girl, laughing heartily again as she looked at Dudley, who thought he had never encountered such deep blue eyes, and with so much liquid light in them. Yes, this was a very pretty young woman; and she was aware of the fact. She was different from any young woman whom he had met before too; he wished this straightforward, blunt style of reply was fashionable in his circle, it would save a deal of trouble and misunderstanding, and people would jog along the better for it.

"What is he?" he asked.

"He's a plumber and gas-fitter," she replied. "His father keeps a shop at the corner of Edwin Street, you know."

"Ah, yes, a very good shop," said Dudley, as though he had known the neighbourhood and the business all his life, "and Ben helps his father?"

"That's it."

"And Ben will presently come into the business, and marry you, Zeph, and that's the end of the love story."

"Don't call me Zeph, if you please," said his companion, with a sudden exhibition of dignity that would have discomfited most men.

"Why not?" he replied, innocently—far too innocently for Frisk Street, "That is your name—is it not?"

"You have no right to call me by it, if it is."

"I don't know any other."

"And you won't either."

"Won't I?"

"No—that you won't!"

"We shall see."

There was a pause, and then Dudley said thoughtfully—

"Zeph is a very odd name."

"I am sorry you don't like it," said Zeph in the same pert tone—"awfully sorry!"

"But I do like it."

"I daresay you do. Oh, yes."

Zeph laughed merrily again, and looked across at Ben, who ground his teeth together and swore profanely, and wondered what they both were talking about, and cursed them both, especially the man in the dress coat and gloves, and with a finical flower in his button-hole. Curse him? Yes, certainly; with the greatest satisfaction in life.

"What is Zeph short for?" Dudley asked.

"I shan't tell you."

"I wish you would," he urged. "I am really curious; upon my honour."

She seemed to give way, as his tone became more earnest.

"Oh! well then, Zephyrina, if you must know," she answered.

"And now don't bother me any more about it."

"Am I bothering you?"

"Yes."

"Shall I go away?"

"Yes. You are off to a party, I suppose?" she asked a little curiously, in her turn.

"I was thinking about it. I am not quite certain I shall go."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Ah! you haven't taken all that trouble to dress for nothing. And that fine flower, too?"

"You may have that."

"May I?" and Zeph's eyes sparkled with pleasure for a moment,

and then were suddenly veiled by her long lashes. "Oh ! no, thank you," she added the instant afterwards,

"You will not have it?" he inquired.

"No, thank you ; I would rather not."

"You don't like flowers?"

"Yes, I do."

"You don't think Ben would like you to accept it?"

"It doesn't matter to me what Ben likes," she replied.

"There ! he is off with his young lady again !"

"A pretty young lady she is ! there isn't a scrap of a lady about her. I know her and her great red hands. Just look at them !"

"They *are* a trifle red," observed Dudley. "Perhaps it's the weather."

"Or the scrubbing brush. I always thought she was a servant," said Zeph, almost vindictively.

"Yes, you *are* jealous," Dudley remarked.

"Upon my word and honour, I ain't," said Zeph.

"You know you are fond of little Benjamin," said Dudley in so reproving and quaint a tone that Zeph laughed merrily, and this time unaffectedly.

"I like your style," she said sarcastically, at last.

"Meaning you dislike my impudence?"

"Perhaps I do. Why don't you go to your party?" cried Zeph. "Your swell friends will be advertising for you presently."

"I am very comfortable here, thank you."

"You don't look it."

"I am waiting to see you dance," said Dudley.

"Don't know that I shall dance any more," was the answer.

"Why not?"

"Can't say. Perhaps because I can't find any partners while you sit here jawing to me."

This was very frank ; amazingly frank, but excessively inelegant. It jarred upon the susceptibilities of Dudley, and he shuddered until he caught sight of her face, fair, fresh, young, and full of the happiness of life's beginning—a face looking innocently out at the world yet, and knowing nothing and guessing but little of the world's temptations. Certainly not eighteen years of age, this bright girl, in whom his interest was not growing less, who puzzled him and bewildered him by her originality and piquancy.

"How do you know I am not going to ask you to favour me with your hand for this waltz?" asked Dudley, in reply to her.

"Oh ! yes; you are sure to dance."

"What is to hinder me?"

"You are much too fine. You wouldn't like to mix with all the people you see here?"

"You are very much mistaken."

"Oh ! I know," said Zeph, laughing again. "We have had one or two of you gents before, but they never dance."

"But I will—if you will accept me for a partner," said Dudley positively.

Out came her favourite word again in her surprise.

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"But ——"

"Will you have me, or not?" he said impatiently.

"Yes, I don't mind."

"Come along, then."

Dudley had taken off his overcoat, pitched it into a corner, and was now moving down the room with Zeph on his arm. At the door his friend Frank was standing, and he pushed him lightly aside.

"Out of the way, you wall-flower !" he exclaimed.

"By Jove !—what—Dudley !" cried his friend, and before Frank had recovered from his astonishment, Dudley and Zeph were whirling round the ball-room together at double-quick speed. It was a wild waltz whilst it lasted, but before they were tired, the music had ceased.

"Bother," said Zeph, "how soon !"

"Never mind—we'll go in for the next—whatever it is," said Dudley rashly, "is it a bargain?"

"I don't mind," answered Zeph very graciously.

She was in high spirits now, and secretly proud of her partner though he was not vain enough to guess that for himself. They promenaded in the ball-room with the other couples, and Zeph laughed and nodded to her various acquaintances, and exchanged "Good-evenings" and "How d'ye do's" with some of the most extraordinary specimens of mankind whom Dudley thought he had ever seen in his life.

"Do you come here very often?" he asked suddenly and almost sadly.

"Twice a week sometimes, always on a Saturday;" replied Zeph ;
"I can get out best on that day, of course."

"Why, of course?"

"Because business closes earlier, to be sure."

"May I ask what your business is?"

"I am just out of my apprenticeship to the millinery," Zeph answered frankly, "are you very much shocked?"

"Not at all. What would the world be without milliners?"

"Ah! what indeed?"

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Well, you are a cure for questions. I have a father. The mother," she added becoming suddenly grave, "is dead."

"I am sorry I asked," said Dudley very earnestly, "you must not mind what I say."

"I don't much. Still mother has not been dead so long, that—" and here she came to a full stop, and dashed something quickly from her eyes.

"This is not a bad-sized room," Dudley hastened to say after an awkward silence.

"No—and they are taking their places for the next dance."

"What dance is it?"

"The Lancers."

"Oh! Lord," muttered Dudley.

Still the Lancers it was, and he fought bravely through it, and laughed, and talked, and made himself agreeable to the members of his particular set of eight, and was called "old chap" and "mate" by one or two friendly souls of his own sex, and clasped vigorously at "corners," by agile young beings of the opposite sex, and enjoyed his dance with Zeph as well as it was possible under the circumstances. He was more interested than ever in this little girl—she seemed above the rest of her class here—too good, and pretty, and pure, to run the gauntlet of all these grimy young Hebrews and Christian cads without gloves, these leering, howling, queer-looking beasts who called her Zeph—he heard half a dozen of them address her by her Christian name.

"You let your favourites call you Zeph, I see!"

"Yes—when they know me."

"Perhaps I shall be a favourite some day," he said lightly.

"I don't think that's very likely," she answered lightly too.

"Why not?"

"Well, the coolness of you!" she said. "That's a good one. You won't come here again, I know that."

"There's no telling what may happen," was Dudley's reply. "But I don't think I shall come very often."

"No—I suppose not."

"I wish you did not come."

"Why not?" asked the girl, very much surprised now,

"You might do better than come here," said Dudley. "You will pardon me for saying this on so early an acquaintance, but these rooms are hardly a fit place for a young girl."

"It's respectable—you can't say a word against it!" she said indignantly, "there's gents here as well as you."

"I should be sorry to think ill of the Grandison—but you come alone."

"Very often. I find plenty of friends when I get here."

"And plenty of friends to see you home?" he asked meaningly.

"Ben puts me in an omnibus generally—that's all."

"Lucky Ben!"

They went back into the refreshment room, where Zeph condescended, on this occasion, to take a glass of port wine (far ruddier than the cherry that logwood decoction was) at her partner's expense, and to sit with him at the table again at which he had first made her acquaintance. Here Frank came up, looking almost angry at his friend's neglect of him, and altogether puzzled by his friend's new style of behaviour.

"Is it not time we started?" he asked querulously.

"I am ready, when you are."

"Oh, I have been ready this hour-and-a-half," said Frank, strolling over towards the door.

"An hour-and-a-half," said Dudley, looking at his watch, "so it is! How time flies when a fellow is happy!"

He put on his overcoat again, standing and looking down at the bright face of the girl with whom he had danced.

"Will you have this flower now," he asked, "'in memory of' &c.?"

"Thank you."

He took it from his button-hole, and placed it in her hand, and she looked up at him half archly, half thoughtfully.

"Good night, little Zeph," he said.

"Good night, sir."

"When I see you again I shall ask you to dance with me," he said lightly.

"Ah! *when* you do," she answered.

"Perhaps you don't want to see me again?"

Strange feeling! but his heart was beating more rapidly than its wont, as if in doubt about her answer.

"Oh, you haven't made yourself particularly disagreeable," she said, with her old sauciness apparent,

"Not like Ben?"

"No, not a bit like Ben," she repeated laughingly.

"And you will not be very sorry to see me again, perhaps?"

"N—no," with affected hesitation, "not very, I think. But I can exist without you—by an effort."

He laughed himself at her manner; then the impulse came to him to tempt this light little milliner into a promise. She was very pretty, she attracted him, and he was not his old steady, grave self that night.

"I fancy I can't exist well without you," he said in a low tone. "I should like to see you again, just for half-an-hour's chat, when you come from business one evening. May I?"

She looked up at him with surprise in her eyes, and a flickering colour on her cheeks.

"Will you meet me," he urged, "this day week, at the corner of the street, for half-an-hour?—only a few minutes, if you like; but please come."

She did not answer at once.

"You are laughing at me," she said, looking down.

"No I am not."

"Really?"

"Really; I am in earnest. Will you come?"

"Yes, I think I will," she murmured. "What time?"

"Eight."

"Very well."

"Thank you, Zeph. Good night."

"Good night," she responded; and long after he had gone away, proud of his small conquest—such as it was—over this vain, pretty, poor little work-girl, Zeph sat there, thinking of all that he had said, and all that she had promised in return.

CHAPTER II.

A GARDEN PARTY.

DUDLEY GREY and his friend Frank Amoores went away laughing from the Grandison Rooms. They left, as they came, with a jest, and Frank Amoores, a good-tempered fellow in his way, forgot speedily how long he had been kept waiting by his friend.

"You have been going it, Dudley," he said; "by Jove, I never saw you enter into the spirit of a thing of this kind before."

"It was the champagne we had at dinner, Frank."

"It was the pretty little woman with the big eyes, you hypocrite," cried Frank.

"Yes—she is pretty," said Dudley. "I was interested in a quarrel between her and her sweetheart, and so drifted into conversation afterwards."

"And to two dances after that. I shall never forget those Lancers," said Frank, with a roar that awoke the echoes of the street, "and you arm-in-arm with three carpenters, each grinning at his vis-à-vis before turning to places. It was a scene out of a play."

"It was droll," remarked Dudley, thoughtfully.

"What would the Bareblades say?" exclaimed Frank. "What would Geraldine think of her cavalier behaving in this extraordinary fashion at an eightpenny hop?"

"She would laugh at all eccentricities."

"Then I may tell her, Dud?"

"Certainly, you may."

But Frank Amore did not mention their adventure when the two young men arrived at the residence of the Dowager Countess Bareblades, and Dudley seemed quickly to forget it, in the fascinations of high-bred women and the excitement of a *soirée dansante*, with more champagne at supper. He forgot his promise to meet this Zeph on the following Tuesday—possibly forgot Zeph altogether. At all events, he did not tell Frank how far his flirtation had extended, and Frisk Street to the younger man lay a long way off next day, and was as remote as the Antipodes by that day week.

And Dudley Grey? Well, when Tuesday came, he remembered his appointment; he thought about it at the club, at his chambers in Clement's Inn, at the hospital where Frank was resident surgeon, and where he called to see Frank that morning, as briefs were scarce with him, but where he never mentioned the name of the girl that was upon his mind, despite the faint efforts that he made to shake her from it. At his club again after dinner he thought even more, and this time seriously, of the situation—shrugging his shoulders at the idea which troubled him.

"I don't mean her any harm, heaven knows—I wouldn't do her any harm for the world," he said to himself; "but I wonder if she'll be there."

After wondering for five more minutes over his coffee, he indulged in another little soliloquy.

"I might do an impressionable girl like Zeph some good by advising her to give up that dancing den. To be sure I might," and full of this noble resolve, Dudley Grey set forth in search of Zeph the milliner.

He was at the corner of Frisk Street ten minutes before the time appointed ; he was always a punctual man, but he never remembered being so much before his time as on this occasion. He must have walked fast, or miscalculated his distance, and those ten minutes in advance of the appointment became terribly wearisome, and exhausted all the distractions of the murky street wherein he lingered. It was a dreadful street ; when it was striking eight, and there was no sign of the girl whom he had come to meet, he wished fervently he had named another and more respectable thoroughfare. People stared at him too much—the shops were common-place, and the contents of their windows devoid of interest—a woman at the fried fish establishment opposite came to the door to inspect him thoroughly—the greengrocer's boy winked at him, as though he guessed the reason for his lingering on the kerb-stones—women with baskets of laundry-work ran against him at odd corners—the policeman passed him half-a-dozen times, and took him in from top to toe on each occasion ; he felt hot and uncomfortable, and angry, and out of place. By a quarter past eight he was miserable and abject ; at half-past eight he was anxious ; when it was a quarter to nine he was savage ; as it was striking nine by a church clock in the distance he turned away with some very bad words on the tip of his tongue, and marched off to his club in an unamiable mood.

He was a fool. He should have known better than to trust to the word of a silly little milliner, and let her have the laugh of him—perhaps tell her friends and acquaintances how she had “sold” the “swell” who came to the Grandison last Tuesday, and tried to trick her into an appointment with him. Yes—that was it—for as he turned out of Frisk Street he ran against the thick-set, pasty-faced individual of the name of Ben, who smiled maliciously, and looked after him until he was out of sight. That was the joke, and he had been the victim of it. So be it. Such is life, when a man goes out of his sphere in search of adventure, or excitement, or to do anybody a good or a bad turn. He had put himself out of his way purely for the girl's sake—to be a friend and counsellor to her—and this was how he had been rewarded for his pains ! Yes—it was a good joke, but he would keep it to himself. He was glad that he had not said anything of the affair to Frank Amoore. Frank would have seen the joke too clearly, and laughed unpleasantly over it.

For days afterwards, however, the non-fulfilment of Zeph's promise perplexed as well as vexed the man. Why did she not come after all ? She surely meant to come when he had asked her. Was she afraid of him ? Did she see harm in him, or fear harm to

herself? Did she think he would not be there, or had she utterly forgotten his existence, or was she going out with pasty face, or was she ill, or had she been unavoidably detained? He was a vain man in his quiet way—not very vain—not even known to be a vain man by his friends; but the idea occurred to him more than once that it was a remarkable thing that Zeph had not kept her word. He was surely an improvement on the Grandison cads; for what she knew, he might have fallen desperately in love with her at first sight; he was a gentleman, and she was losing a chance by not coming to meet him.

All these thoughts for two or three days, crossed by the reflection that Zeph was very pretty and naïve and original—"quite a character," and he was fond of studying character—and then she melted away from the foreground of his meditations, and he drifted slowly into his own world where Geraldine was, and where he was considered a very clever fellow, who would make a name for himself one of these fine days.

An advertisement in the newspapers took him back to the old thought. This was in the beginning of June, when he had almost forgotten Zeph and the Grandison Rooms. He read it over attentively, and laughed heartily at a new project which its perusal suggested. Frank Amooore entering his chambers at that moment found him on the broad grin.

"What the deuce are you laughing at?" he asked unceremoniously.

"Do you remember the Grandison, last April, Frank?"

To be sure."

"Look here, then. Here is the concluding chapter of that little comedy."

Frank took the paper from his friend's hands, and read—

"THE GRANDISON GARDEN PARTY.—Mr. Smiles begs to inform his friends and patrons that the annual garden party of the subscribers to the Grandison Rooms, Frisk Street, Soho, is fixed for the 10th inst. at Keston Common, near Bromley. A ball will take place in the Grandison Rooms on the evening of the same day, and form the concluding night of the season. For tickets and full particulars apply to the principal, at the Rooms, from seven till ten p.m."

"What a wind-up to the festivities of Frisk Street, Dudley," said Frank. "Fancy meeting all those people in the broad daylight!"

"I could not fancy that at all," replied Dudley.

And yet on the 10th inst., on a bright summer day in June, it occurred to the oddly-constructed mind of Dudley Grey, barrister-at-law, that he would take the train from Ludgate Hill and run down

to Broml y for half an hour's fresh air. He was not in love with Zeph ; she would have completely died out of his recollection, had it not been for the advertisement concerning the garden party. He had no thought of reviving the flirtation of a couple of months back, even of speaking to her, unless she recognised him, and put herself out of the way to say a word to him ; he was simply curious to learn if that quaint girl were one of the party. Then he was writing a book too—though that was a secret to the world at present ; and surely a medley of humanity, such as a garden party of this description would be, should give him character and incident to study. He had heard from the men who wrote books that they mixed with all kinds of people, on all kinds of occasions, and he must do the same thing, *sans c r monie*, if he wished to put real life into the pages of his novel. So business as well as curiosity took Dudley Grey to Keston, and if he had another reason he kept it to himself.

He walked leisurely from Bromley to the Common, hesitating when he had reached that picturesque bit of landscape, and feeling half disposed to walk on swiftly into the heart of green Surrey until it was time to make for the nearest railway station and home. Then the sound of voices was borne to him on the summer wind, merry laughter and light music, and when he was standing on the bridge dividing the two lower lakes of Keston, he could see the garden party in full force on the higher ground, and be a witness to the enjoyment of the scene, without approaching it too closely. If he had had an idea of intruding upon the company, he abandoned it at once ; he was quite content to lounge away an hour in the distance, listening to the far-off music, and watching what seemed from his solitary standpoint the general happiness of the community. He would have been glad to catch a glimpse of Zeph ; to see how she looked in her holiday dress and in the sunshine that glowed upon the landscape ; but, after all, he was not particularly anxious about it. She was a nice little woman, who would look well in anything, and he only hoped that she had found a better companion for herself than "pasty face" that day. He smoked a cigar, and leaned against the railing of the bridge, and dropped off into a dreamy state, half torpor and half reverie, until the rippling laughter of two girls who were running through the bracken on the further bank turned his attention in a new direction. One was tall, and the other stout, and both were young. They were concealing themselves from their lovers perhaps, or glad to get from the crowd for awhile, and they came on swiftly through the ferns and grass and round the bend of the water's edge towards the barrister.

"Come along, Zeph, here's a little peace and quietness this way,"

Dudley heard the taller young woman say, "we have had enough of Ben and Charlie for the next half hour."

"I should think we had," answered Zeph, and then the girl with whom he had danced at the Grandison Rooms tripped along in white muslin like a fairy, and, followed by her companion, passed Dudley on the bridge. Both girls looked at Dudley as they hurried by—it was a habit of the Grandison girls to look about them a little—and the taller girl laughed not too modestly perhaps at the grave handsome lounging. Zeph glanced at Dudley, and tripped by in utter ignorance of her old partner, and he let her pass him, and then suddenly and impulsively cried,—

"Zeph!"

The girls stopped, and the younger and prettier looked shyly from under the radiance of a hat, all maize and white silk trimming, at the gentleman who had addressed her thus familiarly.

"I have not the honour," she said very modestly and quietly, "I—I do not remember you, really!"

"It's the gentleman's fun," said the other, laughing loudly; "he heard me call you Zeph. Didn't you now?"

"Oh, no!" answered Dudley. "I have met this young lady before, only her memory is at fault a little, and partners are numerous at the Grandison."

Zeph regarded him more intently, and then clapped her hands softly together after an old habit of hers, and smiled half in surprise and half in recognition of him.

"I know!" she cried, "I know now. It was nearly two months ago—one Tuesday night. You danced a waltz with me."

"And the Lancers afterwards," added Dudley.

"Of course; I remember everything."

"Everything—you are quite sure?" he said, meaningly.

Zeph blushed very much, and looked away from him.

"I have not forgotten," she said; then she faced him again, and added, "do you live about here, in this beautiful part of the world?"

"Oh, no, I am a true Londoner," he answered.

"How strange you should be at Keston to-day!"

"Not at all."

"We have a garden party here from the Grandison," she said.

"Yes. I should not have come had I not seen the advertisement in the newspaper," he replied, very coolly.

"But you——"

"Haven't joined the party. Well—no—not at present. It is

hardly likely that I shall," he added, "it is getting late, and you will be soon going homewards."

"Yes, but what did you come all this way for?" asked the curious girl.

Dudley did not answer at once, and he was surprised to find that Zeph's companion answered quickly for him, and very much to the purpose. There was no beating about the bush with Carry Saunders. She was six-and-twenty, had danced for years at the Grandison, and knew human life tolerably well.

"What's the good of asking that silly question, Zeph?" she cried, half indignantly. "You know all about it as well as he does. You have planned this between you. You can't do me,—I ain't a fool! But you might have said you were going to meet the gentleman here though."

"I had no appointment with the gentleman. Really!"

"Upon my honour she had not," added Dudley in her defence.

"Ah! tell that to the marines," said the sceptical young woman. "I know! I see it all! Well," with another burst of laughter, "I won't tell Ben a word about it, only don't be long away, Zeph, or there will be the fat in the fire, and no mistake."

And away scuttled Carry Saunders from them, heeding not Zeph's entreaty for her to remain. Zeph turned quickly to Dudley and said,—

"I will bid you good day; I must go after her."

"I will not detain you more than a minute."

"I must go," said Zeph in evident confusion.

"You are afraid of me then?" he asked.

"Oh, no! It takes a great deal to frighten me," she said, with her old crispness, "but I would rather go, please."

Dudley was annoyed at the girl's anxiety to be quit of him. The vanity that was at the bottom of his heart was piqued considerably, and he said,—

"You might spare me a few minutes' sober conversation, young lady, after my coming all this way in search of you."

"In search of me—really? You?" and the blue eyes opened wider and wider in their astonishment, and the fair cheeks took a deeper tinge of crimson into them.

"Yes. I thought I should like to see you again," he confessed.

"But I might not have been here after all. It was a chance. Father did not like my coming."

"He is a wiser father than I thought he was," said Dudley drily; "but you have a will of your own?"

"Yes, I have."

"And there was an attraction here that you could not withstand."

"Perhaps there was—perhaps there wasn't," said she saucily.

"Ben the beloved?"

"Ben, indeed!" and the maize and white hat was tossed to and fro with a disparaging movement that would have seriously wounded the feelings of the absent plumber.

"Well, have you enjoyed the holiday?" inquired Dudley.

"Very much. I work too hard not to enjoy being out in the country."

"You are going to the ball in the evening?"

"Of course I am."

"You'll kill yourself with pleasure, and there'll be an end of you," Dudley remarked.

"I don't care to live very long," was the strange answer; "I don't want to grow old."

"Why not?"

"Nobody will care for me when I am old."

"Ben will, if you treat Ben well," said Dudley.

Zeph stamped her foot impatiently at this further introduction of Ben's name into the discourse, and almost frowned when Dudley laughed at her vehemence.

"I wish you would not talk of Ben," she cried; "he is nothing to do with you."

"No; Heaven be praised."

"And I haven't time to stay any longer."

"Thank you for staying at all, Zeph. May I say Zeph?" he asked.

"No, you mayn't. It's like your impudence."

"You are not angry because I came all this way to see you?" he inquired.

"You never did!"

"I did, indeed."

"I ought to be very much flattered," she said, looking down, "what did you want to see me for?"

"What does a man go out of his way to see a pretty girl for, as a rule?" asked Dudley.

"I can't say," she answered, with her blue eyes sparkling, "men are such odd creatures."

"Besides, I wanted to ask you a question."

"You have asked me a dozen already."

"One more will make a baker's dozen, then, Zeph."

"What is it?"

"Why did you not come to meet me at the corner of Frisk Street, on the Tuesday following the night I saw you at the Grandison?" he enquired.

"Were you there?" she asked curiously.

"Yes."

"Really, now?"

"Really."

She blushed, looked down, laughed, looked up at him again with a full, steady light in her eyes, and said—

"Why did I not meet you?"

"Yes."

"Because I thought afterwards it was not right."

"You did think of it again?"

"Oh, yes; for days. And then I made up my mind I would not come," she said.

"Good girl—prudent Zeph," replied Dudley. "Keep as wise as that, child, to the end of your days, and you will be safe from all danger."

"You are a nice one to preach!" said Zeph, laughing. "Did you wait long for me?"

"An hour."

"Poor man," said she, with mock commiseration, "I wish I had said 'No' to you at the Grandison."

"It is of no consequence," replied Dudley.

"But it was a dull, miserable night, wasn't it?"

"It was. But I saw Ben, and he made faces at me."

"He never told me he had seen you," she said laughing; "I am sorry you waited for me—but it would not have been right to come."

"All was for the best, I daresay. Why, you did not even know me this afternoon?"

"Not at first. Who would have dreamed of your being in this part of the world?"

"There is no telling where I may turn up," he replied; "I am not accountable for my actions."

"Oh! good gracious"—with a pretty exhibition of feigned alarm, "let me get away from you at once."

"Perhaps I may look in at the Grandison this evening."

"I wish you—"

Then she stopped, and he said earnestly,

"Go on."

"No, thank you, I'd rather not."

"You should always finish your sentences," he said reprovingly.

"Oh! should I?"

"And if you'll only say that you would not be particularly sorry to see me at the ball—it is more than possible that I shall come creeping in at a late hour to say good night to you."

"How kind of you!" she cried ironically, "but I shan't say anything of the sort."

"Very well."

"There's the rooms," she said half pettishly, half flippantly, "and if you want to see me, you know where to find me. And if you don't—why you can do the other thing."

"Admirably argued," he said coolly, "I will reflect upon the position."

"Good afternoon then."

"Good afternoon."

He extended his hand, and she placed hers within it, and looked at him shyly again. For an instant the thought crossed him that he would attempt to kiss her, and then something in her look told him it would be a failure, and that he should offend her. It was not likely he should ever see her again, he thought—here was the end of a funny and singular kind of flirtation—he would not hurt her feelings by any eccentricity of conduct.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye, sir," answered Zeph.

She went away among the bracken towards the revellers, looking back once at him and waving her hand in return to his salutation, before she disappeared amongst the trees.

"She's a curious girl," he soliloquised, "a nice girl certainly, and above her class altogether. Now many a man would hunt that poor girl to death—to a moral death, if possible. What black-hearted devils there are in this world, to be sure! How easy for one of them, if he were good-looking, and clever and young, to talk this semi-fast little coach out of her honest sphere into wrong before she knew where she was. Poor little Zeph!—good-bye to you. I wonder what Geraldine would think of Dudley Grey talking to a pretty shop-girl on Keston Common. I wonder what this world of starch and decorum would say about the matter altogether."

CHAPTER III.

SMILES'S BENEFIT.

THE ball at the Grandison Rooms was a brilliant success. Mr. Smiles finished his season in a blaze of triumph. There was hardly standing-room amongst the crowd of patrons who flocked in to say good-bye to Smiles till next September. All the ladies and gentlemen who had been to Keston, and all the ladies and gentlemen, whose various businesses had not permitted them to go to Keston, were there on that particular evening to do honour to the proprietor, to wish him joy, to congratulate him on pecuniary results, and to stand treat in "sherry wine," until the world to Smiles, on that festive occasion, was steeped in sherry wine to the topmost brim.

Little Zeph was the belle of the ball—everybody acknowledged that fact without a murmur. She wore a new dress for the occasion, too—not the book-muslin of the afternoon's garden party, but a smart grey merino, trimmed with scarlet,—and a pair of the best lavender kid gloves, with scarlet satin bows at the wrists. She came early, and danced till late; she was snapped up by eligible partners—there was a corn-chandler and seedsman, who had a shop in the Tottenham Court Road, and was doing well, and had only six grown-up girls to take care of, who was so extraordinarily attentive to Zeph, that it was seen very quickly by perceptive contemporaries that "Budds was caught," and it was Zeph's fault if she did not "hook" him before the evening was over. Budds was a friend of Smiles, and a cut above the Grandison folks, take them in the lump. He had gone to Keston to oblige Smiles, and had come to the ball to oblige Smiles, and drunk a quantity of bad sherry to oblige Smiles, and fallen in love—head over ears—with Zeph Carrington, before he knew where he was, or what marvels love and sherry together could effect.

Zeph danced and laughed with the corn-chandler, but kept him at a respectful distance, although Ben—with whom she danced also—took her to task in his usual jealous fashion, and said she was encouraging Old Budds, and that if Old Budds did not behave himself better, he'd be found weltering in his gore before the evening was over. Zeph laughed, and called him "a jealous pate," and "a disagreeable fellow," and flitted from one partner to the other, a being full of light and life whom that long day's holiday had brightened rather than fatigued. If she had been very closely watched, one might have imagined that she was a trifle too restless and gay, and that as the hours glided by, she glanced several times during the

dances towards the entrance doors, as if half expectant to find a friend there, and half disappointed to miss him amongst the crowd.

It was twelve o'clock when she caught sight of him, and felt her cheeks burning strangely. He had come then—he had kept his word—he had taken the trouble to find his way to the Grandison, especially to see her! She affected not to be aware of his presence during the dance; and only as she passed through the room afterwards, leaning on the arm of her partner—it was Budds again, hot, and short of breath, and reeking—did she look up with as pretty an air of surprise, as a west-end belle of half-a-dozen seasons might have done under similar circumstances.

"Good evening," said he very calmly and gravely, as he stopped her and her partner, and shook hands with Zeph, "I hope you have enjoyed your dance?"

"Very much indeed, thank you."

"I am in time for my waltz, I hope—thank you—will you take my arm?"—he said in one breath, and before Zeph could remonstrate, or Budds recover from the confusion into which he had been thrown, Dudley Grey had escorted his fair prize into the refreshment room, ensconced her at one of the tables, and was regarding her very thoughtfully.

"What makes you look at me like that?" Zeph asked, half frightened at his long and steady stare at her.

"I am only wondering why you come here, and mix with these people."

"They are very nice people," said she, quickly on defence again.

"You are so much too good for the men here, and so different from the women," he said.

"Oh, it's very fine to tell me that nonsense."

"Upon my honour I mean it," he said earnestly, "I have been thinking seriously about it."

"How good of you!"

"And when you think seriously too, if you ever are troubled by a serious thought, Zeph," he added, "I hope you will arrive at the same conclusion."

"I don't come here to think," said Zeph, "but to dance and enjoy myself. I have enough time for troublesome thoughts over my work and in my dull home."

"Is your home dull?"

"Yes, very."

"I am sorry for that. I am —. Who the devil's this?" he muttered.

He had known who it was before the impious exclamation escaped him. He had recognised Ben before that sulky young man had recognised him, and dropped his lower jaw on his chest in his astonishment at seeing him.

"Zeph," Ben said huskily, "it's our dance ; I could not make out where you had got to."

"Don't dance," whispered Dudley, "I want to speak to you before I go."

Zeph hesitated, coloured, looked at the table, and then at Ben.

"I am very tired, Ben," she said, "you must let me off this dance, please."

"That ain't fair, that ain't."

"You heard the lady tell you she was tired," said Dudley in a haughty tone, and Ben stared at the speaker, and then looked away from him to Zeph.

"She needn't come if she don't like," he growled forth.

"Then I don't like," said Zeph, positively.

"All right ; that's English," was Ben's reply, as he walked away with his hands in his pockets, and his head thrown very much back.

"I am afraid we were rather hard on Ben," said Dudley, with mock gravity.

"He never will take 'No' for an answer."

"You are very kind to give up a dance with him to oblige me," Dudley added.

"You need not flatter yourself I did that," said Zeph, standing her ground at every point still ; "I don't like dancing with Ben."

"You will tell me next you don't like Ben himself."

"I can't bear him—sometimes."

"Ah ! sometimes ; but then the other times?"

"He's nothing to me at any time," said Zeph, pettishly. "What do you keep talking about Ben for ? What—what do you want to say to me before you go?"

Dudley was silent at this appeal. He hardly knew what he wanted to say, or knowing it, he hardly dared to say it. On the misty borderland separating good intentions from selfishness, irresolution, and this new wild fancy beating at his heart, he hesitated strangely.

"You are making game of me !" cried Zeph, indignantly.

"Upon my honour I am not," he replied. "Why should I come here to 'make game' of you ?"

"I don't know," she answered, "I can't understand you."

"It is easily seen why I come to this place."

"No, it is not. Why?"

She met his gaze steadily for a while, but her blue eyes drooped at last.

"You ask me that question?" he said.

"Yes."

"To see you."

"It's all very fine to tell me that," replied Zeph, laughing very loudly; "I wonder how many girls you have said that to in the last five years?"

"Not to one."

"Oh, you story-teller!" cried Zeph.

"For what reason do you think I have come to this den?" he exclaimed.

"It's not a den," said Zeph, "and I don't believe you come to see me, because—"

"Well, because?"

"I shan't tell you," cried Zeph, colouring again, "I have altered my mind."

"Did I not tell you this afternoon that you had a very bad habit of cutting your sentences in half?" said Dudley. "Now please finish this one, for I am very curious. Why did I not come here to see you?"

"Well, then—"

"Go on," he said, as she paused again.

"You would have come a little earlier if you wanted to talk to me," she condescended to explain.

"I have been very busy this evening—I could not get away," he said, and Zeph shook her head incredulously at his reply.

He could not tell her that he had made up his mind not to see her again; that he had scoffed at his own fancy, his own wild wish to meet her—his own bad taste almost, until Frank Amore had looked him up at his chambers, and barred the way, as it were, to the Grandison, and then he had fretted and fumed until his friend had gone and left him free to act. This was the result of his freedom: a mad plunge after a pretty face, an insane desire for half-an-hour's flirtation with a milliner; the forging of one more link in a chain, the heaviness of which he never dreamed of then.

Heaven alone knew what there was in this half-taught, half-fearless girl to lure his sober self to a tenth-rate dancing-room; but he felt there was a spell upon him, and that it was beyond his power to account for it. He was ashamed of being there, he was amazed at the company by which he was surrounded. He was a man who had

mixed much in society, and had met hundreds of pretty and clever women with whom he might have flirted, had he cared to do so, and to whom he had been pleasant and courteous only, and yet this girl was a fascination despite himself and herself. Ay, there was the rub ; Zeph Carrington did not encourage him. The flaunty, fast style of the ordinary shop-girl was not there, only a curious, independent frankness that puzzled him, that defied him, that looked down upon him and his efforts to impress her, that seemed to say, "My world is as good as your world, and you don't frighten me with the grandeur of the sphere from which you have descended." She piqued him by her independence, but she drew him on almost unwillingly towards her.

It was one o'clock, and the band was playing its last galop.

"Shall we wind up the evening with a dance?" he said suddenly.

"Just to show that you are not above present company," replied Zeph archly, as she rose.

"Just to render this night memorable to me," he said, in a tone that startled her, as she took his arm and walked to the ball room, at the door of which she stopped.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, "I am afraid I promised Mr. Budds,"

"Never mind that fellow. You will dance with him all the rest of the year, perhaps," he said ; and then they were whirling round the room in a galop, and Mr. Budds, after watching them for a while with his thumb-nail between his teeth, dashed at the brown sherry again, and overdid it with four more glasses, and rendered life a blank till the boy took the shutters of the shop down next day, and found him on the parlour rug, with his widowed head against the fender.

Long before that time Zeph Carrington and Dudley Grey were standing in the street together, and the revellers were streaming from the entrance and going their various ways. Zeph was cloaked and hooded, and Dudley hoped that she would not catch cold.

"Not I," she said. "Good night."

"I am going your way," he said.

"No, thank you."

"Part of your way is my way," he said.

"I would prefer it was not," was her reply.

"Are you going home alone?" he inquired.

"I have not far to go," she replied. "I am used to being alone. You must not come with me, please," she added, very firmly now.

"Ben is going your way, perhaps," Dudley said severely. "You would not say 'No' to Ben."

"Ben knows father, who is sitting up for me. Ben is a friend of mine."

"And I am not."

"Why, of course not !"

"But I may be presently ?"

"Not very likely."

"You will not give me a chance," he urged ; "you keep me at arm's length, and—and I long to see you again !"

"Oh ! don't say that," she cried.

"Will you meet me this time—cannot I see you to-morrow ?"

"No."

"Next Saturday, now that this — place is to be shut, thank God ?"

Zeph laughed merrily, but did not reply.

"You are frightened of me ; you can't trust me," he said reproachfully.

"I'm not easily frightened, and " she added, "I can trust you, I think."

"Well, promise to meet me here next Saturday—for half an hour only, if you like."

"Oh ! it isn't right."

"Where is the harm ? I wouldn't harm you for the world," he said.

"No, I don't think you would—even if you could," Zeph added confidently.

"Then you'll meet me ?"

"Very well, then. Yes."

"And you will not break your word this time ?"

"No."

"Thank you ; it is a compact. Good-night."

He left her, and strode towards his chambers, rejoicing for awhile. As he neared home his heart sank a little, and he thought over again that he was acting like a fool and a villain. No, not a villain. God forbid that ! but undoubtedly very like a fool.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE IN A FOREST.

ZEPH CARRINGTON kept her word on this occasion, and met Dudley Grey. It was the beginning of a new life to both of them, and yet of an old story which happens every day. Flirtations of this character

spring up with each turn of the hand upon the dial, and comedy, farce, burlesque, and tragedy result therefrom—the tragedy most often, judging by the painted horrors of our streets. This was the beginning of a tragedy too, after its kind, though neither guessed at the shadows in advance, and there was not a thought of evil at the heart of man or woman. Each went forward alike blindly, a little recklessly, thinking not of the morrow or of the consequences of this ill-assorted acquaintanceship. The woman was young, and vain, and trusting, and the man was full of adventure and without guile. Neither had known what temptation was, or what love was in real earnest, and both came to be friends, and to keep their strange friendship a secret from a world which would not have believed in them for an instant.

Their first meeting was a stroll in the Mall till dusk, and an early parting; their second was to the theatre, where the proud Dudley Grey sat quietly by the side of little Zeph at the back of the pit, where never a friend of his was likely to discover him. Zeph would only go to the pit with him, where she had been with her father and with Ben too, and which was quite good enough for her, she said; and he admired her frankness and smiled at her intense enjoyment of the play and players. The girl's pleasure in everything that appertained to the amusements of life was a marvel to one on whom public amusements had palled somewhat. She was a child in her love for the stage; for a while she would forget her new friend in the mimic world before her, turning only to him at the end of an act with "Isn't it beautiful?" and wondering sometimes at his gloomy, absent looks. By degrees she came to think of him as a friend—as a fine friend who took her out a great deal, and spent a great deal of money upon her in her estimation; presently as a superior being, very good but very mysterious, in whom every confidence might be placed, who was a different man from any one whom she had ever met, who was surely in love with her, and would tell her so on some happy "outing" together, and end the story by asking her to be his wife. He was above her sphere, she knew, but girls married out of their sphere in books and plays from which real life was sketched, and she was pretty and he was fond of her. She was a lucky girl, she thought. He did not ask any questions concerning her father, a stolid, indifferent man, with a supreme faith in Zeph's being able to take care of herself. Zeph earned her own living, and paid her share of the rent, and Mr. Carrington was not at home too much to notice what time his daughter spent away from it; if he had, he would not have been curious—it was not his way. She

was a shrewd, careful little woman, was his Zeph, God bless her. Ben Travers came and worried him about his daughter—wanted to discover where she went twice or thrice a week, and with whom, and he told him to ask Zeph if he wished to know, which he did, and was told, somewhat pertly, to mind his own business—which he did, too, as well as a man was able who had set his heart on having Zeph for a wife.

And Dudley Grey ! what were the feelings of this eccentric individual, when Zeph Carrington had become his companion and friend, and there was a terrible pleasure in her society, a novelty that time did not stale, an attraction that a close intimacy did not tend to diminish ? He was ashamed of his own weakness, but not of Zeph. Zeph was always well-dressed, and looked a quiet little lady ; she was brisk and full of vivacity—by degrees, as she became his friend, her faculties of observation set much of her grammar right, restored all her h's to their rightful places, did away with all the odd words and slangy phrases common to shop life, shop companions, and the back streets wherein her life had been cast. He would not have owned it to himself at that time, he would still have considered it a silly flirtation, but at the end of three months there was a powerful and indomitable feeling in his heart towards the girl he had picked up in a dancing-room. He would not have called it love, but it was. He would never let the world have the laugh at him, by saying that a milliner had upset all the sober calculations of his life, but she had. He could not tell a single friend how she stood between him and his studies, the bar he had been called to, the book he was writing, the friends at his club, and above all, the woman to whom he was engaged to be married. Yes, that was the trial of this weakling, who meant no harm, but who could not see his way clearly to any good now. If it had not been for Geraldine de Courcy (niece and possibly heiress to the Countess of Bareblades), a woman whom he thought he had loved once, being only two years older than himself, good-looking, and with expectations. Ah ! if it had not been for Geraldine, of whose existence poor Zeph was unaware. He felt that he dared not tell the work-girl of the heiress—Zeph would ask too many questions, and sift out too quickly the truth,—for ever away from Zeph, must be the story of that engagement, even the knowledge of his own position in the world. He was playing an unworthy part, and not always with success. He liked Zeph to think him a poor and struggling barrister, rather than a man with some property of his own ;—all his great, grand friends were kept in the background, away from any conversation on which they might intrude, and it was only now and then that a chance word

betrayed him, and rent the veil between Zeph Carrington and his own world of which she knew so little, but guessed more than he gave her credit for.

When it came upon him late in the autumn that he was really in love with this girl, when her work-life had become a torture to him, and he writhed at her anecdotes of business and of the coarseness and tyranny of her employers, when everything she said had power to move him, when the fact of her meeting Ben in the streets, or at her home, irritated and maddened him, when he became jealous of workmen and corn-chandlers, and could think of nothing but this girl, when he became aware that there was love for him in her heart too, and that she seemed only happy in his company, the truth dismayed him, though he tried hard to confront it with philosophy.

It was in Epping Forest when that truth came closer to the foreground, in the dry autumn weather before the rain and cold had set in. They had gone away together—it was Zeph's last holiday, the fourteenth day of the fortnight that Messrs. Dangler, Dapper, and Smart had accorded to her. It had been arranged that they should spend the holiday in the country; Zeph had perfect faith in her companion now, and would have gone to the end of the world with him—and the woodland at Snaresbrook and Fair-Mead had been her idea of England's scenery, when her mother was alive, and took her to the forest in a spring van along with father, and a gallon stone jug, and a noisy gang, who sang all the way there, and quarrelled all the way home. Our young couple had talked of a picnic together for weeks, but Dudley had only mustered up courage for the adventure at last. Zeph had not seen any reason for consideration or hesitation—faith having been once established between them, the “proprieties,” the usages of polite or impolite society had never troubled her again. Dudley was her “young man,” who took her out and respected her when she was out, and having placed confidence in him, it was illimitable. She did not know any rule that should stop her going anywhere with Dudley Grey—and she went to Epping Forest as she would have gone to a play or concert, without a thought of the etiquette that should govern the proceeding. That Epping excursion was a day of wonderful happiness to them both. To begin with, the joy and excitement of Zeph raised the spirits of Dudley Grey—who had become over-thoughtful of late days—and the world was very bright on that especial occasion. They were boy and girl rather than man and woman, the old forest echoed with their laughter, and with the music of Zeph's voice. Dudley forgot Zeph was a milliner, with a father who lived down a back street and

went to a foundry every day—he forgot Geraldine de Courcy—he forgot he was engaged to be married—forgot everything but his supreme satisfaction in Zeph's society, and that respect for Zeph which he had ever scrupulously shown her.

It was a bright, warm autumn day, with a remembrance of summer in it, and they had the great green forest to themselves after they had wandered out of the beaten track into the by-paths and underwood. It was Arcadia with the troubles and responsibilities of life set back in that outer world to which this odd pair no longer belonged. It was a world set apart from "bonnet-building" and "cap trimming," to the one, from the dry study of law-books to the other. It was a holiday, each thought, to be marked by a white stone.

And then the picnic for two, provided by Dudley and brought to Epping in a bass basket. The cold fowl, the slices of ham; the French rolls, the salad, the champagne, and the fun over the difficulties of disposing of all these, the jests and laughter and bewildering joy in each other's society, constituted a happiness such as they never had again in all their thoughtless lives.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when they talked of making their way to the railway-station, when Zeph looked up at the sky with surprise.

"It will soon be dark, Dudley, let us get towards home."

"Let me finish my cigar, Zeph, and sing to me again before we go," he said.

She looked attentively at him.

"Why, how sad you are, all of a sudden!"

"I am feeling sad," he confessed mournfully.

"Have I said anything to offend you? I—I know I am sharp at times, and rude, and saucy, but you ought to understand me now. What is it?"

"Nothing, Zeph," he answered, "only a fit of the blues from which I suffer occasionally. Will you forgive me?"

"What have I to forgive?"

"I don't think it was quite fair of me to bring you here," he confessed.

"Why not?"

"You are younger than I. People would say I was a scamp and a villain—and that you were very foolish."

"I don't care what people say," replied Zeph, with the old toss of her pretty head, "if it isn't the truth."

"But these good folk can make what is false look so like the truth that the world judges infernally harshly of the situation."

"I—I don't quite understand," she said timidly, "you are so strange to-day."

"This is a day for me to remember for all time. Has it been a happy day for you, Zeph?"

"Yes," she confessed frankly, "one of the happiest of my life."

"It has been one of the happiest of mine, and yet I wish it had never been!"

Zeph looked hard at him again. His mournful manner was new to her—there was regret, even misery in his face.

"Tell me what you are thinking about? All this is a novelty to me, Dudley."

"Supposing this was the last day you and I were ever to meet—would you be sorry?" he asked suddenly.

"The last day—we were ever to meet!" she echoed, and all the colour died out from her face, and left her white and cold and hard.

"Yes—would you be sorry?"

She did not answer for an instant, then she said very proudly and quietly—

"Not if you wished it."

"You could say 'Good bye,' willingly?"

"More than willingly—if you could," she answered in the same sharp tone.

"I never implied I could say this willingly," he remarked, "but it might be better for us both, before—"

He did not finish the sentence, and she did not ask him to do so. For a few more minutes they sat together in silence, then he got up and offered his hand to raise her. She did not take his hand, but sprang to her feet without his assistance, and they went on slowly together towards the high road.

"You are quick to take offence, Zeph," he said at last.

"I am not offended," she replied.

"I think you are."

"What have I to be offended about?" she inquired.

"Nothing," he said, "and I did not mean to give offence. I was thinking of you—and only of you—not of myself, God knows."

"I have given up trying to comprehend you to-day," said Zeph, "please do not worry me by riddles."

"I am not fond of riddles, Zeph, but life has become an enigma to me."

"Do you want me to understand that you are tired of my company?" she asked very resentfully still, "is that what you are driving at?" she added, with her old phraseology coming to the front, as she seemed to step suddenly towards her old life.

"You are dearer to me to-day than you have ever been," he burst forth with vehemence, and then he was silent for her sake and his own. Zeph anticipated that he would talk of love after this, avow his attachment, and draw from her a confession of the deep strong love she had for him, but he preferred to walk on moodily to being frank, and true, and honest, as he should be. If he really cared for her, he would surely speak now—if he were not too grand and "stuck up" after all—if he loved her as much as he had induced her to believe from the attention which he had paid her. He had led her by degrees to forget her own sphere, and to neglect her friends; he had given her a new existence, and bright hopes—he had sought her out and taken her away from her "set"—he had taught her almost by his manner to look down upon all the past amusements of her life. He had rendered her a prouder woman, she had thought even a happier, until this sudden turn had come, and she had discovered there were clouds and doubts about her where she had looked for that eternal sunshine which belongs never to this earth. And yet those last words had brought the smiles back to her lips and gladness to her heart—he could not have been paving the way for a separation or have grown tired of her, to have said all that so passionately and truthfully. He would speak presently, perhaps—meanwhile she was too proud a girl to betray any of that anxiety which in her heart she naturally felt. For it had come to pass, that in the heart of hearts of poor Zeph Carrington, Dudley Grey had become her idol—such an idol as a weak fond woman worships with all her soul, and is crushed to the earth when it falls.

She was clever at disguise, however. No man was likely to guess the depth of her feelings without betraying his own clearly to her. She was not going to state that she was in love with Dudley Grey, if Dudley Grey had only thought of her as a passing acquaintance and a pleasant companion for the nonce—not she, indeed!

"We must not have our holiday end in doubt and discord, Zeph," he said; "this should be a fair one to the end."

"It is your fault if it is anything else."

"Then it shall be my fault no longer."

He put his arm round her and kissed her lightly on the cheek, and Zeph did not shrink away from his caress. When a young man takes a girl out for the day he is privileged to kiss her once or twice: that is the rule of the society of which Zeph was a distinguished ornament; and if Ben had kissed her in the days gone by, why not the man who had superseded Ben, and rendered him by comparison almost a monster in her eyes?

Dudley essayed his light vein again, and Zeph seconded his efforts by laughing at his jests. They were seemingly a light-hearted couple as they walked along the highroad in the twilight towards the railway-station. Suddenly the spirit of mischief, or that teasing spirit that is allied to it, and is natural in a woman anxious to test her power over the object of her affections, led Zeph to say,

"I have had a letter to-day, Dudley—from a gentleman."

"Oh indeed!" and Dudley, too far gone in love to appreciate a joke, became very glum on the instant; "and what does the *gentleman* say?"

"Ah! that's a secret."

"I did not think you had a secret from me," he said reproachfully; "but if you don't care to tell me, I will not force your confidence."

"Cannot you guess who would write a letter to me?"

"Ben?"

"No."

"That ass of a corn-chandler in the Tottenham Court Road?"

"Oh no!" said Zeph, laughing at the severity of his criticism on the widower.

"I don't know any more of your *friends*," he said severely.

"Mr. Smiles, then."

"Who the devil is Smiles?" he asked, almost ferociously.

"Why, the principal of the Grandison Rooms, to be sure."

"What does he want?"

"I'll show you the letter if you wish," said Zeph submissively, for Dudley Grey's amiability had all vanished.

"If it is not private and confidential," he replied sarcastically.

Zeph took a letter from her pocket and gave it him, and he read it in the dim light of the dying day as he walked on by her side. It was a printed circular announcing Mr. Smiles's intention of opening the Grandison Rooms the first week in October, and of his renewed endeavours to promote the comfort and pleasure of his patrons, and to render his rooms a pattern of that respectability and decorum for which they had been always distinguished whilst under his management. At the bottom of the circular—and here was the sin and grievous offence which, in the eyes of Dudley Grey, Mr. Smiles had committed—was written in lead pencil, "I reckon upon you for the opening night. I can promise you he-
partners. Don't fail to come next Sa-
S." "nice young men"
these fami-
letter to

"I did not know the cad favour scripts," Dudley said coldly, as he

Zeph's lip quivered, and her eyes brimmed with tears; but she answered with the old quickness,

"Yes, the cad does sometimes."

"Then—it's like his infernal impudence."

"He is an older friend than you are," she retorted.

"What a friend to be proud of! a little, red-nosed, gin-drinking sparrow," cried Dudley savagely; "a starveling who can scarcely keep soul and body together by the profits of his semi-moral establishment."

"You have no right to run the place down," cried Zeph indignantly; "where you have been yourself—where you met me first—where you know I go."

"Where I hope you will never go again, Zeph."

"I don't see why I should not," she answered.

"It is not fit for you."

"There is no harm in it."

"It is a disreputable den," cried Dudley.

"I have spent many a happy evening in it."

"At the expense of the good opinion of your neighbours, and at the risk of your character," said Dudley.

"What!" cried Zeph, looking indignantly into his face, and then turning away and covering her own with her two hands. A moment's silence—a few more steps along the high road, and then a passionate outburst of weeping, which bore away every atom of forced composure on her side, and of self-restraint on his. All his ill-feeling and uncharitableness vanished, and a deep concern for her and her grief took possession of him. He had never seen her give way before—he had thought her hard to impress, a charming girl, but defiant, and cool, and clever.

"Zeph—my dear Zeph—don't cry!"

But Zeph, once subdued, could not restrain her tears very easily. Her pride had been mortified, his hard words had cut into her heart, and showed how he despised her and her ways, and was prepared to sneer at and heap contumely upon everyone and everything with which her past life had been associated. She had almost thought herself of late days above the glories of the Grandison Rooms, and the triumphs of the Grandison season, for the men were not like Dudley, and talked differently, and seemed of another and a lower world altogether. But it was cruel of him to attack her thus mercilessly—to wound her and her pride—to think her life immeasurably beneath his own, and tell her so, as a wind-up to the bliss of their holiday.

"I might have expected this," she sobbed, "I have been waiting for you to insult me in this way—I have been a fool altogether."

"My dear Zeph, I did not mean to insult you," he cried, "I—I could not endure the thought of your going to those rooms again, and mixing with the people there; you are too good for them—don't cry—I was jealous—I love you, and can't bear this any longer."

He put his arms round her, and kissed her tears away, and Zeph suffered herself to be caressed and consoled. The truth had escaped in a wild moment of excitement, and he had told her that he loved her! He did not say anything more, he did not grow eloquent concerning his love as the heroes always did in the penny numbers she read, but the confession had escaped him, and a feeling of immeasurable content was at the bottom of her full young heart. The man loved her, and though she cried still, and he still essayed to soothe her, they were tears of happiness now, born of his avowal.

They walked quietly to the station, even gravely, as if they had entered on a new phase of existence in which they understood each other more completely, and regarded the future—their future—with reverence and awe. They were lovers from that hour Zeph considered, and there were no more secrets and half confidences to follow that day. In the lottery of woman's life, which has its aim and end in happy marriage, Zeph had drawn a prize, and she was proud of it. Why should she disguise her feelings now that he had told her that he loved her? There was not much lightness or brightness over the rest of the journey home; Dudley was very thoughtful, and Zeph was content to sit quietly at his side, with her hand clasped in his. There was very little conversation exchanged between them—but Zeph was happy in her silence, and glad to think for herself.

When they were nearing Fenchurch Street, she said in a low voice, "May I tell all to father, Dudley?"

Dudley came back from dream-world, and said quickly, "No, no—don't tell your father anything yet."

"He knows I have come to Epping with a friend."

"A male friend?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Oh! very little. 'You can take care of yourself, I know, Zeph,'" he said, 'but I should like to hear a little more of this new friend of yours, for all that.' Now if I could tell him to-night, and make him almost as happy as myself?"

"Tell him what?"

"Oh ! you know," said Zeph blushing, "for you have not been making fun of me, surely !"

"No, Zeph !" he answered, "there is no fun in all this. We have passed out of the region of flirtation into grave facts and earnest truths. But I must think it carefully over—I have a great deal on my mind, girl."

"Will you have any secrets from me ?" she asked.

"Not any—presently."

"Will you tell me next time we meet ?"

"Yes ; next time, then."

"Oh ! Dudley, I am dreadfully happy now," she whispered. "I have been anxious and miserable at times, and you have been often—oh ! so strange. It has been so very, very hard to try and understand you."

"How was that ?"

"You have been dull and thoughtful, and then so full of fun and—and affection—like a man who did not know whether he cared for me or not," she explained.

"Ah ! I knew how much I cared too well, Zeph," he replied.

From Fenchurch Street to the back streets of Soho in a hansom cab ; and then the parting at the corner of the street where Zeph's father lived.

"Good night, dear."

"Good night, Dudley," she answered ; "I will not go to the Grandison any more. Never any more !"

"That's right—thank you ; there's a good Zeph," he cried.

"And I never meant to go, really," she added, "because you have always looked so cross when I have spoken of the Rooms to you. You will forgive my worrying you about them to-day, Dudley, won't you ?"

"God bless you, child—yes."

He stooped and kissed her, as he might have kissed a little child even ; and then he bade her "Good night" again, and hurried away. With every step from her his heart grew heavier with self-reproach and self-abasement, and the darkness on his path became denser and more heavy. To the end of all this—so lightly and carelessly begun, as it had been—the barrister did not see his way.

CHAPTER V.

IRRESOLUTION.

HAD Dudley Grey, barrister-at-law, been like unto most men, this story need not have been written, or its sequel might easily have been guessed. There is nothing new in a chance acquaintance, a man wandering out of his sphere to make love, and a poor girl flattered into indiscretion, perhaps into destruction. These are the passing events of a great city, the eternal shadows of the streets after the gas is lighted and the work of the day is over.

We have attempted an analysis of the feelings of Dudley Grey and Zeph Carrington, because both man and woman were ordinary mortals "with a difference." If they met and made love as thousands had done before them, without any heed to the codes of society, they were not able to regard it as a jest, or to part as easily as they had met, with no one the worse for the acquaintanceship. Dudley Grey, with whom we have particularly to do in this chapter, was tortured or blessed with a conscience. He was a man who knew he was on the wrong road, and who made one or two faint efforts to retrace his steps, and was unhappy altogether in his secret courtship. Many men whom he knew would have treated this matter lightly and laughingly, as a mere jest at which they would have expected a girl like Zeph to laugh also. They would not have believed in Zeph any more than they would have expected her—if she had not been quite a fool—to believe in them; and they would have turned away from her at a moment's notice, or without a moment's notice, and hardly given her another thought to their lives' end. Fresh faces, new flirtations, and the world only a merry-go-round, with no time to think of the troubles and aching hearts and bitter disappointments of a few in the great crowd.

Dudley Grey was new to the business. He had been a studious youth; he had been always proud and reserved; he had become engaged early in life to a lady whom he knew he respected, and whom he fancied that he loved, until this wild, strange passion had mastered him and shown him what love was. He knew now that his parents and friends had prompted him to this engagement, had told him what a good thing it was to secure the affections of Geraldine De Courcy, a stately, high-born being who would bring him fifteen hundred a year as a start off, and whose expectations were wonderful. He was a lucky dog to hit the fancy of Miss De Courcy everybody said, and as she was a beautiful woman and only two years his senior, he had

never repined at his fate, or seen anything to pine at until his philosophy was upset by a shop-girl !

What was to be done now it was difficult to say. He had gone of his own free will into temptation ; he had meant no evil ; he had been attracted by the face and manner of a woman whom he thought it would be easy to say good-bye to when he pleased ; and the woman had turned to him with her whole heart, and believed in him with a force and passion which had changed the whole tenor of his life.

What *was* to be done ? He thought of the whole position in his chamber night after night, day after day, with his work at a standstill, and his brain oppressed by the truth. There were two good women on his mind, and he must break the heart of one of them—whose should it be ? He was pledged to the lady, his interests, his future position in the world, his honour, were at stake here, but he did not love Geraldine de Courcy any longer. In her presence he felt that he was a hypocrite, weighed down by a lie as big as a mill-stone. And yet he would fling to the winds all his chances if he married Zeph Carrington ; his friends would laugh at him, everybody would laugh at him—one or two, like Frank Amooore, would pity him for being such a fool. And Zeph would not make him a good wife possibly,—and Zeph's relations and friends ! Great Heaven, to be dragged down to companionship with them, and to have for a father-in-law a man who was earning thirty-five shillings a week at a foundry. To be poor all his life for the sake of a delusion of this kind—a delusion which would fade and leave him the victim of a *mésalliance*—no, it must not be !

He was fond of Zeph he knew, but he did not know how terribly fond of this quaint little girl he had become until he had made up his mind to part with her, to wean himself by degrees from the spell of her companionship. He was wrenching himself away from his better self in the effort, now that the girl looked up to him as to a demi-god, and valued him at a higher rate than he deserved. This task of dropping off by degrees—so easy an operation to men of the world, worldly, to men of the town, townly—was a giant's task to Dudley Grey, and beyond his moral strength. He awoke to the consciousness of his own weakness by degrees ; the tears in Zeph's eyes, the tremor in her voice, at a chance word or a something that suggested a suspicion of a slight, the exuberance of spirits when he was his old self and looked as if he loved her, all told upon him and kept him irresolute. He could not make her unhappy whilst she trusted in him—he dared not tell her yet that he was undeserving of her trust. Wait awhile he must !

Since the expedition to Epping Forest she had altered very strangely too ; there was hardly an atom's worth of resemblance to the bright, pert little woman whom he had "chaffed" at the Grandison rooms. She was a flirt then, vain of admiration, eager for excitement after work hours, seeing no pleasure in home, but finding her amusements out of it—a "fly-away" girl whom chance might save or bring to ruin, according to the good or evil genius who first influenced her life. Now she was a thoughtful, earnest being, proud of her conquest, and very full of love for it, thinking of nothing else in life save the man who had made up his mind to get away from her, and young and innocent enough to believe in him implicitly. She was so terribly happy in this half engagement that he became afraid of her, and with every meeting it was a greater difficulty to close his heart against her. If he had not been fool enough to fall in love with her, he thought, it would have been an easy task to frame a plan of eternal separation, but she had become bound up with his life, with his heart-strings, and the ordeal was almost beyond his strength. Yet he must leave it to time—he could do nothing hastily and cruelly, he reasoned, meaning, perhaps, that he could not part with little Zeph yet awhile !

To a girl more suspicious or less trustful than Zeph Carrington the actions of her lover might have suggested many grave doubts. They met always in secret. He shunned her home and her father ; it was understood, she thought, that for a while, and for "family reasons" nobody should know what intimate friends they had become ; all the truth was to follow presently, and when Dudley gave the signal to let in the brightness of her life upon the misty land wherein she stood with him. He did not talk of the future in this way ; on the contrary, he carefully avoided any allusion to it now, but Zeph read it for herself, and thought she saw the end very clearly. She was afraid of his family and his friends ; she knew they would look down upon her always, and think the worst of her that they could, and there was romance in all this secrecy and mystery, and she, poor child, was very young. This man was her first love, and he had come from a world of which she knew nothing ! She would keep the secret for his sake ; he surely knew what was best, and she was certain that he was very fond of her. If he had been "shamming," she would have known it in an instant, as a woman generally knows the true from the false in matters of this kind, and the very strength of his love for her added to the force of the delusion which deceived her. His fits of sadness were even in his favour, for in her presence there came stern feelings of remorse, which only her smiles could

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chase away. If he were dull, he had been worried by his family, she thought ; somebody had been trying to persuade him to an expedition that would separate them for a time ; somebody had seen them together perhaps, and had been too curious with his questions.

Some one did come face to face with them at last. They were strolling home together from the theatre, where he took her very often for his own distraction's sake now more than for her amusement, when they came face to face with Frank Amooore. The young man looked from Dudley to Zeph, nodded to his friend, looked keenly at Zeph again, and passed on.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"A friend of mine."

"I have seen him somewhere," said Zeph ; "why he came to the Grandison with you the first night we ever met!"

"Yes, that's right, Zeph. What a memory you have!"

Frank Amooore proved that he had a good memory also—one of those memories which are extremely objectionable to other folk at times. Dudley found him at the gate of Clement's Inn waiting for him later on in the night.

"Frank," he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you," was the grave answer.

"Is anything the matter?"

"I have been to the Bareblades."

"Geraldine is not ill?"

"No. But she expected you this evening. You promised to be there."

"I only half-promised."

"Is it too late to have a talk with an old friend in his room to-night?" asked Frank seriously.

"Oh! no," answered Dudley, "if there is anything of importance to communicate."

"Well, I think there is."

"Come in then."

CHAPTER VI.

A FRIEND'S OPINION.

DUDLEY GREY guessed pretty correctly what had kept Frank Amooore lingering at the gates of the Inn till his return. He knew the lecture that was in store for him, and how Frank Amooore would regard

the position. He had lectured Frank in his day, proffered him wise counsel, talked a heap of worldly wisdom to him, and now it was the younger man's turn.

Dudley was unprepared, however, for the quick dash at the subject when they were face to face in his chambers, for the excitement of Amooore, for the honest but hard plain-speaking which escaped him.

"Dudley, I did not think until to-night," he said, "that you were the man to lead a woman to ruin."

Dudley turned red, then very white.

"Neither am I," was his answer.

"If you have not gone to the bad, or dragged that poor girl to the bad, you must be close upon the brink," said Frank, "and I am sorry to think this of you after all the years of our acquaintance."

"You are a true moralist," answered Dudley, mockingly ; "you allow nothing for extenuating circumstances, for the romance of the position, for a man seeking change or distraction out of the narrow groove to which society confines him. You are hard on me, Frank ; you should have known me better."

"I don't seem to have known you at all," said Frank, doubtingly ; "yours is a character far beyond my comprehension."

"I have done no harm," was the reply.

"Yes, you have."

Dudley did not relish his friend's persistency. It was exceeding the limits of the friendship which existed between them. Frank Amooore took a view of the position which it was not possible he could comprehend, and acted and spoke upon the suppositions he had himself created. Dudley was in no mood to continue the argument. He was slowly but surely feeling himself aggrieved ; all the more surely, because he was conscious in his heart of the weakness of his own defence.

"Shall we dismiss the subject?" he said coolly ; "will you allow me to have my own opinion in this matter as well as yourself."

Frank Amooore regarded him earnestly. Here was a friend drifting rapidly away from the harbour, and he had no power to save him after all.

"I should have been glad to talk this over with you," he said, "to tell you about the Bareblades, and what they say and think of you ; but you are irritable to-night, and not yourself."

"No, I am not myself," said Dudley moodily, almost despairingly, "and I never shall be again."

"My dear Dudley, it is not too late ? say it is not," cried Frank.

"I don't say it is too late," he answered, "for I have done no harm to the girl, Heaven knows. I have found her a pleasant companion and a dear friend, and I have respected her always. But I am not happy with her, and I can't be happy without her," he added, with a burst of passion that broke down the self-restraint which he had endeavoured to exhibit.

"You don't mean to tell me you are in love with the girl?" cried Frank in his amazement.

"I am, by God!" cried Dudley Grey.

He got up and walked about the room like a wild beast in his den—here was someone to confess the whole grim truth to at last, and with no fear of the world which would judge him presently more harshly than he deserved.

"Dudley," said his friend, "I am no saint; I don't look at this affair from the mountain-top of my own self-righteousness, and I am sure you have been foolish rather than wicked. I should not have thought too much of a flirtation of this character, dangerous as it may be, only—"

"Only what?"

"Only there is your engagement to Geraldine."

"Yes—I know," answered Dudley; "there is the misery of it all."

"You can't love both the women."

"Upon my soul I think I do, after their fashions," said Dudley, with a hard laugh at his own confession.

"No—it must be either Geraldine or the shop-girl," said the other, thoughtfully, "and as you are engaged solemnly to the one, and cannot under any possibility marry the other, why the sooner you say farewell to the shop-girl the better."

"Yes—it is wise advice," Dudley replied, sorrowfully, "and if it was not breaking a girl's heart, it might be done."

"Will you tell me what you mean to do?"

"I don't know," answered Dudley, helplessly.

"Be a man. Be the Dudley Grey whom I have always known," said the other, seizing his advantage; "save yourself and save the girl."

"Yes, I am going to do that, but—"

"But what?"

"But I must have time. I can't dash at her with a sledge-hammer, and crush every hope in her heart at one blow. I will not do that!" cried Dudley.

"You do not think of Geraldine in this matter," said Frank, "how she feels your absence, and becomes suspicious, jealous, even, of the excuses which you are continually making to keep away from her."

"She can't suspect anything."

"She is unhappy, Dudley. You have been engaged to each other for so long a time. Only think what you are doing," added Frank, "how badly you are behaving to both women."

"Yes—that's true," replied his friend; "I haven't much of a defence to urge, and you are so clearly on the right side of the argument that I will not trouble you with my answer. I can only say again, I have done no harm."

"But harm must come, unless," he said bluntly, "you drop it."

"I'll drop it," said Dudley; "I had made up my mind before you spoke to me."

Then the two men shook hands on the strength of Dudley Grey's promise, and set the subject aside, for that night at least. They drank a glass of grog together, smoked a cigar, and parted the best of friends, although the topic which might have wrecked the confidence and faith of these old school-fellows had been discussed with some heat. When Frank Amooore had gone back to the hospital, Dudley thought it all over again in the solitude of his quiet chambers, and sketched out a feeble little plan or two, for the general peace of mind of everybody, without any great satisfaction to himself.

Was it too late? Had he gone too far, and was there never to follow happiness again? He was afraid so. He was afraid of Zeph—he did not see his way to confess to that little faithful woman that he had been a scamp from the first, and engaged to be married to another when he was professing his great affection for her. Not professing, for he was really and deeply in love, he was assured, and hence she had believed him and trusted in him. This was her reward—to be cast off as a something no longer worthy of his notice; to sink back to her own poor sphere with a heart full of bitterness against such men as he; to become desperate, or go wrong, perhaps, out of revenge upon herself, as many women had done before poor Zeph's day. He felt already that she was not the girl to treat the matter lightly—to get over it with a few hysterical tears and a shrug of her shoulders at the folly of it all—he had not been frank with her; he had never let her see one glimpse of a truth which might have put her on her guard, or separated her from him. There was the pity of it, and the cruelty and shame of it, and his confession was to come. Come it must, he knew now—there was no help for it. It would be one sharp wrench, and then all over for good—for very good, thank Heaven!

What life would be for a while without Zeph he did not clearly

perceive, and he did not care to consider. He hardly knew himself how desperate a hold his passion had of him. He could not bear to think of her beginning life afresh without him, of meeting her no more at the corner of the street wherein her place of business was, of seeing her face grow radiant at the sight of his, and at the consciousness that he was there again to take her into the bright world beyond the four walls of her workroom. He tried hard to think of Geraldine de Courcy instead, and of his pledge to her ; of her love, and his honour, or the little semblance of honour that was left in him. He knew he did not love Geraldine now, but he did not think of giving her up, of telling her the whole truth of his infatuation, and asking for that liberty which her wounded pride would assuredly be willing to accord. He was as selfish as most men, possibly. He could bear the pain of separation from the woman he loved better than the ridicule which would be hurled at him and the object of his choice. It was a stern sacrifice for him to give up Zeph, but he would rather his heart bleed than his friends should laugh at him. Burke was right when he said there was only one passion—vanity !

Yes, Dudley Grey was very weak, one of those weak beings with which the world is overstocked unfortunately. He was far weaker than he knew, for meeting Zeph Carrington an evening or two later on, when he was full of the wise intention of telling her the truth, and asking her forgiveness for his duplicity, he hesitated once more and put off the day of his confession. She was so bright and happy, so intoxicated by the dangerous atmosphere in which every breath was drawn, that he could not tell her that night. He would tell her next time they met, he thought ; he would write to her the truth—he would do anything but own his folly then.

It was a mistaken kindness, and the last chance slipped by him.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THE OTHER SIDE THOUGHT OF IT.

SOME four or five days after Dudley Grey's last meeting with Zeph Carrington—his last time of "keeping company with her," as Zeph phrased it—and before the opportunity had presented itself to meet her again, the barrister was disturbed and surprised one afternoon by two visitors to his rooms.

They came slowly into Clement's Inn and up the common staircase of the house in which he lodged, and startled him at his desk by a solemn ponderous dab with the knocker outside. He rose, opened the door, and stared at the two men, connecting them with an Old Bailey case which he had been studying of late days, until the consciousness that he was familiar with the features of the younger man dawned unpleasantly upon him.

"You know me again, Mr. Grey," said Ben, nodding his head towards him, but maintaining his stolid aspect. "I see you know me just as plain as I know you."

"Yes, I remember you," answered Dudley; then he looked hard at Ben's companion, a short, thick-set man, with great grey whiskers hanging in a ragged unkempt fashion from his cheeks. Dudley knew who he was also, before the fact was made apparent to him, although the face was hard and rugged and unlike Zeph's altogether. The man was in his factory dress, and had stolen an hour from his work to confront our hero in his home; yes, Dudley knew who he was, and with what object he had come.

"This is Zeph's father," said Ben, by way of introduction.

"Indeed," responded Dudley somewhat hoarsely, "will you step inside? I hope," he added slowly, "nothing has happened of any consequence to bring you here. Miss Carrington—she is well?"

"Something *has* happened," said Mr. Carrington in reply, and he and Ben followed Dudley into the room, "or I shouldn't have troubled you in this way, and without a warning like."

"Sit down," said Dudley; "don't hurry—take your time."

He did not wish to be hurried himself; it was he who wanted time to consider, to prepare for the crisis which had come to him at last, and which he was compelled to meet. He felt he must be on his guard, and not commit himself by any rash expression or promise to the father, with Zeph's old lover for a witness to every word he uttered. He felt even a little indignant, as though he had been led into a trap and without fair warning, until the puzzled, pained look of Mr. Carrington subdued all sense of rage in him, and changed it into fear. It was a troubled face at which he glanced askance, and the first impression, that it was flushed with drink, took strength with every minute of the interview.

"I haven't much time to spare, and I don't want to take up too much of yourn," said Mr. Carrington, "but I am uneasy in my mind, sir, and a word or two from you can set things straight, if they're ever to be straight again. Ben says they ain't."

"More they ain't," added Ben in sullen chorus, "I know what

men like him mean when they come after such girls as Zeph ; we all know how that ends—we're not blind, any of us."

Dudley drew a deep breath.

"Will you tell me what has happened?" he said to the father.

"Yes, I will. Zeph has got the sack," replied Mr. Carrington.

"Discharged from her employment!" exclaimed Dudley.

"And through you. That's the hardest part of it, Mr. Grey, said the father ; "through you."

"I cannot see how I have been the means of—"

"Oh, it's easy told," interrupted Mr. Carrington ; "they found out at her business she wasn't going on well—so they put it, mind you—and that she went about with a gentleman—that's you !—to all kinds of amusement, coming home at all hours—which I know myself, having to sit up for her—and they told her—God damn 'em, what do you think they told her?" blurted forth the father.

"You need not repeat it," said Dudley ; "I can guess what unjust folk would say to a defenceless woman. But they are in the wrong—completely in the wrong, I give you my word of honour."

"I don't want it," said Mr. Carrington, shaking his head to and fro in emphatic protest. "I don't want anybody to tell me my gal isn't a bad un. I know in all London there isn't anyone with less vice in her than Zeph. That's not it."

Dudley Grey knew that was not it, too ; it was not the depth and extent of the motive which had brought Zeph's father to his room.

"She has chucked up the business. She did not care to be spoken to by the governors, and they said she'd better leave at once ; and," added Mr. Carrington, "left she has."

"I am sorry she has been so hasty as this," Dudley murmured.

"Then me and her had some words, too, for I wasn't best pleased with it all, and said more than I meant, as people do when they're riled. And then," he continued, as he leaned forwards, planted one grimy hand on each of his corduroy knees, and stared with grave intentness at the barrister, "she up and told me everything. Who the gentleman was, and what he was, and where he lived, how he had been keeping company with her, oh ! for ever so long, and was uncommon fond of her."

"And was going to marry her," added Ben ironically.

"That's what I've called to ask about," said Mr. Carrington. "I told Zeph this morning I should come and talk to you straightforward like, and as man to man."

"What did she say to that?" asked Dudley in a low tone.

"She said I might and welcome. She could trust you, she said,

to tell the truth. She would have come with me if I'd let her," he continued, "but I thought it was best for you and me to have this out together."

"Yes—no," said Dudley irresolutely; "I wish she had come with you, I think."

"Why."

"I could have explained the whole matter more clearly, perhaps," was his slow answer.

"What did I tell you?" growled Ben to his companion; "didn't I say so? Can't you see what his game's been? Haven't I said so all along?"

"I will not have your interference," cried Dudley Grey fiercely, at last; "it is no business of yours."

"Oh! yes it is," answered Ben stolidly, but boldly; "for, you see, if you hadn't stepped between me and Zeph, she would have been my wife by this time. I wanted her to be. I liked her awful."

"Hold your row, Ben," said Mr. Carrington, "and let me speak. It is my place, not yours, to talk."

"Go it," muttered Ben; "but I ain't going to be told its not my business."

"Let's get to the rights of it, or the wrongs of it," said Mr. Carrington, "that's what I have come for, Mr. Grey. What am I to make out of all this?—that my daughter ain't good enough for you, and never was? That you've thought it a fine thing to take her out and unsettle her for all our homely ways? That you've turned her head, and made her believe you're desperate in love with her, and you've never meant it all the time? That you would have ruined her if you could, and told your swell friends afterwards you'd thrown another woman on the streets? That's it, now; own it like the scamp you are!"

Dudley Grey winced beneath these hard words, and the shame of his position burned red into his face. He might have expected to be judged like this by one whose heart was in his child's good name and fame. He was judged unmercifully, but it was natural the man should think in this way, and disbelieve any statement he might attempt in extenuation of his conduct. Extenuation! it was beyond him. He made the attempt, however.

"Mr. Carrington, you do me an injustice," he said, "you think too badly of the position altogether. I have never had a thought against your daughter's happiness—never one thought of doing her an injury. I have been very weak and foolish—your daughter has become a dear friend of mine—I have the most profound

esteem for her ; I would die rather than a word should be breathed against her."

"They are talking of her already—all the young women at the business, not one half of them as good as she is, are picking her to pieces ; they have torn her character to rags ; they will speak of her soon in our street, where the story will come round sharp enough. Now, you have done her all this harm—but you don't say how you propose to set it right."

"What can I do?"

"What Zeph told me you meant to do—what you have led her to expect all this while," said Mr. Carrington, "marry her."

"I would do it to-morrow, if it were in my power ; but it isn't," said Dudley.

"Meaning you are married already, perhaps."

"No, I am not married. I am engaged. I—but I will write to your daughter—I will explain everything, and she will understand me and forgive me. For God's sake leave me," Dudley entreated. "I am wretched, don't you see that?"

"I don't care a damn for your wretchedness," said Mr. Carrington bluntly, "what's it to me? What are you but a man who would have led my girl wrong, if you could?"

"On my soul—no!"

"'Pon my soul, yes," cried Mr. Carrington, "these things don't stop when you like—it's all down hill—and you meant to drag her into the ditch at the bottom. It's the way of half of the devils of your sort, that skulk about the streets to disgrace poor girls, whose ignorance makes it easy work. I have had your answer."

"Not yet. I will write a letter to Zeph, at once."

"Don't trouble yourself," said her father, "I should not let her read it. I can go home and tell her in half a dozen words she was wrong, and I was right, in what we said of you this morning."

"No, no, don't tell her anything—pray let me write to her," urged Dudley.

"Are you going to say you will marry her?" Carrington asked as he rose.

"I am going to relate the whole story of my position—to explain to—"

"That'll do—I don't choose she shall see it, or see you ever again. Come, Ben, let us leave this *gentleman*," he said.

They walked slowly from the room ; they went away without another word, and Dudley was thanking heaven for their departure, when the flushed face of the father peered round the door again.

"I may as well tell you what I think of you before I go. I shan't be easy without," said Zeph's father.

"Spare me, please," replied Dudley in feeble protest, "I think badly enough of myself, without your hard words. I know what you think of me—and have a right to think."

"I can't help saying—and I feel bound to say it—you've acted like an infernal scoundrel from the first. That's all." And having expressed himself thus forcibly, Mr. Carrington went back with the news, to poor Zeph.

CHAPTER VIII.

"POOR ZEPH!"

YES, he would write to Zeph at once, thought Dudley. She would understand him better than the rest of them. He was judged too harshly by outsiders; the father in cruder language had only expressed the same opinion as Frank Amooore. All his own fault: he owned it, and he deserved it. What right had he to be judged a better and more honourable man than ninety-nine out of a hundred placed in a similar position? What proof was there existent that he would not have harmed Zeph Carrington? And how much evidence was there that his course of action was not one of studied deception from the first?

Yes, he would write to Zeph.

He sat down before his desk and began; but the task was more difficult than he had imagined. It was impossible to explain his long course of deception, and constitute his love as an excuse for it. He dared not set down on paper that he had loved her desperately and foolishly, but there had never been in his thoughts an idea of making her his wife. He could not register cruelly in black and white that her position was beneath him, her friends and home surroundings altogether low, and that he was engaged to be married to another woman at the time he was raving of his affection for her. He was sure he loved Zeph passionately and unselfishly, and the sorrow at his heart for Zeph's sorrow was a weight which bore him down completely. He begged her not to judge him as her father had done; to think of his trouble even; to consider it was all for the best that they were about to part; and then the lines read so coldly and falsely that he ran his pen through them, and cursed the incompetency of expression by which he had been smitten.

He spent hours in writing letters, which he tore up as soon as he had written them, and finally he seized his hat and dashed into the fresh air in search of relief from the sick headache which oppressed him. But he could not remain in the streets with a letter unwritten which might bring a faint degree of solace to Zeph's heart, if he could only say all that was in his thoughts more earnestly. He returned to his chambers, lighted his lamp, and had recommenced his miserable task, when a strange, soft knock at his door thrilled him with a horror for which there could be only one reason. Zeph had come to see him ! to denounce his perfidy with her own white lips ; to curse him for the blight which he had been to her life. He was sure it was she before he was standing in the doorway, looking out into the murky landing-place where Zeph was.

He had not been mistaken. She who came quickly towards him with her hands extended, and her anxious face uplifted for his kiss, was the poor little milliner who had altered his life and shipwrecked her own in trusting to him.

"Zeph, Zeph," he said, "you should not have come to see me here ; you should have kept away, and waited for the letter I am writing to you."

"I could not wait, Dudley," she answered listlessly. "What was the use of waiting ? Let me come in and talk to you."

"But—"

"I am tired," she said. "I have been about the streets all day looking at the shops and the carriages. I must rest a minute, Dudley."

It was a pale, haggard face at which he gazed, and there was something so depressing and awful in her steady stare at him that he hesitated still for her sake.

"I will come out with you," he said ; "we will walk together in the Inn."

"Did not you hear me say I was tired ?"

"Yes ; but I should not like them to say you had come to my rooms," he said. "They may be watching you."

"Who are they ?" asked Zeph shortly.

"Your father—your friends."

"Never mind them. They know," she added, with a short, hard laugh, "I am not too particular."

"Don't say that, even in jest."

"And I know I can trust you, Dudley. You are not the man to injure me ?"

"I don't know what to do," murmured the helpless Zeph.

"You've settled it all, no doubt."

"And I don't care what becomes of me," she added. "I don't—really!"

"So that you get away from the gov'nor and me," cried Ben. "Of course not. He's nothin', I'm nothin', and that feller's everythin'."

He shook his fist at the lighted windows of Dudley Grey's chambers.

"Shouldn't wonder if I didn't kill that man some day," he muttered with an oath.

"Don't say that. It was all my fault."

"Oh! I don't excuse you," answered Ben.

"I don't ask you," she said, almost sharply, and in the old sharp way, and then the hollow voice came back again.

"Where's father?"

"Waiting for me to tell him where you've been."

"And you'll tell him?"

"I'll tell him you're all that's bad, or you wouldn't have gone in there. I wish I'd dropped down stone dead afore I'd seen you do it," he exclaimed.

"He'll believe I'm wrong now, won't he, Ben?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Ah! why shouldn't he," she said. "Good-bye."

"Ain't you coming home?" he asked, a little curiously.

"I shall be home presently. I promised Mr. Grey I would go home."

Ben gave vent to another oath at this, and Zeph turned slowly from him and went along the Inn towards the Strand. He did not attempt to follow her; he went his own way, and in his own bitter spirit, to Mr. Carrington's house.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE MORAL OF THE STORY."

THE weak, vain man who had once been so proud of his moral strength, was a stranger being than he was aware, or we have been able to depict to our readers in the faint sketch which we have attempted here. Although not an exceptional man, nor an uncom-

business I was no better than I should be—when they told everybody that—he said it might be true, for what he knew. He's very hard on us both. He's not a good father, Dudley."

"Don't think too harshly of the father, Zeph," said Dudley. "He had a right to speak."

"He said a lot about you I don't take in yet," continued Zeph, with her old sharpness apparent for an instant; "and that you were engaged to be married to a lady, too. That's a lie, isn't it? If I'm too poor and common for you—if you have thought it over again, and seen the folly of it—I don't mind much. I won't be, after a while, so very, very *down* at losing you. But there is no other lady anywhere, is there, Dudley? Do tell me that."

She had woken up from her apathy at last, and was regarding her old lover with eyes gleaming and wide; her face full of a craving to be convinced that Dudley had loved her in real earnest through it all.

"My dear Zeph, it is true enough," he stammered, "I am engaged to be married; that is the shame and the remorse of it to me."

"I—I didn't think it was so bad," Zeph murmured.

"It is."

"Then why did you come after me?" she asked curiously. "Why could not you let me be? I had never done you any harm!"

The light died out of her face, and the grey shadows stole back to it and deepened in their tone.

"Oh! Zeph, I did not think it would come to this," said Dudley.

"I was happy in my way; it wasn't a good way, but laughing and talking at the Rooms didn't seem to matter much; but when you followed me, came to Keston," she added thoughtfully, "met me week after week, night after night, made me your companion, took me everywhere, let me see you cared for me a little, why, what could I do but like you very much. Oh! my God! what could I do!"

Dudley knew not how to answer. There was a strong impulse upon him to clasp this young woman to his breast, to speak words of consolation and affection to her, to bid her consider herself from that time forth his affianced wife; it seemed the only fair and honest reparation he could make. Heaven knew he loved her better than Geraldine, that he had never loved Geraldine at all, and Zeph had been so great a happiness of late days that he had preferred to lose his honour rather than lose her. But he was silent; the crisis had

Geraldine more justice by resigning her and accepting her scorn of me, and I save my dear, dear Zeph all further bitterness."

He walked up and down the street considering this ; he had no intention of returning to his chambers yet ; he was unsettled, but far happier in his mind than he had been of late days.

Why had he not done it before, he wondered now, and saved all the heart-burning and all the pangs of conscience by which he had been beset? Why had his miserable pride stood in the way of making Zeph happy? And he had coolly thought of loving one woman and marrying another! Thank God, he could change Zeph's life as in a fairy tale by the potent spell of his honest heart-felt words, and Zeph's father and friends, and even Ben, would become tolerable in time. If he lost caste, he should have done his duty, and he should be content in his lower estate—nothing could be more certain than that—with Zeph Carrington loving him so well. He would proceed immediately to Zeph's father's house and recover lost ground as soon as possible. He would bring the smiles back to that poor white face of Zeph's, and there should never be anything save peace and rest upon it again. She was sitting at home, miserable and despairing, and he must hasten with the news that he loved her too well to say Good-bye to her. That was not a parting for ever which had occurred a little while ago in his dusty room at Clement's Inn—only a scene in a comedy, leading up to this, and they would look back at it presently and smile at their fears and regrets, as at an interesting love-story that had ended pleasantly. She would make him a good wife ; she was an affectionate, tractable, docile girl, shrewd enough to catch quickly the manners and customs of society, never a woman of whom he should feel ashamed. A month or two with him would make a lady of her, and those who knew her history even would not marvel at his choice. There was more real love in the world than sceptics asserted, and so much the better for the world.

He strode on with his brain full of thoughts akin to these until, at the corner of a cross street on his way to Zeph's house, he came to a full stop. A stone's throw distant from him rose the huge brick front of a metropolitan hospital, and there Frank Amoores worked in the good cause and dreamed of future fame in a world of surgery.

He should not have thought of Frank Amoores on that occasion had it not been for the knots of idlers about the doors and on the pavement and in the roadway, and in noticing them his friend came to his mind. He would tell Frank what a revolution had occurred in his thoughts, and what a better man he had become as by a miracle. It would not take five minutes to relate, and he should be

"Oh! I see that already," she said quickly—"don't you fear."

"And you will seek another situation at once?"

"Situation," she muttered.

"It will give you occupation and relief of mind."

"My character is gone, and no one will have me."

"It is not gone. I will—"

"You will do nothing, please," said Zeph; "I don't want to talk of this, or think of this just now. It is good-bye I have come to say, that's all; and I *can* say it, and God bless you, too!"

"No, no; God bless you, and forgive me," Dudley cried, folding her in his arms, and kissing her passionately for the last time in his life.

She returned his caress, put her arms round his neck softly for an instant, and then went away dry-eyed, and with a slow firm step. He watched her descend the stairs from the balusters, over which he leaned, but she did not look up at him again, although he cried good-bye to her once more, and she murmured back his words, an echo of despair that was deeper than his own.

When she was in the Inn again, and a few paces from the house, she came to a full stop. She turned and looked at the light behind the window-blind of his room. Had she been struck into stone, she could not have remained more silent and rigid in the night shadows that were about her there.

It was her last look. The dark curtain would fall between them for ever after that, unless—! What would he say, what would he do if she toiled up those stairs again and told him that she could not go away, and it was cruel now to send her away, after all that had happened! But she did not move towards him—she stirred neither hand nor foot until a hand clutched her arm suddenly and roughly.

"Ben!" she faltered forth, as she became aware that it was her old admirer standing by her, with his fierce white face peering into hers.

"Yes, it is Ben—and no mistake."

"Have you been following me?" she asked, with a quaver of indignation in her voice.

"I have," was the reply. "I told your father I'd hang about till you came. He said you wouldn't come here, but I knew better. I knew what it all meant. Oh! yes—it wasn't easy to humbug me."

"Well," she said.

"And you've been in there," he shouted. "I've counted all the time you've been planning with him what to do, now the whole trick's blown upon."

"I don't know what to do," murmured the helpless Zeph.

"You've settled it all, no doubt."

"And I don't care what becomes of me," she added. "I don't—really!"

"So that you get away from the guv'nor and me," cried Ben.

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mon specimen of humanity,—only one of a sentimental order of beings who never mean ill and work more mischief than those bolder sinners who march triumphantly along the Devil's road as though it led to glory,—Dudley was to an extent different from his class. He did not breathe freely after his romantic folly had collapsed, and the parting had taken place, and all was over for good. He was a man who had not completely made up his mind to part with Zeph, he found out. He had been touched to the quick by her grief and love for him ; her despairing face haunted him still. He had shadowed her life for all time. He had taught her never to trust in his sex again, and he had set the tongues of scandal hissing at her with the worst construction of her dangerous acquaintance with him. She was so eccentric a girl, that he was afraid of the result ; she did not look at life defiantly or proudly now ; he had struck down even her self-confidence ; he had driven her mad by his own cowardice and reserve ; she had been so good a girl until his sickly sentiment had turned her head.

The end had come, and they had said Good-bye ! He was never to meet her again, to kiss her, to hear her crisp merry laugh ringing like a peal of sweet bells in his ears, and her big eyes were never to light up again with pleasure at the sight of him. They would pass each other in the street presently, souls divided and drifting away.

If he should go back to her ! It was infatuation—there was insanity in it ! There was social suicide, the contempt and laughter of his own world—but there was Zeph wretched, and he loved her. Yes, he had played with fire until his wings were scorched, and the consciousness of her grief was already insupportable to bear. He could not be happy without her ; he was sure of it. He should be utterly miserable with the woman to whom his honour was pledged, and make her life a misery. He could only brighten the life of the girl who had left him ; he would do it, by the help of Heaven, he would do his best at last !

What were class distinctions, and the howl of gentility at his defiance of them, to Zeph and Zeph's love for him ? His mind was made up an hour after she had left him—completely made up. He sat down and dashed off a few wild lines to Geraldine, acknowledging his unworthiness, surrendering his claim to her, referring her to Frank Amore for the explanation of his conduct, for which he begged forgiveness very earnestly, and then he went out into the streets and dropped his letter into the pillar-box with a strong firm hand.

“ Thank God, I have made up my mind,” he said. “ I do

"Ay, that's true," said the porter, "and—"

"Let me pass," said Dudley, pushing by them roughly, "where's Amooore—I must see him. Don't stand in the way. I—"

He dashed into the great central hall where a few students were congregated, and some hard-featured working men were preparing to depart with their draped and rigid burden to the parish dead house. Frank Amooore was crossing the hall in haste, when his friend screamed forth his name. The young surgeon paused, turned very pale, and came to him with an angry frown upon his face.

"Good God, Dudley, why have you followed on like this?" he asked sternly. "What's the use of it—save to attract attention, and make more misery and scandal?"

"It is then—it was—" Dudley could say no more, but remained dumb and horror-stricken, with his hand pointing to the litter which the men were raising to their shoulders.

"Yes—it was the girl you called Zeph," said the surgeon, "what did I tell you long ago?"

Over-wise folks are proud of their prophecies, and it is a moment of triumph when they can shout forth to the weaklings, "What did we tell you?" But this vain, weak, wilful Dudley Grey had closed his eyes at the mention of Zeph's name, and dropped like a dead man at the feet of his friend.

"Don't press round too much, gentlemen," said Amooore, bending over Dudley at once, and waving back the students, "it's a little shock to the system. A mere faint—that's all—unfasten his neck-tie, he will be better in a minute." Then he looked round in a scared and excited way himself, and waved his hand towards the group of bearers in the background. "Take it away—quick!"

And as Dudley Grey came to himself, and glared into the face of his friend, poor Zeph was carried out into the night.

THE END.

amused, actually amused, by Frank's stare of incredulity and astonishment. This Amoores was a man of the world, cool, calculating, and high principled; what would he say to him in the face of a resolve from which nothing could turn him? Frank would tell him he had acted very unwisely—everybody would tell him that—but he could say never again he was behaving badly to both women, and leading the poorer on to her ruin. Frank would talk in his worldly-wise style for a time, but he would thaw by degrees from the inner warmth of his heart, and wish him at last every happiness in his choice. And presently—Dudley actually laughed at the idea, so full of life and light thoughts was he now that an honourable course of action lay before him—Frank Amoores would begin to pay attention to Geraldine de Courcy, and marry her in good time, and live happily ever afterwards, though he would never know what was the deep happiness of an unselfish passion like his own. That would be reserved for one who had sunk his best chances to save breaking the heart of a girl in a back street.

He crossed to the hospital and paused again. Perhaps Frank was busy. There had been "a case" in during the last few minutes, and the crowd had not dispersed yet. Jackson, the porter, was chasing one or two boys down the steps as Dudley went towards him. Dudley Grey was well known as a visitor to the surgeon's quarters, and the porter touched his hat as he came up.

"Is Mr. Amoores in?"

"Yes, sir,"

"And busy, perhaps?"

"No, sir, not at all."

"Oh, I thought by the crowd—"

"I suppose they're waiting for the body to come out again—for they've brought it in an hour too late—that's all. They've no right," said the porter, very much aggrieved, "to keep bringing their stale stiff uns here. We can't cure them things."

"We couldn't help it, I 'spose," growled a surly-looking man in a blue serge jacket, who stepped from the hospital as the porter spoke, "I'll swear she breathed when Bill and I fished her out of the water."

"You'd swear to anything," said the porter laughing with the easy complacency of a man accustomed to tragedy toiling up the broad stone steps all day, "I suppose you heard her dying speech and confession too, and what she did it for?"

"That's easy guessing," muttered the man, "it's all one tale that takes gals to the river."

"Ay, that's true," said the porter, "and—"

"Let me pass," said Dudley, pushing by them roughly, "where's Amooore—I must see him. Don't stand in the way. I—"

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